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THE

ATLANTIC MONTHLY

JULY, 1906

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A SOUTHERNER SINCE THE CIVIL WAR

BY "NICHOLAS WORTH"

I

THE LITTLE MILL

WHEN I was a boy, I read in my grandfather's library what, I dare say, is the most curious book ever published in our country. It was a big volume, bound in sheep, and it was called *Cotton is King and Pro-Slavery Arguments*. It was the slave-owners' campaign book in the long ante-bellum controversy. Its fundamental proposition was that the South had a monopoly of cotton culture, and, therefore, a sure foundation of perpetual wealth. The argument was that cotton-culture was possible only by the labor of slaves, and, therefore, slavery had an economic justification.

Never was so sound a premise made the basis of such unsound reasoning. Cotton *is* a sure foundation of perpetual and even yet undreamed-of wealth; but the development of that wealth is still delayed and hindered because its culture was begun under slavery and is not yet wholly freed from the methods of slavery. How great wealth may be won from the cotton fields, the cotton mills, the cotton trade, no economist has arisen with imagination to predict. What the proper culture of it and the proper manufacture of it will mean to the South, the Southern people themselves least of all yet understand. For no staple plant grows that is as profitable as this will become, and there is no other manufacture of which we have so clear a monopoly. Nor is there any other manufactured product for which the demand is so sure to increase. Our foreign trade will build itself on cotton and cotton products to an extent that few men can yet imagine. Did you know, for instance, that, although we grow three fourths of the world's cotton supply, we still import more manufactured products of cotton than we export?

Now, the great changes that have come and are coming in the South, — in industry, in thrift, in all kinds of development, — and, following these, the great changes in thought and feeling, are brought chiefly by the freeing of Cotton from the methods of slavery. We have talked of the freeing of the slaves, and of the freeing of the masters; we have talked and written much of the political problems of the South, of education, and of all the excellent helps and agencies for bringing these backward English-sprung men from their arrested development, and of lifting up the negro to efficiency. They are all good and worthy, if rightly done. But beneath all these agencies, and, in a sense, controlling them, is — Cotton.

When Cotton is completely freed (for this is the right figure of speech), our very greatest economic task will be rightly solved, and all other good things will follow. The freedom of Cotton means the freedom of men, and more, — it means the freedom of thought, also. It means exact education; it means scientific training; it means intelligent work, — the most intelligent agriculture and the most skillful manufacture; it means large transactions,

world-wide in their extent; it means a world-knowledge of markets and of manners; it means the reverse of all that is provincial; and it means wealth, and the gifts of light and thought that wealth, with world-knowledge, brings.

Cotton, then, *is* king. The old pro-slavery proposition is true. It is the big truth of the future for the South. For the story of the South, past and future, is the story of the freeing of Cotton.

Since my own life, and its somewhat exciting small struggle for light and freedom and a proper perspective, have happened to fall in the cotton belt, and illustrate, by small deeds and adventures, this great story of the freedom of a people, partly achieved and now rapidly coming, I have determined to write the story of it. It is a life story of a period when Cotton was beginning to become free. I have changed names and places in the story, and disguised some incidents, not essential facts, only because it is unfair to give publicity to some old deeds and opinions of former enemies that we are all willing to forget. The record of the past is valuable, not for its enmities, but in spite of them; and the twin brother of growth is cheerfulness, and amiability is its cousin.

My father lived in a country house near the railroad. A long avenue of elms led almost to the track. Because he owned a little cotton mill (it was one of the oldest in the South, a little ramshackle house of spindles on the river-bank), the railroad company had built a side track and a hut that was used as a station; and the train stopped there when there was some one to get off or to get on. But travel was infrequent, and the stopping of the train was an event.

One day, when the cotton fields were white, and the elm leaves were falling,— the charming autumn in that climate of brilliant sunsets and deep blue skies,— the train blew its whistle a much longer time than usual. Joe and I ran down to the station to see who was coming. I was seven years old, and Joe, my slave, philosopher, and friend, was ten.

There was constant talk about the war. Many men in the neighborhood had gone away somewhere; but Joe and I had a theory that the war was all a story. They had fooled us about old Granny Thomas's bringing the baby (old Granny Thomas was the stork of those days), and they had fooled us about Santa Claus. The war might be another myth,— so we thought, and wondered.

But we found out the truth that day; and for this reason that day stands out among my earliest recollections. For, when the train stopped, they put off a big box, and gently laid it in the shade of the fence. The only man at the station was the man who had come to change the mail bags, and he told us that this was Billy Morris's coffin, and that Billy had been killed in the war. He asked us to stay there till he could go home and send word to Mr. Morris, who lived two miles away. The man came back presently, and leaned against the fence till old Mr. Morris arrived an hour later.

The lint of cotton was on his wagon, for he was hauling his crop to the gin when the sad news reached him; and he came in his shirt-sleeves, his wife on the wagon seat with him. Late that afternoon all the neighborhood gathered at the church; a funeral was preached, there was a long prayer for our success against "the invaders," and Billy Morris was buried. Old Mrs. Gregory wept more loudly than anybody else; and she kept saying, while the service was going on, "It'll be my John next." In a little while John Gregory's coffin was put off, as Billy Morris's had been; and Joe and I regarded old Mrs. Gregory as a woman gifted with prophecy. And other coffins were put off from time to time. About the war there was no longer any doubt in our minds. And later its unspeakable horrors came nearer home to us.

But my father did not go into the war. He was a "Union man," as they called

those who did not believe in secession. I remember having heard him afterwards call it a "foolish enterprise." But he could not escape the service of the Confederate government, if he had wished; and, although he opposed the war, I do not think that he wished to be regarded by his neighbors as an active "traitor." The government needed the whole product of the cotton mill, and of a thousand more which did not exist. My father was, therefore, "detailed" to run the mill at its utmost capacity, and to give its product to the government. He was paid for it, of course, in Confederate money; and, when the war ended, I think there must have been several hundred thousand dollars of these bills in the house. My mother made screens of one-hundred-dollar bills for the fireplaces in summer. I once asked her, years afterwards, why my father did not buy something that was imperishable with all this money, when it had a certain value, — land, for instance.

"Your father knew that the Confederacy would fail, and he did not consider it honorable to make such a use of so-called money that, in his judgment, was already valueless."

The little mill turned constantly; for the river never ran dry; and the thread that it spun went to the making of clothes for soldiers and bandages for the wounded, — mitigated human suffering somewhat, it is now pleasant to think.

The war came nearer to us. At last one night a Confederate cavalry officer slept in our house, — for a few hours, at least; all the next day Confederate cavalrymen rode by, taking our horses from the stable and emptying the meathouse, — poor, hungry devils that they must have been. That night the blue-coats came. All during the afternoon they had a skirmish line along the road. Weeks afterwards a blue coat or a gray one might be seen protruding from the sand by the roadside. Soldiers had been lightly buried just as they had fallen, and the wind or dogs or cats had exposed their coats.

But the death of men seemed like the death of cattle, even to a child. My uncles had been killed, — three of them; and perhaps half the men between twenty and fifty who had lived in the neighborhood were missing when the war ended. Old Jake Raynor was left, for he had deserted. They had caught him more than once up his chimney, and had taken him back "to the front;" but his cowardly body escaped at last. Old Jake was afterwards held up to scorn because he had been a deserter. It took him many years to live down the disgrace. I recall the big revival at the Methodist church, when several notoriously hardened sinners came to repentance, old Jake among them. He used the church to climb back into respectability.

For, if war and death had worn and torn the common sensibilities of childhood, — emotionally I must have been old at twelve, — the religious excitement that followed soon afterwards was quite as abnormal. When the revival had gone on for a week or more, men and women fell into trances. Some of them told stories of dying and going to hell. Some went to heaven. It was old Mrs. Gregory who declared that she had seen John in paradise. He told her that they had plenty of good rations in the army of the Lord, and the sashes in the windows were made of real gold. (Old Man Gregory had been a carpenter.)

Joe and I were older now, but we seemed still to have kept incredulous minds. The war proved itself a fact, but we doubted the story of the gold window-sash. It exercised me much; for we were all wrought up about religion. I discussed with my mother the advisability of my going to "the mourners' bench." She seemed more confused about this than about any other subject that I ever discussed with her. My younger brother was very ill while one of these revivals was in progress; and, in an agony of prayer, I proposed this bargain with the Almighty: if he would restore Gus to health, I'd go to the mourners' bench. The revival ended

before Gus recovered; and it rested very heavily on my conscience for a long time that I ought to do something to carry out my part of the bargain. But this intense religious feeling, which most of the community shared, had little to do with conduct. It was an emotional rebound from war.

It was fifteen miles from my father's home to the capital of the state; and that was the "city" to which we went at intervals. Sometimes we went on the train; but the train went only in the afternoon, and it came back very late at night, — two o'clock in the morning. We oftener drove, therefore, bad as the roads were.

These were the turbulent years that followed war. The camp-followers of two armies, and many other adventurers, had swelled the population of the town, — the lowest class of both races. Assassination on the highway was not uncommon.

One night in the autumn after the moon had gone down, — it was one o'clock, — there was a rapping at the front door. My father got up, and, walking into the hall, asked who was there. The answer was not clear; but presently, after a smothered conversation between men on the outside, one said that he was an officer of the law who had come from the city in search of a criminal; that he had ridden far, and was tired, and could not go back to the city that night, — would he be permitted to stay till morning?

While this explanation was going on, my mother had given the shotgun to my father, who stood in his nightclothes in the hall. The only weapon in the house was this shotgun, with which my cousin had been shooting quail. My father refused to open the door. It was a thin double door, and it could be easily broken down. There was a transom of glass above it and on either side.

"Break it down, then," said one voice on the outside; and a heavy foot kicked one of the light panels, and it flew open. The man who kicked it stood behind the other panel, — that was plain. My father shot through the closed panel. This surprised the intruders. They, in turn, shot into the hall. A great scar which a bullet made in the wood of the staircase remained for years.

But they ran off a little distance, and shot back at the house several times. Meanwhile the door was open, and my father stood in the hall, with one charge yet in the double-barrelled shotgun. At last he crept toward the door. There was a closet in the front of the hall where there was more ammunition. To prevent being seen he closed the door that had been kicked open. Instantly there was a volley fired from the yard. My father fired the other barrel of his gun through the glass at the side of the door, and the men on the outside, evidently concluding that there was a strong battery inside, ran off and fired no more.

But just as my father fired his last charge a ball from the outside struck his gun, and, glancing, entered his head. He died instantly. By the time my mother reached him, he was already unable to speak. It was a case of murder for robbery. There were many such. My father had been to the city that day, and had received in a public place a sum of money from a man who had bought a tract of land, — a roll of small bills that made less than a hundred dollars; and the robbery must have been planned by some one who saw such a display of money. For him to die so inopportunely, — my mother with three children, — after he had outlived the dangers of war and of a settled difference of opinion with his neighbors in an exciting time, — this was hard fortune for us, indeed. But most families that I knew had lost their men; and such a loss was so common that my mother and her children shared only the common fate. We had become accustomed to death. Thus, at this early age, I was already old in emotional experiences.

But the river ran perpetually, and falling water gave power to the little mill; and every year the cotton would be used till the end of civilization. Here were per-

petual forces, elemental and economic. And my mother, grown older, with a sad, sweet, determined way, took the management of the little mill herself.

II

"THE HEAD OF THE FAMILY"

The schools that I attended — may God forgive the young women who one after another taught the children of the sparsely settled neighborhood — were farces and frauds. There was no public school. The heads of the best-to-do families in the neighborhood engaged a young lady to teach in a little hut that they had built for a schoolhouse. The proper thing for my mother to do was, no doubt, to engage a governess; but governesses were associated, in her mind at least, with the education of girls, not of boys; and only the youngest of her children was a girl. My mother taught her herself; and the neighborhood school was regarded as the place for me and for my younger brother.

We walked two miles, arrived at nine o'clock, sat and droned out things that we did not understand till twelve; we then ate the dinner that we had brought, and played the stupidest games on earth till one; then we droned away three more hours, and walked home again.

"Sacred geography" held an important place in our studies. Nobody in the school, not even the teacher, knew anything about it. But we had an atlas of the Holy Land, and we learned the names of the places and of the rivers by heart, and tried to find them on the finely printed map. Bounding Judea and explaining the course of the River Jordan were great feats. Of course, we spelled and wrote and read (from old "readers" that had been compiled in wartime with the notion that the United States was a foreign country). I do not know what else we did in those stupid years, in which there was no childhood. "Sacred geography" holds the place of prominence in my memory.

But at home I read, perhaps, as many books as most country boys of that period. My mother read Scott to us. There was a big "compendium" of English Literature in the "library." The library contained more books than I had ever seen in any other house, but there could have been only about a hundred volumes, and many of them were on religious subjects; and I read that compendium over and over again. Even these normal pleasures were marred by a necessity that I supposed to be on me to read Baxter's *Saints' Rest*, Wesley's *Sermons*, and at some time or other, later, N. P. Willis's poems, in a red gilt, fancy "gift" volume.

But the school, with a succession of silly and raw young women as teachers, made little impression on me. The two great influences on my life at that time were the two households that I used to visit. My grandfather's was one. His plantation was near the city. The other was the family of my remoter kinspeople, the Densons, who lived in the city.

Early in the nineteenth century my grandfather had inherited a farm, where he built his home, and he added to his holdings till it became, in the ample phrase of the day, a plantation. It was like hundreds of others in the cotton states, larger than most, smaller than many. The cotton bloomed and ripened every year, even under wasteful slave labor; and by its profits he lived the life of a modest gentleman and reared his family. Three of his sons and two of his sons-in-law perished in the war. When peace was declared my father only was left of his sons; and when he was murdered I was next my grandfather himself in the succession to the headship of the family. This had much to do with the old man's fondness for me; and he and the "Old Place," as we called his home, played, perhaps, a dominant part in my life.

Good Dr. Denson was the most eminent physician in the city; and his household was the most cultivated one that I knew in my youth, — a gentler one I have

never known. Mrs. Denson (we called her Aunt Margaret, though she was my mother's cousin) and her daughter, my cousin Margaret, — these and my mother were the women of my younger world. My cousin was of my own age, and we had always been companions.

The people who lived in the neighborhood of my own home were small farmers, — the backbone of the country, the politicians called them; but they were not interesting to me at this period. The country people of the South had no sports. I saw the children at school, I saw the older people at church. We hunted rabbits and set traps for quail. I used to weigh the cotton that was brought to the mill. But these years stand back in a shadow, — nothing seems to have happened. It was a sort of No-man's-land where few things could happen, — except a revival at the Methodist church, and then, three miles away, a revival at the Baptist church. This was the popular excitement, even if it could not be called an amusement.

If my father had not built the little mill, life would have had a different course for us all; and Heaven knows what it would have been. But the mill held us to the eternal verities.

The question arose about my fourteenth year whether I should give my whole time to the mill and relieve my mother, or whether I should be sent away from home to school. The mill was prosperous, in its small way; and my mother, it turned out later, had never had any doubt, — I must go to Graham's, then the most famous school for boys in that part of the South.

The sons of generals, of colonels, and of other gentlemen filled "the barracks," — rows of log huts, in each of which four boys lived. The beds were turned up against the log walls during the day to give room. The school had a military organization and a martial spirit. The boys had a military social standard. The son of a general, if he were at all a decent fellow, had a higher rank among them than the son of a colonel. There was always some difficulty in deciding the exact rank of a judge or a governor, as a father; for there were boys from ten Southern States, "the very flower of the South, sir." The son of a preacher had a fair chance of a good social rating, especially of an Episcopalian clergyman. A Presbyterian preacher came next in rank.

I found myself at a certain social disadvantage. My father had been a Methodist, — that was bad enough; and he had had no military title at all. If it had become known that he had been a "Union man," I used to shudder to think of the suspicion in which I should probably be held.

The subject came to a head one day. Tom Warren, a boy from the city where the Densons lived, had remarked that my father was not in the war; and, in the discussion that followed, Tom intimated that he was a coward. I hit him instantly. In a moment we were pounding each other, and a group had gathered about us.

Colonel Graham appeared. "Stand back," said he, "and see it done fairly;" and the boys made the circle wider.

"What's it about?"

"He said my father was a coward."

"I did n't," said Tom. "You lie."

We clinched again; and, while my ears rang from Tom's blows, I heard the colonel say, "No gentleman will take that."

After we had fought a little longer, the colonel cried "Halt!" in a military tone. We stood before him and saluted.

"Enough, — neither is a coward. Shake hands now."

"I did n't say his father was a coward," bawled Tom, with the blood streaming down his face. "I said he was n't in the war."

We were fighting again, in spite of the colonel. He simply remarked, "Well, I see they 'll have to fight it out."

By accident or good luck, I presently threw Tom, and the colonel again called "Halt!" We were commanded to shake

hands. The colonel explained — I was unspeakably grateful to him — that no braver man than my father had ever lived in the state. "He served the Confederacy in a civil capacity."

I was no longer at a social disadvantage. I had proved my own courage, and I had given the colonel an opportunity to vindicate my father's memory in the estimation of the boys. I soon became an officer of the battalion.

But what counted for much more was the thorough fashion in which we were taught Latin, — or so much Latin as a boy may learn at a preparatory school. We had two subjects of study, — Latin and mathematics. A gentleman must know Latin; and, if a man proposed to be capable of thought, he must have a mathematical training. Literature, history, science, — we had none. A man was supposed to read literature himself, if his taste ran in that way. History we might read or absorb. Science, — there was time enough to begin that at college if a man wished to pursue a scientific career.

For the present it was enough that a boy be hardened; it was the simple life reduced to roughness, — he must be a gentleman, he must speak the truth, and he must know his Latin and his mathematics. It must have been regarded as more or less effeminate to read books, other than textbooks; for I cannot recall any reading that I did during those years, except in vacations, when I read much, especially with my cousin, Margaret Denson.

They were eventful years in the great world, of which we knew nothing. We lived in a sort of secluded training-place for Southern gentlemen, and I think that nobody there knew what went on in the outside world. The instructors never told us, surely. We never saw a newspaper. Sometimes there was talk of the carpet-bag government; but our talk was mainly of the war. Legends had already begun to build themselves, as they will in a community that entrusts its history to oral transmission. For instance, the fortunes of many of our families before the war became enormous, in our talk and in our beliefs; and the bravery of our fathers had set a new standard in human achievement. Brave soldiers there had been before, but none like them.

My last year at the school was my brother's first year, my mother still successfully managing the little mill; for the river ran always, and the cotton bloomed and ripened even under the worst system of culture in the world. My brother knew the mill and all its ways as well as anybody. Almost every day of his vacations he would spend there. It had been his play place; gradually it became his work place. He was born for the mill, as the mill had been built for him. I have heard him say that he was the only boy at Graham's who meant to do such a task as to manage a mill. The rest were going to be lawyers or statesmen (or both), or physicians; and one or two were to follow their fathers and become preachers.

My grandfather was becoming a very old man, but he kept his vigor well; and I spent much of my vacations with him. His constant companion was Uncle Ephraim, who had been his attendant for fifty years. Since my grandmother's death (she fell dead when the second of her sons was brought home from the battlefield, and buried in the garden), he had had Ephraim sleep in a little room next his own bedroom. He discussed everything with Ephraim, for my Aunt Amanda (widowed, too, by the war), it always seemed to me, was regarded by him as too young to talk about many of the subjects that interested him most. These were the only constant members of the household.

And my grandfather, in spite of the terrible losses that he had suffered in the war, did not often speak of it. He was really an old man when it began, and he had done his thinking and formed his opinions long before. He, too, was a Union man. Rather, he belonged to a past epoch. The period of the war seemed a horrid episode to him, but only

an episode. He was born in the presidency of Washington. He had known Henry Clay. All that he ever read he had read before the Civil War was begun. His mind ran back to the times of his early manhood; and old Ephraim, who had been his slave all his life (and was still), linked him to this past time.

Uncle Ephraim was one day entertaining my cousin Margaret and me with stories of half a century before. "Yes 'um," he said, "'t was a fac', — 't ain't jes' no tale. Ol' mars'er, when he was a-courtin' ol' missis, sent me many a time wid a letter twenty mile, jes' to ax' how de young lady was, — his complimen's to her. Dem shore was gret days when de gem'mens paid de ladies deir complimen's twenty mile erway, — dem was complimen's fast and furious."

"And if anybody were to send me 'complimen's' every day or two by a servant twenty miles, I'd like that, too," said my cousin.

"Ya-as ma'am," said the old man; "'cose you wud."

Tom Warren, too, used to come to the Old Place. It was an attractive visit for a group of young people in the city to make. My aunt was cheered by their presence. My grandfather and old Ephraim, too, were such a venerable and interesting pair as you could find nowhere else.

And the cotton grew there, also. It was ginned in an old machine that must have been made after the primitive pattern of Eli Whitney; and the old press, that packed it into bales which always came unbound, was as old in design as Pharaoh. But the cotton grew, and kept the Old Place a home of comfortable, mellow life under the good management of the two patriarchs, master and slave. My grandfather was now unable to ride a horse, and Uncle Ephraim drove him everywhere, — to the city, about the plantation, and sometimes a longer distance. And there was nothing within the range of either's knowledge that they had not discussed a hundred times.

My mother wished me to go to the Methodist college; for events seemed so to shape it, without our aid, that I was to go to college and my brother was, in due time, to manage the mill. Indeed, it would have been practically impossible for him to do anything else; for he had already given his life to it.

The Methodist college was selected by my mother for three reasons. She was a devout woman; the president of the college was a man of the most extraordinary eloquence; and she had a third reason, which she long kept a secret.

When I told my grandfather good-by, as I started to college, the old man said: "My son, train yourself to serve your country. All great men have been public men."

"Yes, suh, dat's so, Mars' Nick," echoed Uncle Ephraim. "In de ol' times, dat was de way it was, — jes' as ol' mars'er says. And dem was gret times."

"You are to be the head of the family," said my grandfather, "when I am gone."

"Yes, dat's so," came the echo. "Yo' pa was de ol'es'."

III

A PLACE OF ORATORS

If I have taken too long to tell something of school life in the cotton-belt during the first ten years that followed the war, I beg the reader to remember that the opinions and ideals of many men now active in Southern life — men of fifty years of age or less — were formed by these influences; and I am telling this story of my own experiences mainly to give the reader a key to these men's thought. Two post-bellum presidents of the United States, who were very friendly to the South, but who encountered the bitterest Southern criticism, confessed that they could not understand the Southern people, nor "the workings of their minds." If they had said, "the working of their emotions," they would have expressed their meaning more accurately. And, if these presidents had known of the

forces that shaped boys at the Graham School in the late sixties, and at many Southern colleges in the early seventies, they would have understood.

For the college, when I went there was a hotbed of patriotism. I do not mean that a military or even a Confederate feeling and tradition prevailed, as at the Graham School; but there was an intense Southern feeling, although it did not imply a hatred of the North. It was as if we had all said:—

"The South is whipped, degraded, despised. But we love our land all the more for its misfortunes; and we mean that it shall not be degraded and despised forever."

If this were a somewhat narrow feeling of patriotism, it was because our knowledge was narrow. Only two boys in college, I think, out of more than a hundred, had ever been as far north as Washington.

The president of the college at that time was a man of extraordinary eloquence, within a certain range of emotions. I have heard, I think, all the best orators in our country who spoke during the last quarter of the nineteenth century; and this man, if my memory be good, surpassed them all in his power to throw his hearers into the heroic mood. But he was hardly heard of outside his state and sect, for the period of his prime was the war-time and the ten years thereafter. So far as the great world of intellectual or oratorical activity is concerned, — the world that passed clear judgments on men, and recorded those judgments, — he might as well have lived on Madagascar.

Once — I think only once in his whole life — he went to the indefinite place that we called "the North." There was a great religious meeting, perhaps a missionary meeting, in Philadelphia, to which he was invited. When his turn to speak came, impressed by the undreamed-of prosperity all about him, such wealth of men and of churches as he had never thought of, he expressed his surprise and his congratulations; and he told of the poverty and the struggle of his own good people. It was a speech full of patriotic feeling, in a broad way, — one of the first so spoken from the South. Other speakers were to follow. There was a long programme. But the audience rose. Men and women moved forward to shake his hand, to see him, to talk with him; and the meeting was not again called to order that evening.

When he came home, it was on the eve of the annual dinner of one of the literary societies of the college. The two literary societies were by far the most important institutions of college life; and their annual dinners were important occasions. Importuned to tell about his trip to "the North," the president arose and described his experience and his sensations. As he talked, his emotions rose, — his oratory was the direct call of his own emotions to the emotions of his audience, — and he told many things that he had not meant to say, — how rich "the Yankees" were, in what magnificence they lived, how kind they had been to him (they had given him a check for $200, and he had brought it home and given it to the college); why, in some of their cities they paid their preachers as much as $5000 a year; he had, in fact, had offers from a church in New York and from a church in a Western city, of a salary even larger. (His salary as president of the college was $1500, all of which was not paid every year.)

"But, gentlemen," — and tears came into his eyes as he addressed the table of students who had fifteen minutes before been in a convivial mood, — "I told them that our own land now needed every son she had left. One generation of Southern men lies slain in war. We who must train the next generation would be cowardly to desert them. Our land has need of you, every one, to make its future glorious as our fathers made its past."

It was not the simple words, not the obvious thought, but the appeal to the heroic that his incomparable voice and manner and his earnestness put into them,

that made this little speech a thing remembered by every lad who heard it. I have never during these thirty years met one of them who was present that did not remember its thrill.

That very night three of us, whose patriotic feeling ran high, swore an oath, kneeling with our hands clasped, to give our lives to our country's service; and that was the beginning of a little patriotic club that has existed in the college ever since.

Next to patriotism, religion was the strongest influence in college. A number of boys were in training for the ministry, and they had the strength of a long ecclesiastical tradition behind them. But they were not, as a rule, among the foremost men in ability. Still, they made the body of "theologues" a strong body. They could not make prayer-meetings fashionable, but they made them respectable. There was a good deal of freedom of opinion about religious subjects. College prayers were not compulsory; but it was bad form not to attend them when the president was at home to conduct them. The professor of mathematics — so a rumor ran — was a freethinker. He was said to have read Darwin and become an evolutionist. But the report was not generally believed; for, it was argued, even if he had read Darwin, a man of his great intellect would instantly see the fallacy of that doctrine and discard it.

I had no natural affinity for the "theologues." I did not like that type of man. Moreover, the parting speech of my grandfather had made a profound impression on me; and it was becoming firmly fixed in my mind that a public career was the most worthy one. But by this time (it must have been my third year in college), my mother's pious secret had come out. She wished me to enter the pulpit. I was harassed by theological doubts. The incessant denunciation of the evolutionists by the preachers made me more and more curious to know what they thought and taught. But I had neither opportunity nor time then to find out. For, as at the preparatory school, the main business of life was Latin and mathematics, to which was now added Greek, — except for the "theologues," for they, as a rule, omitted mathematics, and had special courses of their own in the "evidences" of something.

One of the many pieces of good fortune that have come to me was to fall under the teaching and to come into the close friendship of the professor of Greek. He was a man of simple, clear mind, and knew no better than to think that Greek was to be read for the literature. I dare say that he would have cut a poor figure among more recent scientific scholars. But he did read, and he took a teacher's profound joy in his pupils who cared for the subject. There were four or five of us, out of twenty or more, who did care for the subject. He had won us by his simple, superb enthusiasm. He conducted his class solely with reference to us four or five. I think that he was often unaware of the existence of the others. We who loved him (and he was an affectionate old man) spent much time at his frugal table and in his library. We read the orators with him, and all the great tragedians, in this private way.

Intellectually, then, college meant to me Greek, Latin, mathematics, and the literary society to which I belonged. There were courses in other subjects, one, I think, in chemistry, but we hardly learned the symbols from the stupid man who taught it, — a professor that the church had put into his chair. There were lectures on "moral philosophy," and so on, and so on. But they did not command the respect even of the boys.

The president's personality gave an additional impetus to the work of the two literary societies, which were simply debating clubs, admirably conducted; and they played an important part in college life. We all wished to have practice in public speaking, which we regarded as the noblest of all the arts. We were all orators; and to be a successful contestant for the main prize offered every year for

the best oration was to win the highest honor in college. Not only did the students set this value on it, the whole community set the same value. Traditions of a winning oration would be handed down year after year.

In the third year of my college life I was elated by winning this prize. Most experiences of the rather dull life — it seems monotonous except for the joy that the old professor of Greek gave me, and the thrill and inspiration of the president's oratory — are forgotten; but I recall very vividly the night of that oratorical triumph. My mother, who had meant to make the long journey to hear me, was too ill to come; and this was a grief to me, and I think to her, for years. But my cousin Margaret and her mother came.

My cousin was now the most beautiful young woman that I had ever seen. That night after the ball (the theological influence was strong enough to forbid a ball at Commencement, but the secular oratorical influence was strong enough to have a mild ball at the time of the winter contest for the great medal), — that night after the ball, when my Aunt Margaret kissed me in her pride, I kissed my cousin and put the medal about her neck. In spite of religious doubts, before I went to bed I knelt and said reverently, "O Lord, I thank thee for a chance to give my life to my country, and for — her." And, with my most sonorous periods still sounding in my memory, I fell asleep.

During my last vacation two events happened that strongly impressed me. A little village had now grown up at our home, and a church had been built there. It was prayer-meeting night, and I went with my mother. The preacher had suddenly been taken ill. Who should read the Scriptures and offer a prayer? One of the old men of the church arose and suggested that I should do so. I am sure that I should have refused if my mother had not sat beside me. Her presence and what I knew to be her wish made it impossible for me to refuse. It was a little thing, — reading a chapter from the Bible, and making a prayer. But in that community and under those circumstances it was accepted by the people as an announcement that I would become a preacher. My mother's opinion was what bothered me; and I felt sure that she had a renewed hope.

It was during this vacation that I was reading Matthew Arnold's *Literature and Dogma* and Strauss's *Life of Jesus*. This was the question that I must settle, and still settle all alone, — whether the orthodox interpretation of the Bible and of the meaning of life was tenable. Huxley's essays were appearing then, and I read them, too.

Those whose early life was not spent in a superheated orthodox atmosphere may see small need of a life-and-death struggle about such a subject. But there are others who will know how profoundly it may torment a young life. One of my contemporaries in college was fighting the same battle alone at about the same time; and he killed himself from sheer despair. Another wandered over the world as long as his little fortune would carry him, seeking light; and, when he found it, he was prematurely old. No liberty ever cost a harder struggle than the liberty that I at last won. But, while the struggle was going on, I felt a sort of treason to my mother; and I understood why many men have killed themselves because of religious doubts.

The other event of that vacation was my grandfather's unexpected action. The old man was now in his tenth decade, with his intelligence still clear. I will try to describe his announcement to me as he made it.

He rang the little bell that he always kept near him when he was in the house. That was the signal for Ephraim.

"Yes, ol' mars'er."

"Find your Mars' Nicholas and fetch him here. I wish to speak with him."

He sat on the porch, and Uncle Ephraim and I were soon standing near him, I in front, the old servant behind him.

"Nicholas, my son, I have not had a chance to speak to your mother. But I wish you to go for a year at least to Harvard College. Do you hear me, Ephraim?"

"Yes, mars', — whar's dat?"

"Or to some such place at a distance, to look at our whole country. We live in a distracted corner of it. Judge Ross often said that to me. The great men of my time traveled."

He stopped a moment. Then he said: "Ephraim, I wish to change my will. When I have seen your mother," turning to me, "I wish to sell the share of the land that will go to your father's estate when I die, and I wish you to travel and study with the money."

"Sell de lan', mars'er?"

"After that you can settle down with some knowledge of our whole country."

"Dere 'll be less lan', ol' mars'er, atter you sell some."

"Does this plan please you?"

My grandfather dropped his turkey-wing fan over the banister, and Ephraim went to pick it up, saying to himself: —

"Don' like dat sellin' ob de lan'."

"When Mr. Clay was here," — my grandfather said; but Ephraim interrupted him.

"Is he libin' yit?"

"His spirit must live, Ephraim."

"Speerits o' jus' men made parfect," said the old negro.

"As I was saying, the great things now going on in the world are going on elsewhere, not here. The war broke off our thought."

"Glad Mars' Nick gwine whar he want ter go, but I don' like dat sellin' ob de lan'."

And the old man arose by Ephraim's help and mine and walked in to supper.

I was busy wondering what Harvard College could do for me. I knew nothing about it. It was only a name. But it appealed at least to my spirit of intellectual adventure.

(*To be continued.*)

SOME ASPECTS OF JOURNALISM

BY ROLLO OGDEN

It is, in a way, a form of flattery, in the eyes of modern journalism, that it should be put on its defense, — added to the fascinating list of "problems." This is a tribute to its importance. The compliment may often seem oblique. An editor will, at times, feel himself placed in much the same category as a famous criminal, — a warning, a horrible example, a target for reproof, but still an interesting object. That last is the redeeming feature. If the newspaper of to-day can only be sure that it excites interest in the multitude, it is content. For to force itself upon the general notice is the main purpose of its spirit of shrill insistence, which so many have noted and so many have disliked.

But the clamorous and assertive tone of the daily press may charitably be thought of as a natural reaction from its low estate of a few generations back. Upstart families or races usually have bad manners, and the newspaper, as we know it, is very much of an upstart. For long, its lot was contempt and contumely. In the first half of the eighteenth century, writing in general was reduced to extremities. Dr. Johnson says of Richard Savage that, "having no profession, he became by necessity an author." But there was a lower deep, and that was journalism.

Warburton wrote of one who is chiefly known by being pilloried in the *Dunciad* that he "ended in the common sink of all such writers, a political newspaper." Even later it was recorded of the Rev. Dr. Dodd, author of the *Beauties of Shakespeare*, that he "descended so low as to become editor of a newspaper." After that but one step remained, — to the gallows; and this was duly taken by Dr. Dodd in 1777, when he was hanged for forgery. A calling digged from such a pit may, without our special wonder, display something of the push and insolence natural in a class whose privileges were long so slender or so questioned that they must be loudly proclaimed for fear they may be forgotten.

This flaunting and over-emphasis also go well with the charge that the press of to-day is commercialized. That accusation no one undertaking to comment on newspapers can pass unnoticed. Yet why should journalism be exempt? It is as freely asserted that colleges are commercialized; the theatre is accused of knowing no standard but that of the box-office; politics has the money-taint upon it; and even the church is arraigned for ignoring the teachings of St. James, and being too much a respecter of the persons of the rich. If it is true that the commercial spirit rules the press, it is at least in good company. In actual fact, occasional instances of gross and unscrupulous financial control of newspapers for selfish or base ends must be admitted to exist. There are undoubtedly some editors who bend their conscience to their dealing. Newspaper proprietors exist who sell themselves for gain. But this is not what is ordinarily meant by the charge of commercialization. Reference is, rather, to the newspaper as a money-making institution. "When shall we have a journal," asked a clergyman not long ago, "that will be published without advertisements?"

The answer is, never, — at least, I hope so, for the good of American journalism. We have no official press. We have no subsidized press. We have not even an endowed press. What that would be in this country I can scarcely imagine, but I am sure it would have little or no influence. A newspaper carries weight only as it can point to evidence of public sympathy and support. But that means a business side; it means patronage; it means an eye to money. A newspaper, like an army, goes upon its belly, — though it does not follow that it must eat dirt. The dispute about being commercialized is always a question of more or less. When Horace Greeley founded the *Tribune* in 1841, he had but a thousand dollars of his own in cash. Yet his struggle to make the paper a going concern was just as intense as if he were starting it to-day with a capital (and it would be needed) of a million. Greeley, to his honor be it said, refused from the beginning to take certain advertisements. But so do newspaper proprietors to-day whose expenses per week are more than Greeley's were for the first year.

The immensely large capital now required for the conduct of a daily newspaper in a great city has had important consequences. It has made the newspaper more of an institution, less of a personal organ. Men no longer designate journals by the owner's or editor's name. It used to be Bryant's paper, or Greeley's paper, or Raymond's, or Bennett's. Now it is simply *Times*, *Herald*, *Tribune*, and so on. No single personality can stamp itself upon the whole organism. It is too vast. It is a great piece of property, to be administered with skill; it is a carefully planned organization which best produces the effect when the personalities of those who work for it are swallowed up. The individual withers, but the newspaper is more and more. Journalism becomes impersonal. There are no more "great editors," but there is a finer *esprit de corps*, better "team play," an institution more and more firmly established and able to justify itself.

Large capital in newspapers, and their heightened earning power, tend to steady them. Freaks and rash experiments are

also shut out by lack of means. Greeley reckoned up a hundred or more newspapers that had died in New York before 1850. Since that time it would be hard to name ten. I can remember but two metropolitan dailies within twenty-five years that have absolutely suspended publication. Only contrast the state of things in Parisian journalism. There must be at least thirty daily newspapers in the French capital. Few of them have the air of living off their own business. Yet the necessary capital and the cost of production are so much smaller than ours that their various backers can afford to keep them afloat. But this fact does not make their sincerity or purity the more evident. On the contrary, the rumor of sinister control is more frequently circulated in connection with the French press than with our own. Our higher capitalization helps us. Just because a great sum is invested, it cannot be imperiled by allowing unscrupulous men to make use of the newspaper property; for that way ruin lies, in the end. The corrupt employment has to be concealed. If it were surely known, for example, that Mr. Morgan, or Mr. Ryan, or Mr. Harriman owned a New York newspaper, and was utilizing it as a means of furthering his schemes, support would speedily fail it, and it would soon dry up from the roots.

This give and take between the press and the public is vital to a just conception of American journalism. The editor does not nonchalantly project his thoughts into the void. He listens for the echo of his words. His relation to his supporters is not unlike Gladstone's definition of the intimate connection between the orator and his audience. As the speaker gets from his hearers in mist what he gives back in shower, so the newspaper receives from the public as well as gives to it. Too often it gets as dust what it gives back as mud; but that does not alter the relation. Action and reaction are all the while going on between the press and its patrons. Hence it follows that the responsibility for the more crying evils of journalism must be divided. I would urge no exculpation for the editor who exploits crime, scatters filth, and infects the community with moral poison. The original responsibility is his, and it is a fearful one. But it is not solely his. The basest and most demoralizing journal that lives, lives by public approval or tolerance. Its readers and advertisers have its life in their hands. At a word from them it would either reform or die. They have the power of "recall" over it, as it is by some proposed to grant the people a power of recall over bad representatives in legislature or Congress. The very dependence of the press upon support gives its patrons the power of life and death over it. Advertisers are known to go to a newspaper office to seek favors, sometimes improper, often innocent. Why should they, and mere readers, too, not exercise their implied right to protest against vulgarity, the exaggeration of the trivial, hysteria, indecency, immorality, in the newspaper which they are asked to buy or to patronize? To a journalist of the offensive class they could say: "You excuse yourself by alleging that you simply give what the public demands; but we say that your very assertion is an insult to us and an outrage upon the public. You say that nobody protests against your course; well, we are here to protest. You point to your sales; we tell you that, unless you mend your columns, we will buy no more." There lies here, I am persuaded, a vast unused power for the toning up of our journalism. At any rate, the reform of a free press in a free people can be brought about only by some such reaction of the medium upon the instrument. Legislation direct would be powerless. Sir Samuel Romilly perceived this when he argued in Parliament against proposals to restrict by law the "licentious press." He said that if the press were more licentious than formerly, it was because it had not yet got over the evils of earlier arbitrary control; and the only sure way to reform it was to make it still more free. Romilly would doubtless have

agreed that a free people will, in the long run, have as good newspapers as it wants and deserves to have.

As it is, public sentiment has a way, on occasion, of speaking through the press with astonishing directness and power. All the noise and extravagance, the ignorance and the distortion, cannot obscure this. There is a rough but great value in the mere publicity which the newspaper affords. The free handling of rulers has much for the credit side. When Senior was talking with Thiers in 1856, the conversation fell upon the severe press laws under Napoleon III. The Englishman said that perhaps these were due to the license of newspapers in the time of the foregoing republic, when their attacks on public men were often the extreme of scurrility. "C'était horrible," said Thiers; "mais, pour moi, j'aime mieux être gouverné par des honnêtes gens qu'on traite comme des voleurs, que par des voleurs qu'on traite en honnêtes gens." And when you have some powerful robbers to invoke the popular verdict upon, there is nothing like modern journalism for doing the job thoroughly. Those great names in our business and political firmament which lately have fallen like Lucifer, dreaded exposure in the press most of all. Courts and juries they could have faced with equanimity; or, rather, their lawyers would have done it for them in the most beautiful illustration of the law's delay. But the very clamor of newspaper publicity was like an embodied public conscience pronouncing condemnation, — every headline an officer. I know of no other power on earth that could have stripped away from these rogues every shelter which their money could buy, and been to them such an advance section of the Day of Judgment. In the immense publicity that dogged them they saw that worst of all punishments described by Shelley: —

> — when thou must *appear* to be
> That which thou art internally;
> And after many a false and fruitless crime,
> Scorn track thy lagging fall.

It is, no doubt, a belief in this honestly and wholesomely scourging power of newspapers which has made the champions of modern democracy champions also of the freedom of the press. It has not been seriously hampered or shackled in this country; but the history of its emancipation from burdensome taxation in England shows how the progressive and reactionary motives or temperaments come to view. When Gladstone was laboring, fifty years ago, to remove the last special tax upon newspapers, Lord Salisbury — he was then Lord Robert Cecil — opposed him with some of his finest sneers. Could it be maintained that a person of any education could learn anything from a penny paper? It might be said that the people would learn from the press what had been uttered by their representatives in Parliament, but how much would that add to their education? They might even discover the opinions of the editor. All this was very interesting, but it did not carry real instruction to the mind. To talk about a tax on newspapers being a tax on knowledge was a prostitution of real education. And so on. But contrast this with John Bright's opinion. In a letter written in 1885, but not published till this year, he said: "Few men in England owe so much to the press as I do. Its progress has been very great. I was one of those who worked earnestly to overthrow the system of taxation which from the time of Queen Anne had fettered, I might almost say, strangled it out of existence. . . . I hope the editors and conductors of our journals may regard themselves as under a great responsibility, as men engaged in the great work of instructing and guiding our people. . . . On the faithful performance of their duties, on their truthfulness and their adherence to the moral law, the future of our country depends."

To pass from these ideals to the tendencies and perplexities of newspapers as they are is not possible without the sensation of a jar. For specimens of the faults found in even the reputable press by fair-

minded men we may turn to a recent address before a university audience by Professor Butcher. Admitting that journalism had never before been "so many-sided, so well informed, so intellectually alert," he yet noted several literary and moral defects. Of these he dwelt first upon "hasty production." "Formerly, the question was, who is to have the *last* word; now it is a wild race between journalists as to who will get the *first* word." The professor found the marks of hurry written all over modern newspapers. Breathless haste could not but affect the editorial style. "It is smartly pictorial, restless, impatient, emphatic." This charge no editor of a daily paper can find it in his heart confidently to attempt to repel. His work has to be done under narrow and cramping conditions of time. The hour of going to press is ever before him as an inexorable fate. And that judgments formed and opinions expressed under such stress are often of a sort that one would fain withdraw, no sane writer for the press thinks of denying. This ancient handicap of the pressman was described by Cowper in 1780. "I began to think better of his [Burke's] cause," he wrote to the Rev. Mr. Unwin, "and burnt my verses. Such is the lot of the man who writes upon the subject of the day; the aspect of affairs changes in an hour or two, and his opinion with it; what was just and well-deserved satire in the morning, in the evening becomes a libel; the author commences his own judge, and, while he condemns with unrelenting severity what he so lately approved, is sorry to find that he has laid his leaf gold upon touch-wood, which crumbled away under his finger." While all this is sorrowfully true, — to none so sorrowful as those who have it frequently borne in upon them by personal experience, — it is, after all, *du métier*. It is a condition under which the work must be done, or not at all. A public which occasionally disapproves of a newspaper too quick on the trigger would not put up at all with one which held its fire too long. And there is, when all is said, a good deal of the philosophy of life in the compulsion to "go to press." Only in that spirit can the rough work of the world get done. The artist may file and polish endlessly; the genius may brood; but the newspaper man must cut short his search for the full thought or the perfect phrase, and get into type with the best at the moment attainable. At any rate, this makes for energy, decision, and a ready practicality. Life is made up of such compromises, such forced adjustments, such constant striving for the ideal with the necessitated acceptance of the closest approach to it possible, as are of the very atmosphere in the office of a daily newspaper. But the result is got. The pressure may be bad for literary technique but at all events it forces out the work. If Lord Acton had known something of the driving motives of a journalist, he would not have spent fifty years collecting material for a great history of liberty, and then died before being quite persuaded in his own mind that he was ready to write it. The counsel of wisdom which Mr. Brooke gives in *Middlemarch* need never be addressed to a newspaper writer; that he must "pull up" in time, every day teaches him.

Professor Butcher also drew an ingenious parallel between the Sophists of ancient Greece and present-day journalists. It was not very flattering to the latter. One of the points of comparison was that "their pretensions were high and their basis of knowledge generally slight." Now, "ignorance," added the uncomplimentary professor, "has its own appropriate manner, and most journalists, being very clever fellows, are, when they are ignorant, conscious of their ignorance. A fine, elusive manner is therefore adopted; it is enveloped in a haze." To this charge, also, a bold and full plea of not guilty cannot be entered by a newspaper man. If his own conscience would allow it, he knows that too many of his own calling would rise up to confute him. The jokes, flings, stories, confessions are too numerous about the easy and empty as-

sumptions of omniscience by the press. Mr. Barrie has, in his reminiscential *When a Man's Single*, told too many tales out of the sanctum. Some of them bear on the point in hand. For example:

"'I am not sure that I know what the journalistic instinct precisely is,' Rob said, 'and still less whether I possess it.'

"'Ah, just let me put you through your paces,' replied Simms. 'Suppose yourself up for an exam. in journalism, and that I am your examiner. Question One: The house was soon on fire; much sympathy is expressed with the sufferers. Can you translate that into newspaper English?'

"'Let me see,' answered Rob, entering into the spirit of the examination. 'How would this do: In a moment the edifice was enveloped in shooting tongues of flame; the appalling catastrophe has plunged the whole street into the gloom of night'?

"'Good. Question Two: A man hangs himself; what is the technical heading for this?'

"'Either "Shocking Occurrence" or "Rash Act."'

"'Question Three: *Pabulum*, *Cela va sans dire*, *Par excellence*, *Ne plus ultra*. What are these? Are there any more of them?'

"'They are scholarships,' replied Rob; 'and there are two more, namely, *Tour de force* and *Terra firma*.'

"'Question Four: A. (a soldier) dies at 6 P.M. with his back to the foe; B. (a philanthropist) dies at 1 A.M.; which of these, speaking technically, would you call a creditable death?'

"'The soldier's, because time was given to set it.'

"'Quite right. Question Five: Have you ever known a newspaper which did not have the largest circulation and was not the most influential advertising medium?'

"'Never.'

"'Well, Mr. Angus,' said Simms, tiring of the examination, 'you have passed with honors.'"

Many cynical admissions by the initiate could be quoted. The question was recently put to a young man who had a place on the staff of a morning newspaper: "Are you not often brought to a standstill for lack of knowledge?" "No," he replied, "as a rule I go gayly ahead, and without a pause. My only difficulty is when I happen to know something of the subject." But no one takes these sarcasms too seriously. They are a part of the Bohemian tradition of journalism. But Bohemianism has gone out of the newspaper world, as the profession has become more specialized, more of a serious business. Even in his time, Jules Janin, writing to Madame de Girardin apropos of her *Ecole des Journalistes*, happily exposed the "assumption that good leading articles ever were or ever could be produced over punch and broiled bones, amidst intoxication and revelry." Editors may still be ignorant, but at any rate they are not unblushingly devil-may-care about it. They do not take their work as a pure lark. They try to get their facts right. And the appreciation of accurate knowledge, if not always the market for it, is certainly higher now in newspaper offices than it used to be. The multiplied apparatus of information has done at least that for the profession. Much of its knowledge may be "index-learning," but at any rate it gets the eel by the tail. And the editor has a fairish retort for the general writer in the fact that the latter might more often be caught tripping if he had to produce his wisdom on demand and get it irrevocably down in black and white and in a thousand hands without time for consideration or amendment. This truth was frankly put by Motley in a letter to Holmes in 1862: "I take great pleasure in reading your prophecies, and intend to be just as free in hazarding my own. . . . If you make mistakes, you shall never hear of them again, and I promise to forget them. Let me ask the same indulgence from you in return. This is what makes letter-writing a comfort, and journalism dangerous." It is a distinction

which an editor may well lay to his soul when accused of being a mere Gigadibs —

> You, for example, clever to a fault,
> The rough and ready man who write apace,
> Read somewhat seldomer, think, perhaps,
> even less.

Even in journalism, the Spanish proverb holds that knowing something does not take up any room, — *el saber no ocupa lugar*. Special information is, as I often have occasion to say to applicants for work, the one thing that gives a stranger a chance in a newspaper office. The most out-of-the-way knowledge has a trick of falling pat to the day's need. A successful London journalist got his first foothold by knowing all about Scottish Disruption, when that struggle between the Established and Free churches burst upon the horizon. The editor simply had to have the services of a man who could tell an interested English public all about the question which was setting the heather afire. Similarly, not long since, a young American turned up in New York with apparently the most hopeless outfit for journalistic work. He had spent eight years in Italy studying mediæval church history, — and that was his basis for thinking he could write for a daily paper of the palpitating present! But it happened just then that the aged Leo XIII drew to his end, and here was a man who knew all the *Papabili*, cardinals, and archbishops; who understood thoroughly the ceremony and procedure of electing a pope; who was drenched in all the actualities of the situation, and who could, therefore, write about it with an intelligence and sympathy which made his work compel acceptance, and gave him entrance into journalism by the unlikely Porta Romana. It is but an instance of the way in which a profession growing more serious is bound to take knowledge more seriously.

It is, however, what Sir Wemyss Reid called the "Wegotism" of the press that some fastidious souls find more offensive than its occasional betrayals of crass ignorance. Lecky remarked upon it, in his chapters on the rise of newspapers in England: "Few things to a reflecting mind are more curious than the extraordinary weight which is attached to the anonymous expression of political opinion. Partly by the illusion of the imagination, partly by the weight of emphatic assertion, a plural pronoun, conspicuous type, and continual repetition, unknown men are able, without exciting any surprise or sense of incongruity, to assume the language of the accredited representatives of the nation, and to rebuke, patronize, or insult its leading men with a tone of authority which would not be tolerated from the foremost statesmen of their time."

A remedy frequently suggested is signed editorials. Let the Great Unknown come out from behind his veil of anonymity, and drop his "plural of majesty." Then we should know him for the insignificant and negligible individual he is. It is true that some hesitating attempts of that kind have been made in this country, mostly in the baser journalism, but they have not succeeded. There is no reason to think that this practice will ever take root among us. It arose in France under conditions of rigorous press censorship, and really goes in spirit with the wish of government or society to limit that perfect freedom of discussion which anonymous journalism alone can enjoy. Legal responsibility is, of course, fixed in the editor and proprietors. Nor is the literary disguise, as a rule, of such great consequence, or so difficult to penetrate. Most editors would feel like making the same answer to an aggrieved person that Swift gave to one of his victims. In one of his short poems he threw some of his choicest vitriol upon one Bettesworth, a lawyer of considerable eminence, who in a rage went to Swift and demanded whether he was the author of that poem. The Dean's reply was: "Mr. Bettesworth, I was in my youth acquainted with great lawyers who, knowing my disposition to satire, advised me that, if any scoundrel or blockhead whom I had lampooned should ask, 'Are you the

author of this paper?' I should tell him that I was not the author; and therefore I tell *you*, Mr. Bettesworth, that I am not the author of these lines."

But the real defense of impersonal journalism lies in the conception of a newspaper not as an individual organ, but as a public institution. Walter Bagehot, in his *Physics and Politics*, uses the newspaper as a good illustration of an organism subduing everything to type. Individual style becomes blended in the common style. The excellent work of assistant editors is ascribed to their chief, just as his blunders are shouldered off upon them. It becomes impossible to dissect out the separate personalities which contribute to the making up of the whole. The paper represents, not one man's thought, but a body of opinion. Behind what is said each day stands a long tradition. Writers, reviewers, correspondents, clientele, add their mite, but it is little more than Burns's snowflake falling into the river. The great stream flows on. I would not minimize personality in journalism. It has counted enormously; it still counts. But the institutional, representative idea is now most telling. The play of individuality is much restricted; has to do more with minor things than great policies. John Stuart Mill, in a letter of 1863 to Motley, very well hit off what may be called the chance rôle of the individual in modern journalism: "The line it [the London *Times*] takes on any particular question is much more a matter of accident than is supposed. It is sometimes better than the public, and sometimes worse. It was better on the Competitive Examinations and on the Revised Educational Code, in each case owing to the accidental position of a particular man who happened to write on it, — both which men I could name to you."

Wendell Phillips told of once taking a letter to the editor of a Boston paper, whom he knew, with a request that it be published. The editor read it over, and said, " Mr. Phillips, that is a very good and interesting letter, and I shall be glad to publish it; but I wish you would consent to strike out the last paragraph."

"Why," said Phillips, "that paragraph is the precise thing for which I wrote the whole letter. Without that it would be pointless."

"Oh, I see that," replied the editor; "and what you say in it is perfectly true, — the very children in the streets know that it is true. I fully agree with it all myself. Yet it is one of those things which it will not do to say publicly. However, if you insist upon it, I will publish the letter as it stands."

It was published the next morning, and along with it a short editorial reference to it, saying that a letter from Mr. Phillips would be found in another column, and that it was extraordinary that so keen a mind as his should have fallen into the palpable absurdity contained in the last paragraph.

The story suggests the harmful side of the interaction between press and public. It sometimes puts a great strain upon the intellectual honesty of the editor. He is doubtful how much truth his public will bear. His audience may seem to him, on occasions, minatory, as well as, on others, encouraging. So hard is it for the journalist to be sure, with Dr. Arnold, that the times will always bear what an honest man has to say. At this point, undoubtedly, we come upon the moral perils of the newspaper man. And when outsiders believe that he writes to order, or without conviction, they naturally hold a low view of his occupation.

Journalism, wrote Mrs. Mark Pattison in 1879, "harms those, even the most gifted, who continue in it after early life. They cannot honestly write the kind of thing required for their public if they are really striving to reach the highest level of thought and work possible to themselves." If this were always and absolutely true, little could be said for the Fourth Estate. We should all have to agree with James Smith, of *Rejected Addresses* fame: —

Hard is his lot who edits, thankless job!
A Sunday journal for the factious mob.
With bitter paragraph and caustic jest,
He gives to turbulence the day of rest,
Condemn'd this week rash rancor to instil,
Or thrown aside, the next, for one who will.
Alike undone, or if he praise or rail
(For this affects his safety, that his sale);
He sinks, alas, in luckless limbo set —
If loud for libel, and if dumb for debt.

The real libel, however, would be the assertion that the work of American journalism is done to any large extent in that spirit of the galley slave. With all its faults, it is imbued with the desire of being of public service. That is often overlaid by other motives, — money-making, time-serving, place-hunting. But at the high demand of a great moral or political crisis, it will assert itself, and editors will be found as ready as their fellows to hazard their all for the common weal. To show what sort of fire may burn at the heart of the true journalist, I append a letter never before published: —

New York, *April* 23, 1867.

"There is a man here named Barnard, on the bench of the Supreme Court. Some years ago he kept a gambling saloon in San Francisco, and was a notorious blackleg and *vaurien*. He came then to New York, plunged into the basest depths of city politics, and emerged Recorder. After two or three years he got by the same means to be a judge of the Supreme Court. His reputation is now of the very worst. He is unscrupulous, audacious, barefaced, and corrupt to the last degree. He not only takes bribes, but he does not even wait for them to be offered him. He sends for suitors, or rather for their counsel, and asks for the money as the price of his judgments. A more unprincipled scoundrel does not breathe. There is no way in which he does not prostitute his office, and in saying this I am giving you the unanimous opinion of the bar and the public. His appearance on the bench I consider literally an awful occurrence. Yet the press and bar are muzzled, — for that is what it comes to, — and this injurious scoundrel has actually got possession of the highest court in the State, and dares the Christian public to expose his villany.

"If I were satisfied that, if the public knew all this, it would lie down under it, I would hand the *Nation* over to its creditors and take myself and my children out of the community. I will not believe that yet. I am about to say all I dare say — as yet — in the *Nation* to-morrow. Barnard is capable of ruining us, if he thought it worth his while, and could of course imprison me for contempt, if he took it into his head, and I should have no redress. You have no idea what a labyrinth of wickedness and chicane surrounds him. Moreover, I have no desire either for notoriety or martyrdom, and am in various ways not well fitted to take a stand against rascality on such a scale as this. But this I do think, that it is the duty of every honest man to do something. Barnard has now got possession of the courts, and if he can silence the press also, where is reform to come from? . . . I think some movement ought to be set on foot having for its object the hunting down of corrupt politicians, the exposure of jobs, the sharpening of the public conscience on the whole subject of political purity. If this cannot be done, the growing wealth will kill — not the nation, but the form of government without which, as you and I believe, the nation would be of little value to humanity."

This was written to Professor Charles Eliot Norton by the late Edwin Lawrence Godkin. The Barnard referred to was, of course, the infamous judge from whom, a few years later, the judicial robes were stripped. Mr. Godkin's attack upon him was, so far as I know, the first that was made in print. But the passion of indignation which glowed in that great journalist, with his willingness to hazard his own fortunes in the public behalf, only sets forth conspicuously what humbler members of the press feel as their truest motive and their noblest reward.

AN UNCONVENTIONAL MOURNER

BY AGNES REPPLIER

NORA sat in her bedroom, sewing. The shutters had been carefully bowed, and only two thin streaks of sunlight slanted brilliantly across the gloom. Nora had pushed her chair close to one of the windows so that she could see her work. She did not see it very well, but of this fact she was unconscious. Her tear-dimmed eyes were fixed upon the piece of linen in her lap; but what they really saw was another darkened room below, where her half-brother lay dead. She would have liked to sit there by his side, to be as close to him as she could for the little time that was left before they carried him to his grave; but she had not dared to proffer her request. He lay alone, save when the undertaker's men passed in and out of the chamber. His young widow was — to use his aunt, Mrs. Pennington's, correct phrase — "prostrated with grief." His children were shut up in their nursery. Every few minutes the doorbell rang. Cards and notes were handed mournfully in. Reporters called for particulars, and were interviewed by Mrs. Pennington in the hall. A dressmaker and her assistant, a milliner and hers, a children's outfitter and hers, came, bearing the panoply of woe. There is a great deal to be done in the three days that elapse between a man's death and his burial; and the exigencies of our advanced civilization have complicated an otherwise simple situation.

Fortunately, Mrs. Pennington was more than able to cope with the melancholy problem. She sat in the library, writing notes on black-edged paper, which — with admirable forethought — she had brought with her that morning to the bereaved household. She knew there would be letters to write, and, as she folded the last sheet into its grief-stricken envelope, she congratulated herself on having remembered so important a detail. One good deed suggesting another, she arose, and went softly into the adjoining room. "Florence, dear," she murmured, "if you can spare me for a few minutes, I think I had better run upstairs, and speak to Nora about her mourning. She has been so nervous and restless all day, it is impossible to find out what she needs."

"She needs everything, Aunt Anna," said Mrs. Lennox, lifting her heavy head from its pillow. "Don't think about me, please, but go to her right away. And, dear Aunt Anna, will you remember about the children's black gloves? Sarah will give you their numbers, or, at least, she will hunt up some old gloves that will do for the sizes. And tell her, please, that Jennings will send lustreless silk for Amy's sash. Poor little Amy!" And the mother's voice broke. Her husband had shown an especial tenderness for his first-born daughter.

Mrs. Pennington heaved a sympathetic sigh, and stole quietly away. She passed the death chamber with a step as soft and fearful as a cat's, and mounted the stairs to her niece's room. Her brow wrinkled a little as she neared it. Nora was so "uncertain."

"Dear child!" she said, when she saw the upright figure sitting sewing by the window. "Why do you try to work? You are straining your eyes, and you look so white and tired. Lie down a little while, and let me bathe your head."

"My head does n't ache, thank you, Aunt Anna," said the girl. "It never aches. Neither do my eyes. I am perfectly well."

"You can't be perfectly well, Nora dear," hinted her aunt reproachfully,

"after all you have been through. You are running on your nerves now, and, if you do not spare yourself, they will break."

Nora was silent. She knew she had no nerves, just as she knew she had no headache. She was, in fact, indecently well. Only her heart was sick with grief, and this was a circumstance she was not invited to mention. All day long her mind had traveled backward and forward over those scenes of her life in which her brother had played a part. They were not very many, nor very soul-inspiring. Tom Lennox had been kind to his orphaned half-sister, had looked after her affairs, had gone to see her now and then when she was at boarding-school, had always given her a Christmas present, and had sometimes remembered her birthday; but his calm, fraternal regard had never quickened into livelier interest until the past winter, when his wife had resignedly undertaken the task of introducing the girl into society. In the labors that ensued he had borne a fluctuating part; and gradually there dawned upon his mind an impression that Nora was, in a quiet way, "conversable;" not, of course, as popular as Florence (with whom no one ever conversed), but still a girl who could always harbor an idea, and occasionally advance an opinion. She was like him, too ("Lord! but she's like her father!" was his way of noting the resemblance), and there flowed between them that swift current of inherited sympathies and tendencies of which the backwater is aversion. Above all, the quality of her affection, which he understood; its excess, and the narrow limits of its expression, contrasted pleasantly with his wife's frank rendering of her daily part. The level permanence of marital regard, its moderation and its durability, alternately soothed and appalled him. He wondered sometimes if he had been married ten or twenty years. In pensive moments he pictured to himself the jog-trot of existence extending indefinitely into the future, marked rather by the changing outlines of his children's lives than by any variations in his own. What had never occurred to him was the possibility of dying at thirty-seven.

"Nora," said Mrs. Pennington gently, "Miss Briggs is coming this evening for her first fittings, and I am having coats sent up from Pierce's on approval. But I wish you would tell me what else you need, so that I can order it for you."

"I don't need anything," said the girl. "I don't need a coat. I have one now."

"One that you can wear?" asked Mrs. Pennington incredulously.

"It's serge. Black serge. I have a coat and skirt. They will do very well, Aunt Anna."

"I wish they were *drap d'été*," said Mrs. Pennington musingly. "I always think a *drap d'été* or a Henrietta cloth is most appropriate for deep mourning. But I dare say you can wear serge in rough weather, if it's properly made; and it's a comfort to have something to put on. Poor Florence says she has absolutely nothing. Tom never could endure black. Will you let me see your suit, dear?"

Nora obediently opened her wardrobe, and took out the garment for inspection. Mrs. Pennington uttered a little grieved cry of protest. "My dear," she said, "you did n't think of wearing a dress strapped with taffeta to the funeral! And you can't take the silk off. The spaces will show. But never mind. Pierce will be certain to have something to suit you."

"Aunt Anna," said Nora suddenly and harshly, "what difference does it make whether I wear this coat or another to my brother's funeral? What difference does it make to Tom? What difference to me?"

Mrs. Pennington was conscious of a sentiment which in a less amiable woman might have been termed exasperation. There are few things in this world more annoying than to be suddenly called upon to defend the rationality of time-honored customs. The Hindu priest, when asked by some Rajpoot widow of an inquiring and dissatisfied turn of mind *why* she

should be consumed upon her dead lord's pyre; the Moslem husband whose most cherished wife expresses an inclination to see the world; the devout Brahman whose disciple wonders whether the preservation of his caste is worth the torment it entails, might, one and all, have sympathized with Mrs. Pennington's discomposure. She had studied the subject of mourning from its practical rather than from its abstract side, having put it on fourteen times in the course of a well-spent life, and being more than ready to wear it a fifteenth time — in a modified form — for her nephew. In fact, except when some ill-advised relative expired thoughtlessly in the beginning of a season, just after her winter or her summer gowns had been sent home, Mrs. Pennington rather enjoyed the familiar experience. She was a wealthy woman, and it gave her a reasonable pretext for buying a quantity of new clothes. She was a woman of few interests, and it gave her something to think about, and to do. She was an affectionate woman, and it gave her an expensive method of evincing her regard. Nora's troubled scorn, and the glaring impropriety of her question were doubly shocking to one who had walked so often and so decorously along the crape-bordered paths of grief. She would not permit herself to be angry; but she felt that the occasion was one which called for plainness of speech. "It ought to make a difference to you," she said with grave displeasure. "You would not like people to say you had failed in respect to your brother's memory."

"But, Aunt Anna," protested the girl piteously, "Tom always laughed at such things. I have heard him again and again. It is n't as though I did not know how he felt about them. He used to call a crape veil the luxury of woe; and I told him once I'd never wear one."

"Nora!" said Mrs. Pennington, doubly scandalized by her niece's sudden defiance, and by this ill-timed allusion to a dead man's laughter. Tom, to be sure, had laughed at far too many things in life. His mirthful eyes had looked with obstinate levity upon their sad significance. Perhaps, having married Florence, laughter was his salvation. In the struggle for readjustment, he had learned the saving value of a jest. But of this Mrs. Pennington could hardly have been expected to take account; and her light-minded nephew had seemed to her at times perilously near the spirit that denies. Now he was dead, and it behooved them all to forget for a while that he had ever laughed at all. We may with propriety allude to a man's merriment, and even repeat his jokes, when he has been buried six months or a year; but before the funeral it is customary to confine our comments to his virtues, his constitution, and his real estate.

As for the veil, that was a matter too sacred for dispute. The poor lady felt that never before had she been called upon to meet so grave an issue, to avert so imminent a disaster. She had shrewdly suspected that Nora would prove troublesome and "notiony;" that she might perhaps prefer broadcloth to Henrietta; and that she would probably forget to provide herself with the right sort of black pins. But that she would want to go unveiled to her brother's funeral, that she would actually propose to appear in public without the proper insignia of female distress, was much, much worse than anything Mrs. Pennington had feared. Come what might, this scandal should be averted. No niece of hers should sin against the sacred conventions of sorrow. She gathered up all her argumentative forces for the combat.

"Nora," she said, "if you were not so nervous and excitable this evening, you would not speak as you do. Of course you will wear a veil. You would be very uncomfortable if you did not. Every one would notice it, and think it strange. A veil, dear, is such a protection in time of grief."

"A protection from what?" asked Nora dully.

"A protection," Mrs. Pennington

repeated, firmly and conclusively. "It shows you are in mourning. And you have no idea how comfortable these light veilings are. If it were the old-fashioned English crape, now, I should not blame you for feeling as you do. It used to drag your bonnet off your head, it was so heavy. If you wore it over your face, it stifled you, and you could n't see where you were going; and if you wore it thrown back, it stood out like boards, — so stiff and ungraceful. Never fell into soft lines like the French veiling does. You won't find you mind it at all, Nora dear; and, after the first few weeks, you can have it arranged in those broad, flat folds that hang straight down your back. *I* think they give you height. All you will want over your face then will be one of the short net veils with three little rows of crape. They are rather pretty and becoming."

Nora listened in silence. There trailed dimly through her mind an impression that graceful folds and added height failed to symbolize the cold desolation of her heart. Tom would have laughed, — but Tom lay dead downstairs, never to laugh again. She shivered as she thought of him, and, obeying some sudden impulse, some desire too potent for denial, she raised the window by her side, and pushed back the bowed shutters. A flood of heavenly light, the last brilliant rays of the setting sun, filled the dolorous room, and for one brief instant lifted the girl's soul to divine heights of consolation. It was for one instant only. The next, Mrs. Pennington stepped swiftly forward, and restored the appropriate gloom. There was something in her haste, and in the real horror she evinced, which covered Nora with confusion. Her own action had been involuntary, — a mere instinctive craving for the innocent sunlight; and it shamed her to see her aunt watching her with apprehensive eyes, as though wondering in what direction she would break out next. Why should she give trouble to any one at such a time? After all, what difference did it make? Tom no longer cared, no longer laughed at anything. She would do just as she was bidden, and would wear just what she was told to wear. Only she felt that further discussion of goods and styles would be insupportable. She must escape for a while, and the thought of the children in their nursery came to her as a measure of relief. If they were too young to realize their loss, they were also too young for the conventionalities of regret. She had not heard one of them all day. Perhaps they were wearying of isolation and restraint.

"Aunt Anna," she said, "don't look so worried, please. I would rather not wear a veil; but if you and Florence want me to, why, of course, I will. And I'll put aside this suit, and get whatever you think I need. And now, if there is nothing else to decide, I am going over to the children for a little while. I think I'll bring them here to play. They must be so tired of the nursery."

"Poor little things," sighed their grandaunt, her anxious expression relaxing into one of mitigated melancholy. "It may comfort you to have them with you. But don't let them make any noise, Nora. I have tried to keep them quiet all day for their mother's sake."

There was no answer. Nora had slipped away, and was hurrying to the big, low-ceilinged nursery at the back of the house. When she opened the door, she found the chambermaid and the waitress gossiping lugubriously with Sarah, the nurse, and listening with gratifying interest to the intimate details which that functionary was able to impart. They backed respectfully away as Nora entered, glancing at her with an unctuous sympathy which brought the blood burning to her cheeks. They were sorry for her, they were sorry for their mistress, they had kissed Amy until she cried, and had shed a few warm tears over the baby Georgina's head. They were ready at a moment's notice to praise their dead master in fluent superlatives, and they prayed piously, though not very hopefully, for his soul. But the peculiar pleasure which the Celtic mind

takes in the close proximity of a corpse was theirs to enjoy. The hushed and darkened house, the constant presence of the genteel undertaker and his men, the flowing crape on the doorbell, the decorous melancholy of the people who left cards, and, above all, the near prospect of a funeral, filled them with chastened delight. They wagged their heads mournfully when they left the room; and Sarah, to whom the occasion had brought an access of work as well as of dignity, gave a lachrymose sniff as she put Georgina from her knee. The little girl, who was three years old, looked at her aunt with pleased eyes. "Papa 's dead," she observed painstakingly.

There was a restless movement at the window, where the oldest child, a boy of eight, stood staring wearily into the yard. It being manifestly impossible to keep the nursery darkened, the blinds were drawn up, and an enlivening vista of back gates was presented to the view. Little Tom, commonly called June, as an abridgement of Thomas Junior, looked frowningly and longingly at these gates. They seemed barren of delight, but they had their charm for him. A boy of his own age came into the adjoining yard, and he rapped with his knuckles on the window pane, vainly seeking to establish communication.

"Don't do that, Master June," said Sarah warningly.

His frown deepened. He rapped again, more softly, and craned his neck to see his vanishing friend.

"June," said Nora, "do you and Amy want to come to my room for a while, and have me read to you?"

Amy scrambled to her feet. She had been dusting the furniture in her doll's house. "I want to play Old Maid," she said. "Aunt Nora, won't you play Old Maid with me?"

"You don't know how to play," said June scornfully. "She thinks she does, Aunt Nora, but she does n't."

"I do," protested Amy, and began promptly to cry.

Georgina looked intently at her weeping sister. Then her round face lengthened, her mouth squared. She had a sympathetic nature, and it was her fretful hour. She began to cry, too.

"Sure, it's tired they are," said the patient Sarah, "being shut up here all the blessed day. Stop cryin' now, me darlints, and go with your aunt. It's your own new hats and coats are coming tonight, and a new black suit for Master June; and to-morrow you 'll be going to spend the day with your little cousins, —and that will be getting thim out of the way, thank the Lord! The poor innocents!" And she tenderly wiped Georgina's streaming eyes.

But Nora stood staring sorrowfully at the group. She did not understand the nature of children, to whom only the things of childhood count, and she harshly begrudged them their brief period of unconcern. Did June know that he would never touch his father's hand again? Amy, who always held to her purpose, was gathering together, even while she sobbed, a pack of battered toy cards. Her brother shoved her, and the cards fell scattering to the ground. Amy cried louder than ever, but picked them up again. The boy looked into Nora's face with laughing eyes. "We'll have to let her play," he said; "but she really does n't know how." There was something in his amusement and swift surrender which made Nora's heart-strings tighten. Both were so like Tom. She laid his little hand upon her cheek. "Come and play," she said.

It was five weeks after the funeral. Florence had gone to Lakewood, taking Amy and Georgina with her. One of the requisitions of modern mourning is a trip of this character. Our winter resorts are filled with black-swathed ladies, recuperating their shattered forces after the fatigues which the trained nurses have undergone. Florence, every one said, required a change. Nora, being admittedly robust, had preferred to stay at home,

and June had been left with her, so that he could continue to go to school. It was understood on all sides that the boy, who so closely resembled his father, was to be her finest solace. Even Mrs. Pennington accepted this eminently correct conclusion, and Florence had been touchingly sweet about parting with her son for his young aunt's sake. "I must share my consolations with my sister," she said; and every one remarked — truly — that it was just the kind of lovely thing they would have expected dear Florence to do.

Nora alone failed to adjust herself to this graceful fallacy. She knew she was supposed to centre her affections upon her nephew, to find in him at once a balm for her sorrow, and an outlet for her untiring devotion. But her heart rejected the panacea. She was unable to live up to the exquisite sentimentalities of the situation, to play with grace the noble part assigned her. How could a little boy of eight take Tom's place! Tom had been her gilded idol, her sole possession, the one human being whom she had loved all her life, and whose mind had led her mind in pursuit. Because she had no father, nor mother, nor sister; because she had drifted since childhood from one alien hearth to another; because she lacked that blessed gregariousness which might have surrounded her with friends, she had built too much upon this one foundation. What made her grief all the harder to bear was her inability to assume an attitude toward it. There is no such help in life as an attitude, well chosen and well sustained. The Romans knew its value well, and stand clear-cut in history because of their appreciation. Who ever disassociates a noble Roman from his attitude? What else makes Macaulay's lays forever dear to youth?

Mrs. Pennington, for example, conceived that the "sacredness of sorrow" — a phrase to which she was partial — compelled her to retire from public view after the death of a near relative. She discouraged visits of condolence as "intrusions" upon this sacredness; she was offended rather than pleased when friends wrote to express their sympathy; and she made it a point of honor never to recognize any one upon the streets. The shutting of herself up with her grief and her new crape was not for her the desolating thing it seemed; for as soon as we can turn our minds from our trouble to our way of bearing our trouble, comfort has entered our hearts. Florence, on the other hand, was brave and cheerful; welcomed the advances of her friends; felt it her duty not to "give way," nor to imperil her health (which was excellent); and had what was prettily described as a smile of "heart-breaking sweetness" whenever her little children loomed upon her horizon. In short, she behaved so beautifully that she could not help knowing how beautifully she behaved, and she would have been more than human had this fact brought her no consolation.

But poor Nora never thought about behavior at all. Even little June's presence failed to give her this useful clue. Her mind fixed itself with terrible intensity upon one fact, and one only: Tom was dead. Like a person in acute physical pain, she took no count of other phenomena in life. Sometimes she tortured herself by recalling his tricks of speech and manner, by trying to remember just how he wrinkled the skin on the bridge of his nose when he was amused, and how he mimicked Amy's self-conscious rendering of her little tepid kindergarten songs. Sometimes she tried to picture to herself the spirit Tom, — Tom divested of his earthly parts, and one with the great army of the blessed. But this was terribly hard. If Tom had ever possessed a spiritual side, he had concealed it from his sister, as from the rest of the world, and she could not now successfully contemplate what she had never known. The clergyman who officiated at the funeral had, it is true, expressed a fond assurance of his late parishioner's eternal bliss; and had even hazarded a description of the sanctified soul wandering in the

paths of Paradise, and looking down with sympathetic interest upon his sorrowing relatives. But then, it was felt by all present that no one had known Mr. Lennox less intimately than his rector. Had Nora been a Roman Catholic, she would have flung herself with fervor into the great business of releasing Tom from Purgatory. She would have followed the habit of a lifetime in praying for the dead, in draining the treasury of grace for a waiting soul, in uniting herself day by day and hour by hour, not with an aloof and illumined saint, — Tom was so remote from sanctity, — but with a dear sinner whom she loved, and whom her love might help. Having been taught not to pray for the dead, her lips were sealed, her heart abstained from invocations. Tom was, of course, happy (what else could she permit herself to think?), but she had no part to play in his well-being. And he had been tolerably happy when alive.

The days dragged on. Nora helped June with his lessons, and gave him as much of her companionship as he wanted, — which was very little. He preferred to be with other boys. If he thought about his father, he preserved the helpless taciturnity of childhood, and never spoke his thoughts. When Mrs. Pennington asked him if he missed his dear mother, he said "yes," like a dutiful little son; but when she pushed the sentiment too far, and added, "And you miss your little sisters, too?" he answered stoutly, "No." He was, in the main, a truthful child, and would not be cajoled into transparent fiction.

Florence wrote the sweetest kind of letters from Lakewood. Every one was so kind to her, she said. Every one respected her grief, and tried to show their sympathy. Amy had been sick for two days, and the loveliest flowers had been sent her. The room was a bower of roses. "It is beautiful to feel, Nora dear, how much real goodness there is in the world, how deep and true is the spirit of kindliness. I try hard to meet it half way. I know I have no right to selfishly nurse my sorrow."

To which Nora replied as best she could: "June won a prize this week for declamation. He recited "Wynken, Blynken and Nod." I am making him say it every evening, so that he will remember it when you get back. Maggie" (the housemaid) "cut her hand rather badly yesterday, and I thought Dr. Warren had better see it, and bind it up. He said it will be all right in a few days. He inquired for you very affectionately. I sent you the stockings for Georgina on Monday."

This was all. She felt the meagreness of every sheet; but the sad days afforded her no finer inspiration.

A week before Florence was expected home, Nora, returning from a round of errands, came face to face with a visitor slowly descending the steps. She recognized her, after a moment's uncertainty, as a young married woman whom she had met a few times, and whose vivacity upon these occasions she had somewhat wistfully admired. Being herself too often inarticulate, she had a natural appreciation of the quick, light word, the soft laughter, the infectious gayety which make the luxury of conversation. She held out her hand with diffidence. "Florence is still away," she said, "at Lakewood. She would have liked to see you, I know. Will you come in and see me, instead?"

Mrs. Hastings seemed poised for flight; but she hesitatingly accepted the lukewarm invitation, and turned back to the house. Nora led the way to the drawing-room, and for a few moments the two young women talked with the painstaking vapidity of people who are pushing resolutely back the one absorbing image in their minds. Mrs. Hastings made perfunctory inquiries about Florence, and Nora explained that her sister-in-law felt much better for her stay at Lakewood, that she had the two little girls with her, that Amy was rather a delicate child, and had been sick for several days. Then she paused, conscious that her visitor was not listening, and that two blue eyes — eyes

so blue they burned — were fixed with urgent scrutiny upon her face. There was a moment's silence. "How dreadfully unhappy you are!" said Barbara Hastings.

Nora quivered. The thrust was so direct. No one had said that in such plain words to her before. No one had looked at her with such blazing eyes. Was it pity she read in them, or exultation, or — despair? She felt the barriers of her soul giving way, and made a final instinctive effort at self-defence. "How do you know?" she whispered.

The blue eyes blurred. If it were pity she saw now in their depths, it was entreaty, too. "How do I know?" faltered Barbara Hastings. "How do *I* know?" — and then suddenly she covered her face with her hands, and burst into a storm of tears. Such tears! Never in all her life had Nora witnessed anything like this wild abandonment to pent-up passion and grief. She watched the crouched figure, which had lost all its fastidious delicacy of outline, she listened to the loud and strangled sobs, and there swept through her mind some understanding of the restraint which had been imposed upon this laughing young creature, and which had given way like a rotten dyke. She recalled Mrs. Hastings as she had seen her last, a charming and glittering figure standing at the head of brilliantly lit stairs, and deftly parrying Tom's light-hearted praise. "Please, Mr. Lennox, say some of those admirable things over again before Jim," she had urged. "Here he is now, and I want him to know what a lovely wife he's got. He's so slow about seeing it unless some one gives him the clue. And remember, if I die, it's up to you to make him understand what he has lost." And then they had all swept, laughing and chattering, downstairs, and had said a last good-night.

A last good-night! How short a time ago this was, and how well Nora remembered every trivial word! Her heart contracted painfully as she sat in silence, waiting until exhaustion should quiet the weeping woman by her side. She did not speak to her, nor touch her. She offered nothing of what is called sympathy. But in her deep and patient silence there was a quality of comradeship which perhaps the other understood. After a long, long while, Mrs. Hastings began to struggle, feebly at first, and then with a stronger effort, for self-control. She uncovered her disfigured face, wiped her eyes, and tried with trembling hands to straighten her hat, and arrange her disordered dress. Then Nora spoke for the first time. "May I lend you a veil?" she asked.

"Yes, if you please, — if you have a thick one," was the matter-of-fact answer, and Nora went upstairs to fetch it, lingering on the way, so as to allow her visitor a few merciful moments for readjustment.

When she came down again, Mrs. Hastings was standing before a mirror, smoothing away, as best she could, the evidence of her tears. She pinned on the veil, and turned to go. Nora held out her hand. What could they say, these two, after such a revelation? The shame and the entreaty which burned in one woman's heart could not be spoken, and neither could an assurance of silence and trust be put into the brutalities of speech. Yet a covenant of some sort was established without the help of words, for Mrs. Hastings gratefully kissed the cold hand she held.

Alone once more, Nora slowly climbed the darkening stairs. She knew that she would never again have any intimate intercourse with Barbara Hastings, who must of necessity avoid her in the future. Whatever possibilities of friendship had existed — and Nora dimly recognized such possibilities — had been destroyed by this hour of unbidden confidence. She felt a poignant pity for a grief as forlorn, as innocent, as unregistered, and as inarticulate as her own; a grief which would never have betrayed itself, had not her unhappiness — which no one else had fathomed — broken down the barriers of

reserve. It was because Mrs. Hastings had looked at her with illumined eyes that the pain in their hearts had spoken. To Nora, whose mind revolved with tireless insistence around a single image, such pain seemed the one natural thing on earth. She paused as she passed her brother's room, and laid her cheek softly against the closed door. "Tom, dear," she said.

WHEN SHE CAME TO GLORY

BY FLORENCE WILKINSON

Nay, loose my hand and let me go!
God's glories pierce and frighten.
I want my house, my fires, my bread,
My sheets to wash and whiten.

I liked the dusty roads of earth,
The brambles and the roaming;
I liked the flowers that used to fade,
The small lamp in the gloaming.

The fields of God they blind my eyes.
Dread is this heavenly tillage.
I want the sweet lost homeliness
Of the dooryards of our village.

Where are the accustomed common things,
The cups we drank together;
The old shoes that he laced for me,
The cape for rainy weather?

Dear were our stumbling human ways,
His words' impetuous flurry,
His tossed hair, the kind anxious brow,
The step's too eager hurry.

O tall archangel with such wings,
Your beauty is too burning!
Give me once more my threadbare dress
And the sound of his feet returning.

IBSEN

BY EDMUND GOSSE

I

By a melancholy coincidence, each of the two men who represented in the second half of the nineteenth century pure intelligence in its proudest and most independent form ceased, before the close of their mortal life, to enjoy the light of thought. It is probable that both Nietzsche and Ibsen suffered the penalty due to excessive tension of cerebral effort. Each succumbed at last to one of those conditions of decay from which in their maturity each would have rebelled with the greatest arrogance and horror. There is something strangely humiliating to our vanity, something infinitely bewildering to our science, in this paradox, by which the most active is seen to become the most helpless. The evolutions of human energy are past finding out, and our physicians have no formula by which they can explain why the commonplace yokel occasionally lingers to the age of a hundred years, with his intelligence, such as it is, unimpaired, while the authors of *Also sprach Zarathustra* and of *Peer Gynt* sink into senility and silence before their natural strength should be abated. Is it permitted to believe that a certain effort of the will, a certain persistent determination to penetrate and comprehend, does sap the intellectual force? May there be cases in which the eagle's eye, as he gazes at the sun, grows veiled with shadow, while his brain reels into stupefaction? Perhaps the conjecture savors of rhetoric, and before these vast inconsistencies of life we do best to be reverently silent.

It is not necessary, perhaps, in reviewing the career of Ibsen to seek far afield for the sources of his ultimate physical exhaustion. If we consider the whole of his life-story, we are struck by the element of struggle which colors all but the few triumphant years of it. He was the poet of revolt, and from the earliest expansion of his individuality, he found himself in opposition. Most of us slip pleasantly enough along the tide of life by relinquishing to fashion and habit the majority of the problems which occupy mankind. Even those of us who cultivate a certain originality are content to be original in one limited direction, or within a restricted province of affairs. Few of us could endure the strain of universal opposition to the world around us. During the greater part of his life, Ibsen accepted and endured this strain. He was in the position of a man who finds himself in a lunatic asylum, and whose whole effort is concentrated on preserving his sanity intact in the midst of a world of illusion and absurdity. This is what European society, and in particular Norwegian society, appeared to Ibsen from about 1855 to 1885. He was opposed to everything; he felt himself to be a perfectly normal individual in danger of being swept away by a leaping, foaming flood of falsity and ignorance. He had not merely to try and save a few other individuals from the mass of folly, but he had the infinite strain and anxiety of trying to keep himself from any unintentional conformity with the mass.

It is not to do injustice to his positive value and merit to say that in this excessive tension, this rigidity of revolt, Ibsen betrayed the fact that to him society meant a relatively small and positively provincial segment of the great European body. It is impossible to believe that the struggle would have been so vehement if the fatherland had been France, for instance, or even Italy. It would have been

less in a society still more rudimentary than his own, — such, for instance, as that of Russia. Ibsen was a product of civilization, which Tolstoi was not, but he was the product of an impoverished and remote civilization, of a people suffering from that radical inaptitude for receiving the truth which comes from knowing too much and yet not enough. Before 1870, — when the war in Europe, with its vast reverberations, revolutionized the spiritual life of Norway, — it was a country of timid thoughts and vapid appreciations. There could have been no odder irony than that such a man as Ibsen should come out of such a country as was the unreformed Norway, the country of moral and intellectual twilight, even as we see it portrayed in Welhaven's despairing sonnets. There the spiritual soil was dense and dry; nothing could be done to vitalize it until, as Ibsen said so late as 1879, the ploughshare ran deep into its substance, and let in light and air by breaking up the old conventions and smashing the hypocrisies to bits. But what a strain, to the temper and to the heart, to believe one's self created to be the plough to till that harsh field from dawn to dark!

He felt it to be absolutely necessary to put a sensible distance between Norway and himself, and this is the secret of that voluntary exile of so many years, which is such a curious element in Ibsen's biography. Like Dante and Byron and Alfieri, he contemplates his country from a distance, unable to breathe the air of what he counts its moral dejection. Ibsen could not, at the height of his passion, conceive that other spirits, no less free than his, could endure an atmosphere in which he was blighted. "Come out from among them, carissimo!" he wrote from Rome in 1867 to Björnson in Norway; "to be at a distance is to get everything in focus." And he compared the people of Christiania to the inhabitants of Weimar, "Goethe's worst public." He writes in almost exactly the same tone to Magdalene Thoresen, the aged novelist, and to Kristian Elster, the youthful poet. It is like the cry of an evangelist, warning the few just dwellers in a City of the Plain to come out quickly and be separate. When at last he was persuaded to return to the North, he could not endure being watched by "cold and stupid Norwegian eyes gazing out of the windows" in the streets of Christiania. There is something painfully sensitive, like the wincing of a wounded animal that growls, in Ibsen's attitude to Norway during these long years; and it is curious that, if he is severe in his dramas, he is far more so in his more private utterances, those, namely, in his poems and his letters.

Ibsen was directly hostile to all that made up popular feeling in the third quarter of the century. That was an epoch in which all things were looked for from the State, when the individual was expected to shrink back into the ranks and be lost, when the combinations of politics, the extension of trade, the development and discipline of military systems, were of paramount interest to Europe. In the midst of all this rarification, Ibsen, the most impassioned of individualists, found it impossible to breathe. He wrote to Magdalene Thoresen, in 1868, that nothing but a great national disaster would make Norway a country in which a man could live in happiness. He compared such an one as himself to a hunted creature, fleeing from its enemies and asking for nothing more than a solitary place in which to lie down and die. If he had not Rome to shelter him, he had said in 1865, — Rome with its "unspeakable sense of peace," — Rome "that has no political ambition, no commercial spirit, no military dreams," — Rome where alone on earth "there is beauty and health and truth and quietude," — he knew not where in this troubled Europe he could hide his head and endure the wickedness of men.

Against this he was steadily fighting all the time. When Rome became the capital of Italy, and so no longer a place

for him, Ibsen folded his tents and went over the Alps to Dresden. Here, in his Saxon refuge, he took up, as before, his unceasing battle against all the political and social conditions which were then acceptable in Norway, carrying on with vigor his self-constituted duty as *statssatyrikus*, or public hangman, consistently and vigorously lashing those who were in power. In 1872, reviewing what he had accomplished, he admitted a faint satisfaction in having made the political leaders of his country a little ashamed of themselves and Norway not a little ashamed of them. But he was then only on the threshold of his activity; if he had *Brand* and *Peer Gynt* behind him, *Ghosts* and *The Enemy of the People* and *A Doll's House* were still undreamed of. Until, in 1891, he made his peace with Norway, he continued indefatigable in attack. It was the form his patriotism took, the bitterness of one who loves and sees the beloved descending into paths unworthy of her fame and glory.

Like Euripides, with whom it will be found that Ibsen had curious affinities, the Norwegian poet was essentially an "agitator of the people." He was born to stir the pools, to trouble the sleeping waters. But his attitude of revolt was one which was so marked that it could not preclude some manifestations of character which laid themselves open to reproach. If Christiania, in the seventies, had possessed an Aristophanes, a brilliant and unsparing defender of the old ideas in new forms, it is easy to suppose that the emphasis and subtlety of Ibsen would have offered him matchless opportunities of ridicule. The intense personal individualism of the dramatist offered an easy bait to satire, for it expressed itself in a wide variety of ways. A man does not conceive all his contemporaries to be in the wrong, without himself straining, at various points, the code of what is graceful and becoming. The fierceness of Ibsen took all manner of literary forms; it ran the whole gamut between the lofty rage of Brand's sermons, and the shrill note of private pique which animates *At Port Saïd*. His Muse speaks now like a sibyl and now like a slighted nursery governess. In the world of spiritual matters Ibsen was a martyr, but he was also a tyrant, and he was too confident that everybody else was wrong not to trample upon his opponents when he found they were beginning to agree with him. We shall not do justice to Ibsen, as the supreme poetical "agitator" of his age, unless we give a glance to this aspect of his career.

In the absence of an Aristophanes, the comic press in Scandinavia did what justice it could to certain phases of the character of Ibsen, particularly as it was manifested after his misunderstandings with Norway were at an end, and he had become the cynosure of every curious eye in his daily stroll along Carl Johansgade. I believe that the caricatures of Ibsen will be eagerly collected one of these days by those who are anxious to comprehend the effect he produced on his contemporaries. He "lent himself," as people say, to caricature, and this is an art which has had brilliant proficients in each of the three Scandinavian countries. Ibsen, glum and surly amid the frenzied plaudits of his admirers at a banquet; Ibsen, dressed in the height, and beyond the height, of fashion, brushing up his whiskers by the help of a top-hat like a mirror; Ibsen, turning his back on a deputation of adoring ladies, leaving them planted, in short, upon their knees; these and a hundred more, in their amusing exaggeration, testified to the violence of his individuality, to the public consistency of his self-esteem. But, above all others, there recurs to my memory a caricature of some fifteen years ago, in a Danish paper, professing to give a picture of the king of Denmark granting an audience to the Norwegian poet. Christian IX, languid, affable, and immensely tall, bends graciously to receive Ibsen, who, represented as not more than three feet high, struts toward him through two files of flunkies, his bushy head set high in air,

and every inch of his body, from the topmost crest of hair to the tips of the tiny varnished boots, vibrating with gratified importance. In these absurd and entertaining designs future critics will find valuable material for completing their investigation into the real nature of this extraordinary man of genius, who felt strong enough, in the might of his enormous self-consciousness, to take the civilization of his country in his teeth, and to shake it as a terrier shakes a rat.

II

If we set ourselves to see what external circumstances had to do with the development of this unique temperament, we are struck by the unity of the design of Providence. Everything combined to make Ibsen what he became. The forces which surrounded his early years were of a nature to destroy an individuality less vigorous than his, but they led and strengthened him. The spirit of Ibsen throve upon hardship as Mithridates was said to have flourished and grown fat upon poison. In reviewing the life of Ibsen, the first point which strikes us is that he proceeded from a severe puritanical family. The house in Skien, where he was born in 1828, was burned down a few years ago. I once expressed to Ibsen my sympathy for the inhabitants of Skien, thus deprived of their only hostage to immortality. He replied, "Don't pity them for losing my birthplace; they did n't deserve to have it." (Somewhat the same sentiment was expressed by Oliver Wendell Holmes, about his own birthplace in Cambridge.) To this house, so properly destroyed, to this town of Skien, so predisposed for humiliation, Ibsen was always a stranger. He left the father and mother whom he scarcely knew, the town which he hated, the schoolmates and schoolmasters to whom he seemed a surly dunce, in his fifteenth year. We find him next, with an apron round his middle, and a pestle in his hand, pounding drugs in a little apothecary's shop in Grimstad. What *Blackwood's* so basely insinuated of Keats, — "back to the shop, Mr. John, stick to plasters, pills, and ointment-boxes," — inappropriate to the author of *Endymion*, was strictly true of the author of *Peer Gynt*.

Curiosity and hero-worship once took the author of these lines to Grimstad. It is a marvelous object-lesson on the development of genius. For six whole years (from 1844 to 1850), — and those years the most important of all in the moulding of character and talent, — one of the most original and far-reaching imaginations which Europe has seen for a century was cooped up here among ointment-boxes, pills, and plasters. Grimstad is a small, isolated, melancholy place, connected with nothing at all, visitable only by steamer. Featureless hills surround it, and it looks out into the east wind, over a dark bay, dotted with naked rocks. No industry, no objects of interest in the vicinity, a perfect uniformity of little red houses where nobody seems to be doing anything; in Ibsen's time there are said to have been about three hundred of these apathetic inhabitants. Here, then, for six interminable years, one of the acutest brains in Europe had to interest itself in braying ipecacuanha and mixing black draughts behind an apothecary's counter. In a document of extreme interest, which seems somehow to have escaped the notice of his commentators, — the preface to the *second* (1876) edition of *Catilina*, — Ibsen has described what the external influences were which found him in the wretchedness of Grimstad; they were the revolution of February, 1848, the risings in Hungary, the first Schleswig war. He wrote a series of sonnets, now apparently lost, to King Oscar, imploring him to take up arms for the help of Denmark; and of nights, when all his duties were over at last and the shop shut up, he would creep to the garret where he slept, and dream himself fighting at the centre of the world, instead of lost on its extreme circumference. And here he began his first drama, the opening lines of which, —

"I must, I must; a voice is crying to me
From my soul's depth, and I will follow it,"—

might be taken as the epigraph of Ibsen's whole lifework. In one of his letters to Georg Brandes, he has noted, with that clairvoyance which marks all his utterances about himself, the "full-blooded egotism" which developed in him during his years of mental and moral starvation at Grimstad. Through the whole series of his satiric dramas, we see the little narrow-minded borough, with its ridiculous officials, its pinched and hypocritical social order, its intolerable laws and ordinances, modified a little, expanded sometimes, modernized and brought up to date, but always there. To the last, the images and the rebellions which were burned into his soul at Grimstad were presented over and over again to his readers.

What began in darkness at Skien, and went on in humiliation at Grimstad, only took fresh forms of distress when he broke away in 1850 to Christiania. When some one asked him, long afterwards, what elements had supported his youth, Ibsen answered, "Doubt and despondency,"—*tvivl og mismod, tvivl og mismod!* This is remarkable as being the exact opposite of the ordinary poetic philosophy, as we find it laid down, for instance, in Wordsworth's *Resolution and Independence*, where the "happy Child of Earth" collects in youth a store of joy and genial faith, to serve against that inevitable winter when he must be invaded by "solitude, distress, and pain of heart." The idea that the Poet, as a species of dormouse, stores nuts of joy against a chilly day, is common to the optimism of modern literature. Ibsen, preëminently, is not the dupe of it, and it is to a youth of despondency and privation that he felt he owed a manhood of independent vigor. His childhood oppressed by poverty and the absence of affection, his youth by a vain struggle for recognition and the burden of debts, his manhood by solitude in exile and bitter detraction at home,—the lot of Ibsen seems at first sight one of the least enviable in literary history. But all these deadly troubles proved merely cordials and elixirs upon which his genius flourished, spreading through their darkness into the light and air. It is an instance which may well cause a determinist to question the wisdom of his formula, since, if ever there was presented to us a character which throve in unceasing resistance to the motives acting upon it, it was surely that of Ibsen.

In the history of Danish literature, which had up to the close of the eighteenth century been the literature of Norway also, Ibsen found a prototype for many of his revolts against convention and for much of his temper of resistance. This was the encyclopædic genius Holberg, who represents at its highest point of development the Scandinavian mind during the eighteenth century. The relation of Ibsen to Holberg was not unlike that of M. Anatole France to Voltaire. Holberg had striven to create a sentiment of personal freedom in the society of his day. Like Ibsen, he had hated a political liberty which was not the outward and visible sign of a liberty of heart and brain. He held that it was in isolation, in defiance, that a man learned to preserve all that was noblest and best in his individual nature. Between Holberg and Ibsen there lay a hundred years of what was called, and what no doubt deserved to be called, progress of a material and economical kind; but the advance had been made in the interests of the citizen as a unit in the mass, not in those of a man as such. Ibsen was no assiduous reader, and at no time a great lover of books, but he could break off his meditations at any time to reread, with rapture, the rich comedies of Holberg. In that writer he found characteristics which appealed to him as did none others in modern literature. It is unfortunate that this theme can hardly be pursued with much profit to Anglo-Saxon readers, for no interpretation of the works of the great Danish writer has hitherto been attempted in English.

Ibsen agreed with La Rochefoucauld in seeing the love of self to be the fundamental principle of all activity. The long and weary years in Skien, in Grimstad, in Bergen, while they seemed to pass over his character without moulding it in any way, had this eminent result: they emphasized and deepened his extreme intellectual reliance on himself. No one has felt less than Ibsen did the need of having a helper, a spirit of sympathy, walking at his side. When he was twenty-one, on his arrival in Christiania, he formed a close friendship with a peasant-schoolmaster, Aasmund Vinje, who was ten years Ibsen's senior. Vinje, who was a poet of independent merit and a vigorous ironical thinker, was the first person of cultivated intellect whom Ibsen had met. He was a revolutionist, a skeptic, he, too, an "agitator of the people," and it is said that in *Peer Gynt* we have a portrait of him. They became close friends for a while, and the biographers of the greater poet have labored to discover why Ibsen, so youthful, so inexperienced, at the most malleable age, did not succumb to the fascination of Vinje. They overlook the fact that, from the very first, it was impossible for Ibsen to succumb to any influence. He could accompany Vinje, he could enjoy his conversation and his society, but the moment that there was a difference of opinion between them, it was Vinje whose attitude was modified, not Ibsen.

Again, in the very interesting and important matter of Ibsen's lifelong relations with Björnson, a subject of which there was practically nothing comprehensible until the publication of Ibsen's *Letters* in 1904, we see the natural result of the vicinity of a straight line to an undulating one. In private amiability, Björnson is shown to have exceeded Ibsen; his generosity of spirit and of act is charming. But Björnson, forever altering his immediate point of view, forever yielding to new spiritual attractions and grasping at new public aims, crosses and recrosses the path of Ibsen, with the result that shock upon shock of private emotion follows. It is very interesting — and this matter is sure to occupy more and more closely the attention of literary historians — that both these men, the summits of intellectual attainment in their time and country, had the same desire to analyze and create "a royal soul" in which the ideal of Norwegian manhood should culminate. The place which the idea of a king takes in the works of Ibsen and Björnson is highly interesting to us, who have just seen Haakon VII, amid the frenzied shouts of a nation united as it was never united before, take his seat on the throne of a wholly independent Norway. But Björnson's private friendship with Ibsen throughout all this period of their striving toward a common point depended, with meteorological precision, on Björnson's agreement with Ibsen. Ibsen never budged, never resigned a point. If Pollux started on a new tack, he lost the friendship of his mighty twin; but it was no part of the business of Castor to pursue him on his course, or to persuade him back to unity.

III

The temperament which we have attempted to indicate, absolutely self-convinced, nourished upon questioning and despondency, led forth slowly into unflinching exposure of what it deems to be error, feebleness, want of consistent activity, is one which is likely in no case to develop quickly, and which, translated into the field of literature, depends for its ultimate reception on the degree to which its attitude is accepted by the most liberated spirits of the next age as being just and honest and wholesome. As late as 1879, Ibsen, no whit moved to suppose that his own position was a false one, still despaired of the redemption of Norway. His words are striking enough to awaken the most indifferent. To a generation absolutely wrapped up in moral and religious Podsnapery, to whom a new thought

could no more penetrate than a breeze of spring to a Lapp through his skins and his oils, Ibsen says: "So long as a nation considers it more important to build chapels than theatres, so long as it is more willing to support a mission to the Zulus than to endow an art-museum, so long we perceive that it lies bound hand and foot by dark monkish traditions of the Middle Ages, which stifle its breath and render null its very being." Any notion of levity suggested by the prominence given here to theatres will be removed at once if we consider that the stage was regarded by Ibsen, all through his career, not as a means of entertainment in any trivial sense, but as the platform from which most popularly and vividly and convincingly a man of genius can proclaim the ethical faith which is in him.

Here, again, how close is the likeness to Euripides! To the ordinary poet-dramatist, as to Sophocles, the scene of a romantic play is miraculous and remote, drowned in a haze of imagination. But to the author of *An Enemy of the People*, as to the author of *Orestes* or *Hercules Furens*, the actual conditions of the world about us take a full poetic gravity, without ceasing to be absolutely modern, and if the appeal to moral truth is more direct, more poignant, more "agitating," in the theatre than in the conventicle, it is the former and not the latter which calls for public encouragement and support. And the poet must definitely say so, even though his words sound scandalous.

The agitation produced by *Brand* and by *Peer Gynt*, however, had scarcely amounted to scandal, and at the worst there was a large and influential body of readers in the North who approved of the direct appeal to the conscience of the country which was made in those famous lyrical dramas. Ten years and more passed, during which time Ibsen was gradually accepted as an enthusiastic poet of reform, who might "go too far" in his outspoken diatribes, but whose heart was in the right place. I myself, in 1872 and later, heard this opinion expressed in Norway by country pastors and people of that class, who read *Brand* with a shudder and *Peer Gynt* and *Love's Comedy* with a somewhat exasperated smile, but who supposed that these were the wild oats of a dramatist who would settle down, and be as other successful dramatists are. But this tame kind of acceptation did not disarm Ibsen in the slightest degree. He thought that the sleeper had turned in his slumber and had muttered, but that he had gone to sleep again. The complacency of Scandinavian thought maddened him, whether to himself it might happen to come bringing blessings or curses. The lesson of *Brand* was taken as being a religious, and even a Protestant one; it leveled itself down to an exhortation to Norse ministers of religion to be more zealous, and less engaged with their personal comfort. And all Norwegians, who were not in orders, smiled, and said that the lesson was well deserved.

It seemed to the satirist that he had failed. He said that it was a mere accident that his hero was a priest; he might just as well have been a politician or a sculptor. (We may note, in passing, that, long afterwards, he dealt precisely with sculptors and with politicians.) He even thought of taking Galileo as a subject, and of making him die sooner than admit to a hypocritical world that the sun goes round the earth. He thought of Holberg, as he always did in an intellectual crisis, and dreamed of a new *Erasmus Montanus*. In some way or other he must rouse the slumbering conscience, by some fierce imaginative pang, some stab of the pen into the very vitals. He made several efforts to show that he made no truce, that he was still carrying war into the enemy's quarters, and these efforts produced their measure of "agitation." But nothing stabbed home, nothing forced the army of obscurantism to pause in its measured retreat, and face him, if only for a moment, with a shriek of rage and pain, so completely as *Ghosts*.

The production of this amazing play

marks a crisis in the history of the modern drama. For the first time, the most indulgent were obliged to perceive that Ibsen's aim was not to produce a more or less satirical entertainment, but to stagger the national conscience by presenting to it an absolutely momentous dilemma. It is needless to revive the memory of the sensation *Ghosts* produced, the half-heartedness with which even Ibsen's best European admirers were inclined to receive it, the terrific clatter of a blind and foolish press. If we want a sign of the progress liberty of discussion has made since 1882, we may simply compare what responsible criticism says of *Ghosts* to-day with what it said then. But the curious thing is that Ibsen himself, who had been surprised at the comparative calmness with which his ever-growing public had accepted *Julian the Apostate* and *A Doll's House*, was taken aback by the scandal which *Ghosts* created. He paused for a moment, as one pauses if a gun is fired at one's ear, but in a moment he had recovered his equanimity. He rejoiced to find that he had not exaggerated the moral decrepitude of the masses. Even Björnson failed him, but he did not care. He wrote to Brandes: "Björnson says, the majority is always right. And as a practical politician he is bound to say so. But it is inevitable that I should say, the minority is always right." His audacity had divided from the dwindling company of the wise all those "men of stagnation" who thought to avoid coming to any logical conclusion by attaching themselves, in their moral mediocrity, to the safe and central party who called themselves Liberals. He was rid of them at last; *Ghosts* had sent them twittering to their hiding-places, and the poet sat down to write what is perhaps the very strongest of all his studies of life, his magnificent *Enemy of the People*. Here, with more complete lucidity than anywhere else, and under the most transparent of allegories, is written down Ibsen's attitude to the world of selfish reservation and vain pretense that he saw around him. Stockmann is Ibsen himself, in the guise of a fierce monk of the Thebaïd, as he strides into the lassitude of Alexandria with a goatskin round his loins.

The theme of *Brand* had been the necessity of renunciation in every sincere human effort after an absolute moral idea. That humanity was sure to fail, the poet saw, but he still thought that it might fail nobly. But as he advanced in experience, his pessimism grew upon him. He came to the conclusion that the moral effort is bound to fail, basely pressed out of place by the omnipresence of conventionality. In *A Doll's House* — and there is no passage in Ibsen's writings which shows a more cruel insight into the weakness of mankind — the central ethical interest surrounds the attitude of Helmer before and after the arrival of the letter in which Krogstad abandons his persecution of Nora. Here Ibsen displays, with irresistible skill, the powerlessness of a modern man to accept moral ideas solely on their own merits. When Helmer is assured that his own reputation is not to suffer, instantly, almost automatically, his anger falls, and his indignation with the erring Nora ceases. It has not been the offense itself, but the social punishment, which has affected him. This is an exposure of the vulgarity of individuals; in *The Enemy of the People* we see gibbeted the grosser vulgarity of crowds. Finally, *The Wild Duck*, that mysterious and singular poem, seems to involve the whole race, the reforming minority with the stagnating majority, in one savage denunciation of the degeneracy of man.

From that point, twenty years ago, there came a softer influence over the genius of Ibsen. With *Rosmersholm* there appeared the element of symbol, in which, while retaining to the full the strenuous examination of conscience, the severity of the test was a little reduced, and an element of the purely poetic admitted. It should never be forgotten that Ibsen is primarily a poet by profession. The

works of his early manhood are matchless in the profusion of their melody and the ingenuity of their versification. But in writing the five great prose dramas at which we have just briefly glanced, actual æsthetic beauty seemed to the author of no avail, and he abandoned it. In the five subsequent masterpieces (and even in *When we Dead Awaken*, which is a work of physical decadence) the element of beauty is restored. It is most evenly suffused, perhaps, in *The Lady from the Sea* and *Master-Builder Solness;* but the last act of *John Gabriel Borkman*, and the entire symbolism on which *Rosmersholm* and *Little Eyolf* rest, are full of it. *Hedda Gabler* remains, where it is not paradoxical to see beauty rather in the exquisite, the almost perfect, technical harmony of the construction, than in anything in the subject matter of the piece itself.

Throughout his career, Ibsen was accused of encouraging ugliness, both in the subjects and in the manner of his work. This charge has, I think, to be faced, and is not met by a mere negative. The truth seems to me to be this. In his earlier works, for a judgment on which some knowledge of the Dano-Norwegian language is indispensable, Ibsen cultivated formal beauty to the height of his skill. The play called *The Banquet at Solhaug*, which he published in 1856, has never been translated into English, and is entirely unknown to those who cannot approach the original. It is essentially a youthful and a hyper-romantic production, so full of youth that the dialogue breaks into rhymed dancing measures as if against its will. There are characters in it who cannot appear on the stage but the metre leaps into rhyme at their approach. This is not an Ibsen to which the charge of ugliness can be attached. Nor is there any feature of the saga-dramas more notable than the sculptural beauty of the prose in which they are written, nor of the trilogy which began in *Love's Comedy* more prominent than the nimbleness of fancy and the adroit variety of appropriate metrical effect.

But there came a moment when Ibsen felt constrained to abandon the principles of æsthetic beauty. The reasons which led him to take a step which seemed so suicidal were clearly set forth in a now famous letter, addressed to myself (January 15, 1874). He explained that he wished to divest himself of every rag of the old ideal romanticism, to descend to the common speech of mortals, and leave the gods to talk verse on their Olympus. His view is now generally understood, and needs not to be repeated here. He desired to come close down to average human nature, and everybody admits that by doing so he obtained for his work enormous advantage in vitality, novelty, and sharpness of touch. We should all have been inestimably the losers if he had taken the foolish advice I gave him in 1874, and had written *Julian the Apostate* in blank verse. His new theory was amply justified by his success. At the same time, it is to miss the point of his sacrifice to argue that nothing was relinquished. If we speak merely of beauty, — beauty of form, beauty of fancy, beauty of symbol, — there was a sacrifice which, to a poet so exquisitely organized as Ibsen was, must have been immense. The charge of ugliness, if it is brought against *Ghosts* and *The Wild Duck*, has to be admitted. These dramas have admirable qualities, but beauty is not among them.

But in the dramas of his third period, the lost element of beauty triumphantly reappeared. Ibsen did not return to verse, and undoubtedly he was wise. His lyrical faculty had probably declined with age, while his peculiar prose was an instrument which he had now learned to practice upon to perfection. There were no metrical ornaments in the later plays, but the poet contrived to flood them with an atmosphere of beauty. *The Lady from the Sea* seems drowned in a golden blaze of afternoon light, like a Cuyp; *Little Eyolf* is set against a background of woodland and water, as dark and lustrous as a Ruysdael. It was as though the dramatist felt that his harshest work of

mere diagnosis was over, that he had taken the blunt facts of physiology enough into consideration. His life's work would not be fully performed unless he made a second appeal to the imagination, and salved some of the wounds which he had made by his satire. So he permitted his real nature as a poet to reassert itself, and symbolic charm resumed its place in his work; thus, as future criticism cannot fail to perceive more and more clearly, rounding that work to its final orbic fullness.

IV

Having accustomed ourselves to regard Ibsen as a disturbing and revolutionizing force, which met with the utmost resistance at the outset, and was gradually accepted before the close of his career, we may try to define what the nature of his revolt was, and what it was, precisely, that he attacked. It may be roughly said that what peculiarly roused the animosity of Ibsen was the character which has become stereotyped in one order of ideas, good in themselves but gradually outworn by use, and which cannot admit ideas of a new kind. Ibsen meditated upon the obscurantism of the old régime until he created figures like Rosmer, in whom the characteristics of that school are crystallized. From the point of view which would enter sympathetically into the soul of Ibsen and look out on the world from his eyes, there is no one of his plays more valuable than *Rosmersholm*. It dissects the decrepitude of ancient formulas, it surveys the ruin of ancient faiths. The curse of heredity lies upon Rosmer, who is highly intelligent up to a certain point, but who can go no farther than intelligence. Even if he is persuaded that a new course of action would be salutary, he cannot move, — he is bound in invisible chains. It is useless to argue with Rosmer; his reason accepts the line of logic, but he simply cannot, when it comes to action, cross the bridge where Beate threw herself into the torrent.

But Ibsen had not the ardor of the fighting optimist. He was one who "doubted clouds would break," who dreamed, since "right was worsted, wrong would triumph." With Robert Browning he had but this one thing in common, that both were fighters, both "held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better," but the dark fatalism of the Norwegian poet was in other things in entire opposition to the sunshiny hopefulness of the English one. Browning and Ibsen alike considered that the race must be reformed periodically or it would die. The former anticipated reform as cheerily as the sower expects harvest. Ibsen had no such happy certainty. He was convinced of the necessity of breaking up the old illusions, of the imperative call for revolt, but his faith wavered as to the success of the new movements. The old order, in its resistance to all change, is very strong. It may be shaken, but it is the work of a blind Samson, and no less, to bring it rattling to the ground. In *Rosmersholm* all the modern thought, all the vitality, all the lucidity belong to Rebecca, but the decrepit formulas are stoutly entrenched. In the end it is not the new idea which conquers; it is the antique house, with its traditions, its avenging vision of white horses, which breaks the too-clairvoyant Rebecca.

This doubt of the final success of intelligence, this obstinate question whether, after all, as we so glibly intimate, the old order changeth at all, whether, on the contrary, it has not become a Juggernaut-car that crushes all originality and independence in action, — this breathes more and more plainly out of the progressing work of Ibsen. Hedda Gabler condemns the old order, in its dullness, its stifling mediocrity, but she is unable to adapt her energy to any wholesome system of new ideas, and she sinks into mere moral dissolution. She hates all that has been done, yet can herself do nothing, and she represents, in symbol, that hateful condition of spirit which cannot create, though it sees the need of creation, and

can only show the horror which its sterility awakens within it by destruction. All Hedda can actually do to assert her energy is to burn the manuscript of Lövborg and to kill herself with General Gabler's pistol. The race must be reformed or die; the Hedda Gablers who adorn its latest phase do best to die.

We have seen that Ibsen's theory was that love of self is the fundamental principle of all activity. It is the instinct of self-preservation and self-amelioration which leads to every manifestation of revolt against stereotyped formulas of conduct. Between the excessive ideality of Rebecca and the decadent sterility of Hedda Gabler comes another type, perhaps more sympathetic than either, the master-builder, Solness. He, too, is led to condemn the old order, but in the act of improving it he is overwhelmed upon his pinnacle, and swoons to death, "dizzy, lost, yet unbewailing." Ibsen's exact meaning in the detail of these symbolic plays will long be discussed, but they repay the closest and most reiterated study. Perhaps the most curious of all is *The Lady from the Sea*, which has been examined from the technically psychological view by a learned French philosopher, M. Jules de Gaultier. For M. de Gaultier the interest which attaches to Ibsen's conception of human life, with its conflicting instincts and responsibilities, is more fully centred in *The Lady from the Sea* than in any other of his productions.

The theory of the French writer is that Ibsen's constant aim is to reconcile and to conciliate the two biological hypotheses which have divided opinion in the nineteenth century, and which are known respectively by the names of Cuvier and Lamarck: namely, that of the invariability of species and that of the mutability of organic forms. In the reconciliation of these hypotheses Ibsen finds the only process which is truly encouraging to life. According to this theory, all the trouble, all the weariness, all the waste, of moral existences around us comes from the neglect of one or other of these principles, and true health, social or individual, is impossible without the harmonious application of them both. According to this view, the apotheosis of Ibsen's genius, or at least the most successful elucidation of his scheme of ideological drama, is reached in the scene in *The Lady from the Sea*, where Wangel succeeds in winning the heart of Ellida back from the fascination of the Stranger. Certainly, in this mysterious and strangely attractive play Ibsen insists more than anywhere else on the necessity of taking physiology into consideration in every discussion of morals. He refers, like a zoölogist, to the laws which regulate the formation and the evolution of species, and the decision of Ellida, on which so much depends, is an amazing example of the limitation of the power of change produced by heredity. The extraordinary ingenuity of M. de Gaultier's analysis of this play deserves recognition; whether it can quite be accepted as embraced by Ibsen's intention may be doubtful. At the same time, let us recollect that, however subtle our refinements become, the instinct of Ibsen was probably subtler still.

In 1850, when Ibsen first crept forward with the glimmering taper of his *Catilina*, there was but one person in the world who fancied that the light might pass from lamp to lamp, and in half a century form an important part of the intellectual illumination of Europe. The one person who did suspect it was, of course, Ibsen himself. Against all probability and common sense, this apothecary's assistant, this ill-educated youth, who had just been plucked in his preliminary examination, who positively was, and remained, unable to pass the first tests and become a student at the university, maintained in his inmost soul the belief that he was born to be "a knight of thought." The impression is perhaps not uncommon among ill-educated lads; what makes this case unique, and defeats our educational formulas, is that it happened to be true. But the impact of Ibsen with the

social order of his age was unlucky, we see, from the first; it was perhaps more unlucky than that of any other great man of the same class with whose biography we have been made acquainted. He was at daggers drawn with all that was successful and respectable and "nice" from the outset of his career until near the end of it.

Hence we need not be surprised if in the tone of his message to the world there is something acrimonious, something that tastes in the mouth like aloes. He prepared a dose for a sick world, and he made it as nauseous and astringent as he could, for he was not inclined to be one of those physicians who mix jam with their julep. There was no other writer of genius in the nineteenth century who was so bitter in dealing with human frailty as Ibsen was. By the side of his cruel clearness the satire of Carlyle is bluster, the diatribes of Leopardi shrill and thin. All other reformers seem angry and benevolent by turns; Ibsen is uniformly and impartially stern. That he probed deeper into the problems of life than any other modern dramatist is acknowledged, but it was his surgical calmness which enabled him to do it. The problem-plays of Alexandre Dumas *fils* flutter with emotion, with prejudice and pardon. But Ibsen, without impatience, examines under his microscope all the protean forms of organic social life, and coldly draws up his diagnosis like a report. We have to think of him as thus ceaselessly occupied. Long before a sentence was written, he had invented and studied, in its remotest branches, the life-history of the characters who were to move in his play. Nothing was unknown to him of their experience, and for nearly two years, like a coral-insect, he was building up the scheme of them in silence. Odd little objects, fetishes which represented people to him, stood arranged on his writing-table, and were never to be touched. He gazed at them until, as if by some feat of black magic, he turned them into living persons, typical and yet individual.

The actual writing down of the dialogue was swift and easy, when the period of incubation was complete. Each of his plays presupposed a long history behind it; each started, like an ancient Greek tragedy, in the full process of catastrophe. This method of composition was extraordinary, was perhaps unparalleled. It accounted in measure for the coherency, the inevitability, of all the detail, but it also accounted for some of the difficulties which meet us in the task of interpretation. Ibsen calls for an expositor, and will doubtless give occupation to an endless series of scholiasts. They will not easily exhaust their theme, and to the last something will escape, something will defy their most careful examination. It is not disrespectful to his memory to claim that Ibsen sometimes packed his stuff too closely. Criticism, when it marvels most at the wonder of his genius, is constrained to believe that he sometimes threw too much of his soul into his composition, that he did not stand far enough away from it always to command its general effect. The result, especially in the later symbolical plays, is too vibratory, and excites the spectator too much.

One very curious example of Ibsen's minute care is found in the copiousness of his stage directions. He has been imitated in this, and we have grown used to it; but thirty years ago it seemed extravagant and needless. As a fact, it was essential to the absolutely complete image which Ibsen desired to produce. The stage directions in his plays cannot be "skipped" by any reader who desires to follow the dramatist's thought step by step, without losing the least link. These notes of his intention will be of ever-increasing value as the recollection of his personal wishes is lost. In 1899, Ibsen remarked to me that it was almost useless for actors nowadays to try to perform the comedies of Holberg, because there were no stage directions and the tradition was lost. Of his own work, fortunately, that can never be said. Dr. Verrall, in his brilliant and penetrating

studies of the Greek tragedians, has pointed out more than once the "undesigned and unforeseen defect, with which, in studying ancient drama, we must perpetually reckon," namely, the loss of the action and of the equivalent stage directions. It is easy to imagine "what problems Shakespeare would present if he were printed like the *Poetae Scenici Graeci*," and not more difficult to realize how many things there would be to puzzle us in *Ghosts* and *The Wild Duck* if we possessed nothing but the bare text.

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The body of work so carefully conceived, so long maintained, so passionately executed, was far too disturbing in its character to be welcome at first. In the early eighties the name of Ibsen was loathed in Norway, and the attacks on him which filled the press were often of an extravagant character. At the present moment, any one conversant with Norwegian society, who will ask a priest or a schoolmaster, an officer or a doctor, what has been the effect of Ibsen's influence, will be surprised at the unanimity of the reply. Opinions may differ as to the attractiveness of the poet's art or of its skill, but there is an almost universal admission of its beneficial tendency. Scarcely will a voice be found to demur to the statement that Ibsen let fresh air and light into the national life, that he roughly but thoroughly awakened the national conscience, that even works like *Ghosts*, which shocked, and works like *Rosmersholm*, which insulted, the prejudices of his countrymen, were excellent in their result. The conquest of Norway by this dramatist, who reviled and attacked and abandoned his native land, who railed at every national habit, and showed a worm at the root of every national tradition, is amazing. The fierce old man lived long enough to be accompanied to his grave "to the noise of the mourning of a nation," and he who had almost starved in exile to be conducted to the last resting-place by a parliament and a king.

It must always be borne in mind that, although Ibsen's appeal is to the whole world, — his determination to use prose aiding him vastly in this dissemination, — yet it is to Norway that he belongs, and it is at home that he is best understood. No matter how acrid his tone, no matter how hard and savage the voice with which he prophesied, the accord between his country and himself was complete long before the prophet was silent. As he walked about, the strange, picturesque old man, in the streets of Christiania, his fellow citizens gazed at him with a little fear, but with some affection, and with unbounded reverence. They understood at last what the meaning of his message had been, and how closely it applied to themselves, and how much the richer and healthier for it their civic atmosphere had become. They would say, as the soul of Dante said in the *Vita Nuova*: —

> è costui
> Che viene a consolar la nostra mente,
> Ed è la sua virtù tanto possente,
> Ch' altro pensier non lascia star con nui.

No words, surely, could better express the intensity with which Ibsen had pressed his moral quality, his *virtù*, upon the Norwegian conscience, not halting in his pursuit till he had captured it, and had banished from it all other ideals of conduct. No one who knows will doubt that the recent events in which Norway has taken so chivalric, and at the same time so winning and gracious, an attitude in the eyes of the world owe not a little to their being the work of a generation nurtured in that new temper of mind, that *spiritel nuovo d' amore*, which was inculcated by the whole work of Ibsen.

It is natural, of course, that other nations should be oblivious of, or indifferent to, this peculiar national quality. In Sweden, for example, although he was early read there, and although he made special studies of the Swedish forms of life, he was never greatly appreciated.

He remarked, in 1872, that it was difficult for Danes and Norwegians to put themselves in a line with Swedes, whose degree of social development was so much less mature than theirs. His only real friend in Sweden was the great poet, Carl Snoilsky, long an exile, like himself. Ibsen's conquest of Danish culture was much more rapid; it was in Copenhagen, indeed, that he was earliest appreciated, and his name stood there for that of a great poet long before it was recognized in Christiania; from the publication of *Brand* onwards there was no longer any question about Ibsen's eminence among thoughtful and cultivated Danes, led throughout by the intelligent criticism of Georg Brandes. Among the Continental peoples other than Scandinavian, it was Germany that fell the soonest under Ibsen's spell. He had been accustomed to visit the north of that country from as early as 1852, and he had considerable familiarity with German customs. As a Scandinavian, the action of Prussia towards Denmark had, indeed, been odious to him, but he enjoyed German modes of life, and when the Franco-German war broke out, "I spent that great time in Dresden," he said afterwards, "to the advantage, on many points, of my apprehension of world-history and human existence." German criticism was not much occupied with him, until 1878, when *The Pillars of Society* was played in Berlin, and attracted the enthusiasm of the young. This enthusiasm, however, wavered before the storm of disfavor awakened by *Ghosts*, which managers tried for three years, without success, to present to an indignant public. The year 1887 is named as that in which German prejudice finally gave way to admiration, and Ibsen's position was secure in Germany. The feeling for his works grew until it took ludicrous forms; there appeared shoals and flights of translations, each less graceful than the other, till at last (August 31, 1892), we find Ibsen bemoaning loudly, "Alas! alas! I have far more German translators than I wish for."

In Germany, in Russia, in Holland, in Italy, Ibsen has for fifteen years past been recognized as one of the settled forces of literature. Even in France his genius is universally admitted. We must, of necessity, give a moment's attention to the different fate which has attended him in the Anglo-Saxon world. Thirty-five years have passed since Ibsen's name was first mentioned in an English newspaper, and his reputation in England and America has undergone strange vicissitudes. His clearness of delineation, his extraordinary skill in the building up of a play and in the conduct of dialogue, his force and vitality, have, somewhat grudgingly and without genial sympathy, been accepted by Anglo-Saxon criticism as facts which cannot be gainsaid. But the British public has never loved him, and his plays are seldom acted in our theatres. In our attitude toward Ibsen, we are practically at issue with the rest of the cultivated world. We admit his existence, because we cannot help doing so, but we belittle it, and we resist it as much as we possibly can. There is no doubt that this is one of the many points in which the Anglo-Saxon world stands opposed to all the rest of Europe, and to fathom the causes of it, it would be necessary to go into international questions which are not fitted to the present discussion.

Two reasons, however, may be suggested for the curious grudge which English-speaking criticism, of the second order, continues to bear against Ibsen. One is that his moral anger, his violent appeal to the conscience, are with difficulty understood by those who have grown up in the atmosphere of Anglo-Saxon optimism. Americans and Englishmen are alike in this, that they admit with extreme difficulty the idea that their national characteristics are capable of improvement. That a poet should want to diagnose the diseases of "God's own country," when it is obvious that there can be no diseases there, seems so preposterous as to rob the satire of interest.

No one could successfully attack the conventions of either of the Anglo-Saxon nations except under the disguise of gross national flattery, such as Mr. Rudyard Kipling practices, because in no other way could he secure any attention. The Germanic and Scandinavian races are less confident of their virtues, and more amenable to reflection, and they will sit through a performance of such a drama as *The Wild Duck*, asking themselves how it affects their inner nature, and what message it has to their souls. The American or English audience merely says: "What funny people! Do you suppose they are intended to be funny?"

The other possible reason is allied to the first. It is that by a long-confirmed habit, based upon our manners, the Anglo-Saxon world really tolerates the theatre only as a place of physical entertainment. This is the indignity which Puritanism has succeeded in fixing upon the stage. The time is passed when fanaticism was able to close the playhouse altogether, or even to make it a sort of disgrace to be seen attending it. The most respectable people may now go to the play, but there lingers this result of Puritan prejudice, that nothing seen at the play can be, or ought to be, grave or intellectual. Accordingly, as none but dolls can be depended on to betray no mental or moral emotions, the Anglo-Saxon world has decided that its stage shall be inanimate; the figures which move on it shall always be puppets, — romantic, social, pantomimic, pathetic, what you will, but always puppets, — figures in whom is not the dangerous breath of life. Countries in which such a convention holds can never have a general apprehension of what the majestic, sinister, and powerfully vitalized dramatic art of Ibsen means to nations which have not enjoyed the advantages of Puritan paralysis.

THE IGNOMINY OF BEING GROWN-UP

BY SAMUEL McCHORD CROTHERS

My greatest intellectual privilege is my acquaintance with a philosopher. He is not one of those unsocial philosophers who put their best thoughts into books to be kept in cold storage for posterity. My philosopher is eminently social, and is conversational in his method. He belongs to the ancient school of the Peripatetics, and the more rapidly he is moving the more satisfactory is the flow of his ideas.

He is a great believer in the Socratic method. He feels that a question is its own excuse for being. The proper answer to a question is not a stupid affirmation that would close the conversation, but another question. The questions follow one another with extreme rapidity. He acts upon my mind like an air pump. His questions speedily exhaust my small stock of acquired information. Into the mental vacuum thus produced rush all sorts of irrelevant ideas, which we proceed to share together. In this way there comes a sense of intellectual comradeship which one does not have with most philosophers.

For four years my philosopher has been interrogating Nature, and he has not begun to exhaust the subject. Though he has accumulated a good deal of experience, he is still in his intellectual prime. He has not yet reached the "school age," which in most persons marks the beginning of the senile decay of the poetic imagination.

In my walks and talks with my philosopher I have often been amazed at my

own limitations. Things which are so easy for him are so difficult for me. Particularly is this the case in regard to the more fundamental principles of philosophy. All philosophy, as we know, is the search for the Good, the True, and the Beautiful. These words represent only the primary colors of the moral spectrum. Each one is broken up into any number of secondary colors. Thus the Good ranges all the way from the good to eat to the good to sacrifice one's self for; the Beautiful ascends from the most trifling prettiness to the height of the spiritually sublime; while the True takes in all manner of verities, great and small. In comparing notes with my philosopher I am chagrined at my own color-blindness. He recognizes so many superlative excellences to which I am stupidly oblivious.

In one of our walks we stop at the grocer's, I having been asked to fill the office of domestic purveyor. It is a case where the office has sought the man, and not the man the office. Lest we forget, everything has been written down so that a wayfaring man, though a fool, need not err therein, — baking-powder and coffee and a dozen eggs, and last and least, and under no circumstances to be forgotten, a cake of condensed yeast. These things weigh upon my spirits. The thought of that little yeastcake shuts out any disinterested view of the store. It is nothing to me but a prosaic collection of the necessaries of life. I am uncheered by any sense of romantic adventure.

Not so with my philosopher. He is in the rosy dawn of expectation. The doors are opened, and he enters into an enchanted country. His eyes grow large as he looks about him. He sees visions of the Good, the True, and the Beautiful in all their bewildering, concrete variety. They are in barrels and boxes and paper bundles. They rise toward the sky in shelves that reach at least the height of the gloriously unattainable. He walks among the vales of Arcady, among pickles and cheeses. He lifts up his eyes wonderingly to snowy Olympus crowned with Pillsbury's Best. He discovers a magic fountain, not spurting up as if it were but for a moment, but issuing forth with the mysterious slowness that befits the liquefactions of the earlier world. "What is that?" he asks, and I can hardly frame the prosaic word "Molasses."

"Molasses!" he cries, gurgling with content; "what a pretty word!" I had n't thought about it, but it is a pretty word, and it has come straight down from the Greek word for honey.

He discovers another work of art. Surprising pictures, glowing in color, are on the walls. These are cherubs rioting in health, smiling old men, benignant matrons, radiant maidens, all feasting on nectar and ambrosia. Here and there is a pale ascetic, with a look of agony on his emaciated face.

"What makes that man feel so bad?" asks my philosopher, anxious to extract a story from the picture. It seems like an inadequate explanation to say that he is only a martyr to his own folly in not getting the right kind of breakfast food.

For one thing, my philosopher has a great physical advantage over me when it comes to seeing things. His eyes are only two feet ten inches from the ground, while mine are some five feet ten. Three feet do not count for much when we are considering astronomical distances, but they make a great difference in the way things seem. There is a difference in the horizon line, and the realm of mystery begins much nearer. There is no disenchanting bird's-eye view of the counter with all things thereon. There are alluring glimpses of piled-up wealth.

There particularly is the land of the heart's desire in a square glass-covered case. There are many beautiful things in the store to be admired from below; but one supremely beautiful and delectable object is the crowning glory of the place.

The artist who spends his life in attempting to minister to dull adult sensibilities never created a masterpiece that

gave such pure delight as the candy dog which my philosopher spies.

"See the dog!" It is, indeed, a miracle of impressionist art. It is not like the dogs that bite. It offers itself alluringly to the biter, — or rather to one who would leisurely absorb it. Even now there is a vagueness of outline that suggests the still vaguer outlines it will have when it comes into the possession of a person of taste.

This treasure can be procured for one copper cent. My philosopher feels that it is a wise investment, and I thoroughly agree with him. However much the necessaries of life may have advanced in price, the prime luxuries are still within the reach of all. We still have much to be thankful for when with one cent we can purchase a perfect bliss.

It is all so interesting and satisfactory that we feel that the visit to the grocer's has been a great success. It is only when we are half way home that I remember the yeastcake.

Sometimes my philosopher insists upon my telling him a story. Then I am conscious of my awkwardness. It is as if my imagination were an old work-horse suddenly released from its accustomed tip-cart and handed over to a gay young knight who is setting forth in quest of dragons. It is blind of both eyes, and cannot see a dragon any more, and only shies, now and then, when it comes to a place where it saw one long ago. There is an element of insincerity in these occasional fights which does not escape the clear-eyed critic. It gets scared at the wrong times, and forgets to prance when prancing is absolutely demanded by the situation.

When my philosopher tells a story, it is all that a story ought to be. There is no labored introduction, no tiresome analysis. It is pure story, "of imagination all compact." Things happen with no long waits between the scenes. Everything is instantly moulded to the heart's desire.

"Once upon a time there was a little boy. And he wanted to be a cock-a-doodle-doo. So he was a cock-a-doodle-doo. And he wanted to fly up into the sky. So he did fly up into the sky. And he wanted to get wings and a tail. So he did get some wings and a tail."

Physiologists tell us that the trouble with advancing years is that the material which in youth went directly to building up the vital organs is diverted to the connective tissue, so that after a time there gets to be too much connective tissue and too little to connect. When the imagination is in its first freshness, a story is almost without connective tissue. There seems hardly enough to hold it together. There is nothing to take our minds off the successive happenings. If it is deemed desirable that a little boy should be a cock-a-doodle-doo, then he is a cock-a-doodle-doo. All else is labor and sorrow.

As a listener my philosopher is no less successful than as an improviser. He is not one of those fickle hearers whose demands for some new thing are the ruination of literary art. When he finds something beautiful it is a joy to him forever, and its loveliness increases with each repetition. In a classic tale he is quick to resent the slightest change in phraseology. There is a just severity in his rebuke when, in order to give a touch of novelty, I mix up the actions appropriate to the big bear, the little bear, and the middle-sized bear. This clumsy attempt at originality by means of a willful perversion of the truth offends him. If a person can't be original without making a mess of it, why try to be original at all?

With what keen expectancy he awaits each inevitable word, and how pleased he is to find that everything comes out as he expected! He reserves his full emotion for the true dramatic climax. If a great tragedian could be assured of having such an appreciative audience, how pleasant would be the pathway of art! The tragedy of Cock Robin reaches its hundredth night with no apparent falling off in interest. It is followed as only the finest critic will listen to the greatest

actor of an immortal drama. He is perfectly familiar with the text, and knows where the thrills come in. When the fatal arrow pierces Cock Robin's breast, it never fails to bring an appreciative exclamation, "He's killed Cock Robin!"

Of the niceties of science my philosopher takes little account, yet he loves to frequent the Museum of Natural History, and is on terms of intimacy with many of the stuffed animals. He walks as a small Adam in this Paradise, giving to each creature its name. His taste is catholic, and while he delights in the hummingbirds, he does not therefore scorn the less brilliant hippopotamus. He has no repugnance to an ugliness that is only skin deep. He reserves his disapprobation for an ugliness that seems to be a visible sign of inner ungraciousness. The small monkeys he finds amusing; but he grows grave as he passes on to the larger apes, and begins to detect in them a caricature of their betters. When we reach the orang-outang he says, "Now let's go home." Once outside the building, he remarks, "I don't like mans when they're not made nice." I agree with him; for I myself am something of a misanthropoidist.

There is nothing unusual about my philosopher. He is not a prodigy or a genius. He is what a normal human being is at the age of four, when he is still in possession of all his faculties. Having eyes he sees with them, and having ears he hears with them. Having a little mind of his own, he uses it on whatever comes to hand, trying its edge on everything, just as he would try a jackknife if I would let him. He wants to cut into things and to see what they are made of. He wants to try experiments. He does n't care how they come out; he knows they will come out some way or other. Having an imagination, he imagines things, and his imagination being healthy, the things he imagines are very pleasant. In this way he comes to have a very good time with his own mind. Moreover, he is a very little person in a very big world, and he is wise enough to know it. So instead of confining himself to the things he understands, which would not be enough to nourish his life, he manages to get a good deal of pleasure out of the things he does not understand, and so he has "an endless fountain of immortal drink."

What becomes of these imaginative, inquisitive, myth-making, light-hearted, tender-hearted, and altogether charming young adventurers who start out so gayly to explore the wonder-world?

The solemn answer comes, "They after a while are grown-up." Did you ever meditate on that catastrophe which we speak of as being "grown-up"? Habit has dulled our perception of the absurd anti-climax involved in it. You have only to compare the two estates to see that something has been lost.

You linger for a moment when the primary school has been dismissed. For a little while the stream of youthful humanity flows sluggishly on between the banks of a canal, but once beyond the school limits it returns to nature. It is a bright, foaming torrent. Not a moment is wasted. The little girls are at once exchanging confidences, and the little boys are in Valhalla, where the heroes make friends with one another by indulging in everlasting assault and battery, and continually arise "refreshed with blows." There is no question about their being all alive and actively interested in one another. All the natural reactions are exhibited in the most interesting manner.

Then you get into a street car, invented by an ingenious misanthropist to give you the most unfavorable view possible of your kind. On entering you choose sides, unless you are condemned to be suspended in the middle. Then you look at your antagonists on the opposite side. What a long, unrelenting row of humanity! These are the grown-ups. You look for some play of emotion, some evidence of curiosity, pleasure, exhilaration, such as you might naturally expect from those who are taking a little journey in the world.

Not a sign of any such emotion do you discern. They are not adventuring into a wonder-world. They are only getting over the ground. One feels like putting up a notice: "Lost; somewhere on the road between infancy and middle age, several valuable faculties. The finder will find something to his advantage."

I have no quarrel with Old Age. It should be looked upon as a reward of merit to be cheerfully striven for.

> Old age hath still his honor and his toil.

Nor do I object to the process of growth. It belongs to the order of nature. Growing is like falling, — it is all right so long as you keep on; the trouble comes when you stop.

What I object to is the fatalistic way in which people acquiesce in the arrest of their own mental development. Adolescence is exciting. All sorts of things are happening, and more are promised. Life rushes on with a sweet tumult. All things seem possible. It seems as if a lot of the unfinished business of the world is about to be put through with enthusiasm. Then, just as the process has had a fair start, some evil spirit intervenes and says: "Time's up! You've grown all you are to be allowed to. Now you must settle down, — and be quick about it! No more adolescing; you are adults!"

Poor adults! Nature seems to have been like an Indian giver, taking away the gifts as soon as they are received, —

> The gifts of morn
> Ere life grows noisy and slower-footed thought
> Can overtake the rapture of the sense.

The extinction of the early poetry and romance which gave beauty to the first view of these realities has often been accomplished by the most deliberate educational processes. There are two kinds of education, — that which educates and that which eradicates. The latter is the easier and the more ancient method.

Wordsworth writes: —

> Oh, many are the poets that are sown
> By Nature, men endowed with highest gifts,
> The vision and the faculty divine.

But with this broad-sowing of the highest gifts it is astonishing how few come to maturity. I imagine that the Educational Man with the Hoe is responsible for a good deal of the loss. In his desire for clean culture he treats any sproutings of the faculty divine as mere weeds, if they come up between the rows.

If the Educational Man with the Hoe is to be feared, the Educational Man with the Pruning Shears is an equal menace.

There is an art, once highly esteemed, called topiary. The object of topiary when carried to excess was to take a tree, preferably a yew tree, and by careful trimming to make it look like something else, say a peacock standing under an umbrella. Curious effects could be produced in this way, leafy similitudes of birds and animals could be made so that the resemblance was almost as striking as if they had been cut out of gingerbread.

The object of educational topiary is to take a child, and, by careful pruning away of all his natural propensities, make of him a miniature grown-up. It's an interesting art, for it shows what can be done; the only wonder is why any one should want to do it. If you would see this art at its best, turn to Miss Edgeworth's *Frank*, a book much admired in its day. Frank to begin with was a very likable little boy. If he was not made of the "sugar and spice and all things nice" that little girls are made of, he had all the more homely miscellaneous ingredients that little boys are made of. The problem of the careful father and mother was to take Frank and reduce him in the shortest possible time to the adult frame of mind. To this end they sought out any vagrant fancies and inquisitive yearnings and wayward adventurousness, and destroyed them. This slaughter of the innocents continued till Frank's mind was a model of propriety.

It was hard work, but there was a satisfaction in doing it thoroughly. The evening meal was transformed into a

purgatorial discipline, and as he progressed from course to course Frank's mind was purified as by fire.

Here is one occasion. There was a small plumcake, and Frank was required to divide it so that each of the five persons present should have a just share. Frank began to cut the cake, but by a mistake cut it into six pieces instead of five.

This miscarriage of justice sent dismay into the hearts of his parents. They felt that he was at the parting of the ways. It was a great moral crisis, in which his character was to be revealed. What would Frank do with that sixth piece of cake? Perhaps — horrible thought! — he might eat it. From this crime he was saved only to fall into the almost equal sin of unscientific charity. In order to save trouble he proposed to give the extra piece to his father, and when questioned he could give no better reason than that he thought his father liked cake.

"'What right have you to give it to any of us? You were to judge about the size of the pieces, and you were to take care that we each have our just share. But you are going to give one of us twice as much as any of the others.'"

Justice triumphed. "Frank took the trouble to think, and he then cut the spare bit of cake into five equal parts, and he put these parts by the side of the five large pieces and gave one of the small pieces to each person, and he then said: 'I believe I have divided the cake fairly now.' Everybody present said 'yes,' and everybody looked carefully at each of the shares, and there appeared exactly the same quantity in each share. So each person took a share, and all were satisfied."

That is to say, all were satisfied except Frank's mother. She was afraid that the family meal had not yielded its full educational value.

"'My dear Frank,' said his mother, 'as you have divided the cake so fairly, let us see how you will divide the sugar that was upon the top of the cake, and which is now broken and crumbled to pieces in the plate. We all like sugar; divide it equally amongst us.'

"'But this will be very difficult to do, mamma, because the pieces of sugar are of such different sizes and shapes. I do not know how I shall ever divide it exactly. Will it do if I do not divide it quite exactly, ma'am?'

"'No,' said his mother, 'I beg you will divide it quite exactly.'"

Frank gathered his fragments into five little mounds, and after carefully measuring their height, declared that they were equal.

"'They are of the same length and breadth, I acknowledge,' said the father, 'but they are not of the same thickness.'

"'Oh, thickness! I never thought of thickness.'

"'But you should have thought of it,' said his father."

At length Frank, seeing that there was no other way to satisfy the demands of distributive justice, went to the closet, and brought forth a pair of scales. "By patiently adding and taking away, he at last made them each of the same weight, and everybody was satisfied with the accuracy of the division."

This habit of accuracy, developed in the family meals, saved them from the temptation of wasting time in flippant conversation.

Miss Edgeworth's most striking plea for grown-up-edness versus childish curiosity was elaborated in her story of Frank and his orrery. Frank had read of an orrery in which the motions of the planets were shown by ingenious mechanism. Being a small boy, he naturally desired to make one.

For several days he almost forgot about his Roman History and Latin Grammar and *The Stream of Time*, so absorbed was he in making his orrery. He had utilized his mother's tambour frame and knitting needles; and wires and thread held together his planets, which were made of worsted balls. It was a wonderful universe which Frank had created — as many great philosophers before him

had created theirs — out of the inner consciousness. When it had been constructed to the best of his ability, the only question was, would his universe work, — would his planets go singing around the sun, or was there to be a crash of worlds? Frank knew no other way than to put it to the test of action, and he invited the family to witness the great experiment. He pointed out with solemn joy his worsted earth, moon, and planets, and predicted their revolutions according to his astronomy.

But the moment his father's eye rested upon it all, he saw that it was absurd.

His father "pointed out the defects, the deficiencies, the mistakes, — in one word, the absurdities, — but he did not use that offensive word, for he was tender of Frank's feelings for his wasted work."

"'Well, papa,' said Mary, 'what is your advice to Frank?'

"'My first advice to you, Frank,' said his father, 'and indeed the condition upon which I now stay and give up my time to you is that you abide steadily by whatever resolution you now make, either quite to finish or to quite give up this orrery. If you choose to finish it you must give up for some time reading anything entertaining or instructive; you must give up arithmetic and history.'

"'And the *Stream of Time* and the lists?' said Mary.

"'Everything,' said his father, 'to the one object of making an orrery, — and when made as well as you possibly could with my assistance make it, observe that it will only be what others have repeatedly made before. . . . Master Frank will grow older, and when or why or how he made this orrery few will know or care, but all will see whether he has the knowledge which is necessary for a man and a gentleman to possess. Now choose, Frank.'"

Frank seized the orrery. "'Mary, bring your work basket, my dear,' said he.

"And he pulled off one by one, deliberately, the worsted sun, moon, earth and stars and threw them into the work basket which Mary held. Mary sighed, but Frank did not sigh. He was proud to give his father a proof of his resolution, and when he looked around he saw tears, but they were tears of pleasure, in his mother's eyes.

"'Are you sure yet that I can keep to my good resolution?'

"'I am not quite sure, but this is a good beginning,' said his father."

The aim of all this discipline was to make Frank just like his father. Now I am not saying anything against Frank's father. He was a real good man, and well-to-do. Still, there have always been so many just like him that it would n't have done much harm if Frank had been allowed to be a little different.

I can't help thinking how different was a contemporary of his, Michael Faraday. Faraday had n't any one to look after him in his youth, and to keep him from making unnecessary experiments. When he felt like making an experiment he did so. There was n't any one to tell him how they would come out, so he had to wait to see how they did come out. In this way he wasted a good deal of time that might have been spent in learning the things that every educated Englishman was expected to know, and he found out a good many things that the educated Englishman did not know, — this caused him to be always a little out of the fashion.

He let curiosity get the better of him, and when he was quite well on in years he would try to do things with pith-balls and electric currents, just as Frank tried to do things with worsted balls before his father showed him the folly of it. Some of his experiments turned out to be very useful, but most of them did n't. Some of them only proved that what people thought they knew was n't so. Faraday seemed to be just as much interested in this kind as in the other. He never learned to mind only his own business, but was always childishly inquisitive, so he never was so sure of things as was Frank's father.

Still, it takes all sorts of people to make up a world, and if a person can't be like Frank's father, it would n't be so bad to be like Faraday.

Frank's father would have been shocked at Faraday's first introduction to the problem of metaphysical speculation. "I remember," he says, "being a great questioner when young." And one of his first questions was in regard to the seat of the soul. The question was suggested in this way. Being a small boy and seeing the bars of an iron railing, he felt called upon to try experimentally whether he could squeeze through. The experiment was only a partial success. He got his head through, but he could n't get it back. Then the physical difficulty suggested the great metaphysical question, "On which side of the fence am I?"

Frank's father would have said that that was neither the time nor the place for such speculation, and that the proper way to study philosophy was to wait till one could sit down in a chair and read it out of a book. But to Faraday the thoughts he got out of a book never seemed to be so interesting as those which came to him while he was stuck in the fence.

When Frank learned a few lines of poetry, he asked to be allowed to say them to his father.

"'I think,' said his mother, 'your father would like you to repeat them if you understand them all, but not otherwise.'"

Of course that was the end of any nonsense in that direction. If Frank was kept away from any poetry he could n't altogether understand, he would soon be grown-up, so that he would n't be tempted by any kind of poetry, any more than his father was.

I am sure Frank's father would have disapproved of the way my philosopher takes his poetry. His favorite poem is "A frog he would a-wooing go," — especially the first quatrain. His analysis is very defective; he takes it as a whole. He likes the mystery of it, the quick action, the hearty, inconsequent refrain.

A frog he would a-wooing go —
Heigh ho! says Rowley —
Whether his mother would let him or no —
With a rowly-powly, gammon and spinach.
Heigh ho! says Anthony Rowley.

This to him is poetry. Everything is lifted above the commonplace. The frog is no cousin to the vulgar hoptoad whose presence in the garden, in spite of his usefulness, is an affront. He is a creature of romance; he is going a-wooing, — whatever that may be; — he only knows that it is something dangerous. And what a glorious line that is, —

Whether his mother would let him or no.

It thrills him like the sound of a trumpet. And great, glorious Anthony Rowley! It needs no footnote to tell about him. It is enough to know that Rowley is a great, jovial soul, who, when the poetry is going to his liking, cries "Heigh ho!" and when Rowley cries "Heigh ho!" any philosopher cries "Heigh ho!" too, just to keep him company. And so the poem goes on "with a rowly-powly, gammon and spinach," and nobody knows what it means. That's the secret.

Now I should not wish my philosopher always to look upon "A frog he would a-wooing go" as the high water mark of poetical genius; but I should wish him to bring to better poetry the same hearty relish he brings to this. The rule should be, —

Now good digestion wait on appetite,
And health on both.

When I see persons who upon the altar of education have sacrificed digestion, appetite, and health, I cannot but feel that something is wrong. I am reminded of an inscription which I found on a tombstone in a Vermont churchyard: —

Here lies cut down like unripe fruit
The only son of Amos Toot.

. . . . . .

Behold the amazing alteration
Brought about by inoculation:
The means employed his life to save
Hurled him, untimely, to the grave.

Sometimes the good housewife has chosen carefully every ingredient for her cake, and has obeyed conscientiously the mandates of the cookbook. She has with Pharisaic scrupulosity taken four eggs and no more, and two cups of sugar, and two teaspoonfuls of sifted flour, and a pinch of baking powder, and a small teacupful of hot water. She has beaten the eggs very light and stirred in the flour only a little at a time. She has beaten the dough and added granulated sugar with discretion. She has resisted the temptation to add more flour when she has been assured that it would not be good for the cake. And then she has placed the work of her hands in a moderately hot oven, after which she awaits the consummation of her hopes. In due time she looks into the moderately hot oven, and finds only a sodden mass. Something has happened to the cake.

Such accidents happen in the best of attempts at education. The ingredients of the educational cake are excellent, and an immense amount of faithful work has been put into it, but sometimes it does not rise. As the old-fashioned housekeeper would say, it looks "sad."

It is easier to find fault with the result than to point out the remedy; but so long as such results frequently happen, the business of the home and the school is full of fascinating and disconcerting uncertainty. One thing is obvious, and that is that it is no more safe for the teacher than for the preacher to "banish Nature from his plan." Of course the reason we tried to banish Nature in the first place was not because we bore her any ill-will, but only because she was all the time interfering with our plans.

The fact is that Nature is not very considerate of our grown-up prejudices. She does n't set such store by our dearly-bought acquirements as we do. She is more concerned about "the process of becoming" than about the thing which we have already become. She is quite capable of taking the finished product upon which we had prided ourselves and using it as the raw material out of which to make something else. Of course this tries our temper. We do not like to see our careful finishing touches treated in that way.

Especially does Nature upset our adult notions about the relations between teaching and learning. We exalt the function of teaching, and seem to imagine that it might go on automatically. We sometimes think of the teacher as a lawgiver, and of the learner as one who with docility receives what is graciously given.

But the law to be understood and obeyed is the law of the learner's mind, and not that of the teacher's. The didactic method must be subordinated to the vital. Teaching may be developed into a very neat and orderly system, but learning is apt to be quite disorderly. It is likely to come by fits and starts, and when it does come it is very exciting.

Those who have had the good fortune in mature life to learn something have described the experience as being quite upsetting. They have found out something that they had never known before, and the discovery was so overpowering that they could not pay attention to what other people were telling them.

Kepler describes his sensations when he discovered the law of planetary motion. He could not keep still. He forgot that he was a sober, middle-aged person, and acted as if he were a small boy who had just got the answer to his sum in vulgar fractions. Nobody had helped him; he had found it out for himself; and now he could go out and play. "Let nothing confine me: I will indulge my sacred ecstasy. I will triumph over mankind. . . . If you forgive me, I rejoice; if you are angry, I cannot help it." In fact, Kepler did n't care whether school kept or not.

Now in the first years of our existence we are in the way of making first-rate discoveries every day. No wonder that we find it so hard to keep still and to listen respectfully to people whose knowledge is merely reminiscent. Above all, it is difficult for us to keep our attention fixed on

their mental processes when our minds make forty revolutions to their one.

There, for instance, is the Alphabet. Because the teacher told us about it yesterday she is grieved that we do not remember what she said. But so many surprising things have happened since then that it takes a little time for us to make sure that it's the same old Alphabet this morning that we had the other day. She is the victim of preconceived ideas on the subject, but our minds are open to conviction. Most of the letters still look unfamiliar; but when we really do learn to recognize Big A and Round O, we are disposed to indulge our sacred ecstasy and to "triumph over mankind."

If the teacher be a sour person who has long ago completed her education, she will take this occasion to chide us for not paying attention to a new letter that is just swimming into our ken. If, however, she is fortunate enough to be one who keeps on learning, she will share the triumph of our achievement, for she knows how it feels.

There is coming to be a greater sympathy between teachers and learners, as there is a clearer knowledge of the way the mind grows. But even yet one may detect a certain note of condescension in the treatment of the characterlessness of early childhood. The child, we say, has eager curiosity, a myth-making imagination, a sensitiveness to momentary impressions, a desire to make things and to destroy things, a tendency to imitate what he admires. His mind goes out not in one direction, but in many directions. Then we say, in our solemn, grown-up way: "Why, that is just like Primitive Man, and how unlike Us! It has taken a long time to transform Primitive Man into Us, but if we start soon enough, we may eradicate the primitive things before they have done much harm."

What we persistently fail to understand is that in these primitive things are the potentialities of all the most lasting satisfactions of later life.

Browning tells us how the boy David felt when he watched his sheep: —

> Then fancies grew rife
> Which had come long ago on the pasture, when round me the sheep
> Fed in silence — above, the one eagle wheeled slow as in sleep;
> And I lay in my hollow and mused on the world that might lie
> 'Neath his ken, though I saw but the strip 'twixt the hill and the sky:
> And I laughed, — "Since my days are ordained to be passed with my flocks,
> Let me people at least, with my fancies, the plains and the rocks,
> Dream the life I am never to mix with, and image the show
> Of mankind as they live in those fashions I hardly shall know."

All this is natural enough, we say, in a mere boy, — but he will outgrow it. But now and then some one does not outgrow it. He has become a man, and yet in his mind fancies are still rife. They throng upon him and crave expression. The things he sees, the people he meets, are all symbols to him, just as the one eagle which "wheeled slow as in sleep" was to the shepherd lad the symbol of a great unknown world. That which he sees of the actual world seems still to him only a strip "'twixt the hill and the sky," — all the rest he imagines. He fills it with vivid color and absorbing life. He peoples it with his own thoughts.

We call such a person a poet; and if he is a very good poet, we call him a genius; and, in order to do him honor, we pretend that we cannot understand him, and we employ people to explain him to us. We treat his works as alcohol is treated in the arts. It is, as they say, "denaturized," that is, something is put into it that people don't like, so that they will not drink it on the sly.

Yet all the time the plain fact is that the poet is simply a person who is still in possession of all his early qualities. Wordsworth gave away the secret. He is a boy who keeps on growing. He is

> One whose heart the holy forms
> Of young imagination have kept pure.

Where others see a finished world, he

sees all things as manifestations of a free power.

> Even in their fixed and steady lineaments
> He traced an ebbing and a flowing mind,
> Expression ever varying.

This ebbing and flowing mind with its ever-changing expression is the charm of early childhood. It is the charm of all genius as well. Turn to Shelley's *Skylark*. The student of Child Psychology never found more images chasing one another through the mind. The fancies follow one another as rapidly as if Shelley had been only four years old. Frank's father would have been troubled at the lack of business-like grasp of the subject. What was the skylark like? It was

> Like an unbodied joy whose race is just begun.

Then again, it was

> Like a star of heaven
> In the broad daylight.

It was

> Like a poet hidden
> In the light of thought.

It was like a high-born maiden, like a rose, like a glow-worm, like vernal showers. The mind wanders off and sees visions of purple evenings and golden lightnings and white dawns and rain-awakened flowers. These were but hints of the reality of feeling, for

> All that ever was
> Joyous, and clear, and fresh, thy music doth surpass.

We know of religion — or at least we have often been told — that it is found in the purest ideal in the heart of a child, and that it consists in nurture and development of this early grace through all the years that may be allotted. The same thing is true of all that concerns the ideal life. The artist, the reformer, the inventor, the poet, the man of pure science, the really fruitful and original man of affairs, — these are the incorrigibles. They refuse to accept the hard-and-fast rules that are laid down for them. They insist upon finding time and room for activities that are not conceived of as tasks, but as the glorious play of their own faculties. They are full of a great, joyous impulse, and their work is but the expression of this impulse. They somehow have time for the unexpected. They see that which

> Gives to seas and sunset skies
> The unspent beauty of surprise.

The world is in their eyes ever fresh and sparkling. Life is full of possibilities. They see no reason to give up the habit of Wonder. They never outgrow the need of asking questions, though the final answers do not come.

When to a person of this temper you repeat the hard maxims of workaday wisdom, he escapes from you with the smiling audacity of a truant boy. He is one who has awaked right early on a wonderful morning. There is a spectacle to be seen by those who have eyes for it. He is not willing out of respect to you to miss it. He hears the music, and he follows it. It is the music of the

> Olympian bards who sung
> Divine ideas below,
> Which always find us young
> And always keep us so.

THE SHORT STORIES OF ALICE BROWN

BY CHARLES MINER THOMPSON

THE standing of short stories in the literary market is peculiar. Editors of periodicals clamor for more; publishers of books shrink from accepting any. Editors know that readers enjoy them; publishers proclaim that buyers of books do not. Are they both right? Is the public indeed so inconsistent as to like a thing, delectable in itself, only when served in a particular way?

I do not think so, for the truth is that collections of good short stories may have a satisfactory commercial success. Indeed, the whole apparent disagreement between the editor and the publisher is no more than this: the editor can sell poor short stories, and the publisher cannot. Thus, the editor can take B's thin little tale, clap to it three or four others as varied as possible, flank it with interesting articles, trick it out with illustrations, — make it in short, a part of that agreeable lottery, the popular magazine, — and dispose of it to the public. But when B takes a dozen or so of his harmless fictions to the publisher and gets them (if he can) printed as a book, what happens? Between the covers, as between two mirrors, his insignificant personality repeats itself in a monotonous and diminishing perspective. His nullity is only too many times exhibited, and the disconcerting truth appears that the magazines in which he figured were bought not because of him, but in spite of him. I spoke of the magazine as a lottery: well, B is one of the blanks. Of course his book will have no sale.

B, and perhaps his publisher, may conclude from this that short stories will not sell in book form; but the inference is rash. For, as a matter of fact, they will and do. Poe, who never wrote a novel, unless the *Narrative of A. Gordon Pym* may be called one, is, I believe, still read. Kipling, who has failed as a novelist, nevertheless has a certain vogue as a writer of short stories. Miss Wilkins was enjoyed, even in the days of *A Humble Romance*. Miss Jewett has a modest popularity not based upon her novels. The name of any one of these writers on the cover of a magazine would sell copies. They are not blanks in the lottery. And when their work is collected, it still is saleable. For people like a good story, even when short. Has it not paid to dig *Wandering Willie's Tale* out of the novel where it lies hidden, and print it separately?

But there is another grade of story-teller, not so good as these, but better than the unfortunate B. It is his case which the publisher has in mind when he speaks slightingly of the market for short stories. For he recognizes that, whereas the novel in book form, even when mediocre, has a certain advantage over the novel running as a serial, the volume of short stories must be of superior merit to compete with the stories in the magazines. He knows, too, that whereas a novel may be clumsily constructed and still be popular, and even valuable, the short story cannot live through "popular quality" alone, but absolutely requires the artist. Often enough he will find it wise to decline a volume of short stories really superior in literary merit to the novel he might accept.

Two pleasing implications which lie in all this are precisely the reason for the foregoing exposition. The first is that the short stories which get into book form have survived an exceptional scrutiny, and are consequently more likely to be of exceptional merit; the second is that their popular success (if they win it) means, as

the vogue of a novel does not, that they have solid artistic merit. Clearly, then, the writer whose short stories are widely read is worthy of critical attention. Such a writer is Miss Alice Brown.

Personally I have for the New England dialect tale a partiality which, I think, must be shared by all Yankees whose childhood was spent in the country. There lies my danger. The pleasure which I take really in my own memories I may wrongly attribute to the author who evokes them. For this reason I have a better chance to see a writer, simply as a writer, clear and whole, when I can turn to specimens of his work less likely to awaken unliterary, if pleasurable, associations. I find Miss Brown divested of this dangerous charm in her latest collection of short stories, *High Noon*.

The book proves her to be an artist. The term is not absolute (if it were, would we so often qualify it with "true" or "accomplished"?), and I do not raise the question of degree. I wish to say merely that the stories reveal a person who is guided by definite artistic ideals, and that consequently there is behind the story-teller a critic. Our first business shall be to disengage the critic. Doing so will help us to understand the story-teller.

For this task, the title, *High Noon*, is helpful. With the legend — "one instant only is the sun at noon" — which accompanies and explains it, it is not only a comment upon life, but a justification of the short story. For each tale aims to do what the short story is fitted to do supremely well, — to show the single moment in a human life for which everything that went before was a preparation and of which everything that comes after is a consequence. If a writer were to choose only such moments as subjects, he would never have one not easily confined within the limits of his chosen form, and he would never write a tale not full of interest and significance. To make such a choice is practically to comply with Poe's dictum that the short story should aim to convey a single predetermined effect. For singleness of purpose is the one absolute requisite for successful use of the form; it is the one thing which must be demanded of the short story, the only thing without which excellence is impossible. So, in choosing single crucial moments in human lives, Miss Brown shows an orthodox appreciation of the artistic possibilities (and limitations) of the form. So far she is a sound critic.

She is sound, also, when she declares that the short story should be "perfect of form, sonnet-like in finish," — that is, if her somewhat vague phrase means, as I think it does, "sonnet-like in definiteness of form, and perfect in finish," and if, further, I may venture to interpret "perfect in finish" as relating to style, and including mastery of the single word and distinction of imaginative phrase. That such may be her ideal of style is, at any rate, shown by other remarks which are to be culled from the book. As to the word: "Ambrosial," says one of her characters, "is such a good word, majestic, large, a word dressed in purple!" Here is evidence of that sheer delight in sonorous vocables — O Mesopotamia! — which is the sure sign of the artistic literary temper. As to the phrase: Another character, after saying that "every look" (of people whom she might meet) "would glass my shame," adds, "Isn't that a good phrase? Do you know enough about phrases, you child, to see how good that was?" The child's opinion is not given, — tactfully, if it coincides with mine; but the quotation clearly shows the author's feeling: she would always have her phrases beautiful. If anything more were required to indicate this devotion to word and phrase, there is the only work of literary appreciation which, so far as I know, Miss Brown has ever done — a thin volume written in collaboration with Miss Guiney (herself a devotee of the phrase), on Stevenson, the praise of whom is perfervid.

The story-teller practices, on the whole with much success, what the critic preaches. Miss Brown's sense of form is

keen and true. She attains her effect with excellent economy and adroitness. Clumsiness of construction, extravagance of material, vagueness of point, are sins of which she is rarely guilty. If her sense of propriety in style were as unerring, there would be little of which, from an artistic point of view, there could be just complaint. Here the trouble is that she frequently misses her own ideal.

I believe that among masters of style — different though they may be as Swift from Sir Thomas Browne — there are no bad models; but I am sure that when an author whom nature intended for the school of Swift stubbornly attends the school of Browne, disaster is sure to follow. Such has been the evil of the spell of Stevenson: he has led men out of their natural paths to follow him. Now if, with all his native gifts and all his "sedulous aping" of the masters, he produced not a real, but a stage pageantry of words, what can lesser men be expected to do? They will write not the beautiful word, but the freakish one; not the illuminating phrase, but the strained conceit; and every sentence will, in Miss Brown's words, "glass their shame."

Miss Brown seems to me to have committed such a blunder in the choice of her ideal as I have indicated. She seeks with grim determination the word which is a color, the phrase which is a jewel. But tenacity of purpose (though grim) is not adequate to this especial achievement. One sighs when he reads of "moon-fed" nights, or of words which "index" cruel certainty; one is irritated when he finds that "this was no new pageantry of a mobile brain" means only that a woman is sincere; one regrets the inadequate rewards sometimes falling to strenuous effort when he hears a wife anxious to coax a reluctant husband into society described as "striving to train his natal (*sic*) honesties for social courts," or hears a woman answer a lover pleading for frankness, that each must live "in little citadels of rose-colored reserve." Miss Brown has herself doubtless laughed at the elegant poet who, to avoid the commonplace "gun," spoke of the "deadly tube;" but are her phrases better? She has a sense of humor, rippling and abundant enough at times; but it is like those disappearing streams which force the traveler across weary stretches of arid sand before they gush again, full and fresh and sweet as ever. Surely it has vanished when she writes such passages as this: —

"Love! He saw in it the roseate apotheosis of youth, announced by chiming bells, crowned with unfading flowers, the minister to bliss. He followed it through stony paths marked by other blood-stained tracks up to the barren peaks of pain. Was it the same creature, after all, rose-lipped or passion-pale, starving with loss or drunken with new wine? Was it the love of one soul accompanying him through all, or was this his response to the individual need, and only a part of the general faithfulness to what demands our faith?"

This looks like Rossetti strained through Wilde and served as prose by some one who does not know what it is; but whatever it may be, it was clearly intended to be lyrical; and quite as clearly it fails. It is of this failure that I complain, and not of the attempt to be poetical; for a writer may adopt whatever style he prefers, if only he can use it so as to charm the reader. But the obligation to please points to this, — that an author should not strive willfully for effects beyond his reach, but, squaring his ambition with his gifts, should write in the style which they best adapt him to employ with ease and grace. As Miss Brown can, and generally does, write simple, flexible English, wearing its modest adornment of apt figure and vivid word, such paragraphs exasperate like finding paper chrysanthemums where one is seeking real violets.

This false lyricism springs partly, as I said, from unwise emulation of admired authors, and partly, as I think, from the somewhat hysterical way in which she feels her favorite subject. This is the

woman whom love has in any way disappointed. Miss Brown is notably preoccupied with the jilted. Of the thirty-six short stories in her three collections, ten deal directly, a still larger number indirectly, with some variety of American Dido. But she has sympathy also for the woman whose sorrows, if not so obvious, are quite as real. I mean the *femme incomprise*. The term denotes to her mind the entire sex. In *High Noon*, she says implicitly, if not explicitly, that the masculine ideal, the reasonable woman, does not exist. The most humdrum, even the most happily married, have unsatisfied needs, subtle jealousies. All have standards of husband-like or loverly conduct which, hopeless of comprehension, they never make known, but by which it is the law of their nature to judge. It is the tragedy of their lives, their common lot, that men never understand, never divine.

Miss Brown is not content merely to state the problem; she solves it. She has a gospel of love, which she preaches continuously. This consolation, this remedy, is her personal message to her sex, the great message of her books. It is summed up in a speech which I will quote. Rosamund, a love-lorn girl, is talking to a woman "betrayed and lost to herself and to the world,—a poor, besmirched creature like Rossetti's Jenny" (she is as like her as Hester Prynne!), who wishes a "comforting thought." "Love," says Innocence, "is greater than any circumstance or any expression. And love is not taking: it is giving. If he has betrayed you, pray night and day for him that he may learn what love really is. We must give and give. Oh, what difference does it make whether we have or whether we are denied?" Loving, that is, like virtue, should be its own reward.

Let me amplify a little. Love is independent of the will. Once it descends upon a woman, it holds her for life,—it is her whole existence. Upon man, however, its power is fitful,—it is a thing apart. The woman may have an unfaithful lover; she certainly will have an imperfect one; and she should expect no better. Her reward lies in loving; she is lucky to have so strong and interesting an emotion. If her lover is imperfect, she must pity him for the defect of nature which makes him so; if she finds that he loves not her but another, she must rejoice that the great boon has come to him, even at her cost.

Though I am masculine and unsympathetic, this statement is, I hope, fair. That it is so I cannot, in an article on the short stories, cite the novels to prove; but ponder "Nancy Boyd's Last Sermon" (it is Miss Brown's, but not, I trust, *her* last), or the logic of "Natalie Blayne." This doctrine of total surrender to the man is for our days curiously Eastern and reactionary; but as discussion of its value is outside the plan of my article, I have only to add that her earnestness about it leads to vexatious monotony of subject, to incorrect character-drawing, and to emotional excrescences which need the knife. This is inevitable. It always occurs to a writer who seeks to impose a moral upon life rather than to extract the moral within it.

Reviewing a volume of short stories is comparable to the circus feat of riding twelve horses at once. To simplify my task, then, let me analyze one typical story, by way of giving concrete illustration to these general remarks. Almost any one of the dozen tales in *High Noon* might be chosen for this representative purpose. "Rosamund in Heaven," in which appears the disgraced bluestocking ineptly likened to Rossetti's Jenny,—

"Fond of a kiss and fond of a guinea,"

might be taken as presenting the state of mind proper to women whose love is unrequited, as showing Miss Brown's idea of how to be happy though unmarried. But Rosamund's consolatory remarks have already been quoted, and the story is otherwise uninteresting. "A Book of Love" would serve for the same reason; or, for that and its clever situation, "A Meeting in the Market Place." In this tale a fatal but not disabling

malady permits a woman to step from her "little citadel of rose-colored reserve," and talk frankly (for once!) with a man who had forsworn her society for fear she was falling in love with him (a variety of masculine chivalry which, I notice, always rouses the wrath of ladies); but Miss Brown uses the piquant occasion merely to give as dialogue what she has often enough given as comment, and misses its dramatic values. Again for the same reason, the choice might fall on "The Map of the Country" (it is the *pays du tendre*), but all of these stories are inferior to three others, which also treat the favorite theme. These are "Natalie Blayne," "A Runaway Match," and "The Miracle." This last is tempting. Although the heroine has the annoying habit of speaking of her baby as a "man-child," and although a sense of humor (obviously absent in the lady) would have saved the situation, — if I may be permitted a bull, — before it arose, the story seems to me (I hope not because the woman is in the wrong; she it was who tried to train her husband's "natal honesties for social courts") a strong piece of work, the emotion of which has its warrant in life. The moral, however, seems to be (it is pretty elusive) that if you marry a bear you must live in his den, and fails to illustrate her principal message. Nor is "A Runaway Match," — a stolen frolic of a pair, once boy and girl lovers, one of whom is and the other is about to be married, — although charming, sufficiently representative. Thus we reach "Natalie Blayne," which is thoroughly characteristic, and to which, moreover, could I escape incredulity as to the mental state of the heroine, I should accord nearly whole-souled liking.

Old Madam Gilbert is ill of a mysterious disease. The puzzled doctor admits that she is "slipping down hill." She "lay high upon the pillows in the great south room, where the sun slept placidly on the chintz-covered chairs and old-fashioned settings. Her delicate profile looked sharp, and the long black lashes softened her eyes pathetically. Her gray hair went curling in a disordered mass up from the top of her head like a crown. She was a wonderful old creature, with a beauty full of meaning, transcending that of bloom and color." One hand was lying "in ringed distinction" outside the sheet.

Like the doctor, the distressed husband, old Ralph Gilbert, lacks intuition, and is helpless. Evidently the case requires a woman. Diana is summoned.

"Diana, entering the room, dwarfed them both by her size, her deep-chested, long-limbed majesty, her goddess-walk. She was a redundant creature in all that pertains to the comforts of life. She looked wifehood and motherhood in one. Her shoulder was a happy place for a cheek. Her brown eyes were full of fun and sorrow. Her crisping hair was good for baby hands to pull. She went swiftly up to Madam Gilbert, and touching her very gently, seemed to take her into her heart and arms.

"'You lamb,' said she."

These two descriptions show Miss Brown nearly at her best and almost at her worst. That of Madam Gilbert, except in the phrase "ringed distinction," is simple and unaffected. But that of Diana! When I first read the story I carried the impression through several pages that Diana was a colored person. She is not: she is Madam Gilbert's niece.

Moreover, she has humor, commonsense, resourcefulness, and the master quality, — intuition. To her Madam Gilbert confides the secret of her illness, — it is Natalie Blayne. That name — the tripping first syllables, the dignified close — is an example of Miss Brown's artistic adroitness. Nothing could better suggest the romantic charm which the reader must be made to feel in this "other woman." It is itself nearly the whole story.

When Madam Gilbert was first engaged to Ralph, she unluckily spoke of Natalie Blayne.

"'Natalie Blayne!' said your uncle; 'Natalie Blayne!' Madam Gilbert sat up

in bed, and her voice rang out dramatically. Diana saw that she was forgotten, and that the other woman was acting out a scene which had played itself in her memory many a time. 'Do you know her?' said I. His eyes grew very bright. His face changed, my dear. 'Natalie Blayne,' said he, 'I saw her for an hour, a year and a half ago. She came into Judge Blayne's office, and he sent me out with her to find columbines in the meadow. I liked her better at first sight than any woman I ever saw!'"

This was indiscreet of Mr. Gilbert, for his betrothed had a theory about "true mates." This theory needs to be brought into relief, for it is not peculiar to Madam Gilbert, but is part of Miss Brown's philosophy of love, and explains the extent of that "giving" which she says is imperative. As one has only to read this story to see, it means "give the other woman;" true mates must not be kept apart, — no matter what the cost to the conventionalities, or to other human hearts. The teaching reminds one oddly of Goethe's *Elective Affinities*. Madam Gilbert acted in strict accord with this doctrine. Inferring from Ralph's too warm expressions that not she, but Natalie Blayne, was his true mate, she proposed to break the engagement.

Hearing the next day, however, that Natalie had married, she decided that she would try to make up to Ralph the loss of his true mate. But marriage brought her no ease. Between her and her husband stood Natalie Blayne. She knew that when Ralph should meet Natalie in the next world, he'd say, "Why, here you are, my mate!"

Even worse was in store! Natalie becoming a widow, the conscientious wife faced the knowledge that she was in the way, not only in the next world, but in this. The prompt remarriage of her rival seemed, however, to leave her free to claim Ralph, at least for this life. But no! Madam Gilbert, after forty years of wedded happiness, has heard that this troublesome creature, once more a widow, has returned to the village. Her presence makes the old lady ill. She has n't, as she says, the spirit to meet the situation now. "I hardly had it years ago; but now I'm an old woman. I realize it, my hair is white. See how big the veins are in my hands."

If it occurs to her that her husband, older than she, is no Romeo, or that Natalie is now no Juliet, she deems it of no consequence. True mates must wed, and she must abdicate. Ralph, whether he knows it or not, must still love Natalie; Natalie's two marriages are simply her effort to find the true mate whom accident has prevented her securing in Ralph. Like the girl in Goldsmith's lyric, the superfluous Madam Gilbert decides that her only art is to die.

Up to this point, — and indeed to the end, — the somewhat complicated plot is presented with a clearness and neatness which do honor to the author's technique; but to my masculine apprehension the situation as finally presented seems grotesque. Miss Brown, however, although she sees its humor, and indeed freely presents the humorous view, is convinced not merely that her heroine's monomania is possible, but that it is probable, and finds nothing unsympathetic about it. She clearly intends the story to be like Diana's brown eyes, — "full of fun and sorrow."

To me thus far there is not much of either; but in this respect, as in others, the tale now undergoes a marked change. The plot is brought to the necessary *impasse* when Madam Gilbert swears Diana to secrecy; and it is then worked out in true comedy spirit to a conclusion at once ingenious, unexpected, and natural. If Diana cannot speak, she can act, and she has her humorous plan. "Little darts had awakened in her eyes and played about her mouth," is Miss Brown's way of saying that she smiled. She invites Natalie to call. Since Madam Gilbert is ill, Uncle Ralph has, of course, to receive the visitor. The result of the interview is awaited by the despairing invalid

and the confident schemer in the upper chamber. After a proper interval, Diana interrupts the tête-à-tête, and Ralph hurries to his wife's side.

"'There, there!' he soothed her. 'You lie down. Diana 'll be up in a minute, as soon as that woman knows enough to go.'"

Madame Gilbert, anxious not to separate "true mates," urges the old man to go downstairs again.

"'Go down? I won't. Her tongue is hung in the middle. She talks a blue streak.'

"'But Ralph, it's Natalie Blayne!'

"'I don't care if it's old Judge Blayne himself. She's a bore.'

"'Dear, how does she look?'

"'Well enough, I guess. Too much rigged out for a widow. Sheep dressed lamb fashion.'

"'But Ralph, should n't you have known her? Does she remind you — Oh, you remember Natalie Blayne!'

"'Why, yes, of course I do. The old judge sent me to the depot to meet her, or something. How he used to rope me in. . . . But I should have said that girl had brown hair and brown eyes, something like yours, dear, only not so pretty. This one's hair is copper color. I dare say she does some ungodly thing to it.'"

When Diana returned to the room, Madame Gilbert said crisply: "You lay out my clothes, — I'm going to get up to dinner."

Observe that with the pungent Yankee talk of Uncle Ralph humor and naturalness begin to blow through the story like salt breezes through a fevered town. Remember that the man and woman in "A Runaway Match," although the lacquer of the city is upon them, are country folk, and that they become as pleasing as Baldwin apples so soon as they get back to the country village, the red schoolhouse, and the bobsled of their youth. Then say if it is not significant of more than my personal taste that, of the three stories in *High Noon* which I think the best, two approach the New England dialect tale. At any rate, I must record my impression that when Miss Brown drops her sophisticated people, wholesomeness, simplicity, and truth, like beautiful children, come flocking as if to welcome a traveler home. If my theory of her work is correct, that is what should be expected. For I see in her two persons. First, she is the child of the country. Born in the little village of Northampton in New Hampshire, living as a girl on a farm, she shows in her stories of country life the precision of detail which belongs to childhood memories. Second, she is the thinker. Preoccupied with problems of life and love which she feels (if she does not analyze) strongly, she shows in her tales of city folk a desire rather to express her ideas than to represent life. And if the question is asked why her speculations should dominate one kind of story rather than the other, the answer is at least easy that the countryside is so much more real to her that any false touch there must quarrel with a sensitive and well-stored memory. The contrast is, of course, not between black and white, but between black and gray. Although the wholesome reality of country life lays upon her a repressive hand, her peculiarities run through all her work. Why should they not? Plainly, she thinks her philosophy more important than her faithful report of rustic life: plainly she is still touched with the easily divined mood of the ambitious girl who years ago rebelled against rural narrowness and longed for — Boston!

Yes, easily divined; for rebellion produces disdain of one's surroundings, and here disdain is visible. Scrutinize her gallery of miniatures of village oddities, — really extensive when one remembers that all her work of this kind is scattered, yet contained in two small volumes. The likenesses are, indeed, admirable. Consider that of Josiah Pease, contemptible old man, master of spiteful innuendo. Consider those of Nance Pete and Simeon, old reprobates whom the minister's

daughter in "Bankrupt" (she is bankrupt of love) has to hire to go to church. Or again, consider, in "A Second Marriage" (a particularly good story), that of Ann Doby's rebellious son, who, outraged by his mother's loquacity, refuses himself to talk at all. The few pages animated by these worthies live and breathe. But note: no character of the kind of which these are such excellent examples is ever protagonist; and note, moreover, that, although Miss Brown is too good an artist not to give her oddities logical relation to the plot, they are still slightly extraneous, more real, perhaps, than their surroundings. I suspect, perhaps unjustly, that they are drawn from life. At any rate, I read in the interesting history of Northampton that queer characters once abounded there, — among others one easily mistaken for the original of Nance Pete. Now this extraneousness leads to a suspicion, which reflection upon the whole body of the rural tales strengthens to a semblance of conviction, that her attitude toward her country folk is not wholly sympathetic, that her humor has a point of malice. The people whom I have cited have, in particular, an air of being "trotted out" to entertain the company, of supplying the "comic relief." She thinks of them as such a rebel as I have indicated would certainly have thought of them. Reference to the points of view of Miss Wilkins and Miss Jewett makes this start out like invisible ink under heat. Miss Wilkins abounds in oddities, but instead of mocking them she makes them tragic exemplars of that strange psychology of the will which used so to dominate her thought. Can any one doubt what she would have done, for example, with Ann Doby's son? Miss Jewett, with her tenderness, her predilection for beautiful characters, would not have described these people at all. She has no such portraits in her gallery. To put the difference succinctly: Miss Jewett is an aristocrat; Miss Wilkins is a democrat; Miss Brown cannot take the point of view of Miss Jewett, and she has lost that of Miss Wilkins.

I think that the only rustics for whom her sympathy is complete are those who have sentimental troubles; who embody, that is to say, her pet problem, and can speak her personal philosophy. Of such are the protagonists, — lovelorn maidens and wives with super-subtle requirements in point of emotion and of masculine understanding. And upon their lips is ever the doctrine that love means passive acquiescence in masculine maltreatment.

But if one wishes to see these things in the rural tales, he must be on the alert. The disdain is not obtrusive, and the passionate ladies, subdued to the reality of their surroundings, walk the path of nature, with only an occasional flirt of their skirts beyond its borders.

The reader will like Letty in "A Stolen Festival;" for, although a specimen of the *femme incomprise*, she is charming and — natural. He will recognize Nancy Boyd (she of the "Last Sermon") as a type of the passionate woman, and regard her philosophy of love as an individual vagary. Finally, he will sincerely feel the pathos of the position, and the beauty of character, of the misprized Dorcas in "Bankrupt." For in none of these people is the modesty of nature exceeded. And the skill in story-telling which I hope my abstract of "Natalie Blayne" was good enough to reveal, loses its whilom air of somewhat summoned adroitness. None of these stories seems, like "Natalie Blayne," a *tour de force*.

They appeared in *Meadow Grass*, the book which made Miss Brown's reputation; and it contains even better work than they. There are in it three tales so good that I am tempted to rank them with any but the best of Miss Jewett's work. "Heman's Ma" is the familiar comedy of patient man shaking off the yoke of tyrant woman, but told with sprightly variation of incident, with zest, with humor, with truth. "Joint Owners in Spain," more unusual in plot, is the tale of two "contrary" old crones forced

to live in a single room in an Old Ladies' Home. It is diverting to find that the fiery Mrs. Blair is no match for Miss Dyer with her aptitude for tearful concession. "My land!" she exclaims. "Talk about my tongue! Vinegar is nothing to cold molasses, if you have to wade through it." "Uncle Eli's Vacation" is a little masterpiece of which I reserve the pleasure of speaking.

Meadow Grass was published in 1895. Preceded only by *Fools of Nature*, a first novel of indefinite promise which concerned a group of fantastic Bohemians, this volume of country tales revealed a different and better side of her talent, and seemed to announce a worthy colaborer in the fields tilled by Miss Wilkins and Miss Jewett. It was followed by a thin volume of poems and a book of travel, harmless diversions which did not necessarily mean that she was resolved on seeking other harvests. So when, in 1899, *Tiverton Tales* was published, one observer at least was pleased to think that the expectations aroused by *Meadow Grass* were changed for certainties, and that a permanent provider of a kind of fiction which he enjoyed had taken her place in the world. For *Tiverton Tales* bettered the achievement of the earlier book. To the three stories of uncommon charm in *Meadow Grass* it added five: "A March Wind," distinguished by that living portrait of Josiah Pease; "A Stolen Festival," wherein shines Letty, the charming; "The Way of Peace," pathetic study of a lonely woman's pleasure in heightening her resemblance to her dead mother; "Honey and Myrrh," tragedy of a starved sense of beauty, and "A Second Marriage," the psychology of which is profoundly true. Yet, although the book is more satisfying than its predecessor, it may be searched in vain for a perfect tale like "Farmer Eli's Vacation." As I regard this as Miss Brown's best achievement, I make an abstract of it to set against that of "Natalie Blayne."

Although Eli has lived these many years within easy driving distance of the ocean, he has not seen it: he has never carried out his one darling plan, cherished since boyhood, of going to the shore and camping out for a week. Now, on the eve of departure, he hesitates. "It's a good deal of an undertaking," he hints to his wife. "I dunno's I care about goin'."

But the morning brings courage. The pleasant picture of the start is drawn with a few deft strokes: —

"At length, the two teams were ready, and Eli mounted to his place, where he looked very slender beside his towering mate. The hired man stood leaning on the pump, chewing a bit of straw, and the cats rubbed against his legs with tails like banners: they were all impressed by a sense of the unusual.

"'Well, good-by, Luke,' Mrs. Pike called, over her shoulder; and Eli gave the man a solemn nod, gathered up the reins, and drove out of the yard. Just outside the gate, he pulled up.

"'Whoa!' he called, and Luke lounged forward. 'Don't you forgit them cats! Git up, Doll!' and this time they were off."

The all-day drive is charmingly described, — the dusty road, the August sunshine, the elderberries and the goldenrod. And there are homely bits of talk, such as make the particular joy of those who know the life and like its savor. One is Eli's comment on some poor land: "There's a good deal o' pastur' in some places, that ain't fit for nothin' but to hold the world together." Another is the reflection with which Mrs. Pike, conscious of curious glances, justifies her gypsying: "Well, they need n't trouble themselves. I guess I've got as good an extension-table to home as any on 'em."

Miss Brown picks her incident to show Eli's state of mind upon the road with a sure instinct for the typical. The travelers stop for luncheon where there is a well of cool, delicious water. Eli refuses to like it. "Turrible flat water," he calls it. The others protest. "But Eli shook his head and ejaculated 'Brackish, brackish!'" Now, loyalty to the water on his

own farm is a sure mark of the countryman: at home, he brags of it, abroad, he pines for it.

When they reach the ocean, Eli refuses to look; but his tactful daughter at length persuades him to a headland "where the water thundered below and salt spray dashed up in mist to their feet." Then he looked upon the sea. "He faced it as a soul might face Almighty Greatness." But later, when his wife asks him if the sight meets his expectations, all the phrase he can find is a gently spoken "I guess it does."

That night he does not sleep. The next morning he is up very early, and finds his daughter watching the sunrise.

"'Hattie,' he said in a whisper, 'don't you tell. I'm goin' home, I'm goin' *now*." And he does.

Late in the afternoon he reaches home.

"'What's busted?' asked Luke, swinging himself down from his load of fodder-corn, and beginning to unharness Doll.

"'Oh, nothing,' said Eli, leaping from the wagon as if twenty years had been taken from his bones. 'I guess I'm too old for such jaunts. I hope you did n't forgit them cats.'"

This unpretentious story has everything that it should have, — delicate firmness of construction, simple, vivid style, pathos blent with humor, truth. These qualities unite to make of the somewhat comic homesickness of an old farmer a beautiful symbol of the deep human feeling of attachment to the soil, and of Eli a universal type.

My mind lingers sadly over this story, for it may be the last of its kind. The New England dialect tale is passing. There are readers, I suppose, who will not shudder at the news, but its mourners will nevertheless be many. At its best it gave a great deal of pure literary pleasure, — it has examples certain to survive as minor classics, — and to us New Englanders it gave also the pleasure, sweet and keen, which comes when friends exchange intimate talk of the old home. What it has meant to the exiles, — to those New Englanders of the cities who have left country homes, and to those other New Englanders who have gone West and still West, until, as Fiske reminds us, there is a new Salem and a new Portland on the shore of the great western sea, — it is easy, and pathetic, to imagine.

But its disappearance cannot be questioned. In 1890, as every one remembers, not only were Miss Jewett and Miss Wilkins doing their best work, but there was also a host of lesser writers busy at the same general task. What is the case to-day? Miss Jewett is temporarily silent; Miss Wilkins no longer writes in the vein of *A Humble Romance;* Miss Brown, their most promising pupil, seems to care not greatly for her country folk. And the crowd of lesser people, where are they? It happens that I have a wide knowledge of the swarm of writers struggling to the light. In the whole of it, I cannot think of five people who are dealing with New England country life.

Nor is this, as I should like to think, the mere freakish veering of literary fashion. It is rather that the life itself has changed. Can any one born later than the fifties write the New England dialect tale as these authors understand it? Even then the lure of fat farms, of adventure, of gold, was turning the steps of the young men toward the enchanted West. Our exodus had begun, and the new Salem and the new Portland had long been visible to him on Pisgah. The journeying host increased with the years. Then came the war, demanding its thousands of the young and brave. When it was over, the throngs once again crowded the Western trails. While our writers were still young, New England had become the home of spinsters and decrepit men, as the stories, like mirrors, unconsciously reveal. And while the vacant places were filling with French Canadians, Irish, Scotch, Italians, Finns, Portuguese, the railroad was baring the hills and creating the factory town. Thus died that New

England of which the Puritan minister said with truth: "God sifted a whole nation that he might send choice grain into the wilderness."

Of course, the life changed with the new conditions, the foreign population. Ourselves as children could know the whole range of rural society; why not, when all who formed it were our kin; when even the most powerful, the most cultivated of us could find his own name honorably if rudely worn on some rough country side? Thus intimate, thus sympathetic, we could write the stories, — if we had the gift.

But now, in this day of the hill town, of the still worse railroad town, of the segregation of the more prosperous in cities and in "summer colonies," how can the young folk know the country Yankee, even if here and there one still survives? No, what seems the passing of a literary fashion is more: it is another sign of the passing of a race from the home which gave it birth. For further stories of that race we must look to the West.

AN AMERICAN VIEW OF BRITISH RAILWAYS

BY RAY MORRIS

GIVEN, a railway system which earns each year just about what it earned the year previous, while the capital charged against it is each year materially greater; how are dividends always to be paid at the "usual rate?"

This is a problem which can be worded in many ways; it is subject to much twisting and turning about, while local conditions may greatly modify either or both of the main premises. But the central fact of it is confronting every British railway manager, and will not down; he has always the skeleton in his closet, and is fortunate if he can keep it hidden. It is not the purpose of the present paper to deal with statistics, but rather to show some of the broad tendencies of British railway transportation in their relation to the situation on this side of the Atlantic, and with especial reference to interesting differences in practice. Suffice it, then, to say, at the outset, that the average capitalization of the British lines, as reported by the Board of Trade, stands at some $273,000 per route mile, while that of our lines is approximately $67,000 a mile.

Taken by themselves, these figures are meaningless. We are comparing single-track lines thrown across the Kansas plains, unfenced and unsignaled, with four-track roadways, splendidly built and safeguarded, leading into the heart of London. As our country grows up to its transportation system, the capital account will swell by leaps and bounds, and, in truth, expenditures during the last twenty years have been out of all proportion to the increases in route-mileage. We have fairly entered into the period when the characteristic of railway progress is the betterment and enlargement of existing facilities, rather than the opening of new territory with hastily constructed lines. But the fresh budget of capital expenditure charged each year against American railways is bringing constantly increasing returns; the money buys new tools, which enlarge the output of the plant. In England, unfortunately, this is not true. The 23,000 miles of railway in the British isles cover the country like the filaments of a cobweb; every traffic centre is splendidly served already, and not much new is to be hoped for. Gross earnings increase each year, it is true; but they increase very slowly, while the railway properties, built for all time, three

quarters of a century ago, by engineers who had the hardihood to assume that their designs could not be bettered, cannot now be adapted to economical working, but must be carried as best may be, with their terrific burden of capital cost.

To put the matter in a word, the English managers, for the past fifty years, have been capitalizing maintenance in order to pay their dividends. They do not call it capitalizing maintenance. Theoretically, the strict up-keep of the line is paid for out of earnings, and the new capital goes into permanent betterments, larger and more powerful locomotives, heavier bridges, and many other items that leave the company with new assets to set against the new liabilities. But it is only too evident that, in the face of the sharp and ever-present competition in all quarters, these capital costs do not bring new traffic, — for there is not much new traffic to be brought, — but only serve to retain the existing business, and to keep it from falling into the hands of rival companies. British railways do not suffer from competition in rates; but they are gradually being bankrupted by competition in facilities.

At the bottom of the difficulty lies the sacredness of the dividend. Broadly speaking, American railways were built on the proceeds of bond issues; much, if not most, of the original stock was put on the market as a speculative venture, and when the load of capital became too great for the property to bear, the bondholders took possession, wiped out the stock, and reorganized on the best basis they could. Dividends were paid when it seemed expedient; not because the stockholders were deemed to have any particular right to them. The best American railway practice to-day not merely maintains the property out of earnings, in the British sense of the word *maintain*, but puts it in such shape that it can continue to hold its place in its own competitive territory without new capital costs. After that, a generous surplus is carried forward, and then the balance of the earnings is available for dividends.

But British railways have no bonds; there are simply three classes of stock, debenture, preference, and ordinary, receiving dividends in the order mentioned, and profits are shared almost to the last penny, — a great company, earning twelve million pounds sterling, carrying forward perhaps £25,000 as the year's surplus.

For example, the balance carried forward as surplus by the Great Western Railway for the half year ending June 30, 1904, was equal to only one twenty-fourth of the common-stock dividend requirements for the same period. The dividends, that is to say, absorbed 96 per cent of surplus net earnings, after a scanty charge for maintenance. Dividends on the Pennsylvania Railroad in 1904 absorbed only about 64 per cent; on the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern they absorbed less than 40 per cent. Moreover, the English road includes its entire surplus carried forward in the sum available for dividends; while both of the American roads have tremendous accumulated surpluses from past years which they do not so include. The accumulated surplus of the Pennsylvania at the time of its last report amounted to nearly twenty-five millions; the Lake Shore had nearly seventeen millions; the Great Western (England) carried forward $125,000 as its sole reserve.

Just as the British railway carriage started from the stage coach, and has never gotten far away, so the dividend system is based on the practice of the little manufacturing concern whose three owners repair the roof out of surplus earnings, and divide the cash balance at the end of the year. But the proprietors of the manufacturing concern are on the ground; if they are confronted with competition they can intelligently take counsel among themselves and agree to spend some of their profits in new facilities. Not so the thousands of railway shareholders. The standard of dividends set

by the company may have been extravagantly high at the outset, so that it is maintained at great sacrifice by starvation of the property; but that does not interest them; they want their five per cent, or four, or three and one half per cent on an investment made in times of greater profits, and they look sharply to the chairman and his board for it. American charges are flexible, for the dividend — which is not a charge at all — can always be reduced or suspended entirely. But the whole system of British railway capital, based upon a small but regular return, as against the speculative returns in this country, depends on the dividend, and is extremely inflexible. So the capital has piled up, and must continue to pile up until earnings vanish. Our railroads took their hardships and deprivations in their youth; the English lines, after years of great prosperity, are looking forward to certain poverty in their old age.

It has often been said that British railway traffic had the characteristics of a retail business, while American railway traffic was analogous to a wholesale business. The extent to which this is true can scarcely be realized by the tourist; the difference is fundamental, and the conditions under which the lines are worked are as wide apart as the two continents. Some of the British lines have recently complained bitterly of the serious inroads into their passenger revenue made by tramways working within a radius of, say, three miles from the cities, — a traffic that the American manager never had, and does not want. The extreme minuteness, if the term may be so used, of the British merchandise business, tends to destroy all comparisons with American freight-carrying. As a result of these things, visiting railway officers in either country, newly come from the other, are perplexed and dismayed rather than enlightened by what they see. The British manager on a visit to America sees faulty permanent way-construction, locomotives built to be "scrapped" after seven or eight years' service, unpunctual passenger trains, and a great proportion of the country's mileage abounding in grade crossings and worked without block signals. On the other hand, the American manager in England sees a freight traffic that has degenerated into a parcels business, and a network of lines, extravagantly built and extravagantly worked, handicapped by an official formalism that reaches all branches of the service alike, while the capital account hangs over the lines like a black cloud, certain some day to descend in a storm that will wipe out many time-honored values.

British railways do not have presidents, and there is nobody on the official roll whose authority exactly corresponds to that of the American chief executive. The chairman, often titled and usually a layman, finds it his chief duty to preside over semi-annual meetings and to answer the extremely pertinent questions put to him by the proprietors, — for every British shareholder feels the weight and dignity of his proprietorship, and may not be gainsaid. To make, for the moment, a technical distinction, the characteristic organization of a British railway is departmental; the characteristic American organization is divisional. That is to say, we are prone to make each operating division of the road a separate entity, ruled by its superintendent, who reports to the general superintendent of all divisions. On most of the larger systems there are a group of vice-presidents, each responsible for a main branch of the business, but reporting in turn to the president, while they give the division superintendents, who are the operating units, as free a hand as possible. Our general managers are little more than full-powered general superintendents.

But in the British departmental organization, the branches of the business proceed in parallel lines that do not converge in any central authority. The British general manager is the operating head; but the locomotive-chief gets about the same salary, and theoretically reports to

no one but the non-technical directors; while main questions of policy and finance are taken away from the general manager by the board. The chief traffic-manager has a position almost, though not quite, as independent as the locomotive-chief. The result is that the general manager, whose duty it is to move the traffic, may or may not be able to haul the trains he wants to; it depends on the locomotive-chief whether he can or not; and the locomotive-chief, desirous of making a fine record of working economy for his engines, does not always care to overwork them for the sake of enabling the general manager to make a good record of another sort. British railways often seem to obey the Scriptural injunction not to let the right hand know what the left hand is doing.

The departmental system is also in part responsible for the official formalism, the dignity with which each department hedges itself about, as illustrated, in a measure, by the multiplication of clerical positions. That there is not enough work to occupy all the assistants, secretaries, and clerks is most obvious, and the amount of unnecessary correspondence that these persons carry on suggests government service. It is a common saying that any patient clerk can be sure of a comfortable berth if he bides his time and takes pains not to be so active in the performance of his duties as to alarm his immediate superior.

Yet in spite of these very patent defects which so seriously affect the economies of working, the fact must not for a moment be lost sight of, that the public service rendered by the British lines, the convenience to the traveler and the shipper, are far in excess of anything to be found in this country. The British Isles are absurdly small when compared with our vast areas, and this of course simplifies the operating problems; there are no snowdrifts to delay schedules, no sections of crudely built track awaiting perfection, and the locomotives are never far from their home shops. Yet, even with allowance for these advantages, both freight and passenger traffic are habitually handled with a regularity and certainty that deserve the highest degree of praise. In any large terminal in England the number of passenger trains that arrive either exactly on time or a minute or two ahead is far greater than that of trains even the least overdue; five minutes is usually a safe margin for an important connection. At Finsbury Park, a suburban station just outside London, trains pass on an average of one every two minutes night and day, yet this tremendous traffic is handled with clock-like precision. This punctuality, moreover, is not confined to the passenger service, and, in comparison with this country, it is in freight-working that it is the most marked.

Our freight roughly divides itself into two main classes, — "time" freight that is urgent, and "dead" freight that can wait; and on our larger systems it requires careful systematizing and the constant attention of a large staff to keep these classes separate and to insure that the "time" freight is not delayed. The way we do it is interesting, and varies only in detail among almost all the large lines. Certain stations are designated as time-freight way-billing points, and each of these stations has a telegraphic name, as, for example, "MA" for Minneapolis. Each station also has a set of numbers, — a large point like Minneapolis would have about six hundred, — and the cars of time freight "originating" there are numbered consecutively up to the limit, — MA 1, MA 2, etc., — after which the numbering reverts to MA 1 again. The superintendent of car-service — by whatever name he may be locally called — receives daily a telegraphic report of every time-freight car on the road, designated in this way, and frequently keeps a graphic record of his charges. Stretching across his wall will be a great board with the names of the stations in consecutive order upon it; and stiff wires support smaller boards, representing the trains of time freight, which are moved along as their progress

is reported from passing points, just as Lloyds' stations report ships at sea. Each one of these small train-boards contains separate plugs, or slips of wood, on which are marked the symbols of each car. If at any time a fast-freight car is reported "set out" at any station from any cause whatsoever, its symbol-bearing plug or slip is removed from the board representing the train, and is left at the proper place. Thus the car-service superintendent has a continuous graphic record, not only of every time-freight train, but of every time-freight car on the road. The necessity for this is apparent on a system like the Great Northern (U. S. A.), where the fastest through freight trains are a week on the road between St. Paul and the coast.

The English method of handling fast freight is so different from this in its whole conception and environment,—at once so much more expeditious and so much more costly,—that there is no common ground for a comparison. As far back as 1885, when Hadley wrote his *Railroad Transportation*, he showed that freight could be received in London late in the afternoon and be delivered at the consignee's door, anywhere south of Scotland, the next morning. The main features of this service have not been changed much in the last twenty years; but it has been polished by competition to a wonderful degree of perfection as regards facilities, although the cost of it, both to the railways and to the shippers, remains an unfailing source of astonishment to the American manager.

One of our great Eastern roads sends out four fast freight trains daily from New York; the London and North-Western sends out twenty-eight daily! Moreover, the English company cannot despatch these trains at its convenience, throughout the twenty-four hours, for the freight does not come in until late in the afternoon, and it must inevitably be delivered before working hours the next morning. So the trains must be worked on what is practically a passenger schedule, and to accomplish this they must be light. The standard train for this kind of traffic is made up of twenty-four or twenty-five little ten-ton wagons, and in the face of the conditions which have to be met, three tons of paying freight per wagon is considered good loading. That is to say, there must be a locomotive and a train crew for about every seventy tons of fast freight![1] Incidentally, it may be noted that a single locomotive and train crew handle two thousand tons of paying freight, when grain is moving, on the New York Central; while this record is considerably exceeded by coal haulage over portions of the Pennsylvania system.

Through stress of competition, practically all kinds of freight are hauled in this extravagant manner in British practice, excepting only coal, pig iron, brick, and articles that belong in a similar classification. As a result, the business methods of the provincial shopkeepers have been arranged to fit the conditions. A Leeds tailor carries only a small stock of cloth, his customers ordering by sample. If the order is received by four o'clock in the afternoon, the tailor can telegraph the number of the sample to London and receive the cloth by the time he opens his shop in the morning. The purchaser of goods that weigh fifty pounds or so does not feel the freight charge, and gets a service unequaled in any part of the world; but the habitual shipper finds his freight bills extremely high, since the average rate received by the railway companies on the goods moved by these fast trains is not far from a sovereign a ton. It is only fair to say that this rate, besides providing for rapid movement, also includes collection and delivery; but it has remained practically unchanged throughout the last twenty-five years, while every one who has followed the recent arguments against Federal rate-regulation in

[1] As I pass my proofs I learn that the London and North-Western has increased its maximum fast-goods trains to thirty-six cars, carrying about one hundred tons of paying freight.

this country must have been struck with the great decreases in our own freight rates during a similar period. So far as freight movement is concerned, it is a safe generalization to say that advances in the science of transportation have been applied in this country primarily to the reduction of costs; in England to the improvement of facilities.

The odd part about the extraordinarily rapid movement of British freight is that the shipper, viewed as an average person, is not much interested in it. Of course some commodities must move fast or not at all. Meat traffic from Liverpool to London — "dead meat," as the English describe it, with their wondrously definite habit of mind — must positively reach the city prior to six in the morning, for the reason that the trains are run around from the main lines north of the city to the east-side markets on the tracks of the Metropolitan and District underground lines, and these tracks must be cleared for the early morning passenger traffic. But the great bulk of the traffic — chinaware, groceries, bicycles, birdcages, and what-not — is far less urgent than would appear; several railway managers have told me that only the tiniest proportion of their shippers were really much concerned about over-night deliveries. If the competing railways could agree among themselves to reduce the number of trains, and consolidate into economical loads the traffic that could wait, there would be no real dissatisfaction, and the saving would be tremendous. But this is just the sort of agreement that will never be made, because the fast trains are the only weapon left to competition. "Besides," says the English manager, "I would rather move the traffic in the present wasteful manner and get a sovereign a ton for it, than consolidate my trains and face the appeals for a lower rate." And, in a country where there is no potential traffic awaiting stimulation, he is right.

If I were asked to name the characteristics which, from the standpoint of the casual traveler, make British railways most unlike American railways, I should reply unhesitatingly, hedges, and the Board of Trade. Each of these terms is somewhat symbolic, as used. The hedges, perfectly trimmed and laid out like the boundaries of a model garden, suggest the neatness and careful exactitude that pervade the service. They may fairly be made to stand for the politeness of the employees, the "railway servants," as well; for one does not expect to find rude servants in an old-fashioned garden. The traveler does not see the Board of Trade, but he is surrounded on all sides by its handiwork, and watched over by its inspectors. Specifically, the Board of Trade as a British railway characteristic stands for the broad masonry station platforms, the overhead bridges from the up-line to the down-line, the absence of grade crossings, the efficient system of block signaling, and the careful inspection and report that follow even the most insignificant accident. More broadly, it denotes the great British Public Opinion, that may be inefficient, but is always honest and courageous, and carries an influence — whether it expresses itself in the shareholders' meeting or in the columns of the *Times* — which has no parallel in this country. Nor does public opinion, or public seriousmindedness, stop with the proprietors and the critics; the humblest railway guard feels his responsibilities, and respects the traditions of law and order to an extent that is simply astonishing. He may be stupid; he usually is; but his fidelity to the book of rules and to his own small but essential share in railway working seems to belong to a different race of individuals from the American trainman, with alertness and carelessness well mingled in his make-up.

The Board of Trade is a branch of the government, and its railway department is concerned almost solely with public safety. It views public safety broadly; it will not permit any new line to be opened for traffic until its inspectors have passed on it; and the inspectors require com-

pliance with almost countless arbitrary requirements that entail a tremendous expense on the railway company, and have, in considerable part, no real bearing on safety. Many of these requirements are traditional rather than expedient; if railways were to be built *de novo* in the year 1906 it is certain that the Board of Trade would be immensely shocked, if not insulted, at the suggestion that a 100-ton locomotive should rely on wheel flanges less than one and a half inches deep to keep it on the rails, at a speed of seventy miles an hour. But the traveler who is not a shareholder has no occasion to worry over excessive safety, and he can feel assured that every British railway on which he is permitted to travel has passed a rigid examination at the hands of one of the most critical examining bodies in the world.

The Railway Department of the Board of Trade has four principal inspectors, who are retired army officers, — at present three lieutenant-colonels and a major. These gentlemen naturally had no railway experience prior to their appointment; in fact, the very circumstance of their army career indicates the impersonal, non-partisan service which is expected of them. Without technical skill, except that which they have acquired in the prosecution of their duties, they stand for dignity and absolute integrity, as representatives of the government. One inspector personally investigates every accident, every new line which it is proposed to open for traffic, every installation of a new type of signal, and the like, and receives testimony much like a circuit judge, except that the proceedings are informal. In due course of time he presents his report, quoting the important testimony, and adding conclusions and recommendations of his own which have practically the force of statute, because of the power possessed by the Board to require compliance on the part of the companies. The reasons gravely alleged by the Board as the cause of a wreck often fail to convince; the remedies suggested may do nothing more than reiterate the need of care in train-working; but the limelight is turned squarely on all the operating methods and physical conditions contributory to the accident, and any real evils that may be discovered are dealt with in no uncertain manner.

For example, at the famous Hall Road accident, on the electrified portion of the Lancashire and Yorkshire, the whole system of facing-point switches throughout the country was under trial, although the primary cause of the accident was an order to proceed, wrongly given, by a signalman. The country was aroused by the accident; but the Board of Trade went about its investigation without haste or hysteria, and laid the entire blame where it belonged, — on the mental confusion of the signalman. The American press as a whole can be relied on always to assume, tacitly or sonorously, that a serious railroad accident is due to "corporate greed," implying that if the shareholders cared to spend what they should, they could bring about a condition of perfection that would make accidents unheard of. The British press does not share this attitude of mind, because it places perfect confidence in its Board of Trade. When the inspectors of the Hall Road disaster fully exonerated the facing-point switch from the charge that it was accessory to accidents in general, the press had no more to say on this point. It is easy to imagine the heroic stand which our sensational papers would have taken in such a discussion. They would have formed their own conclusion months before the Board of Trade hearings were finished, exonerating the poor signalman, — and incidentally publishing his portrait, — placing all blame on the directors, and appealing to high Heaven and President Roosevelt for a law requiring the abolition of facing-point switches.

The British observer is naturally surprised to see that our safety measures are enforced primarily by the newspapers; he is scandalized to learn that the cause of some of our worst accidents is never

known, and hence that preventive measures do not follow. For example, the Mentor wreck, on the Lake Shore, is still unexplained, after incomplete and unscientific examinations made by coroners' juries and the inefficient State Railroad Commission. Two things, however, have always worked to hinder really useful work by any national railroad commission in this country: the separate state government system, and the fact that internal communications played so vital a part in the development and in the prosperity of the land that public opinion, at the outset, was not at all critical. What was wanted was railroads; if they could be safe railroads, so much the better; but this was not the essential thing. The early lines across the plains, with all their crudities, were so infinitely superior to pack trains, both in efficiency and in safety, that their shortcomings were not judged harshly. Now we have awakened to the fact that a preventable accident is a criminal thing, and we hold our railroads in low esteem because they cannot at once alter their physical structure to conform to our point of view. It is fair to say, however, that we very greatly need an institution with inspection powers like those of the British Board of Trade, but with expense ideas tempered to the wide difference in situation.

To revert from the Board of Trade to the hedge characteristic of British lines: the baggage system, plus the cab arrangements, never fails to delight an American. He never knows, and never can be made to know, what there is in the system that offers the slightest hindrance to the professional collector of other people's baggage; he is fully convinced that the porter would place on his hansom any bag he designated as his own, without a moment's hesitation. In a country where checks are not used in ordinary baggage handling, the entire system rests on the simple affirmation, "This is my bag." Yet the claim-departments of British railways find that theft of baggage from station platforms is practically a negligible item in their accounting. From the standpoint of the ordinary traveler, the British method is incomparably superior to ours. A four-wheeler in London costs a shilling for the first two miles. Add a few odd pence for each piece of baggage carried outside, and construe the distance liberally, and you may arrive at the station, with all your paraphernalia, for a ridiculously small sum. English visitors to New York habitually dine in tweeds on the night of their arrival, because the expressman, who lightly guarantees immediate delivery of their belongings, finds it more convenient to call the following morning.

The Englishman travels with two kit-bags, a hat-box, an ulster, and a rug, and never carries any of these things himself. He marvels at the hidden resources of the American dress-suit case, not understanding the stern necessity that requires us to provide apparel for the day in such form that we can manage it without relying on the porter or the expressman. It has always seemed to me that the polite porters who swarm about English railway stations were, in the last analysis, responsible for the abominable coldness of the trains; for without the porter's assistance the traveler could not manage his ulster and his rug, and would be unable to regard a railway journey as akin to a drive in an open carriage. Our trains are overheated, and we remove superfluous outer garments when we travel; English trains are really not heated at all, and the traveler must dress as he would dress on board ship.

Taking into consideration all the differences, great and small, it is hard to say with conviction that the railway system of either country offers any marked advantage over the other in the comfort it affords the traveler. England is a land of short distances; and, speaking of the lines as a whole, they subordinate their freight business to their passenger business. In this country we unhesitatingly subordinate the passenger traffic. As a result, the English service offers many more short-distance trains, which run with infinitely

greater punctuality. But the long-distance traffic, — that is to say, the service between England and Scotland, — lacks many comfort-giving features to which we are accustomed. The traveler in the fall and winter months is likely to be chiefly concerned by the coldness of the trains, mentioned above. He is also expected to remain in one place throughout the journey; there is no library car at the front of the train, no observation smoker at the rear. In recent years an excellent dining-car service has been maintained on the best trains; but dining-cars are still somewhat of a specialty, rather than an essential feature of a through train. As an alternative there is the basket lunch, — a cold chicken, lettuce salad, bread, butter, and cheese, designed to be eaten from the lap. Personally, I am inclined to think that an American dining-car affords more nourishment and considerably more variety than does a basket lunch; but this is a moot point. The dining-car at least gives the traveler a chance to move about, and to substitute oak and rattan for plush. The English dining-car, when found, is so thoroughly satisfactory that it may rest quite exempt from the criticism of a reasonably philosophic traveler.

The same is true of the British sleeping-car, which, like the diner, is a recent development, but is now always to be found on the Scotch night expresses. Each passenger has a narrow compartment to himself; there are no upper berths, and there is an individual washstand in the compartment. If the journey begins at bed-time and ends at getting-up time, the traveler will be thoroughly comfortable; but if he is bound to a point not reached by his rising hour, — Aberdeen, for example, — he must needs make up his own berth and remain in his compartment; the cars are not convertible into day coaches, and he must be content with a basket breakfast, likewise eaten from the berth.

The upshot of a comparison between English and American railways is that each country has provided itself with the system that, broadly considered, answers its own needs the best, and that, when all circumstances are taken into account, neither has much to learn from the other. Certain great defects stand out in each; English railway financing and American railway carelessness are both deserving of censure. Yet these defects are quite explainable in their outgrowth from the physical conditions at hand, and they are not amenable to any off-hand remedy. Likewise, certain points of especial attractiveness, such as the English baggage system and the punctuality of trains, and the American luxury of through travel, have arisen from a complicated set of local circumstances, and could not be transplanted unless all the circumstances were transplanted as well. Most forcible of all is the impression gained by such a study that the essential belief, the very creed and doctrine of one country, as regards the economics of its railway working, may not be so much as discussed in another, where the same ultimate problem is gotten at in a wholly different way.

THE MUSIC-MAKERS

BY ELIZABETH FOOTE

It was not because its rich heart failed that the Hinterland was abandoned; the reason was simply its mountainous isolation from the railroads, which could not, after all, be induced to come that way. For the same reason it was bought from the gold-seekers by a man who was seeking something else.

He lived in the manager's house (though by no means as the manager had lived); he let the shaft fill up with water and the hoist decay; he put the silent stamp-mill to uses for which it had not been intended. When its white beams grew dim it was as full of shadows as an ancestral garret; but its corruption was more of rust than of moth, and it gloomed in sudden abysses unknown to attics the most far-reaching. It was a building of many stories, with the floors left out. There were platforms and galleries and bits of staging where steep stairs paused and went breathlessly on. Among sleeping wheels and sagging belts and crowd of beams the stamps hung, ranked like the pipes of a great organ.

The bottom of the mill was floored, and heated by a stove. It was in some sort furnished, and had an air of detachment from the gaunt heights above it. On the rough table there was apt to be an incongruous choice of books and papers. There could be no doubt of the unusualness of a piano in such surroundings; but this one was the better suited to their scale for being a concert grand.

Early on a summer morning the man who had bought the Hinterland for solitude sat at the keys, governing them masterfully. He seemed to listen less to what he played than to sounds in the tangled gloom above him. There were two voices up there, hooting and calling to each other with joyful inconsequence and much awakening of sound among the rafters. The man hushed his chords, and gave with precision the single notes of Siegfried's horn. At this signal the young shouters, boy and girl, presented themselves in cat-like descent of the stairs. Their surefootedness was part of a beauty singularly dependent upon absolute form. They were straight-haired, narrow-eyed, sunburned without mercy; but faultlessly slender, with clear, interested faces. It proved the power of the type that in each a reminder of the other was welcome, — the resemblance between them was their final charm.

The man at the piano smiled as they dropped from the last flight beside him. He kept a breathing of chords beneath his hands. His utterance was deliberate.

"I wonder if you are ever likely to grow up. It is hard to give you credit for your twenty years."

"That's only because we've been singing so badly," said the girl with affectionate impertinence. "Last week you were talking about the 'mouths of babes.' Take Kit before me, won't you? Poor little Clara 's tired."

"There are going to be occasions when she'll have to sing whether she is tired or not."

"Yes," said Clara comfortably, "but this is not one of them;" and she stretched herself out on the floor. Her skirts clung to her long slenderness. Both her clothes and her brother's showed an unmistakable cut and style, but elimination was evidently their principle of dress. They carried it so far as to the wearing of sandals, — no compromise called by that name, but the sandal of the Greek, bound with a thong between the toes upon feet accustomed to exposure.

The man at the piano had threatening

gray brows and a splendid, unyielding old face. He looked down at Clara, and she relinquished her position of insubordinate rest, and went up the steps of the first platform. This was but the height of a stage above the floor, of loose boards sloping back to the wall of stamps. With a defiant yet business-like appearance of being under fire, Kit and Clara faced their teacher at this elevation, and by turns sent a solitary young voice through the mill. For young voices they were unusual, and they showed a master's training; but their early finish seemed rather to emphasize in each a certain disappointing quality; they tantalized with a hint of power that was not fulfilled. One could not name the lack.

There were lapses from his standard, however, which the teacher found no difficulty in naming. His dispraise rose into despairing figures of speech.

"Kit!" he groaned. "Am I to sit here, after all these years, and *hear you breathe!* Give me those notes unveiled! Keep your breath behind them, man! Clear! clear!"

It needed imagination to detect a stain on Kit's pure tones; his teacher's irritation may have been roused in part by a subtler insufficiency. With an expression of relief, he turned back the pages of his music, and said, "Now. Together!"

On the platform the two singers eyed each other soberly; the notes of the accompaniment lingered to include them, and they sang in unison. It was the fitting of lock and key. These voices had been made upon the same day, and tuned to an indivisible third. They had rushed together, and out of them had risen one voice; but it was rich from the hearts of two. It was more, for the suggested charm which had failed in either one woke in their union and caught the listener's breath.

To the singers this awakening of power brought a delicious freedom, a happy self-consciousness that became them like a smile, though no smile could find its way to their earnest faces. The teacher did not look at them. In the searching support of his accompaniment one might almost fancy a caress, but he said nothing.

The singers slipped down from their stage. The young man crossed to the table, and turned over some manuscript scores, his eyes interpreting them as the less musically educated read print. The girl stood by the old musician with a little appeal in her attitude.

"Not good, Uncle Gregory?" she questioned.

He faced round at her abruptly. "I've not given you much praise to work on lately? Is that it?"

Clara's mouth was tremulous. "We don't want praise to work on, but we want it when we have worked," she said. "The opera is yours, Uncle Gregory, but Kit and I belong to the opera, and you ought n't to make us sing in the dark."

Gregory Borgne smiled to himself. "It's a good place to sing. Madame Mantegna would say, 'Learn by the footlights, and you'll be able to sing there.' I say, 'Learn in the dark, and you will never notice the footlights.' But she believes in hard work at the bottom. She will tell you whether you can sing or not."

"What does she know about it that you don't know?"

"She has the standards of the world, my dear. You don't suppose they are made up here in the mountains?"

Clara leaned against his shoulder and fingered the keys. "We may not be makers of standards, but we're makers of music, Uncle Greg. Tell me, was n't that music we made just now?"

"Ah, we did n't make it 'just now.'"

"But are n't the years beginning to tell?"

The old musician laid his hand over the fingers on the keys. "It would not be strange if something had happened to my standards. Clara, how do you think it makes a man feel to hear the music that he put his heart and brain into, sung as he heard it in his dreams, — no, as he never even dreamed it, — sung — sung as

you and Kit sang it 'just now?'" With sudden tears in his eyes, he rose and strode out of the mill-room.

Clara turned to her brother. "You were reading. Did you hear?"

"I heard," said Kit, "and I saw. But we've always known he cared like that underneath, even when he 'poured out his indignation' on us."

"The indignation was generally mutual," said Clara reminiscently.

"But he never used to think of whether other people would care. Now he does."

"It's only certain people. And we'll make them care."

Kit frowned thoughtfully. "I believe he will die of it if we don't. It's partly the opera and partly us, and we're so wound up together" —

"Oh, Kit, we must. Let's believe that we can."

"I believe," said Kit (evidently the result of conscientious thought), "that there is something queer about our voices."

Gregory Borgne had tasted early success as a composer, and it had not satisfied him. It may have been due to his nature, or to the nature of the success. There was abundant homage, and one repeated criticism, — that his music was cold. "As they interpret it, — certainly," Gregory would say; and then, with his gentle insolence: "I have heard none yet who could sing my songs. There is more than coldness in restraint."

Though the quality of his music might be undetermined, the high restraints of character were written unmistakably on Gregory's face. If in middle life he became to some extent a hermit, none attributed it to coldness. Those who visited him at the Hinterland carried from there an almost reverent memory of their host, and of his mountains and the music-broken silence.

Such a memory came home to his younger brother, Christopher Borgne, in the day when his children were made motherless, but not through the dignity of death. In the midst of the disillusioning society which was his choice, he was as much the idealist as Gregory. There was in his social pride something analogous to his brother's musical conscience, and in both there was a large hope in humanity which sometimes makes intolerance for the failure of the individual. When Christopher Borgne took steps to cut out of his life the woman who had dishonored him, he would have wished to annihilate all memory, to cleanse his thoughts of one face. His children looked at him with her eyes, and he put them out of his sight till the years should deepen over what they recalled.

He entrusted them to Gregory, with loving, bitter words. "Shut them up in your mountains, Greg. Feed them on your cold music. Make them good. If any one can, you can do it."

In addition to his head being somewhat in the clouds, Gregory was humbly mistrustful of himself as a guardian. The twins were at first left largely to Jeanne, his remarkable Swiss housekeeper, and she was equal to the charge. It was a happy life for children. The mountain slopes were free and far about them; their playhouse was the echoing mill. Jeanne's maternal overanxiousness was not always companionable; but Paul, her husband, was indulgent, a teller of fairy-tales, and master of the horses, the cow, and the pigeons.

Between Gregory and the children there existed a mutual awe, which was both deepened and bridged on the day when they were found to have a boundless plaything in common. It was almost frightening to Gregory to find how utterly he could music-charm their restless young bodies, how instantly call a light and stillness into their stormy little faces. He turned from the music of the intricate and misunderstood, and played with the music we all understand, to please two babies. But it did not hurt his work. He set their Greek fables to lucid melodies, and they called them "The Hero Songs." As he smiled and fashioned them, he little knew that they were the germ of his great music allegories, to which later the

world denied the name of dramas, but over which it dreamed and wept.

If Kit and Clara brought youth into Gregory's music, his music fairly ran in their veins. They lived, moreover, on the same nourishment, — nature at her loveliest, the books that Gregory loved, the friends he admitted to his fortress. During certain years there was a tutor, one year a governess; but they were chosen ones, and, under the spell of the place, almost reluctantly instructive. There were letters from without. The father who would not see his children tasked his clever brain in writing to them. Clara's godmother, a brilliant Frenchwoman, was a guarded correspondent. These were distinct influences. The outside world came to them; but sifted and strained and exquisitely edited, as it comes to the deaf and blind. Yet by the same fate the great windows of expression were generously opened to them. Either the safety of outlets in an isolated life, or pleasant memories of his student days in Vienna, induced Gregory's resolve that his charges should have the freedom of other languages than their own. They spoke, in fact, three, — French, German, and music; the first two with inaccurate facility, the last with a young eloquence that came in time to be the meaning of life for Gregory.

When their voices began to mature, the extraordinary correspondence between them came to light, and it haunted him like a sign. Humanly, it seemed to him a mystic birth-bond, and an answer to the question in his brother's ruined life. But it was as an answer to the eternal question of darkness in the world that he built around it the greatest of his music allegories. The inseparableness of joy and sorrow, of good and evil, was surely a theme grand enough to be sung once more. He took the simple story of Pluto and Proserpine, and bereft it of one dominant feature. His Pluto was not the bearded, iron king, — only a stern young death-angel, with life's hand in his.

The inspiration and the work of Gregory's manhood culminated in his *Proserpine*, and Kit and Clara breathed its power till, even in their careless teens, they half understood. It was instinctively, and through no word of Gregory's, that they connected it somehow with the blot in their family past. When he construed it for them, it was in large generalities, as: "If sorrow come over your life, my Clara, you will go into the depths of it, and then you will be queen of it, like Proserpine. If you find sin about you, trust in your own strength, and then be worthy of your own trust." He quoted: "'Among the dead she breathes alone.' The sinful are only dead, — dead to life's meaning. They will not hurt you."

To Kit, who was not troubled with self-distrust, he preached: "Believe in others. Snatch your Proserpine from her daffodil fields, and take her into the deeps with you. If she disappoint you, believe in her still, and you will see her dry her childish tears and meet your kingly faith with a queen's calm."

These sayings were not directly applicable, but they mingled with the rich music, the haunting libretto of *Proserpine*, to create an atmosphere which deepened about the boy and girl. Only they were too hard-worked to realize it.

Gregory had concluded that he had a message to the world, and that the world must hear it. The children of his training should startle its banality with his music on their lips, — the music that was made for them, nay, made of them; that bound their mated voices in coiling fugue and strong duet, and veil on veil of meaning. A stage should be stripped of its silly trappings to make a setting for these singers of the mill, and the great orchestra that had played his symphonies and left him cold should stir his heart as it rose to bear their voices.

In the meantime no professionals could have been more sternly under training. Gregory had taught them to work, and he spared neither them nor himself. When Clara's thinness gave him compunctions, he spoke of her to the usually anxious

Jeanne, who answered briefly: "I've seen her the same from hard riding. It's no matter at her age." She longed to say to the white-haired guardian that at his it did matter.

Certain of Gregory's musical associates had heard his pupils sing, and, unable to analyze the charm that confused them, had smiled and talked about the magic of the mountains. Now at last that friend from among the famous professionals was coming, of whom Gregory said teasingly to the children, "Madame Mantegna will tell you whether you can sing or not."

What Madame Mantegna said was that they could not act.

Even the standards of the world differ, however. Another of its ambassadors, while professing to have no knowledge of voices, was skeptical of these two on the risky ground that he had never seen a singer yet who could act, and these youngsters could. He was a decorator by profession; by vocation, according to his own blithe assurance, a scene-painter. His views on the subject were peculiar, and he never yet had put them into practice; but they coincided with Gregory's, as did also his theories of acting. He combatted Madame Mantegna on the subject.

"It is extraordinarily like nature, of course, but it is n't: nature would break down and be self-conscious. It's an art as broad as a philosophy of life, and it's been rubbed into them for years. Not trained? They are trained within an inch of their lives, — and then trained not to show it. That's acting!" Madame Mantegna's great laugh would embrace his assertion that Gregory Borgne was "no mere musician. He's a giant. He writes his own librettos, and, I tell you, he has trained his own singers."

The enthusiast approached Kit on the subject, and his opinions were confirmed, though with a comical irritation at the unmusical point of view.

"Of course we've been taught to act! If you don't move properly and keep quiet between times, it interferes with the dignity of things. But it's not the acting, Mr. Vinton, it's the music that we're doing it for!"

At the bottom of Kit's disgust was probably Vinton's ill-disguised joy in the personal appearance of the actors. He pleaded his ignorance of music. "I'm not even sure what your voice is called. Is it a tenor?"

"It's half a voice," growled Kit. "Clara has the other half;" — which remark was more illuminating to Vinton than one more courteous and technical would have been.

Kit withdrew, and grumbled to Clara. "He's the most frivolous person! I suppose artists get like that from only looking at the outside of things."

"I don't know," Clara considered. "He saw the mill in the early morning when it's all shadows, and he said he could n't make us a better Hades than that. I said we used it for the Elysian Fields, too, and he said he supposed that in the end they were made of the same things. That sounded like Uncle Gregory."

Madame Mantegna relinquished none of her lifelong convictions, but she set them aside with a magnificent generosity. From a friendly interest in the furthering of Gregory's project she arrived at accepting even with enthusiasm the rôle of Ceres. In all the music allegories the second part is given to the soprano (Clara's voice was low), but this is only one of their unconventionalities.

"I long for their publication!" Mantegna would exclaim. "They are heavenly beautiful! But no more dramatic than an *étude*, — *Proserpine* the least so. Why did you not choose *Pandora*, or *The Man with One Sandal?*"

Gregory shook his head. "*Proserpine* is of the same blood as its singers. And it is the story of life's two voices."

"Ah, yes! That meaning you find in the children's."

"And you?"

"Ah!" she would laugh. "There is no mystery. They can sing!"

But there was something that kept the restless Mantegna fascinated, and loyal to the incredible little opera.

Kit and Clara stood in no particular awe of this celebrity. Her rhapsodies of colloquial French amused them. They rather disapproved of her manner, — her effusiveness toward Gregory, who never appeared to notice it, and toward themselves, making them mirthfully uncomfortable. But on her professional side they understood and admired her. She was glorious, they said, when she sang. If her acting was to them affected, they recognized it as simply a different school of training; and she was vast and motherly, said the slender, loose-belted Clara, "as Ceres ought to be."

When Mantegna had returned to the city, when the last month at the Hinterland was passing, that cool adherence to the work in hand which had been trained into Kit and Clara began to give way before a sense of culmination in their lives. One drowsy noon they sat in the frame of a big mill window, eating bread and milk with singers' appetites. Below them there was an alarming drop into treetops, and a dusty, empty road which wound away into a little ravine and disappeared. Beyond it —

> Line after line of hills,
> Blue after blue.

Kit regarded the prospect gloomily. "How long since the dust in that road has been stirred up?" he demanded.

Clara was too hungry to be figurative. "Since Paul rode over it last night with the mail," she said.

"I suppose," mused Kit, "the prophets do come from the wilderness; and the oracles were in the mountains. But I should like to think crowded thoughts for awhile."

"Kit, what are you talking about?"

"I was thinking of the things Uncle Gregory says. He mixes them up with everything else so you don't notice at the time, but afterwards you remember. He says the city gives you the law of life in thousands and thousands of words, and they're so different from each other you don't see that they belong to a law at all. The mountains, he says, give it in only a few words, and the same ones day after day until you learn. And then he says" —

"And then," smiled Clara, "he says, 'Don't forget what the mountains taught, when you hear the city saying it another way.'"

"Yes."

"I guess the city is going to test more than our voices, Kit."

There was a strong look in Kit's face. He remarked, under his breath, "I should rather bet it was! Well, Uncle Greg has taught us the law. It won't be his fault if we forget."

"I don't see why it should be harder among other men and women. They are trying not to forget, too."

"Some of them don't try."

Clara gave a little hurt sound.

"Some of them have forgotten long ago. Some of them never even knew. That's what *Proserpine* means."

"Kit! It means a great deal more than that. But, at least, you would like to sing among them, would n't you, — the multitude?"

"My dear girl, I should like to live among them."

"Ah, you are restless!" smiled Clara.

Her next remark confessed to something akin.

"I hope father won't write again this month. His letters make one feel excited, and think of outside things when one ought to be working."

"Probably he will, though. He must have ours by now, and know all about the opera. Will he come and see us, d' you suppose? In the characters of other people I should think he might."

There was a pause. Allusion to the broken family always silenced them to each other.

Kit poured milk into his bowl. "These important voices must be fed," he observed.

"Uncle Gregory has written, too," said

Clara. "And, do you know, I think he is disturbed, — that he 's not sure of father's approval."

"It 's late now for disapproval."

The same thought was in Gregory's mind that night, as he paced the hill before his house, passing and repassing the little, dark windows behind which his charges slept. There was a light in his study. Opened upon the overture to *Proserpine* lay the letter from his brother that was wringing his heart. Fragments of it repeated themselves to him through hours of thought.

. . . "I was all but resolved to see them again. Perhaps my only hesitation was a feeling that, having shrunk from responsibility, I had not earned the right to share its fruits, to claim them at the end of difficult childhood. But it seems it is to end before the footlights. . . . I asked that they be kept out of temptation. You have chosen a road that inevitably leads into it. I thought of your music as the crowning beauty in the life you could give them. You have sacrificed them to it. I forgot that genius was inhuman. . . . You kept faith with me for a while, my brother; their letters prove it. For that I thank you. Take the reward of your care. But I forget: you have taken it already. Well, enjoy it at its fullest. You will have no word of interference, or of anything else, from me. You have made my children fatherless."

Gregory wrestled with these phrases till far into the dawn. It was, in fact, too late to turn back now. If his letter had conveyed so little of his project's deeper meaning, to abandon the opera would not restore his brother's faith, or make him believe his children nobly reared. There was but one language in which Gregory could explain, — that of the music his brother cursed. He longed to say to him, as it was said by Philip of old, "Come and see."

Grief held back to give room for one slim hope, — that perhaps, unbidden, he would come.

Some weeks later Christopher Borgne left the streets of a brilliant city night, and stepped into the opera house. The overture was finished, lights down, as he followed his usher, and he took his seat at the rising of the curtain. He had timed himself carefully, for there would be friends whom he would not wish to speak to that night, and who conceivably might wish to avoid him. It was a full house. There were many who came for the music of Gregory Borgne, or to hear Mantegna. But there was also expectation in regard to the new singers, who had been, reservedly, it is true, but effectually advertised, — a process under which two men present had writhed. The business side of his concert days had never bothered Gregory, but he shuddered at the printing of "his children's" pictures no less than their outraged father.

Immediately on the rising of the curtain Christopher Borgne's fastidious taste approved the stage-setting. Vinton had not attempted to make his meadows of Enna realistic, or to cover the impossibility of doing so by mists of veiling or cold blue distances. They were as much a decoration and a background as though they had been woven in an arras, — indeed, his low greens had a textile richness. Against them a chorus of nymphs stirred and wreathed in slow dance and song. Borgne did not distinguish at first what it was that gave them a look of appropriateness, a congruity not usually discoverable between a chorus girl and the Greek dress. In the place of rouge and whitening, their skins were slightly darkened. The idea had occurred to Vinton at the Hinterland, watching Kit and Clara in their white clothes and sun-brownness. But the sun does not paint opaquely. Clara herself was now the fairest of the nymphs, as hers was among them all the only fine, transparent face. Christopher Borgne noticed that face; but she mingled so unobtrusively with the others that she had no appearance of the leading lady. As they drew backward and melted into the wings, she separated from them, as though by accident, and drifted toward

the orchestra. Her eyes swept the house an instant with a child-like bewilderment, almost alarm. It passed at once, and she recovered her look of unconsciousness, — a thing no less trained than the assurance of the chorus-girls, yet as far removed as her whole personality from theirs. They were gone, and she stood alone. One expected her to sing, but she did not. She stood listening. To him who watched her with such double earnest she was not yet realized as his daughter, — she was Proserpine, with the daffodils in her hands, chosen of darkness, — waiting. The moan of the orchestra broke into a cry, and the light went out. When it came in gloom again Pluto and Proserpine stood together. Their voices rose above the instruments, one in strength and one in fear, one in wild entreaty, the other in pure relentlessness; yet over all an inviolable chord.

It may have been this persistence of unity which gave such impressiveness to the strange little opera as it drifted, dim and unaccented, through the hours. It made possible an extraordinary absence of gesture in the acting of the two main parts. It was less as if the singers moved than as if the music moved them. Their motions seemed no more deliberate than the vibrations of an instrument under the player's hand.

But there was one attitude, purely natural, which, as the allegory unfolded, took the semblance of a haunting bit of acting. It was an awestruck attention, — keen as the gaze of a listening hound. Rehearsals had not taken from Kit and Clara their first wonder at the voice of a great orchestra. Related in their thoughts to another new and awful note, — the roar of the street, — that Titan power of sound, when it swelled in the familiar bars of *Proserpine*, was to them the voice of the city, made of many voices, saying with overwhelming words the home thoughts they had been simply taught. Again and again it broke through their concentration, and gave them listening faces. And that look of listening took its place like a recurring note in the music of *Proserpine*, and like those pauses in the march of life when we seem to hear its meaning.

The second act had opened upon a pale world of the dead, — its mists more drear than its shadows, — crowded with dim shapes, and still empty, — aimless. Through this underworld, their full tones cutting the chorus of the dead, moved the two young singers, with their strong faces. The orchestra's wild hopelessness surged to meet them. Their normal human look combined powerfully with their closeness to the time-worn ideal of the old Greeks. She wore that simplest of all dresses; his brown limbs were bared to knee and shoulder; but their modern, intensified faces showed, modeled by thought and wan, above the footlights. The intricate music wound about them. They sang, — and all the contradictions and conflicts in the world seemed to melt into that two-hearted voice.

Christopher Borgne was sharing with an added and personal intensity the wave of magnetism that went through the house. He lost himself in it, and for a space let it cloud his swift perceptions. Then, movement by movement, passage by passage, a meaning to what he saw and heard stole into being. His brother's voice, become through his genius the voice of humanity, was whispering in his ear. He roused himself as if from a trance. When was it that Pluto had given his queen the cleft pomegranate seeds, and she had taken them, with her daring eyes in his? To Christopher the scene had burned with the suggestion of his own refusal, once, when a gift was left him from his dead love. The last act was drawing near its close. That was his daughter leaning in Mantegna's arms, her sweet profile raised to the older, coarser face. She drew away, — for a few last moments she was Proserpine again, claimed by her destiny, her half-unwilling hand in the dark young king's. Then the curtain dropped, and the cry of the instruments sank and died into a hush, preceding

the uncertain and bewildered applause.

As the audience streamed down into the street, there might be heard contradictory reasons for the composer's not appearing in answer to his call. The singers' refusal might be an artistic objection to anti-climax, but it was rumored of Gregory that, either through illness or emotion, he was suddenly and utterly prostrated, and had been taken insensible to his carriage. This account was no exaggeration of what had so quietly occurred.

When Gregory woke from his long unconsciousness, the first dawn was whitening at the window, and stealing into one of those expressionless hotel rooms which yet may be the setting of the most human crises. There were three watchers by his bed, — his niece and nephew, and a man of rugged brows and gray-streaked hair, whose face looked to him now as it had in their far-off youth.

"Kit," he said.

The boy at his other side started to his feet, and then sat down again, seeing it was his father that was meant. He leaned his head on his hands. He was realizing his own youth, and how these men had lived and loved before he was born. They talked together through long hours. Gregory's words were faint and broken, the younger man's quiet tones vibrant with emotion.

"You have not trained them for the stage, Greg, you have trained them for life. It is not enough to say, 'You have done what I asked.' You have done what, in my wretched unbelief, I thought impossible, and did not ask. And then I weakly, grossly, misunderstood you."

"No. When you had my explanation, the only one I could make, you understood. I wrote that music with your children in my house, and my heart was torn for you. I wrote it for myself, too. I have been ambitious. And I've loved beauty more, perhaps, than a man should, even at its highest, — it is not always truth; but this time I have found it true."

"And I loved it," said the younger brother, "and took it into my life, and found it false."

"Yes, you risked all for it once, but one must risk again. For the sake of the one chance, take a thousand. Kit, never again turn life away because you are afraid of it." His thoughts wandered. "For years I've watched them, — playing in the mill, — and you — might have watched them, too." His eyes turned to the brightening window, and he muttered, "'Though he slay me, yet will I trust.'" He looked at Kit and Clara with a great, unseeing gaze. "See them on the hill in the sunlight," he murmured. "My beautiful children! That is their element. Sun from above, not lights from below."

Later he asked for music, and the pale young singers struggled to answer the demand. Their voices rose strangely in the hushed room; first in fragments of *Proserpine*. Then they slipped into one of the "Hero Songs" he had made for them, years ago, and Clara's soft tones trembled into sobs.

Yet is it not well for a man to die in the hour of his greatest happiness? Gregory never heard the critics' comments upon the inspiration of his life. He did not know that *Proserpine* was never staged again; that the world said of it what Mantegna had said. And it is not always given a man to see in his own failure the larger success.

There were many in that audience of *Proserpine's* one night who never forgot it. The music found its way into the homes of thousands. To its two first singers it brought a home. And its subtle score, once learned so well, lay forever in their hearts. They lived that veiled and ghostly lesson with a great reality.

A HULL HOUSE PLAY

BY MADGE C. JENISON

ONE fall, when we were fishing, I met a man who had never heard of Stevenson, bookplates, nor Hull House. It did something for my catholicity to find that he could make enthralling a number of subjects which I had not thought luminous. It seemed, as he told it, to be a matter of nice science, and the infinite delights of art, to select meats for the great hotels of the country. There is something in a man and an occupation that can keep three fishermen talking meat for six hours.

But the great round world usually hitches up its chair at the words Hull House; there is a mean temptation to use it as conversational copy at dinner parties. It is entertaining to see what it means to different people. There is the best-place-for-a-girl-is-at-home type of man, who says "odd and dangerous" to himself when you mention it, and picks up *The Wild Flowers of California* on the table near at hand. To many people it typifies, apparently, a kind of tempered Bohemianism which the layman may stomach, — somewhat more elegant than Mam Gali's, and less literary than the Little Room. "Oh, did you go to that fool-party to which the pleasure of *your* company was especially requested?"

There are many people to whom Hull House means simply Miss Addams. "Law sakes," — they would say, like the poor lady from Milwaukee, — "ain't there no more of her?" It means the headquarters of the Arts and Crafts movement to some people, and a beautiful, vaulted room in the model flats. And some are all for goodness, and in a breath you find yourself posed like a European tomb, with the upward eye and your hands in a V. This is an awful thing, when, as a matter of fact, a guilty soul knows itself to be following well after its own delights, and far off the path of filial obedience. Parents never approve of Hull House; I have seen three or four of them in a knot, a gang, a pack, discussing it ominously. They have it that this is a place where one catches smallpox, and does other things which cannot be countenanced.

It is probable that there are many people to whom Hull House means but a single club. I forever condemn myself that I cannot see over the heads of fourteen Jewish girls and boys to the larger ideals of social service for which a settlement stands. I was told, when I took the Lincoln Club, that it was one of the nicest clubs in the house; but such as this may be always the excuses of bigotry.

It is a club of fourteen Jewish girls and boys, which meets every Saturday night. Their parents are the people of the Ghetto; not the sweat-shop Yiddish of Libin, — they are not so intense and suffering as Libin's Jew, not so piteous, rather more smug and bourgeois, with the ear-marks upon them of the established and respected element of a community. They all work, the girls as well as the boys, or "are employed," as they say; it expresses itself as a passive situation. The girls help in their fathers' stores; some of them are stenographers or book-keepers; two of them work in a factory which manufactures artificial flowers. The boys work in the big wholesale houses; one is office boy for a well-known law firm. Several of them study at night in the law school or at Lewis Institute. The boys are more intellectual than the girls; perhaps this is why the Jews have such placid family lives.

Human affairs are what engage the mind of the Jew; sociology and the drama are his passions. These girls and boys

read two newspapers a day, and so do I, since I took the Lincoln Club, — or, it may be better said, since the Lincoln Club took me. We discussed the New York and Chicago mayoralty elections endlessly. All the boys in the club are single-taxers except one; there is one socialist.

One night I had under my arm, when I went upstairs, a volume of Yeats; it lay on the piano, and I saw one of the boys turning it over, as it seemed to me, with a familiar hand. Presently we fell into talk about it; he had seen Mrs. Le Moyne in *The Land of Heart's Desire*, and had come under the spell of the Irish Man of Dreams; he had read everything Yeats had written, and knew about the poet's work, the Irish Literary Theatre, and the circle which Yeats has gathered about him in Dublin. Last winter we all saw Duse in the same week, and the Saturday night after, we sat and talked of her for an hour, in a narrowing, excited circle. They compared Duse's Francesca with Otis Skinner's presentation of Stephen Phillips's drama; they liked the latter better, and insisted again and again upon the swift, unforecast climaxes in d' Annunzio's version, — it was too quick, they said. They had all read a translation of the play, and what William Winter had to say about it in the *American*, and Mr. Bennett in the *Record-Herald;* one of the boys said that he was sorry Lyman Glover was not writing, — he liked Glover's criticisms better than anybody else's. These boys follow the world of the stage closely. They saw Mary Shaw's *Ghosts;* and Eleanor Robson in *In a Balcony;* and Mansfield! — their eyes wait upon him all winter. Four of them were in the *Julius Cæsar* mob for a week.

The Lincoln Club is not a class; it has no purpose of culture; the public always asks of a Hull House club what it is studying. The club is such a one as hundreds of sociable people in Chicago join; Hull House offers it a pleasant room for its meetings, and a director who devises some things which its members could not devise for themselves. Once a month there is a business meeting. These business meetings suggest themselves first to the mind. I have grown to think that all Jews are debaters; the Lincoln Club has an idea of parliamentary law, and uses it. If a motion has ever been made which failed to bring half the club to its feet, I did not hear it. No office is ever filled except over the nominee's head; that is part of the game. After a stormy evening, when it seemed as if everybody must be the sworn enemy of every one else forever after, each member gesticulating, shouting, fierce, the debate peppered with invective, — after such a meeting, they go off in a laughing, friendly group; and leave me exhausted, astounded, pondering over the exuberance of this wonderful race. One of the most pleasant things in the club is the real friendship among the members; every Sunday afternoon for several years these boys have spent together, playing cards at intervals, and, for the serious business of their pleasure, discussing, with the heat of which I have spoken, those things — politics, books, and plays — of which they think.

Once a month there is a literary programme. The club has a paper, in which a serial work of fiction is running; there are debates; two of the boys have been on the debating team of the Medill High School. There is music; but I doubt that the Jews are a musical people; this seems to be a case of the right hand knowing not what the left hand doeth. Sometimes there are addresses, as they are called; there is one boy who likes to attack large, sweeping subjects, like evolution; he comes with an armful of books and pictures, and with an enthusiasm and freshness of standpoint which sends one home to read up on evolution all the next day. Sometimes there are masquerade balls or crochinole tournaments, and at intervals an evening of games. Once a year comes the "reception." — engraved invitations in double envelopes, a supper, and music for dancing.

It is the practice of the club to give each

year, beside its regular meetings, one entertainment which becomes a public occasion, and lends prestige to a club so small that it would otherwise remain obscure. Twice this entertainment has been a little farce. They like a play better than "running a dance." It is plain that a play is of Fortune's cap the very button. Yet a play is always opposed, because it injures the club within itself; those who are not in the cast lose that vital loyalty which makes the Lincoln Club what it is. Last fall, after something between a business meeting and a series of epileptic fits, a motion was carried in favor of a play.

During the following week, chance let fall in the way of the Lincoln Club such an opportunity as comes only occasionally, even to those who have gone a-hunger. It was suggested that the Lincoln Club should give *The Merry Wives of Windsor*. This play, so seldom seen, had been revived in London the summer before by Beerbohm Tree, Ellen Terry, and Mrs. Kendal. A famous school of acting in Chicago was to use it for the work of the fall term; there would be five performances, and each member of the Lincoln Club should see one. An artist who became interested in the project would design the costumes. The cast could be cut to a number which would just include all the members of the club. They took to the idea like wildfire; Shakespeare is a fetich among the Jews. One of the boys, who had been hurt early in the fall in a football game, read all the plays during his week at home. All the plays! — from one cover to another of an old leather book. Dowden says that whenever he hears a man posing for a Shakespeare critic, he asks if the gentleman has read *Cymbeline*.

They talked of *The Merry Wives* all evening; when the meeting was called to order, the motion was carried with only one dissenting voice; one of the cleverest boys in the club eyed the plan with open suspicion. He never favored "what other men begin." This boy became later a serious problem; he grew reproachful if two weeks passed without a rehearsal of his scenes, — something which often happened, as he had been cast for Shallow, a part much cut. He asked endless questions, and I think he meditated hugely on the part. It was funny, he said, the way Shakespeare did these things; a man came in and said a good deal, and then that was the end of him. After he had mastered the situation, he advised a recutting.

Invitations had been sent out a week before for a masquerade ball; a motion was made that these invitations be recalled, — that the bidden guests should be "uninvited," — so that rehearsals could begin at once. Some devotees of the conventional took a stand, however, against this motion; and it was lost. In another week the play was cut and cast. The work of making *The Merry Wives of Windsor* over into something presentable is a case of "invention and distraction;" it is a lesson in regeneration. The play as presented was two hours long.

It is one thing to take a class of fifty and pick from it a cast of fourteen, and quite another thing to take a cast of fourteen, and a club of fourteen members, and give each person a part. A few fell naturally into certain parts; and for the rest there were the people, — and the parts. However these two were juggled about, there seemed to be always one person and one part remaining; no recasting altered the situation for the better. The part of Mistress Page fell to Miss Warsash, not because she had any affinity for it, but because — whatever possible adjustment was made of the other characters — Mistress Page and Miss Warsash were always left. Miss Warsash was a sweet-tempered young girl, without manner, without temperamental force, as it seemed, without characteristics. I thought of her as Mark Twain did of the woman, — not refined and not unrefined, — the sort of woman who keeps a parrot. She had never acted. It shall be seen what a sweet temper, and unexpected persistence and

capacity for hard work may do, unassisted by the more heaven-born gifts.

> Observe the postage stamp!
> Its usefulness consists in its ability
> To stick to one thing until
> It gets there!

Rehearsals began on the 15th of November. We rehearsed the play all winter, — every Saturday night, and, twice a week, extra rehearsals of special scenes. I grew in a few weeks to feel that seventeen people were giving this play. At the first rehearsal Falstaff knew all his lines and cues. Nobody during the winter ever failed a special rehearsal, except on one terrible winter night when two girls did not come; it was one of the scenes of Falstaff and the two wives, and Falstaff the Incorruptible came alone. We put a dish of salted peanuts on the piano bench, and worked for three hours on "What! have I lived to be carried in a basket, and to be trown into de Temes!" Sometimes they came through blizzards, sometimes so weary that my heart grew heavy within me at the sight of them; they do not get away from work until six; it was nine when they came. We rehearsed until eleven o'clock, and then sometimes we sat and talked of the play until midnight. It was an endless delight to talk of it, especially of the costumes. At these times I learned the meaning of "kosher;" it is not "kosher" to eat milk within six hours of meat, and so neither milk nor butter could go into our suppers on the hearth. They used to tell me, too, of the Feast of Passover, of the Yiddish marriage rites, and the customs of the synagogue, — that most socialized of the houses of God.

It was soon seen that there had been no mistake in the casting of Falstaff and Ford. How much work they did on their parts, I do not know; but from week to week these lines slipped into smoothness. I never told them to read the notes and commentaries, but they did; there came this hunger to understand. Slender was funny from the first rehearsal; a hint made him comic; his voice alone was a comedy, — a thin, high tone, belonging to "a little, yellow beard, — a Cain-colored beard." After a time everybody laughed at Slender's scenes so that all idea of rehearsal was abandoned; indeed, we were reduced to a row of shouting dummies. These scenes were Shallow's best, and he shone in them, — jovial, big-voiced, and pompous; dragging, pushing, bracing poor Slender to his wooing. Soon, like those of William and Robin, they were not rehearsed, but rather attended.

It must not be thought that all the parts went so easily. Fenton had to make a voice. — "My friends even yet are asking me if I have a cold," he said, with some naïveté, in the following summer. Like the Prioresse, he "devised everything in his nose ful semely." He was a stately, serious boy, and could never attain the gallant *spezzatura* of manner which one wishes for Fenton. I always think of him as I often saw him, standing before a Mucha poster of Bernhardt's *Hamlet*, of which he had been told that he should be an exact copy when *en grande toilette*, his arms folded across his breast, his chin sunk between his shoulders, — a cross between Henry Irving, the Mucha Bernhardt, a composite, perhaps, of many stage villains, and a nice young Jew taking himself somewhat heavily. With Anne Page one contended *ad infinitum*, — to the end of patience, — that strolling tendency which seems to go nowhere and come nowhere, that moonlight-walk-by-daylight manner of exit and entrance which will make any scene lag.

But Mistress Page was the problem of the play, and its triumph. It seemed, at one time, as if this part must be recast; nothing looked possible, and the letter scene, as we grew to call it, seemed like one of the bright dreams which come between dawn and waking. Poor Miss Warsash, — it is cold-blooded murder, as many an amateur knows, trying to laugh out of dead seriousness. But what is Mistress Page without laughter! Since Miss Warsash could not laugh, she always talked; she explained that she did not feel well, that she could do it at home, that

she would do it the night the play was given, or, flatly, and with some trembling of the lip, that she just could n't laugh. But never that she would not try. Often she was very near to tears; always nearer to tears than laughter. Every Saturday night, and always at one special rehearsal a week, we went through the letter scene.

There came a time, after some three months of rehearsals, when a new girl came into the club, a brilliant, effective girl, whose laughter was as quick as water from a tilted bottle. Miss Warsash was imploring to give up the part. It was the part Terry had taken in London; it seemed as if the play would hardly be able to stand if it failed. But, since everything has two sides, it seemed also as if such an acceptance of failure might do this young girl infinite harm; the play was for the club, not the club for the play; and if she could once do something which she was so sure she could not do, she must believe in herself more ever after. And as long as one improves and time lasts, why may one not hope? And Miss Warsash did improve. We went over pages of her copy, marking words to be inflected, marking climaxes; the marked words were always inflected at the next rehearsal, at first blindly, with a suddenly recollected ardor, and then with a growing sense of meaning. It was plain that she studied; I often wondered when, in that hurried life of factory and sleep.

Miss Warsash was one of those conscientious people who will always sit down on the exact word at which it has been suggested that she should sit down; or, if she forgets until ten lines later, will stop blankly and say, "Oh, kind teacher, I forgot to sit down at 'fat Knight,'" and then go and do it over. She had a way, too, of backing about the stage, like a naughty Shetland pony, and of making preparation for her business, — hanging out a sign; Boswell might have said of her that she had a look that expressed that a good thing was coming, and then a look that expressed that it had come. She never walked across the stage; she edged over through twenty lines to be ready to drop into a chair on some inevitable word. But all this was nothing to the lack of understanding.

The months went on; from time to time there were bright spots; and suddenly, one night, Mistress Page arrived. It was quite unexpected to every one. A beautiful studio in the Fine Arts Building had been thrown open to the club for a rehearsal, and, with the contrariety of human nature, the rehearsal was going very badly. It was the first rehearsal with a stage and footlights; people lolled dully in the dark corners, on the couches which ran about the room; and the scenes waited while the stage manager hunted up those whose cues had been given. I was gathering up my powers for the letter scene, when Mistress Page came dancing on; I sat up and looked at her; before she had said two lines the room was all ears. There was, of course, nothing great, nothing even remarkable in her manner, but there was a kind of rollicking pleasure; whatever that part was to you, it was a great deal to her, you saw that; there was the fire and the comprehension which carries an audience with it, the sincerity of the actor without which all his art is futile. From that night, we saw no more of Miss Warsash at rehearsals; she had brought her mind into the part; she was Mistress Page, — an adventure, — a new world. She has never been quite the same girl since then; mental exploits always leave their stamp, and Lazarus is not the only one who has come back into his old world wide-eyed and aloof. I shall not soon forget the look on her face the night of the first performance, when she came off the stage at the end of her first scene; it was as if something in her had taken fire. "They laughed; they laughed!" she said, prancing back and forth in front of me, with glittering eyes. That was her test; a comedy is a success if people laugh.

It was splendid to see the play unfolding itself from month to month, and

entering into their speech; conversation could be conducted only in terms of *The Merry Wives*. After a time everybody began to want to understand; they read the notes, and asked such questions as the day would quake to look on.

At the regular Saturday night rehearsal we could get through with only one quarter of the play, and it was arranged that there should be two Sunday afternoon rehearsals, when the whole play would be rehearsed. The girls in the factories do not work on Saturday afternoon; they keep the ancient Sabbath, and make up their time on Monday night and Sunday morning. Sunday afternoon was the only time when the whole cast could be brought together for a time long enough to rehearse the entire play. Thus there were two rehearsals on Sunday afternoons, from one until half past five.

There comes in everything tremendous, I suppose, the "dim lulls of uneventful growth," when every one simply clings doggedly, and works away. Perhaps none of us had known, when we began, what a tremendous thing we were undertaking; aside from the acting, which, as a play is noble, demands more nobility, more temperament, more subtle understanding, — beside this matter of study, there is the simple, overpowering question of length, — of numbers of characters, of numbers of scenes. After that first long Sunday afternoon, I confronted as dashed looking a group of girls and boys as I have ever seen. There had been two scenes that Shakespeare did not write. One boy was tired, he wanted his supper, and he took his hat and overcoat to go home; I had seen him backed into a corner, with three irate Jewish boys shaking their fists in his face, and shrieking imprecations in his ear; in a few moments he came around, shamefaced and apologetic.

By the night of the dress rehearsal, a panic possessed the club; they were thoroughly frightened. One of the hardest things for the Lincoln Club to learn is the necessity of keeping appointments; that night they arrived some time within the hour; rehearsal began at nine, and there seemed time to do only the worst scenes. Could they stay, then, and go through the whole play? So the last rehearsal of the *Merry Wives* began at ten o'clock, and ended after one. I like to tell this story, because it shows that the Lincoln Club, if it cannot keep appointments, can at least stay by them when it gets there.

I have often wondered what part Shakespeare played in the minds of the various players, and what part costumes. The costumes were such an infinite delight. We had pictures of Terry and Kendal and Tree; the fat knight in buff and orange, with high boots, a tasseled stick, and an Elizabethan hat, — a mountain of pillows, — "A knight he was ful fat and in good point." And Mistress Page and Mistress Ford, with wonderful mediæval head-dresses, horned and fluttering with veils! The gowns for these two characters, and several beautiful doublets, were loaned to the club by artists who had worn them to a Florentine ball. Mistress Ford's was a Morris cloth-of-gold over a salmon petticoat, with mink and topazes; Mistress Page's was pale blue brocaded satin, with sable, and a girdle of the emeralds and pearls which one may buy by the dozen at Siegel, Cooper's. The color schemes of scenes are not the least of the study which goes into a play.

The other costumes were designed from a good costume book, such as artists have. The boys wore doublets of various styles, and long hose; the latter with some concern at first, and presently with a tremendous zest. Rugby and Robin were taken by two girls; they were irresistible, with their peaked hats made by wetting ancient Knox's and pulling the crowns to points; with their mousquetaire leggings and their gay little smocks. As far as could possibly be managed, each member of the cast made his own costume or superintended the making of it, — only one girl in the club could sew when we began. They made shoes, hats, girdles, boots; anything can be made from a piece of

denim, if it is large enough, and the right color. We had a shoe night for the boys; they made shoes with long, tapering toes, and square-toed, slashed ones, and some with high, pointed uppers; it is something gained when five boys learn to "baste."

It was great fun prowling about among the cheap stores to make the twenty dollars that had been allowed for the costumes pay for them; we used burlap and denim, which we found in charming colors; and felt and furniture brocade which were soiled in spots that did not come into the pattern. The hose alone made a hole in our funds so terrible that it could scarcely be rescued; and it was a triumph to hand in an expense account of $18.73. It was the "gentlemen," as they say at the horse show, who made us most concern, for they must be magnificent, and the artist doublets did not go around. We found some rose-colored brocade for Dr. Caius, which did not show, at night, how window-soiled it was. It was to be a long doublet, with a narrow waist and flaring hips, something like the frock coat of to-day. Our practice in cutting out a costume had been to pin a sheet of paper on the person who was to wear the finished product, and make a rough draft; when the costume had been cut from this draft, it was basted on the subject. I had often seen Fenton observing these reckless proceedings with an expression of real distress, — a line of tailoring forbears speaking strongly in his blood. The pink brocade, — such fine "goods"! — proved too much for him, and he burst into speech. He was given a room, Dr. Caius, and the implements of tailoring; after two hours, he reappeared among us with the finished article, and the shining morning face. He was the only person, I am sure, who attacked, during the making of the costumes, anything which he knew how to do.

There is no telling what funny things happened. The panic of the boys over the hose passed away; but when it came to a Lincoln Club girl without a pompadour, we seemed for a time to have attempted the impossible. Again and again they went through Racinet, and searched for pompadours. Poor sweet Anne Page! I can see her now, as she leaned against the door of the dressing-room, on the night of the dress rehearsal, two large, crystal tears coursing down her nose to the destruction of her makeup, wailing that she could not go down looking like that, and still charming, with a pink ribbon acroes her brow and pink roses tied in the braids of dark hair on her shoulders. I hardly know how she came on the stage; everybody talked at once, and somehow she was swept along. I have heard people say that they cannot see a funny thing in *The Merry Wives*. Then there was the poor child who knew she could n't act in that dress; she had a new dress with a hand-made yoke, — it was a beautiful thing, — could she wear that instead? Oh, mighty Brahma! think of a costume *à la mode*, even one with a hand-made yoke, in the pleasant old town of Windsor, in the times of Prince Hal.

I cannot think, without a quicker pulse and a kind of mental gasp, of the night of the first performance. A spring blizzard was abroad, one of those late storms which keep people indoors. The auditorium was not filled, but I do not think the Lincoln Club cared. The night had come when they were to do this thing that they had been getting ready for six months to do, and be those people whom they had been getting ready to be. The play was the thing. The stage was their world; the footlights and the wings enclosed it; there were seventeen people in it. They looked out from the curtain at the empty seats with indifferent eyes.

In the first scene, it was seen that things were really happening; it was as if a door opened upon a little of the past and closed again. The audience felt this sincerity and responded to it; it became "one vast, substantial smile." Notes came up to the actors from Shakespeare critics; and a great man came behind the scenes to

praise them. The cast was in a glee as it responded to curtain call after curtain call; at the end of each act they embraced each other and shook hands. During the scenes, they stood in silent, excited groups at the wings, listening; there was no waiting for cues, and little prompting. If any one was cut out of his best lines, he said, "Oh, was n't it too bad! But nobody saw it, did they?" Every one worked for the play! When Mistress Page and Falstaff said good-night to us all, their eyes were wide and bright; they looked stirred to the deeps; they had come near to a great man, and done something great nobly, and they felt it. As one of the boys said afterwards, they felt that they knew Shakespeare down to the ground. And so they did, as far as that play and they themselves went; it is not alone Hazlitt and Coleridge who may sit at the Mermaid. Books, we know, are —

> The poor man's wealth, the prisoner's release,
> The indifferent judge between the high and low.

I love to think of that night, of how dark it was behind the scenes and how everybody fell over the props of the wings; how the curtain man's smile grew broader and broader; how Shallow lost one shoe, no one knew where, and had to wear Sir Hugh's, while Sir Hugh had a hem let out of his parson's gown to cover his twentieth-century patent leather boots; how the elegant, swarthy Ford, cavalier nonpareil, in red velvet doublet and cap and hose to match, improvised speeches so that every one on the stage was at sea; and how Falstaff, distracted, it is true, by the fact that his beard had been tied to his ears, — the "spirits of gum" having been lost, — was still able to help the culprit out; even of the dire mistakes, — all the lines that had been rehearsed a thousand times and popped out wrong at the last moment.

And after it was all over, I tried to think just what I should like to have come out of this winter's work which would make those who had done it more equal to the world. It is surely splendid to know Shakespeare at least nearly down to the ground. And it is splendid to work on anything keenly, and better yet to do well what you thought you could not do at all. But best of all was the *esprit de corps* with which they came to line up about their play, — this working for a common ideal which was without themselves. I take it that an office boy who feels that he is part of the firm is in step to become the firm itself; and, more to the heart of the matter, he is getting all out of his work that there is in it for him at that time. Any one who gets a big horizon has surely "come into a great land."

There is a body of thoughts which gathers about a Hull House club. There is no stability to it; one is continually getting a new attitude in the matter, shifting to a new way of looking at it. But however little he has of a large general understanding of social service in theory, the director of a settlement club gets to see certain things clearly at times, even though he may see the opposite thing just as clearly on the next Saturday night. I have suffered some harassment from the nuncios of a brilliant young socialist, — whatever that may be, — who appears continually upon my horizon, vague and terrible. He is one of those people whose thoughts live in other people's mouths; the man beside whom one sits at dinner quotes him; he turns up as a prophet in a talk with the wisest of one's friends. With such a disturbing frequency has he been quoted to me that I have come to regard his sentiments as a kind of mental punching-bag, which I call my Peter Willoughby problem. This uncomfortable person says that settlements are the efforts to heal over social evils which should be kept active; that only a change of condition, a chance

> For rest and time to feel alive in,

can help the poor; that, in such a club as the Lincoln Club, one spends time, which should be put to some good use, teaching people who know more about life than you do, things that have no value to them; and that your pleasure in it all is

the gentle art of patronizing raised to the *n*th power.

It is true that it is the better element, the one with more ideals, the people who do not need new thoughts so much, who are already progressive, who will find things anyway, that a settlement club reaches. That they are at Hull House at all proves that they have reached out for the best thing they knew. So as your work is successful, it comes to seem unneeded. But this is only a partial view. It is like keeping bread from a man who is hungry, and looking for one who has no appetite. No doubt the latter is the sicker man; he needs labor laws and sanitary commissions. But there is still the hungry man and the bread. The poor seem to me to be, not those who are without money, but those for whom, like poor Maggie Tulliver, life is too difficult. I have heard it said that this cry expresses George Eliot's philosophy repeated through a shelf-full of novels, — that the individual cannot conquer, all mankind must rise together. This seems to be the standpoint of Peter Willoughby. But surely both are wrong. If life is too difficult for many, it is each man that counts, and the struggle. Settlement clubs are to touch the single cases; not to give the mass of men better conditions under which to live, but to help a few to defy conditions.

Happiness alone helps; it is as old as Aristotle that happiness in itself is a kind of energy. Something golden and purple of which to think; what matters, if one is all glorious within? And the director should have a fuller knowledge than the members of a Hull House Club of all the possibilities — the chances — in the world; that nothing is hopeless; — the more points there are at which you have yourself touched life, the better you know this. "The more you lif," — a German philosopher says, — "the more you findt, by chimmeny, oudt."

I cannot resist playing into the hands of that awful Peter with the beginning of my story, which comes, as one suspects all introductions of doing, at the last. The funniest thing which ever happens in a club may be told, since one abuses no friend in making fun of herself. You go to your work, fairly radiating culture; there is an enlarged halo of it enveloping you. It is not pride, you are not even stuck up, like the beetle on the wall, and you are really full of tender thoughts. But you want to *help* some one, and you wear your rue with a difference. You do not want any one to feel all this, and no one ever does. At the dancing class, a pock-marked young man, who sees that you are a stranger and alone, asks you to dance. If you are not of an affectionate disposition, you experience surprise.

"May he haf de honor to know yer name?" as politely as possible. "Will you come regular? Where are you employed? May he haf de honor uf de german?"

Hasty, but most respectful. Puff! something goes up in smoke; you shout to see the halo, — compounded of a few ancestors, a little travel, a few years at college, and a glimpse of the Parthenon and the British Museum, — to see the halo frizzling up. When the smoke clears away, it leaves you blinking, with a sobered mind and intent, new eyes upon yourself. If you are not one of themselves, you are the only person who is ever conscious of it; certainly these entirely human, world-touching people on Halsted Street are not. The first months are like beginning at one end of the social telescope which you have set up, and coming down again and again to the other, — each time, be it said, with a less surprising jolt.

Perhaps all the best gains in settlement work come to the director; I sometimes think the residents get more inspiration from Hull House than the neighbors, and know it. If Miss Addams is a mediator between the rich and the poor, it is the rich whom she teaches most; if she is an educator, it is the rich who learn most from her. In many ways beside that of social adjustment, one grows rich

among the poor. It has often been pointed out that young men make the grand tour, and girls are sent abroad to school, for the sense of freshness, of a new view of life, which a settlement club gives. I know a journalist who takes a ride on the South Halsted St. cable whenever he finds himself going mentally stale.

Those who live near to their problems, with whom every thought and act is more or less urgent, do not keep each man to his own mountain peak; one gets very near to them. "Cultivation teaches repression," says Opie Read. Fourteen people, who give one the best there is in them every Saturday night, are something to think about. The leader of such a club gets into a way of pulling himself up before a meeting, taking himself in hand, trying to be more courteous, more sincere; it is a course in decorum and ethics with fourteen professors. And who can say that the principle of give and take works only one way? I heard Miss Addams expostulating one night with a girl who had spoken of Mrs. Humphry Ward's settlement; Miss Addams was insisting that such an expression is a denial of terms; one person cannot have a settlement; a settlement is the interaction of a group of people and a community. Mrs. Humphry Ward cannot have a settlement, any more than Mr. Rockefeller can have a university. It is not Mr. Rockefeller's university; it is not the faculty's; it is not the students'; all these elements are necessary to make a university, and then the university is something outside themselves, which their coöperation has created.

TO OTHER SMALL VERSE-MAKERS

BY FANNIE STEARNS DAVIS

Oh, all ye little poet-folk,
Untried, enamored of a dream;
Ye, having breathed the altar-smoke,
And loved a shade, and chased a gleam; —

In face of all the woful things,
The long injustices of Life,
Believing somehow, something sings
Above the sordidness and strife; —

Ye, gallant grapplers with foul Fate,
Let us sing high, then fight. Perchance
Our voice and valor shall be great
As Fate's unsinging circumstance.

Oh, all ye little poet-folk,
Men say we are but fools of God, —
And yet, Gods breathe the incense-smoke;
And they are worms that seek the sod.

HENRY SIDGWICK[1]

BY WILLIAM EVERETT

THE memoir of Henry Sidgwick is a labor of love, by Arthur Sidgwick, the brother, and Eleanor Mildred Sidgwick, the widow, of the late Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Cambridge. To many persons, all over the civilized world, his name will recall the work of one of the most profound and suggestive philosophers of our time, the author of treatises on ethics, economics and politics. He will also be spoken of as prominent in the cause of university reform, of the higher education of women, and of psychical research. To a smaller, though not inconsiderable number, chiefly in England, he will be remembered as the keenest, liveliest, most accurate, and most candid of talkers, to whom no problem of thought and action came amiss, and before whose amazing dialectic all adverse arguments seemed to melt away like wax in the fire. From a smaller number still, on both sides of the water, this memoir, chiefly composed of his own letters, will draw out not painful tears in memory of a heart as warm as his head was strong, a sweetness as irresistible as his intellect, and an elevation of soul that never tottered under the hardest questions of life.

Henry Sidgwick was born June 13, 1838, at Skipton in Yorkshire, where his father was rector. The district will best be recognized by Americans as the Brontë country, and Sidgwick's family were "dalesmen," — an acute, hard-headed, and never-tiring race. His family always insisted that theirs was the true spelling of the name, and this book asserts that "Sedgwick" was a change unwarrantably made about 1745; but that spelling, in one branch at least, is as old as Cromwell's day.

Sidgwick lost his father early; his mother found various places of abode, and her children various schools, till Henry was at length placed at Rugby in 1852. He was a quiet boy, intensely keen about any species of mental amusement, but caring little for the athletic sports of the place. The then head-master was not a man to exercise any powerful influence over him; but his constant mentor was Edward Benson, one of the younger masters, destined soon to marry Sidgwick's sister; he is known to the world as Archbishop of Canterbury. Under his advice and help Sidgwick rose to the top of the school in a very short time, and entered Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1855. In the university his career was one of unbroken triumph. He won every scholarship and prize a classical scholar could win, received a highly honorable degree in mathematics early in 1859, took the first classical honors a few weeks later, was chosen fellow of Trinity in October, and was at once in demand as a classical "coach."

It was then that I first began to know him, being one of his earliest pupils in the classics. The first lesson showed me that he knew his subjects perfectly, and that he could gauge instantly the value of my own or anybody's attainments. It took but a very short time to awaken at least our literary sympathies. He expressed, somewhat tentatively, admiration for an exquisite passage in the Æneid, a poem which it was then, and to a certain extent is still, the fashion to undervalue. I assented enthusiastically; and over Virgil we instituted, without swearing, eternal friendship. I shall say more of his wonderful powers of mind

[1] *Henry Sidgwick:* a Memoir. By A. S. and E. M. S. With Portraits. London: Macmillan & Co. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1906.

later, — enough to say here that as a teacher he could explain anything; and he never needed to have anything explained to him.

For an Englishman with ability like Sidgwick's the way of life was now sure. A fellowship, accompanied by a college lectureship and private tutoring if he chose to remain in the college walls, would secure him an income out of which a man of simple tastes might easily make considerable savings for seven years; and if he did not marry, and took orders in the Church of England for life, abundance of university offices and honors would come to him, which might in the end be lucrative. If he wished to get out of Cambridge, a mastership in a public school would at once be open to him, — Sidgwick refused one at Rugby, — and if he preferred to study for a profession in London, his fellowship equally gave him a good income for seven years, and his university prestige would always be a mighty lever for success.

For the moment Sidgwick adopted the college life, — as fellow, lecturer, and student of higher things than undergraduate coaching calls for. But a weight soon pressed him that in one sense lay upon him all his life, though his wonderful temper enabled him to bear it as few could do — or did. The year 1859, the year that saw the *Origin of Species*, was a year when many men in England were thinking for themselves, and none more vigorously than Sidgwick. The yoke of Benson's influence, kindly and noble as it was, was dropping away. The membership in the "Apostles" — an absolutely select and secret society for discussion in Cambridge, which has created great thoughts in great men utterly out of proportion to their numbers — was in his mind the immediate cause of his embarking on a sea of thought where the conventional rudders and compasses of Cambridge University could do nothing for him. A fellow in a Cambridge college had at that time to be a *bona fide* member of the Church of England. How many fellows held to this profession in defiance of all honesty, — how many persuaded themselves that they were members as far as laymen need be, — how many carried their doubts and disbelief into the Holy Place, that they might share the bread so liberally dispensed to the priest's office, is not to be said here, even though it may be known and have been seen. But Sidgwick was a man to whom rectitude, or harmony of thought and action, was essential. He soon knew very well that for him to take orders in the Church of England was impossible; but it was some years before he found the incongruity of even a passive adherence to his early profession a load too galling to bear.

His college, — always liberal in thought, and in the present day generous to many of its members in whom thought is more free than in those who distribute its offices, but who can appreciate their bolder brothers, — did not allow him to suffer for his scruples. A constantly ascending series of positions, ending with the professorship of moral philosophy, were conferred upon him, enabling him to give instruction in ethics, economics, and politics. He always took great interest in college and university affairs; he was the leader in many measures when such leadership was of the nature of a forlorn hope; and of the movement for the higher education of women he was one of the earliest, most persistent and generous supporters, his efforts being nobly crowned by the establishment of Newnham College in its beautiful and capacious home, and under the presidency of his wife, — a sister of Mr. Arthur Balfour and sister-in-law of Lord Rayleigh.

Nor was he at all wanting in interest in public questions. Always a Liberal, he went with that division of the party which became the Liberal Unionists. He took this step, as he did everything, with combined deliberation and animation. He early arrayed himself on the side of the North in our Civil War, and rejoiced in the final result, although his views were for a moment shaken by the earnest talk

of a dear friend, a sympathizer with the South, who, an Englishman himself, happened to have been in Philadelphia, and fancied that that made him an authority on American questions.

But the true history of Sidgwick's life is the history of a very powerful and very active mind, early interested in the deepest problems of man's nature. He could not accept the traditional statement of our relations to the unseen world, in which he had been brought up; but he was not therefore going to decide hastily for agnosticism, or any other *ism*. He had a firm conviction — it is much truer to call it an intuition — that the words soul, God, immortality, duty, mean something, and that what they mean will yet be made plain so as to satisfy at once emotion and reason. To attain this solution, if possible, he studied fearlessly all systems offered. Mill had been the great prophet of his early manhood. He mastered him, he mastered Comte, he mastered Spencer. He had known Greek like English before he left school, and probed to the utmost the philosophy of that divine language. He lived many months in Germany, and learned all that land could tell him. Later on he was one of the pioneers and an untiring worker in the Society for Psychical Research; he pursued persistently a course of studies in spiritualism, determined to neglect nothing that might possibly open that door to the unseen which an undaunted hope assured him should yet be found.

On many men this continued search and suspense might have produced sad effects, both in themselves and in their intercourse with others. There was nothing of that kind in Sidgwick. His nature — the man himself, apart from his opinions — was so sweet, so sunny, and so steadfast that he was never otherwise than candid and charming. He did not hesitate, as soon as his views on any branch of thought assumed something like a substantial state, to publish them in elaborate and profound treatises. His works on ethics, politics, and political economy went through repeated editions, found many readers, and are recognized as of permanent philosophical value, though they can hardly be called popular. He was so anxious to present all sides of a subject, and leave nothing out, that they are wholly free from such sensational dogmatism as Carlyle's, or such unsympathetic dogmatism as Spencer's. He will never lack readers, since now, alas! he can have no more hearers.

I do not speak of hearers at his official lectures. He was hardly to be called a popular lecturer. He did not have the presence, the fire, the sense of authority, the eagerness to captivate, that will induce college students to throng to a certain class of instructors. When he first engaged in that work, Charles Kingsley, Professor of Modern History, had the call. Whether the men who in 1862 thronged to hear him may have regretted in 1882 that they had not found their way to the young philosopher instead, is another matter. Not a few of Sidgwick's hearers felt, and in after years emphatically expressed, the debt they owed to the most profound, most candid, and most penetrative of exponents of ethical and philosophic thought.

But it was as a talker that his power was most manifest and his charm most felt. In a company, large or small, where he felt it was worth while to talk, there was no subject on which he did not delight to expatiate, — analyzing, grouping, distinguishing, and, if not settling, bringing matters as near to a settlement as one could hope. It was almost impossible to argue against him; his knowledge was so extensive, his penetration so acute, his wit so subtle, that gradually one interlocutor after another felt the control of the discussion passing from his hands into Sidgwick's; and then, for sheer want of material, he would argue with himself! Having pronounced a dictum that no one present could refute, he would say, "Yes . . . I don't know, for, you see," — and then his own position, or rather his own occupation of the ground, from which

he had ousted every one else, would be stormed, or, one should say, sapped, and its tenure proved precarious.

Yet in all this autocracy — for so it was — there was nothing to offend the shyest undergraduate or the most devout Christian. There was none of the merciless sarcasm of Socrates, to whom we Trinity men, lovers of Plato every one, were constantly comparing our hero. There was none of the brutality with which certain highly developed intellectual machines at our own Cambridge have delighted to draw in rash disputants, as the devil-plant flings out its arms, and to suck their soul's life-blood, with greater joy as they saw domestic prepossessions and saintly aspirations writhe in their clutch. Sidgwick's wide study enabled him to appreciate every phase of human thought; but his candor was far more than that of reason; it was the candor of sympathy and of modesty, arising from a profound sense of devotion, which, never having exactly found the right temple, — or rather the sure road to the one temple, — kept the fire ever burning on the altar of its Unknown God. He was as far as possible from the agnostic bigotry, of which there is so much now. If living in the Master's spirit makes a Christian, assuredly he was not far from the kingdom of God, — nay, was in the inner courts of its palace, with the thinnest veil between him and its glories.

Full of reason and full of wit; always independent and never unkindly; playful in his deepest argument, reverent in his boldest speculations; spending and spent for others, yet never neglecting his own darling pursuit of self-improvement and self-establishment, — his friends felt that a great star had set in the heavens when, after a dangerous operation for an all but incurable disease, on the 28th of August, 1900, the grave closed over all that was mortal of Henry Sidgwick.

This attempt to delineate his character might have been illustrated by abundant extracts from his correspondence with intimate friends, — and no one ever had closer ones. I have preferred to leave those who will read his memoir to find them out for themselves, and to give the space allotted me to tell what I myself saw and heard of a mind unsurpassed in power and a soul unmatched in sweetness.

UP ABOVE THE WORLD SO HIGH

BY ARTHUR STANWOOD PIER

The sun had come out after the fifth hard shower of the day, and shone upon the bedraggled red, white, and blue bunting of the judges' stand, and on the soggy folds of the flag that drooped over the brass band's pavilion. In the green oval enclosed by the race track and grown suddenly brilliant, the carriages, wagons, and automobiles of the patrons of the fair were huddled together; the hoods and tops of these were now being thrown back with a cheerful clatter, revealing the bright-garbed occupants; and behind the grandstand, horses were being led from their stalls and harnessed for the next event. The throng that had packed the grandstand during the rain seemed now to bubble up and boil over at the edges; and soon the accustomed noises of the fair, which during the shower had been suppressed, were cheerily resumed, — the popping of the rifle at the shooting-booths, the resounding thwack of the heavy mallet as huge countrymen tested their strength, the bantering or inviting cries of the fakirs, the music of the band,

and the vocalizings of cows, pigs, and poultry.

Harry Mortimer was bidden by his young hostess to detach himself temporarily while she gave the groom instructions about handling Lady Mary in the class designated on the programme as "Unbroken to Automobiles." It was a constant humiliation to Harry that no one ever thought of soliciting his advice on matters of sport; he ventured himself — somewhat timidly — in all such branches, and in all of them displayed a notable incapacity. To this he was resigned, — but he felt rather aggrieved when Miss Folwell failed to accredit him with even theoretical knowledge, and to appeal to it. He obediently took himself off, — he was apt to be too obedient, — and wandered in a circumscribed area among the tents and booths, never letting his eye depart for long from Miss Folwell's trim figure, habited for equestrian performance; she stood with her back to him, patting Lady Mary's neck while she talked to the groom, and now and then stooping to run her hand caressingly down one of Lady Mary's slim and beautiful legs.

A man throwing baseballs at a boy's head, which was thrust through a hole in a sheet of canvas, diverted Harry's attention for a moment. The person who had paid money thus to enjoy himself was very large and powerful; in one corner of his mouth he gripped a cigar, even while he threw. The blacked face of the boy dodged from side to side and up and down, for the hole in the canvas permitted a limited movement. And from the boy proceeded challenges and jeers. "Hit me, mister; say, I'm a dead easy mark; one on the cocoa now." The man threw with deliberation, and his throw was that of a professional ball player. A frantic dodge barely saved, as it seemed, the blacked face from annihilation, and the crowd of onlookers laughed at the narrow escape. "Go on; you can do it, mister; give me a good one, — right on the conk," importuned the boy in defiance; and the second ball went true and swift to that mark, — stove in the battered derby and ricochetted off against the canvas. The crowd cheered and laughed; Harry was touched by the momentary grimace, and then the pathetic smile of the victim. The next moment the boy was singing out bravely, "Stung! Hit me again, somebody; my conk's swellin'; you can't miss it." But there was a quaver in his courageous voice, and Harry, whose sensitiveness was fastidious and shrank before physical pain and danger, even when they were incurred by some one else, turned away. "Poor devil!" he thought, glancing at the boy's head; and he wondered why, when a fellow was reduced to that for a living, people, instead of dealing with him mercifully, should be brutal enough to try to hurt him. As he passed behind the screen of canvas he saw that the boy stood on a packing box, that his hands, interlocked behind his back, gripped each other convulsively, and that he kept knocking one foot against the other; the movements were obvious manifestations of suffering. But all the while the boy was singing out his urgent challenge, and the balls came plunk against the canvas. It took courage to stand pilloried and be battered like that through a whole long holiday. Harry reverenced courage wherever and however it was displayed; he was painfully aware of his own deficiency, always looking for some opportunity to overcome it. But when you are a very small, weak young man, weighing less than a hundred and twenty pounds, and moving habitually and by preference in a highly-civilized and well-guarded society, your opportunities for the development and display of lion-like qualities are not numerous.

Nevertheless, Harry, as he approached Miss Folwell, was aware that some time soon — in fact, if matters fell out favorably, that very night — he must show himself possessed of immense courage. He had had the necessity of it upon his mind for days and days.

"Let's go back to the box," said Miss Folwell, as he joined her. "I have an idea that Lady Mary will behave most abominably."

The box, which was in the front tier and directly upon the track, was empty; the other members of the party had not returned from their inspection of the various pleasures of the fair. The chairs in the box were close together, and for fear of crowding Miss Folwell, Harry did not sit down next to her, but considerately left that chair vacant. He was apt to be too considerate, as well as too obedient.

"The track is like thick pea soup," observed Miss Folwell, as the horses to be tried in the "Unbroken-to-Automobile" class were ranged up in front of the grandstand. Lady Mary was manœuvred to position directly before her mistress's eye.

"She stands beautifully," declared Harry. "If she'll only hold that position, she ought to get the blue."

"She's more likely to jump out of her skin," replied Miss Folwell.

Ten mettlesome, beautiful horses in shining harness were ranged before the grandstand, — all of them except Lady Mary restless, champing their bits or tossing their heads or pawing impatiently in the mud. Only Lady Mary stood quiet, looking straight ahead with mild and well-bred inquiry. And then down the track, moving cautiously, came a little steam runabout, followed by a big gasoline touring car, which in turn was followed by a motor delivery wagon. Slowly the procession approached, and an agitation that seemed communicable passed down the line of horses. Lady Mary pricked her ears forward, and held her head up with a startled air, but otherwise remained quiet; other horses began to dance. Harry Mortimer was watching one at the farther end of the line, a big chestnut who showed already a tendency to become unmanageable. The little steam machine passed him safely, the touring car was abreast of him, — and then the motor delivery wagon sounded its terrible, its screeching horn. Harry saw the big chestnut rear and plunge, — and in the same instant immediately before his eyes loomed a glistening brown shape, and hovered, pawing in air, about to fall on him. With only the instinct of getting out from under, Harry sprang from his seat, and shrank into the corner of the box. Then he saw Miss Folwell leaning forward toward the rearing, balancing Lady Mary, saying gentle words; and he saw the horse drop its forefeet, grazing the box rail.

As he stepped forward, a man in the neighboring box vaulted out upon the track and seized Lady Mary's bridle. Miss Folwell put out her hand, and patted the horse's neck. Harry knew that he had disgraced himself in her eyes, in the eyes of all those people who sat behind, and who had seen. It was not merely that he had shrunk back in a panic; he had left her to shift for herself. She did not glance at him, and he knew miserably what she must think. And he had meant — if things fell out favorably — that very night to demonstrate to her that he had, at least, immense courage!

"I think I'd take her out if I were you," observed the man who was holding Lady Mary's head. "I understand this little parade isn't a circumstance to what they're going to do. They're going to take off the mufflers, and race up and down exploding like so many traveling machine guns, — and I guess the people in the front boxes will want then to climb up on the roof."

He smiled — in perfect innocence — at Harry, who promptly hated him.

"I think you're right," said Miss Folwell. "Thank you very much. James, you can take her out now. I shall want to drive her in the next class."

She kept her eyes on the horse until Lady Mary had been manœuvred out of the line and was trotting down the track. Then, for the first time since he had made his craven exhibition, she turned to Harry; and wretchedly for the second time he showed himself a coward, for he shrank

before what seemed to him mocking laughter in her blue eyes.

"As I expected," she said, "we did n't behave very well in that event, did we? Better luck in the next, perhaps. You 'll drive with me in that, Mr. Mortimer?"

He could have prostrated himself at her feet for this forbearance, this willingness on her part still to be seen in public with him.

"I ought to say, — you 've never driven behind Lady Mary, and you 're so beautifully dressed, — you 'll probably be a good deal spattered."

"Oh, I assure you, I don't mind that," replied Harry; and then he wondered if he had placed a ridiculous, unfortunate emphasis on the word "that." But if he had, she evidently did not notice it. He felt that everybody behind him was still watching him and commenting in whispers on his cowardice; but he sat down in the chair next to Miss Folwell, protected against the world's scorn. He was, however, very humble, very penitent; and quakingly he besought the fates to put before him another opportunity for valiancy, even for sacrifice. But though the automobiles did indeed sweep up and down with more and more violent attempts to terrify, and though horses rose upon their hind legs, and pranced and had to be removed as Lady Mary had been, nothing occurred to jeopardize the safety of Miss Folwell or of any one in the neighborhood.

"Come," said Miss Folwell at last. "It's time we were getting ready."

Harry followed her down to the horse stalls. In front of them, harnessed to a shining yellow cart, stood Lady Mary; Miss Folwell mounted to the seat and took the tan-colored reins, and Harry ascended to the place at her side. The gong sounded, and they drove out upon the track, — the last of the entries in the Ladies' Driving Class to appear. The five other competitors were already out and limbering up. Miss Folwell took them in at a glance, — five solitary ladies.

"See how distinguished you are," she said to Harry. "The only man. They count a good deal on form and appearance, — and you will pull me through. You are so beautifully dressed!"

She glanced at him with her candid, humorous eyes, and with the little chuckle of enjoyment on which he usually doted, but which he now found rather frightening.

She spoke to Lady Mary, and the horse quickened its pace. Harry was blinded by a vicious spatter of mud. He groped for his handkerchief, and while he wiped away the smear he felt the mud rain upon his hat, his coat, his legs. With his eyes once more open, he glanced at Miss Folwell winkingly, through the shower that was being flung back by Lady Mary's forefeet. Miss Folwell, however, on her raised seat escaped the muddy discharge, except for an occasional drop; one or two tiny dots glistened on her cheek.

Just in front of the middle section of the grandstand they passed through a nearly liquid stretch of track, and Harry received a pasty drenching from Lady Mary's accurate hoofs. It filled his eyes and mouth, and as he convulsively raised his muddy handkerchief he heard the joyous laughter of the spectators, and, worse still, Miss Folwell's genial chuckle. When he again got his eyes open, she was making the turn a hundred feet beyond the stand.

"Dear me," she said, glancing at him. "Do you want to get out?"

"No, thank you," replied Harry. "Unless my appearance will count against you."

"Ah, the poor clothes! Darn the horse," she muttered. "I'm not getting out of her what I might." She touched Lady Mary with the whip.

The response was a forward lunge and a backward fling, — a cool poultice was spread across Harry's lower jaw. He was now on the side toward the grandstand, and something like a cheer arose as he went by. He beheld the mirth on the faces of the women; the man who had vaulted over the rail and held Lady Mary's head

was guffawing with laughter; the solitary ladies who passed glanced at him with a demure amusement. He would not have resented being innocently ridiculous; but he burned with mortification to think that many of those to whom he furnished this diversion found in it a special zest because they had also been witnesses of his cowardice. And it stung him deeply to think that thus — in this trivial, contemptuous way — was Miss Folwell satisfied to administer to him his punishment.

He abandoned the now futile attempt to use his handkerchief, and, folding his arms, determined to endure imperturbably. It was hard.

At the turns Miss Folwell would glance at him mirthfully and laugh. And it was no longer the unrestrained merriment of the spectators that hurt. It was the gleeful trill which sounded in his ear at every turn; it was that which stabbed him to the heart. It was n't fair of her — it was n't worthy of her — to delight in making him ridiculous. She might have rebuked him, punished him in some dignified way, — but to make him the butt of light-minded laughter, — well, he reflected tragically, it was all part of being little, and weighing less than a hundred and twenty pounds.

"Cheer up; don't look so woe-begone," she urged him, as these thoughts were taking possession. "A few patches of skin still show. But ah, the poor clothes!" And she emitted her soft, innocent, compassionate-sounding laughter.

Back and forth the judges kept them traveling for what seemed an interminable time; Harry felt that they prolonged the event because of the general rejoicing in his ignominy. But at last the competitors drew rein, the judging was quickly finished, and the red ribbon, not the blue, attached to Lady Mary's bridle. Then, amidst the clapping and laughter of the crowd, Miss Folwell drove past the stand and turned off from the track.

Harry alighted and withdrew to a place beyond the stalls. He was patiently scraping one trouser leg with a stick, when the man who had held Lady Mary's head, and afterwards had laughed at him from the box, sauntered up. He was a cheerful, good-humored young man, with saucy blue eyes and the confident, leisurely, somewhat aggressive demeanor of one who is not easily put down; his clothes had a certain rusticity, with the exception of his collar and necktie, which were both noticeable for being in the extreme of an ugly fashion. They reasserted the quality of freshness and effervescent spirit which were to be deduced from his bearing.

"A good show you gave us," he observed. "No permanent damage done, I hope?"

"I think not."

"I'm going to give a little exhibition soon myself. More conspicuous and exciting than yours. Going up in the balloon and coming down with the parachute. My first experience. A little nervous, — what?"

Harry looked at him with less unfriendliness, and more surprise.

"A professional aeronaut, — practicing for one?" he inquired.

"Oh, not at all. In the interests of journalism, — my paper. My card," — Harry read the inscription:

"H. Walter Bunch,
The Walshville Press."

"My own idea entirely," pursued Mr. Bunch. "I'm taking my vacation, — but if I run across a good story, I ask no better fun than to follow it out and write it up. An amateur's impressions, — going up in a balloon, descending with the parachute, — an interesting sensation, interesting reading. I arranged yesterday with Professor Delgardo, — his real name is Brophy. Telegraphed his terms to the *Press;* they said 'O. K. Go ahead.' Twenty dollars and a sensation in it for me. But say — I am a shade nervous. Kind of like to walk round and feel the earth under me — while I can, you know."

Harry had ceased to scrape himself;

he was gazing at this person with astonishment.

"How high up will you go? — how much of a drop?" he asked.

"Three thousand feet, the prof says. He has two parachutes. When we get up half a mile, the prof cuts loose my parachute, and down flutters H. Walter. A moment later the prof will follow. They tell me," added Bunch reflectively, "I will strike with about the same force as if I had jumped from a height of six feet."

"You've never been up in a balloon before? — you've never made a parachute drop before?"

"This is positively my first aerial ascension — and probably — if nothing happens to me — rap on wood — my only."

"Are n't you scared, — really?"

"I am. Thinking of that moment when I drop off into space, — say, my hands sweat. But what's the odds? You've got to take a chance if you want any fun."

Harry, looking at the cheerful exponent of this doctrine, was deeply stirred. He faced a terrible idea, an idea filled for him with peculiar, unutterable terror; should he quail before it? He quivered with the violence of his suddenly incoherent mental struggle. Here was his chance to show her, — here was his chance to overcome forever his timorousness.

"Do you suppose," he asked, "that the professor could be persuaded to take up another passenger?"

Bunch surveyed him with critical eyes, lips pursed up, head on one side.

"Well," he said, "come and see. I think it will just be a question of whether you want to meet his terms."

They found the professor in a tent on the farther side of the grandstand. He was a small, wiry, red-haired man; he sat on a camp-chair, splicing rope, and he looked up at the new applicant with narrow, shrewd, gray eyes.

"Dizzy when you look down from high places?" he asked, after Harry had stated his desire.

"I don't know; I never go near the edge," Harry replied.

The corners of the professor's mouth crinkled humorously.

"Why do you want to go up?"

"Because I'm so scared at the very idea that I think it would be good for me to do it."

"How's your nerve?"

"I don't know. I want to find out."

"Do you know enough to obey orders?"

"That's one of my specialties."

"The fare for the round trip will be fifty dollars. You can pay it now. Then, if you decide to squeal between now and the time of the ascension, — I have the money, — and we don't refund to squealers."

Harry counted out the money into the professor's hand.

"You're light, and so am I," said the professor. "My big parachute will do for the two of us. I'll hold on to you if you get faint. But," he added encouragingly, "I don't believe you will. I think you've got nerve."

A great, grimy bubble of canvas swelled up in the middle of the fair-grounds, between two tall poles, — tall as telegraph poles. It was pulled out into ever-changing potato shapes; it bellied and strained from side to side; in a few moments it attained monstrosity. Within the open space immediately below it leaped a little man in red tights and heavy shoes. He bounded about, warning the boys and men in the crowd who held the ropes restraining the balloon, "Don't get the ropes wrapped round your hands, anybody!"

The people who had sat in the grandstand, the people who had been amusing themselves at the sideshows, had all flocked out upon the green oval. Harry Mortimer stood with Miss Folwell and her cousins, up near the front of the loosely assembled crowd. He knew that at any moment now the professor would make the signal agreed upon, — raise his right

hand; the signal at which the two passengers were to step forward and take their places in the basket. Harry was all tremulous, — clenching cold, perspiring hands in his pockets. His heart had nearly failed him; he felt that when the signal was given he would not dare to stir; he knew that his moment would come, — and pass. Yet, in spite of this conviction, he could not help trembling. With a haggard and intent face he watched the professor skipping about; he noted even an inconsequent detail, — that the professor wore heavy shoes, from the tops of which the straps protruded incongruously. The professor was laying the parachutes carefully out upon the ground, — slack folds of canvas, attached on opposite sides to the bottom of the balloon. A hush of expectancy descended on the crowd; instead of the shrill shouting of boys, and the chatter and laughter, there was suddenly a low, subdued murmur of talk.

"Oh, how does anybody ever do it!" exclaimed Miss Folwell under her breath. "How does anybody ever do it the first time!"

"Why not?" asked Harry; he kept his eyes on the professor.

"Why not? Why, because there's no way of practicing and working up to it gradually; you've got to go right up at once and drop, — and I don't see how anybody has the courage."

Harry's answer was almost inaudible: "I think I'll go a little nearer, so as to see the start." And while Miss Folwell was gazing in fascination at the professor, Harry worked his way into the front row of the circle of spectators. The professor laid a trapeze out beside the basket of the balloon. Then he threw up his right hand and glanced swiftly around the encircling crowd. Harry ran forward and stepped into the basket; Bunch was a moment behind him. The crowd gave an excited shout, a cheer, a clapping of hands; the professor pulled a rope, and the two tall poles on either side of the balloon fell down. "Let go, everybody!" shouted the professor; the next instant the balloon shot upward, dragging after it the basket, from which Harry and Bunch peered over the side, and below that the trapeze on which hung the professor by his knees, head down, kissing both hands to the crowd and crying, "We will be with you in about five minutes." The brass band began to play, *Up in a Balloon, Boys*, and the crowd, gazing upward, cheered.

As the basket rose, Harry had a glimpse of Miss Folwell's face; alarm, consternation, and astonishment were visible thereon, and her betrayal of these emotions gratified him exceedingly. The next moment the professor climbed in over the side of the car.

"Glad to see you; began to be afraid we'd lost you, professor," said Bunch jauntily. He hung his head over the edge, staring down in fascination. "Say," he cried, "look at the people down there. Their faces have just the size and expression of white poker chips. See 'em scatter, — what funny little bugs! Take a look, Mortimer; it's interesting."

But Harry gazed fixedly upward through the network of ropes at the great, bellying balloon with its two pendulous parachute attachments; and his face was white and set.

"Go on; look down," Bunch urged. "It's a great sight."

Harry felt that the professor, who was quietly fastening a leather strap to one of the ropes, had his eye on him to test his courage. He put his head out over the edge of the car, and looked down. The land was rushing away from him, was being sucked down into an intolerable vortex, in the very pit of which crawled innumerable tiny black and white beings. All the land, clear out over hills to the horizon, seemed marching forward and down into this pit; trees, houses, open fields, bits of forest, all alike gravitated irresistibly toward the vortex. The world, which a few moments before had been so full of bustle and movement and noise, was now silent. All sound had been swal-

lowed up in that tremendous, funnel-shaped hole, into which it seemed that everything on earth was being slowly drawn.

The depth of that pit grew greater momentarily and more horrible, — yet the balloon remained stationary in the air. And that apparent fact made Harry, who had grown already dizzy, a little insane. If the earth was dropping so fast, what chance was there that one descending with a parachute might ever overtake it? As he knelt, with his head drooping over the edge, he laughed feebly. Then his head swam; he imagined himself falling, tumbling head over heels, and conscious all the while as he plunged down the countless fathoms of air, conscious, and seeing intermittently in his bewildered whirlings the inexorable face of the earth, no longer dropping away, but rushing up with diabolical force to meet him, — conscious to the last, to that last terrible moment when he struck.

Bunch and the professor dragged him back into the car, and poured brandy down his throat. "I'm afraid that I'm afraid," he remarked deprecatingly.

"Oh, no," Bunch assured him. "Just imaginative. Take this camera for me, will you? Then, when the prof here swings me out all ready for my lonely flight to earth, take my picture. The *Press* will want it, 'Our daring navigator of aerial regions as he appeared at the moment of making his descent.' Cool, calm, and nonchalant. Eh, what?"

The professor passed the leather strap round Bunch's body and up under his arms, and buckled it. Then he spoke the first words he had uttered since they had left the earth.

"You'll drop about three hundred feet before the parachute opens. When it opens, you'll rebound about forty feet. Hold on as tight as you can, — but remember anyway that, whether you lose your grip or not, you can't fall. Time to go now."

He held the trapeze of one of the parachutes close by the rim of the basket. Bunch seated himself upon it, and grasped the ropes. The professor let go the trapeze, and Bunch swung out, with only the narrow little bar between him and the earth, three thousand feet below. "Hold your breath, boys; the elevator's going down," he called. "Just a second, while I pose for that photo." He swung one leg off the trapeze, and clung by one knee and one hand, — holding the other hand out as if in sign of blithe farewell. Harry snapped the shutter. "All aboard," cried Bunch, taking his first position.

The professor pulled a rope, and Bunch, trailing a streak of canvas, dropped at once, with a velocity that made Harry draw in his breath. Then Harry thrust his head out again over the rim. And in the space of a second he saw a great, white flower bloom in the air, and loiter and drift downward, swaying languidly from side to side.

"It's up to us," said the professor, and he passed a lifebelt round Harry's body. Harry thrust it down with his hand.

"Not for me. My nerve's all right now. I can hold on; I don't want to be tied in."

The professor looked at him a moment, doubtfully. Then he tossed the lifebelt in the bottom of the car, and laid hold of the parachute trapeze. "We'll risk it," he said. "Get aboard — slide over on the outside edge — crook your knees and let the bar slip up under them and grip it tight — hold on to the ropes tight. Don't look down. There you are. Now then."

He flung one leg over the trapeze, and swung out from the balloon. He put his left arm round behind Harry's shoulder. "Something to lean against," he said. "Now put your arm round me the same way. All right; here goes."

Harry, with his teeth set, looked straight up at the balloon quivering above. He did not see what the professor did; but suddenly he drew in his breath with involuntary sharpness, for the nerves along his spine seemed to sing and flutter upwards, while all his muscles were strung painfully, apprehensively taut. They

were falling, and they had left the balloon behind. It rolled over lumberingly, and emptied a splotch of black smoke against the sky, and then, a shapeless, collapsed bag, it drifted down. Harry was secondarily aware of all this, even while, in agonized expectancy, he gazed at the folds of canvas streaming directly overhead. He saw the folds shaken out a little; then with a pop the parachute sprang wide open. For one dizzy, terrifying moment Harry felt himself tossed upward as from a blanket; he gripped the bar desperately with his knees, fearful of losing it, strained close against the professor's shoulder, and braced himself for the final jerk of the rebound. It was over in an instant, with a vicious twang of the ropes; shaken and breathless, Harry found himself still sitting on the trapeze.

"The rest is easy," said the professor. "You could almost go to sleep."

Indeed, except for the slight swaying from side to side, it seemed to Harry that they were hardly moving. The crumpled balloon dropped past them a couple of hundred feet away, borne on the light breeze. "I won't have to go far after it," observed the professor. "That's the beauty of such a day as this. And we're coming down in almost the spot where we went up. We'll light in the grounds, anyway. Our friend Bunch has almost arrived."

A beautiful calmness settled on Harry's spirit. Nothing now could happen to him; he had stood the test. Floating serenely, imperceptibly descending, with the great parachute rocking overhead and engaging his eyes with its dreamy movement, he had the contented sense of one whose ardent aspiration has been rewarded with achievement. But after a few moments, the impulse to look down, which since leaving the balloon he had steadily resisted, overcame him. He lowered his eyes from the parachute, that object near at hand, and beheld with an instant terror the emptiness of space. Yet he ventured further; cautiously he looked down. He had a fluttering glimpse of houses that seemed the size of pasteboard boxes, of trees that were but little garden shrubs, and then he could endure it no longer; he closed his eyes. They could not bear these distances, this emptiness; they demanded something near on which to focus; sickness came to him through his eyes. He laid his head back and opened his eyes again upon the friendly, attendant parachute that rocked dreamily; and again a beautiful calmness enveloped his spirit.

"Our friend has landed," the professor announced. "Not fifty yards from where we started. Hear the music?"

Faintly it rose now to their ears, and grew every moment more distinct.

"I'll be glad to be once more where I can dance to it," said Harry.

Soon the music ceased, and cries from people in the crowd rose clearly.

"Time to get ready," said the professor. "We've got to hang by our hands from the bar, so as to strike feet first. We're near enough to earth now for you to look down without feeling dizzy."

He swung himself off from the trapeze, and hung by his hands, and Harry followed his example. They were not more than a hundred feet from the ground now, and Harry for the first time, as he glanced down at the cheering and clapping crowd, realized that he was descending with sufficient velocity. But he saw that he would strike on a smooth, level spot in the middle of the field.

The earth swam up to meet him; he struck with a jar, stumbled to his knees, and was plucked up by the agile professor, and dragged away from under the collapsing parachute. The next moment Bunch had him by the hand.

"Did n't pass away, did you?" said Bunch. "Great experience, — interesting sensation, — eh, what? I hope you got a good picture of me." He took the camera, which was slung over Harry's shoulder.

Harry shook hands with Bunch, and then with the professor.

"Good-by," he said. "Thank you

very much, Professor Delgardo. I would n't do it again for a thousand dollars."

The professor grinned; then, while he still grasped Harry's hand, he put his lips close to the young man's ear and whispered, "To my friends my name is Brophy."

Harry felt weak and tottery in the legs as he walked away. He looked for familiar faces, but his immediate surroundings consisted of boys, multitudes of small boys; and the only face that seemed at all familiar was one grotesquely blacked. "My golly, mister," said this boy, as Harry passed, "but you must have had the nerve!" And rarely had Harry been more pleased by anything in his life.

Then he espied the person for whom he was looking, — standing with her cousins, and observing him with a countenance that was exceedingly severe. Also, he could not help noticing that it was unusually pale. He approached with an air that was, for Harry, almost swaggering.

"Well," said Miss Folwell, "and what next do you propose to do with your precious life?"

"Indeed, I must say, Mr. Mortimer," declared Mrs. Somerby, one of the cousins, "it was the most inconsiderate performance" —

"To say nothing of the — the publicity of it," put in the other cousin, Miss Bolivar.

No single man, — and particularly no very small and weak young man, weighing, in fact, less than a hundred and twenty pounds, — can be anything but abject in face of the united condemnation of three women. And Harry was exceedingly abject.

"I will drive Mr. Mortimer home and give him a lecture," said Miss Folwell.

Harry cheered up at this threat.

"I think he really deserves to go with one of us," observed Miss Bolivar, who had a grim humor, and had detected Harry's unbecoming cheerfulness. "However" —

On the drive home, Miss Folwell's lecture was brief.

"What," she asked, "made you do that crazy thing? Did n't you know what a foolish risk you ran, — and what a perfectly unnecessary fright you were giving us?"

"Did it really give you such a fright?" Harry asked, and she realized that in emphasizing that point she had erred. She hastened to add, —

"It was very childish of you. What on earth possessed you?"

"Why, if you must know," said Harry, goaded by the charge of childishness, "it was because I 'd shown myself such a — such a coward — dodging Lady Mary, you know, when we were in the box, — and then after the way you punished me, making me ridiculous and all, — which was all right, mind, I deserved all I got, — but after that I felt I had to make good in some way, you know — so when I got the chance, why, I went up in the balloon."

She stared at him. "A coward because you dodged Lady Mary in the box? *I* punished you, making you ridiculous? — What on earth are you talking about?"

"You did n't see it? — You were n't punishing me?"

When in his amazed, delighted mind he had become certain of this, he recited his psychological tale to the chuckle on which he doted. And at last the chuckle was inadequate, laughter overflowed.

"Oh, you poor, funny little man; you poor, funny little man!" she interjected between her trilling paroxysms. "And you wanted to show me you were really brave! Dear, dear! Could n't you show it to me in some other way?"

He took her at her word, and promptly made an effort, which proved, on the whole, convincing.

THE GRADING OF SINNERS

BY EDWARD ALSWORTH ROSS

AMERICAN government, the London *Times* once said, is "cheap and nasty," meaning thereby that the public organs of our democracy are by no means so aloof and self-sufficing as they are abroad. This is especially true of the law-enforcing apparatus. In England the judiciary is far more exalted and independent than it is with us. It is better manned and paid, more stately, more secure, more disdainful of public clamor. Our law officers, on the other hand, are not socially and politically so distinct from the people. Their individuality is not so completely merged in their function as upholders of the majesty of the law. Keenly sensitive to the state of the public mind, they are losing rather than gaining in independence. We dream that we live under a government of laws; we are actually under a government of men and of newspapers.

In a people uncleft by deep class distinctions every man can as censor take part in the defense of society against evil-doers. Each of us emits a faint, compulsive beam, and since the agencies for focusing these into a fierce, withering ray of indignation become every day more perfect, public opinion as regulator of conduct steadily gains on priest and judge and sheriff. More and more the law-enforcing machinery slows down, the moment it ceases to be urged by public sentiment. The accumulation of "dead" laws in the statute book proves how slight is its automatic action. Much of the control once embodied in the organs of the law is coming to be diffused throughout the community. Constituted authorities are settling and crumbling; they threaten to become as obsolete for defense as have the stone walls of the mediæval city. In twenty-two years we have lynched over thirty-three hundred persons as against about twenty-six hundred legally executed. Moral vengeance, the lynching of the personality rather than the person, is, however, the characteristic rôle of the public. Cell and noose are still needed for the low-browed, but public condemnation is dreadful to the newer types of delinquent. Courts must still try people, if we do not want them to be tried by newspapers; but there never was a time when formal acquittal rehabilitated a man less than it does to-day.

Public opinion has become so mighty a regulator of conduct, not because it has grown wiser, but because of the greater ease of ascertaining, focusing and directing it. There is nothing to indicate a gain in intelligence at all answering to its enlargement of authority. Now, as ever, the judgments the average man passes upon the conduct of his fellow are casual, inconsistent, and thoughtless. The public sentiment drawn from such sources is not fit to safeguard the paramount interests of society. Like a stupid, flushed giant at bay, the public heeds the little overt offender more than the big covert offender. It resents a pinprick more than a blow at the heart. It parries a frontal stroke, but ignores a flank attack. The key to such folly is to be found in certain crude notions which lie at the base of its moral judgments and lead astray its instinct of self-preservation.

The error that sinners ought to be graded according to badness of character.

This criterion favors the new, threatening, and spreading types of wrong-doing as contrasted with the old, stationary types. Mark how its ratings fly in the face of common sense. The highwayman,

with his alternative, "Your money or your life!" does less mischief than the entrenched monopolist who offers the public the option, "Your money or go without;" but he is, no doubt, a more desperate character. The government clerk who secretly markets advance crop information would hardly steal overcoats, whereas the hall thief is equal to the whole gamut of larceny. The life insurance presidents who let one another have the use of policy-holders' funds at a third of the market rate may still be trusted not to purloin spoons. The official who sells a gold-brick concern the opportunity to use the mails is an accomplice in wholesale robbery; but for all that he has his scruples against pocket-picking.

No poisoner would shrink from the slow poisonings of the adulterator, whereas the latter would probably draw the line at administering a deadly drug to his unsuspecting customer. Despite the essential identity of their work, the ravisher is undoubtedly a more brutal type than the procurer, and the cutthroat is coarser than the bandit who ditches a train in order to rob it. The embezzler who guts a savings bank, the corrupt labor-leader who wields the strike as a blackmailer's club, is virtually the assassin of scores of infants and aged and invalid; yet he has sensibilities that make him far less dangerous in most situations than the housebreaker or the sandbagger. Equally limited are the men responsible for the needless extinction of lives by the car stove, at the grade crossing, before the fenderless trolley-car, on the over-insured hulk, or in the treacherous, unfireproofed apartment house. These partial villains, with their piebald consciences, lack the stigmata of the true criminal type. In their crania Lombroso would miss the marks of atavism. They are not the prey of wicked impulses, not nature's criminals. Bone of our bone and flesh of our flesh, they are in their wrongdoing merely the creatures of Crooked Thinking and Opportunity.

The grading of sinners according to badness of character goes on the assumption that the wickedest man is the most dangerous. This would be true if men were abreast in their opportunities to do harm. In that case the blackest villain would be the worst scourge of society. But the fact is that the patent ruffian is confined to the social basement, and enjoys few opportunities. He can assault or molest, to be sure; but he cannot betray. Nobody depends on him, so he cannot commit breach of trust, — that arch sin of our time. He does not hold in his hand the safety, or welfare, or money of the public. He is the clinker, not the live coal; vermin, not beast of prey. To-day the villain most in need of curbing is the respectable, exemplary, trusted personage who, strategically placed at the focus of a spiderweb of fiduciary relations, is able from his office-chair to pick a thousand pockets, poison a thousand sick, pollute a thousand minds, or imperil a thousand lives. It is the great-scale, high-voltage sinner that needs the shackle. To strike harder at the petty pickpocket than at the prominent and unabashed person who in a large, impressive way sells out his constituents, his followers, his depositors, his stockholders, his policy-holders, his subscribers, or his customers, is to strain at a gnat and swallow a camel.

No paradox is it, but demonstrable fact, that, in a highly articulate society, the gravest harms are inflicted, not by the worst men, but by those with virtues enough to boost them into some coign of vantage. The boss who sells out the town and delivers the poor over to filth, disease, and the powers that prey, owes his chance to his engaging good-fellowship and big-heartedness. Some of the most dazzling careers of fraud have behind them long and reassuring records of probity, which have served to bait the trap of villainy. Not that these decoy-virtues are counterfeit. They are, in fact, so genuine that often the stalwart sinner perseveres in the virtue that has lifted him into the high place he abuses. The legislator conscientiously returns the boodle

when he finds he cannot "deliver the goods." The boss stands by his friends to his own hurt. The lobbying lawyer is faithful to his client. The corrupting corporation-president is loyal to his stockholders. The boughten editor never quite overcomes his craft-instinct to print "all the news there is." In a word, the big and formidable sinners are gray of soul, but not black, so that chastisement according to their *character* rather than according to their *deeds* lets them off far too easily.

The error that sinners should be graded according to the harm they inflict upon particular individuals.

Primitive-minded people abhor the wrong-doer, not from a sense of danger, but out of sympathy with his victim. This is why our mobs lynch for murder, assault, rape, arson, wife-beating, kidnapping, and grave-robbing, but pass over such impersonal offenses as peculation, adulteration, rebating, ballot fraud, bribery, and grafting. The public, while less ferocious than the mob, is nearly as sentimental. It needs a victim to harrow up its feelings. Villainy must be staged with blue lights and slow music. The injury that is problematic, or general, or that falls in undefined ways upon unknown persons, is resented feebly, or not at all. The fiend who should rack his victim with torments such as typhoid inflicts would be torn to pieces. The villain who should taint his enemy's cup with fever-germs would stretch hemp. But the corrupt boss who, in order to extort fat contracts for his firm, holds up for a year the building of a filtration plant destined to deliver his city from the typhoid scourge, and thereby dooms twelve hundred of his townspeople to sink to the tomb through the flaming abyss of fever, comes off scathless.

The popular symbol for the criminal is a ravening wolf, but alas, few latter-day crimes can be dramatized with a wolf and a lamb as the cast! Your up-to-date criminal presses the button of a social mechanism, and at the other end of the land or the year innocent lives are snuffed out. The immediate sacrifice of human beings to the devil is extinct. But fifteenth-century Marshal de Retz, with his bloody offerings to Satan, has his modern counterpart in the king whose insatiate greed, transmitted noiselessly through administrative belting and shafting, lops off the right hands of Congolese who fail to bring in their dues of rubber; in the avaricious nobleman who, rather than relinquish his lucrative timber concession on the Yalu, pulled the wires that strewed Manchuria with corpses. Yet, thanks to the space that divides sinner from sinned-against, planetary crimes such as these excite far less horror than do the atrocities of Jack the Ripper or black Sam Hose. The public, being leaden of imagination, is moved only by the concrete. It heeds the crass physical act, but overlooks the subtile iniquities that pulse along those viewless filaments of interrelation that bind us together. At the present moment nothing would add so much to the security of life in this country as stern dealing with the patent-medicine dispensers, the quack doctors, the adulterators, the jerry-builders, the rookery landlords, and the carrying corporations. These, however, escape, because the community squanders the vials of its wrath on the old-style, open-air sinners, who have the nerve to look their victims in the face.

The childishness of the unguided public appears very clearly from a certain modern instance. What is it that is doing the most to-day to excite wrath against the rich? Is it the clash of capital and labor, the insensate luxury flaunted by the Emerged Tenth, the uncovering of the muddy sources of certain great fortunes, the exposure of colossal frauds by high "captains of industry," the frequent identification of the "men who do things" with the men who "do" people, the revelation of the part played by "business interests" in the debauching of our local governments? No, it is none of these. It

is the injuries pedestrians and other users of the highway have suffered from a few reckless drivers of the automobile!

A dense population lives in peace by aid of a protecting social order. Those who rack and rend this social order do worse than hurt particular individuals; they wound society itself. The men who steal elections, who make merchandise of the law, who make justice a mockery, who pervert good custom, who foil the plain public intent, who pollute the wells of knowledge, who dim ideals for hire, — these are, in sober truth, the chiefest sinners. They are cutting the guy ropes that keep the big tent from collapsing on our heads. They should be the first to feel the rod. To spare them because such sins furnish no writhing victim to stir our indignation is as if a ship's passengers should lynch pilferers, but excuse miscreants caught boring with augers in the vessel's bottom.

As society grows complex, it can be harmed in more ways. Once there were no wrongs against the whole community save treason and sacrilege, and against these, strong reaction habits early grew up in the public mind. Later, our frontier communities learned to react promptly with a rope on the man who furnished whiskey to the Indians, started a prairie fire, cut a levee, spread smallpox, or turned revenue informer. Now, however, there are scores of ways in which the common weal may take hurt, and every year finds society more vulnerable. Each advance to higher organization runs us into a fresh zone of danger, so there is more than ever need to be quick to detect and foil the new public enemies that present themselves.

The vain imagination that there are excellences which constitute a sufficient set-off to sin.

The proper grading of sinners is skewed by taking into account their education, breeding, manners, piety, or philanthropy. The primitive tribal assembly takes an all-round view of the culprit, and the sentence it pronounces passes upon his walk and conversation as well as upon his guilt. The court of justice, however, wisely throws out such considerations as irrelevant, and narrows down to the question, "What punishment does this deed deserve?" In no other way can men be made to stand on a level before the law. Now, long ago we attained in theory the equality of all men before God and the equality of all men before the law; but the equality of all men before the bar of public opinion is still to be achieved. No judge would dare show himself such a respecter of persons as is the public. How often clean linen and church-going are accepted as substitutes for right-doing! What a deodorizer is polite society! Who smells the buzzard under his stolen peacock plumes! Any one can sense turpitude in the dingy "hobo," but a well-groomed Captain Kidd, of correct habits, with a family "reared in the lap of luxury" as a background, is well-nigh irresistible.

There are other ways in which sinners profit by the delusion that the cardinal thing in men is something else than good faith. The heads of religious, philanthropic, and educational work have influence, and hence the adept of the Higher Thimblerig seeks by gifts to the cause and by a feigned interest to gain their valuable favor and thus compound with society for his offense. Too often, in their zeal for the special social good committed to their charge, they rashly sacrifice the greater good, and ply the whitewash brush on public enemies. Nothing can check this creeping paralysis of the higher nerve-centres of society but the heartfelt conviction that no fillip to religion, philanthropy, or education can atone for tampering with the underpinning of social order. What, in sooth, are professors, preachers, charity-workers, and organizers of philanthropy but betrayers, if, wrapped up in their immediate aims, they condone the social transgressions of their patrons? Fair play and trustful coöperation, bedded on truth and honesty, are

the foundations of all social life, higher as well as lower; and no college, church, hospital, or social settlement can avail to counterpoise crime that weakens these foundations.

The conclusion of the whole matter is this: —

Our social organization has developed to a stage where the old righteousness is not enough. We need an annual supplement to the Decalogue. The growth of credit institutions, the spread of fiduciary relations, the enmeshing of industry in law, the interlacing of government and business, the multiplication of boards and inspectors, — beneficent as they all are, they invite to sin. What gateways they open to greed! What fresh parasites they let in on us! How idle in our new situation to intone the old litanies! The reality of this close-knit life is not to be *seen* and *touched;* it must be *thought.* The sins it opens the door to are to be discerned by knitting the brows rather than by opening the eyes. It takes imagination to see that bogus medical diploma, lying advertisement, and fake testimonial are death-dealing instruments. It takes imagination to see that savings-bank wrecker, loan shark, and investment swindler, in taking livelihoods take lives. It takes imagination to see that the business of debauching voters, fixing juries, seducing lawmakers, and corrupting public servants is like sawing through the props of a crowded grandstand. We are in the organic phase, and the thickening perils that beset our path can be beheld only by the mind's eye.

The problem of security is, therefore, being silently transformed. Blind, instinctive reactions are no longer to be trusted. Social defense is coming to be a matter for the expert. The rearing of dikes against faithlessness and fraud calls for intelligent social engineering. If in this strait the public does not speedily become far shrewder in the grading and grilling of sinners, there is nothing for it but to turn over the defense of society to professionals.

NAPOLEON AS A BOOK-LOVER

BY JAMES WESTFALL THOMPSON

Like Cæsar, like Charlemagne, his truest prototypes, Napoleon was a myriad-minded man. No less great as an administrator than as a soldier, he was a keener diplomat than any minister of the powers against him. Talleyrand alone, perhaps, surpassed him in far-sighted sagacity, penetration, intrigue. Nothing pertaining to the life of such a man can fail to be of interest, and the past twenty years have seen the appearance of works in the pages of which we get an intimate view of Napoleon, not as soldier or ruler or diplomat, but as a man; not clothed with thunder, as Thiers portrayed him, but clad in the garb of his fellow-men. We know to-day as never before what his nature truly was, — his tastes, his pastimes, his friendships, his foibles; what he liked to eat and how he ate it; how few hours he slept; what he read in hours of ease. Such minutiæ are not petty in connection with the life of a man like Napoleon. Nothing can be alien to history that concerns a career so great in achievement as his.

The reading of Napoleon's youth reflected the spirit of the age. The emotionalism, the romanticism of Rousseau captivated his imagination, as it did that of the generation in which he lived. He tried his hand in imitation of the preva-

lent taste, and wrote *The Unmasked Prophet*, an Oriental story, a *Dialogue on Love*, and some rather acute *Reflections on the State of Nature*. But the drift of the Revolution toward the stream of red republicanism made him antagonistic to it in course of time. Although he went with the current outwardly, and even joined the Jacobin Club, his reading was not the political pamphlets of the age. In 1791 we find him reading books upon travel and institutions, Herodotus and Strabo among ancient works, together with Coxe's *Travels in Switzerland*, Machiavelli, Voltaire's *Essai sur Mœurs*, and Dulaure's *Histoire critique de la noblesse* (1790). He read such books carefully. There still "exist among his papers outlines more or less complete of all these books," says Professor Sloane. Recently there have come to light some "Notes on English History" which he took at this time. Evidently the mechanism of public life, not romanticism and pseudo-politics, was attracting him. But life was too feverish, too fraught with excitement, until the fever of the Revolution subsided, for concerted reading of this or any other sort.

The command in Italy seems to have been Napoleon's renaissance. As it awoke his ambition, so it stimulated his intellect. Henceforward history, institutions, biography, travel, polite literature, poetry, became a permanent interest of his mind whenever the exigencies of war and of state allowed him to read anything save dispatches, reports, and bulletins. He always remained an omnivorous, if not a deep reader. Bourrienne criticises him for not having read Montesquieu thoroughly, "That is to say, in a way to accept or decidedly reject each of the thirty-one books of the *Esprit des Lois;*" and he adds: "he had not thus read Bayle's *Dictionary* nor the *Essay on the Wealth of Nations* by Adam Smith." This criticism seems beside the mark. Napoleon was not a student, to sit down and compare Montesquieu's arguments with critical analysis. But, with a natural instinct for discerning political values, an instinct grown almost unerring through experience, he could have gone to the pith of the *Esprit des Lois* in a second.

Yet, after all, the reports of the position of his forces on land and sea, dispatches, bulletins, laws, were his passionate interest. "My memory for an Alexandrine is not good," he said of himself; "but I never forget a syllable of my reports on positions."

The library which Napoleon carried out with him to Egypt in 1798 is probably a true reflection of his mental make-up. It included thirteen volumes of arts and sciences; forty volumes of geography and travel, among which the *Voyages* of Captain Cook is conspicuous; one hundred and twenty-five historical works, ancient, mediæval, and modern; forty volumes of poetry, the chief among which were Homer, Vergil, Tasso, Ariosto, Ossian, and Voltaire's *Henriade;* twenty volumes of the masterpieces of the French stage; the Old and New Testaments; the Koran; the Vedas; some works on mythology; and, for fiction, a few novels of Voltaire, Rousseau's *Nouvelle Héloïse*, Goethe's *Werther*, and forty English novels in translation. Professor Sloane says that Napoleon's sister Caroline added a copy of Bacon's *Essays*, Madame de Staël's *De l'influence des passions*, which had just been published, and Mercier's *Visions philosophiques*.

The formation of the Egyptian library was entrusted by Say to a very remarkable man. Charles Pougens (1775–1833) was a natural son of the Prince de Conti. He lost his eyesight when twenty-four years of age, through an attack of smallpox, yet lived to become a prominent man of letters. Impoverished by the Revolution, he opened a printing-office, to which he added a bookshop. Napoleon had learned to know him in his own dark days, and never forgot him. Pougens was the author of the *Trésor des origines: dictionnaire raisonnée de la langue française;* (1819) and *L'archéologie française*

ou vocabulaire des mots anciens tombés en désuétude (1824).

I do not know if the books taken out in 1798 survived the battles of the Nile and the Pyramids and the frightful Syrian expedition. But a certain reminiscence of the Egyptian library is to be found in the appointment of Ripault, librarian of the Institut d'Egypte, early in the course of the consulate, to be Napoleon's private librarian. The office was not one for a man of purely literary tastes and inclinations, however. Supervision of the immense amount of periodical literature, especially that of a political nature, was a necessity to Napoleon. In consequence it became Ripault's duty to make systematic abstracts of this material and regularly to present them to Napoleon for examination. Napoleon had a thorough understanding of the influence of public opinion, and he proposed to bend it as he wished it to be.

In course of time the duties of Ripault became so onerous that in 1804 the Abbé Denina was appointed as assistant librarian. But ere long this quasi-censorship proved ineffective, and in 1806 the censorship was attached to the office of Minister of Police. It was in one of the reports so submitted to him that Napoleon discovered that the price of the classics was too dear, and promptly took measures for the amelioration of the condition of classical literature in France. There was probably a political intention in this interest, to a certain degree, for the reading of Homer and Vergil was, from any point of view, better for him than the probable perusal of the vast mass of opposition literature circulated in the country in spite of the efforts to suppress it. And still, we may easily do him injustice. Genuine literature Napoleon not only welcomed, but stimulated. The indignant letter he wrote from Munich on January 15, 1806, the year of Prussia's humiliation at Jena and Auerstädt, to Fouché, the zealous and traitorous minister of police, illustrates this point, and shows his interest in keeping alive a healthy intellectual activity. This is what was written: —

"I will not suffer a clerk to tyrannize talent and to mutilate genius."

For Greek literature, except philosophy, Napoleon seems to have had a very real liking. He was a man of direct, incisive speech. It is not without significance that most of the literary illustrations or allusions in his writings are from classical mythology and history. At two famous crises in his life, when his emotion must have been great, the fate of young Astyanax and the spectacle of Themistocles in exile at the court of Persia rose before his mind. The first occasion was in March, 1814, before the downfall. Anxious over the fate of his son, Napoleon wrote to his brother Joseph,

"Do not abandon my son, and remember that I would sooner know him in the Seine than in the hands of the enemies of France. The fate of Astyanax, prisoner among the Greeks, has always appeared to me as the most unfortunate in history."

The second instance was after Waterloo, when the prospect of throwing himself upon the magnanimity of the English nation was before him as the only recourse. Then he wrote to George III:

"I come, like Themistocles, to seat myself at the hearth of the British people."

In the more æsthetic forms of intellectual activity Napoleon also had interest. During the first Italian campaign he took care to have the great musical productions of Italy copied, and the copies sent to the Conservatoire. "Of all the fine arts," he wrote at this season, "music is that which exercises the most influence on the passions, and is that which the legislator should most encourage. A piece of moral music, composed by a master, never fails to touch the feelings, and has more influence than a good philosophic work, which convinces the understanding without exercising any effect on our habits."[1] Napoleon was proud of the fact that Laplace dedicated his *Mé-*

[1] Napoleon always was fonder of Italian than of French music. (Méneval i, 21–23.)

canique Céleste to him, and wrote with mingled appreciation and affectation, bewailing the force of circumstances which had diverted him into a career so far removed from the sciences. He knew the practical value of even abstruse and recondite studies. Modern governments have discovered that the chemist and the biologist are useful servants of the state. Napoleon was speaking truthfully to the great astronomer in 1812, when he wrote, in acknowledgment of Laplace's work upon the *Calculation of Probabilities*, "The advancement and perfection of mathematics is intimately connected with the prosperity of the state."

In 1807 Napoleon ordered the library of the Council of State to be transferred to Fontainebleau. A portion of the works on jurisprudence and political economy, however, remained in Paris, and was consolidated with the library of the Tribunate upon the suppression of that institution.

In 1808 Napoleon formed the idea of having a traveling library, in order to make his hours of intellectual recreation independent of the exigencies of a campaign or the delays of a courier. Obviously such a collection of books would have to be selected with great care, that the library might be a portable one; and consequently the minute instructions as to its care are, as it were, a picture of his mind. This resolution of the Emperor was conveyed in a communication, bearing date July 17, addressed to Barbier, who had displaced Ripault the year before, and written from Bayonne, when he was on the verge of the Spanish campaign.

The proposed library was to form about a thousand volumes. The books were to be of small duodecimo size, printed in good type, and without margins in order to save space. They were to be found in morocco, with flexible covers and limp backs. The boxes for their conveyance were to be covered with leather and lined with green velvet, and were to average sixty volumes apiece, in two rows, like the shelves in a library. A catalogue was to accompany them, so arranged that the Emperor could readily find any desired volume. The distribution of subjects was as follows: forty volumes on religion; forty of epic poetry; forty of the drama; sixty volumes of other poetry; sixty volumes of history; and one hundred novels. "In order to complete the quota," ran the instructions, "the balance shall be made up of historical memoirs." Among the religious works were the Old and New Testaments and the Koran, works on church history, including some upon the Lutheran and the Calvinist movement. The epics included Homer, Lucan, Tasso, the *Henriade*, and so forth; the drama, selected tragedies of Corneille, Racine, and Voltaire. Comedy Napoleon could not endure; "not a word of Molière," he says. The history included some good chronological works, standard histories of France, like that of Mably, Machiavelli's *Discourses on Livy*, some of Voltaire's historical writing, Montesquieu's *Esprit des Lois*, and a French translation of Gibbon. Among the novels were the *Nouvelle Héloïse*, Le Sage's *Contes*, and French versions of Richardson's and Fielding's works. Indeed, of English fiction Napoleon was very fond.

Napoleon seems to have looked forward with expectation to the use of this traveling library while in the field; and when he was preparing for the great campaign which culminated at Wagram, he wrote somewhat impatiently from Malmaison, March 20, 1809, through Méneval, his private secretary, —

"The Emperor wants to know if his traveling library is ready. I advised M. Barbier to choose it with care, and to put some excellent books in it." Then the secretary adds: "His Majesty wishes to have something very distinguished, and has a preference for books characterized by the beauty of the printed page and by elegance of binding." Finally comes the admonition, "If you have not found the epics, do not lose a moment of time in getting them."

Of course it goes without saying that

Napoleon kept up with the current literature. In Méneval's *Mémoires* we get a glimpse of the Emperor reading during the winter months of 1808–09. "There are many hours of the day," Méneval writes, "which his Majesty could employ in reading when his headquarters are to be found in the villages. I protest as much as possible to his Majesty about the barrenness of novels and almanacs." Generally during the hour after dinner, unless that had been a state affair, Napoleon used to glance over new books, throwing those which did not interest him upon the floor or into the fire. Méneval writes to Barbier on one occasion: "The novels sent are detestable, and were thrown from the courier's valise into the chimney-place." When on the road, it was the Emperor's usual practice to pitch such ephemeral literature, and books which did not please him, out of the windows of his carriage.[1] This explains why not infrequently books bearing his arms are to be found advertised in sale-catalogues.

But experience showed that the library was too large to be portable, and that it was also badly organized, so that ere long there was a wholesale elimination of books which lumbered it up. Madame de Sévigné's familiar eleven volumes were reduced to a selection; La Rochefoucauld went completely; a four-decker Æneid, a three-decker Milton, a two-decker Iliad, and a two-decker edition of Camoëns were exchanged for single-volume copies; the Æneid and Milton were to be in prose translations. Of new books demanded, the most notable are French editions of Tacitus and Gibbon. Napoleon must have read with vivid interest the sombre and terrible pages of Tacitus's *History*, — those pages in which the great historian has depicted the Emperor Tiberius, like a sullen eagle, sitting on Capri's isle, or Domitian, the vain, suspicious, crafty, shameless son of Vespasian, — and reveled in their invective. For there was a strain of melancholy in Napoleon, — not a passive depression, but an active interest in dark problems of the mind and heart. Problems of human mystery, the night and storm of the soul, the element of chance in great issues, powerfully appealed to his imagination. There may be some lingering trace of Corsican superstition in his belief in his star; but he spoke with conviction, and neither in superstition nor in vaunting, when he alluded to himself as a man of destiny. He never willingly gave battle unless he calculated that he had seventy chances of winning; yet he knew that something had to be left to chance, and sometimes trusted that fortune might bandage the eyes of his enemies. He won Marengo by sheer luck. Opportunity, he felt, was a moral bestowal, but nevertheless a fortuitous combination of circumstances to a certain degree. And what issues were at stake in this gigantic game of politics! Is it any wonder that Bonaparte's conception of things took a fatalistic turn?

The Greeks imagined that behind the gods of Olympus stood Destiny. In the mighty drama of history of which he was the central figure Napoleon perceived a persistent principle working itself out. This principle was political necessity, the inevitability of history. Through the movement of the actors, captains, diplomats, kings, the tramp of legions and the blare of martial brass, he discerned this principle and its action. General Ségur relates that on the eve of the battle of Austerlitz, — the place above all others where Napoleon believed in his star, — he became engaged in a literary discussion with Junot. And what did he say? "Politics ought to be the great resort of modern tragedy. Politics should supplant the ancient idea of Fate in our theatre, — that Fate which made Œdipus a criminal without his being guilty." And he added, "Every *coup d'état*, every political

[1] The Emperor used to read a great deal while on the march. By means of a lamp placed in the back of his carriage he was able to work or to read with convenience. (Méneval, iii, 37).

crime, might be made a subject of tragedy in which, the horror being tempered by necessity, a new and sustained interest would be developed." Did Mr. J. Holland Rose have these words in mind when he wrote of Napoleon in 1814, "It is a story instinct with an irony like that of the fascination of King Œdipus in the pages of Sophocles"? To Napoleon, under protean forms, — revolution, *coup d'état*, conquest, — the working of political destiny was the plot. History to him was not merely dramatic at times; it was dramatic all the time; it *was* drama. The Greek conception of destiny was replaced by political necessity. This conception not only colored history for him; it colored the literature he read; it determined his choice of books.

Dramatic literature appealed to him intensely. Taine says that his insight into it was that of a most sagacious critic, and quotes with approval the comment on Voltaire's Mahomet, that he was "neither a prophet nor an Arab; only an impostor graduated from the Ecole Polytechnique." Racine was his favorite dramatist, and he used to read again and again the more beautiful parts of *Iphigénie*, *Mithridate*, and *Bajazet*. And yet they did not please him. "After dinner," records the *Mémoires de Ste. Hélène*, "the emperor took up Racine. 'Although Racine has written masterpieces in themselves,' he said when concluding, 'they are nevertheless filled with perpetual insipidity and an eternal love; a mawkish sentimentality and a court tiresomely fastidious; but this is not entirely his fault, it is the vice and manner of the time. Love at that time, and later yet, was the whole end of life to many. This is always the lot of idle societies. As for us, we have been brutally torn away from that manner of life by the Revolution and its great affairs.'"

Considering whose judgment this is, in the light of his own dramatic life, it is small wonder that Napoleon regarded Racine and Corneille as flat, stale, and unprofitable. "There is no empire," once said Talleyrand, "not founded on the marvelous, and here the marvelous is true." Verily, the man whose genius had reached beyond the power of human analysis to comprehend may be pardoned for finding other men's productions shallow.

Not the least of Barbier's duties was looking up answers to the questions of an historical or literary nature with which his master bombarded him. Now, it was to translate certain paragraphs or pages, or see that a whole book was translated in the shortest space of time; again, it was to look up the origin and history of Gallican liberties; the question whether there were examples of emperors who had suspended or deposed popes; the history of Charles VII's Pragmatic Sanction; and so forth. When he was dreaming of the East, Napoleon demanded "a synopsis of the history of the campaigns which had taken place in the valley of the Euphrates and against the Parthians, from that of Crassus down to the eighth century, including in it those of Antony, Trajan, and Julian," with maps showing the route which each army followed, the ancient names and the new names of the countries and chief cities, and an account of the geography of the country and of the historical records of each expedition, all to be drawn from the original sources. At another time he demanded information about a Persian history of Alexander the Great. This inquiry was suggested by a conversation the emperor had with Mirza-Rizza-Khan, the Persian ambassador, who had arrived at Warsaw in March, 1807. One day, while the two were walking in the gardens of Finkenstein, the conversation turned on the history of Alexander the Great, and the ambassador said that the true history of the Macedonian conqueror was to be found in Persia.

As cares of state increased, Napoleon's reading became less and less of a literary kind and more and more of a practical nature. He fondly called his precious army lists and the reports of his mili-

tary and administrative officers his real library.[1]

Méneval tells us that Napoleon "used sometimes to spend whole days without doing any work, yet without leaving the palace or even his workroom. . . . Napoleon appeared embarrassed how to spend his time. He would go and spend an hour with the empress; then he would return, and, sitting down on the settee, would sleep, or appear to sleep, for a few minutes. . . ., He would glance through the titles of his books, saying a word of praise or blame on the authors, and would linger with preference over the tragedies of Corneille, or Voltaire's *Zaïre* or *La Mort de César*. He would read tirades from these tragedies aloud, then would shut up the book and walk up and down reciting verses." Such conduct usually concealed an increase of cerebral activity. It was the quiet prevailing before a storm.

If Napoleon's enemies could have looked into his boxes of books, especially after 1809, or seen the instructions he sent to his librarian, they might have anticipated the future more accurately. He always "read up," for a coming campaign, the history, geography, institutions of the country and people with whom he was going to come in contact. It is exceedingly interesting to see this projection of his thought into the future, as indicated by his reading. This is particularly true of the Russian campaign. From December, 1811, Napoleon's book-orders have the importance of state secrets. In that month we find him ordering works giving information concerning the topography of Russia, especially Lithuania, under the head of rivers, roads, forests, marshes, and so forth; a detailed account in French of the campaigns of Charles XII in Poland and Russia; a history of Courland; and anything which could be found of an historical, geographical, and topographical nature, about Riga, Livonia, and the other Baltic provinces of Russia; the work of the English Colonel Wilson on the Russian army, translated from the English, a manuscript copy of which he remembers to have seen either in the Bibliothèque Impériale or in the cabinet of the Emperor at the Tuileries; the account of the Russian army by De Plotho. Yet he is not too absorbed in the midst of these instructions to see that Montaigne's *Essays* are put in the box.

This historical material displaced most of the novels and the poems in the campaign of 1812. But in the hot summer days of that year, while the army waited long in Poland, the Emperor sometimes found that moments of leisure went by on leaden wings, and prayed for more diverting literature. The faithful Méneval hastily dispatched an order for "some good new novels, or old ones that he is not familiar with, or some memoirs that would make agreeable reading."

The fate of this traveling library was the fate of the entire army of 1812: it was lost. The books of the Emperor probably went to boil the tea of some Cossack soldier, even as Junot's veterans plundered Spanish libraries to find material for their campfires.[1] One interesting detail of its fate has been preserved: on the road to Russia the emperor borrowed certain books from the Royal Library in Dresden. In the retreat from Moscow these also were lost. The effort the Emperor made to repair this loss entitles him to a place in the ancient and honorable company of book-lovers. The man who had lost an army of 480,000 men, who saw Europe marching against him from the Ural to the Bay of Biscay, took time and thought enough, on February 7, 1813, upon his return to Paris, to give express

[1] "The admirable condition of my armies is due to this, that I give attention to them every day for an hour or two, and when the monthly reports come in as to the state of my troops and fleets, I leave every other occupation to read them over in detail. I take more pleasure in reading them than any young girl does in a novel." — TAINE, i, 24, note.

[1] *Cf.* Lejeune's *Mémoires*, i, 156, and the story of the famous Bible belonging to the convent of Belem in Portugal, which Junot carried off. (Méneval, iii, 180–182.)

orders to procure duplicates of these volumes at any price, and see that they were sent to Dresden.

But a new library was got together, though one which was much smaller, — only four boxes for the duodecimos and two for the 18mos. "Some time before my departure," he commanded, before the Prussian War of Liberation began, "send me the lists of the books of this form which I have in my library, and I will designate the volumes which are to be put in the boxes. These volumes will be successively exchanged for others of my library, and the whole may be done without incurring new expenses." This new library went with him through the Leipsic campaign. But there is no record of any correspondence between Napoleon and his librarian during these momentous days. The dogged advance of the allies drove Napoleon from the Elbe to the Rhine, from the Rhine to the Meuse, until, in Champagne, with but a vestige of the army he had once commanded, he made his last stand against the powers. No one can read the history of the campaign of 1814, as Houssaye has recorded it with minute detail, without a feeling of admiration, even of awe. He whose achievements justified the boast that he would find the Pillars of Hercules in Spain, but not the limits of his power, was at last brought to earth. His marshals implored him to yield. Caulaincourt, his former ambassador to St. Petersburg, begged for authority to treat with the enemy. Maret handed the letter to the Emperor. For answer Napoleon pointed his finger to a passage in Montesquieu's *La Grandeur et la Décadence des Romains*, which he was then reading. "I know nothing," it ran, "more magnanimous than the resolution taken by a monarch who ruled in our time, to bury himself under the ruins of the throne, rather than accept proposals which a king may not entertain. He had a soul too lofty to descend lower than his misfortunes had hurled him." Was he reading in order to find an anodyne for a mind tortured almost beyond thought? Did he draw sympathy from the reflection that "the noblest Roman of them all," "the greatest name in history," was his true prototype, and that he, too, fell in his prime? Or was it the consummate art of an actor? One's answer depends upon his sympathy with, or antagonism to, Bonaparte. We only know that, in this decisive hour, he was reading Montesquieu!

Napoleon once possessed a famous copy of Montesquieu. When he entered the palace of the Prussian king at Potsdam, a small 18mo volume, printed in Holland and bound in red morocco, was lying open on the table. It was Montesquieu's work on the Roman empire, the pages of it covered with marginal comments in the handwriting of the great Frederick. This interesting volume was appropriated by the conqueror. One day Napoleon's secretary foolishly loaned it to Talleyrand. Though frequently asked for it, the minister never returned it. Where is the book to-day?

After Marmont's and Joseph's cowardly surrender before Paris, the final stage was reached. The negotiations which banished Napoleon to Elba were conducted at Fontainebleau. There Napoleon found a congenial acquaintance in the British commissioner, Sir Neil Campbell, with whom he enthusiastically conversed about the poems of Ossian, whose epic quality he thought to be like that of Homer.

During the nine days which Napoleon passed at Fontainebleau he occupied himself with choosing the books he would carry with him to Elba. Among these were the *Bulletin des lois*, the *Recueil des traités de paix* by Koch and Martens, the *Moniteur*, the *Code Napoléon*, Polybius, Thucydides, Homer, Vergil, Cæsar, Sallust and Tacitus, Suetonius, Plutarch, Ariosto, Tasso. From Elba, in Bertrand's name, he subscribed for the leading European literary and political periodicals. When Napoleon returned from this first exile, in March, 1815, finding his former librarian still in the Tuileries, he an-

nounced his intention of bringing from Elba to Paris the books which had solaced his exile. Some of these, indeed, actually arrived at the Tuileries.

In the anguished days immediately following Waterloo, when Napoleon looked to America as a place of refuge, Barbier was instructed to form a new library from his traveling library and the books at Malmaison, and to consign it to an American house *via* Havre. The pride of the fallen conqueror appears in the order that the great work of the Egyptian Commission shall not fail to be included. Some new additions, pertaining to America, naturally were also made. The chamber of representatives voted the library of Trianon to Napoleon by a special act, but when Bülow learned of it the burly Prussian put seals upon the cabinets in Versailles. Sir Hudson Lowe afterwards made a formal request of Louis XVIII for the restoration of these books to his distinguished prisoner, but the Bourbon, who had learned nothing and forgotten nothing, was petty enough to refuse. Thus it was that the Emperor was compelled to purchase, at his own expense, when at St. Helena, a copy of the great *Déscription de l'Egypte*, a work which, save for him, would never have been.

At St. Helena, Lord Rosebery truly says, "The one pleasure of the captive's life was an arrival of books. Then he would shut himself up with them for days together, — bathing in them, revelling in them, feasting on them." The pen of the gifted English nobleman has described with wonderful sympathy the life of the chained eagle on that rock in the Atlantic. History, drama, essays, poetry, travel, the classic literature of Greece and Rome, of France and England, were impressed into service in order to beguile the pain of a Promethean torture of the spirit.

Under the Second Empire, the English government returned some — not all — of these books from St. Helena to France. They were installed by Napoleon III in the palace of the Tuileries, and there remained until consumed, in 1871, in the burning of the palace during the Commune.

THE WHALE

BY S. CARLETON

"Kwā!" I called, standing outside Andrew Paul's house in the rain.

I stood also in the wind, but manners are manners, and a hostess must have her opportunity to say "not at home." If I were not wanted, I knew the procedure. A voice would ask who I was, and what was my business. After that there would be nothing for it but to state my errand and go away. But no such cold-blooded thing happened to me. The door flew open on Mrs. Paul, gorgeous to behold in a green plaid shawl pinned with a *niskamân*, or clasp of rank, as big as a saucer, and solid silver at that. Mrs. Paul is a captain's wife, and lets you know it.

"Well, it gives me happy thoughts to see you," she said in Indian. "Come in; sit down; dry yourself!"

I did all three. The one-roomed house was as neat as a new pin, except for the litter of moccasin-making. My moccasins were done, and I paid for them; after which there was a great brewing of tea. One of the grandchildren, who sat, oily-eyed, behind the stove, said something, and was promptly hushed. Mrs. Paul looked at me apologetically.

"We was just telling them a few old

story," she said; "they wants me to go on with them. I say to them where their manners? The *sakamow*, he don't care for Indian story."

"Old Joe Brooks," — I began; and the name was electric.

"Him!" cried Mrs. Paul; for a moment scorn choked her. "Him! He don't know 'em right! Me, I got them straight down from my grandmother, and her mother, Philip Bernard was her man. And he was a Frenchman, — he was kepture by us when we was fighting with you people, — and my grandmother's mother she marry him. He have great story-telling to his camp every night of every winter, got story-tellers in from miles round; and every story he tell to my grandmother, and she tell to me, word for word. There is n't no Indian story that I don't know, nor that I don't know right. I tell you one now, — right this minute. Old Joe Brooks — Ho, I make him feel funny if I catch him story-telling! And" — she looked at me with the last pride of the accomplished — "I tell you it in English, too. I can't sound him out like I do in Indian, but there is n't one woman alive that could do this but me."

If I had had time, I would have produced tobacco, but she forestalled me, and lit her own. There was no light but the fire from the open stove. It glittered on the silver of her *niskamân*, and on the oily eyes of the silent children. In the quiet I heard the rain against the house wall.

"The name of this story," said Mrs. Paul — she looked at me between two puffs of her really remarkable tobacco — "is The Whale. Seems to me," she added reflectively, "that in those times the animals were all talking loud, — like people, — but we git to that by and by! First: —

"There was a time a family lived in the woods. I don't know if they was the only family in the world, but it seems so. Anyhow, nobody ever came near where they were, and they never knowed there was any people in the world but themselves. There was an Old Man and an Old Woman, and they got two children, boy and girl; girl was the oldest.

"Old Man he used to have traps in one direction; Old Woman she had her traps in 'nother direction. They live on what they ketch in those traps; meat, fowls, and everything. And maple sugar, — one year to 'nother year they had maple sugar all along! And they gather up the fishes in the spring to do them till next spring; and meat, they keep it from one year to other end of year. In the spring they used to plant the corn; and in the summer they used to pick wild potatoes, — just like sweet potatoes," she broke off, "only leaves and flowers like morning-glory, open and shut just same way; and roots all strung on one string. Then they gather up lot of stuff what's growin'; peppermint; yellow lilies — their buds just like onion, and boil like onion — so they never mind anything about white man what he eat now, — they got plenty of their own. Their clothing it was of fur and leather. But they had three prayers every day; one at morning, one at noon, and one at night. They train their children to this, till every action they had their children had it. Children stayed with them till they was grown up, able to do for themselves.

"One day Old Man sick. Old Woman go to work to try to get some kind of root to cure Old Man; but she could n't cure him. He died. Old Woman was very lonesome, and she made up her mind to tell the children what they must do if she was dead. She told them to not go no place; told the Boy to take his father's traps, and the Girl to take her own traps, and to be together always and not parted. She told Girl, 'You care for your Brother best way you kin,' and she told Boy, 'You take care your Sister, so no *boöoin* (and that's what you call witchcraft) 'can get hold of her.' They both make very good promise; and, that very next day, Old Woman she die.

"Well, the Brother and Sister was there for good many years, 'long themselves. Then one night they was saying their

prayers, and after they finish their prayers the Boy says: —

"'Sister, there must be somebody in the world like us, because these prayers what we got says, "*Kesoolk*, our Maker and Great Chief, take care of them all," — and if there was only us two in this world they would say, "take care of them two."' Says he: 'Our prayers tells us to think of our neighbors as we do ourselves. You say these birds and beasts they have no souls, and we should n't pray for them; so why would n't there be no more people than us?'

"Well, Girl begin to turn round, and told him: 'Well, you have a queer notion, to think about people, when we are very well contented here with the two of us, and we need n't complain. We eat any time we are hungry; we can kneel down and say our prayers; when we want to we can sleep, just as comfortable as if we had a thousand people round us.'

"Boy said: 'I want to find out if there is more people in this world than us. We must start and look for them, till we find out.'

"The Girl told him, 'I'll do as you say, if you 'll do as I say afterwards.'

"So he make good promise, and she got ready to start and look for the people. They made some kind of rule, that they 'll go one way all along; they put a stick in the ground in the middle of the day, and wherever the shadow was on the ground in the middle of the day they took that direction always. They traveled good many days, till winter sets in; and they found nobody yet, not the sign of nobody. One day they 'll put up their camp to prepare what they 'll eat, and the Boy will be restless; when they finish what they have to eat, he 'll make her gather up and start; they do like that all winter. And before that winter was quite over they found the tracks of Somebody; but it was such an old track they lost that track. But when they did they sat down and made their camp, and they said, 'We 'll stay here; and p'raps Somebody 'll come along.'

"One day, while the Boy was hunting, he found a place where a moose had been killed that Somebody killed. When he come home, says he: 'I found where They killed a moose, but I dares n't go too far, for I was frightened I might see Them. Good many,' says he, 'that don't afraid, have brought themselves into trouble!'

"So they stay there till spring, and start again. They found a place pretty soon, where Somebody had been all winter; good many camps were left empty where the people they had moved from that place. Still, they went ahead to try and find them out, where they had gone to, till they come out on a river. When they come there they found a camp where Somebody had been making sugar; trees were all tapped; troughs were all put away into one camp, for next spring. Boy says: —

"'We 're getting handy to Them! We found out that there was more people than us in this world.' And they went along, following the river till they got to salt water; and there they found a place where Somebody had moved from. Canoes had all landed, and start again from beach; children's tracks, and women's tracks, and men's tracks, — they see them all in the sand.

"Girl said: 'We need n't go hurry. Let me make our clothing, so we 'll have all new clothing, and everything nice and neat; because we are strangers.'

"So she begin to make their clothing, and the Boy was making sacks himself for carrying things; sacks made of leather. And he put flowers on them, with all the things that had happened to him and his Sister since they left home to look for people. Time he found tracks first and looked down at them, he put his picture down of that; how he found out what a track was, he put that down; what kind of way They killed the moose he found first; and when he found the winter camps with no one in them, — he put all them things down on them sacks; and how he stood himself when he come to

the salt water, and see all those tracks on the sand and shore of it.

"So they made up their clothes, and they started in the morning. In the evening they come to a little cove, and right opposite them they seen fires on the other shore of it; first fires, and then people. Some made their own camps, and some they stayed overnight without camps. The Boy and Girl they went round this little cove till they come to the first camp.

"Well, in that first camp the people was Old Bear and Young Marten. Next was Old Chief's, — and he had awful big eyes, — but he was Old Owl, you know; in them days just same as people! 'Nother camp was a widow woman's; she had a lot of girls, and she was Mis' Mink. She had a smart boy to help her, name Weasel.

"When Boy and Girl come to Old Bear's camp they stayed, for Old Bear she ask them. Girl was helping Old Bear best way she kin, and the young fellow her Brother was getting wood the best way he kin, and helping Marten. They worked awful well; better than Old Bear ever had seen.

"One day Old Chief was saying: 'We ought to get this Boy and Girl to be camping with us always. They work awful hard work, and they are company for us, because we can understand them; they talk our language.'

"So the people in those camps asks them, 'if they would get married there if they got the man and got the woman?' Says they, 'No! Because we have to go back home, not knowing how soon.'

"Old Chief said (and he let them go out first, before he said it): 'What we'll do, we'll make it so he never kin go back, and then his Sister she stay with him. We'll get'" —

The old lady broke off. "I don' know what I'm going to call what they get." She said an Indian word that I knew to mean "the great reptile," and translated it, "Great big lizard, kind of horned, awful deep jaw — one of them — I think most like crocodile!" (It was the first thing I had ever heard in support of the tradition that the Micmacs came north from Florida, and if I might have substituted alligator for crocodile, I held my tongue.) She continued with decision: —

"'We'll get crocodile, and we'll take the horns off it'" (I am an unlearned person, and there may be crocodiles with horns; I make no stipulations about it); "'and we'll get the old Witch to wish those horns on the Boy's head, so they can't come off. But how we kin do it?'

"Well, he think and think. Says he: 'We'll make party; only for men, not for women, so that Girl she can't come. Every man will have his form of arm what he'll use when he's hunting, and what he'll use in war with strange Indians; bow an' arrows and spears, and little tommyhawk and butcher's knife. We'll get up after we done eating, and we'll sing'" — She interrupted herself. "What'll I call *neskowā?* I don't know that word in English. Not war'*hup*," — she said it indescribably, with a cold and rising inflection; and I interrupted. I know *neskowā*, it means to dance a magic dance, chanting the while a chant which is not used in churches; each man takes his turn at it, every one making his own song of what he has done, and what he will do, — and at this present day it is well known that during the duration of his *neskowā* the singer is impervious to bullets. It is not a blood-warming performance, even now. I said, "*Kejeek*, I know it!"

The old lady nodded. "My Mr. Paul, he knows all them old songs," she said casually. "You get him some day; tell him, '*neskowā* a little for me.'" And Mr. Paul is a pillar of the church, and respected. They are not pretty songs.

Mrs. Paul puffed at her pipe, and thought a little.

"Well," she continued, "well, says Old Chief, 'we'll get up and *neskowā;* every man'll make his own song of what he would do, and every one'll go round and shake hands; and while we shake hands we'll put those horns on that boy.'

"Well, Girl she told her Brother: 'My

dear, they call each other together to put up some rig on you. That's what you were wishing for when you wish for people. But when you must go to this party don't forget me, not even for one minute; while you remember me nobody kin get at you.'

"But the Boy went away quite cheerful to the party. And when they was done eating, Old Chief done like he said he would. He got up, and he sing that *neskowā* all round the camp; and the rest of them all put those crocodile's horns on their heads, turn by turn, and say, 'How would I look if I had these horns on my head?' An' 'nother one would do the same, till they got all through. The Boy was the last one.

"And when he put those horns on, he could n't took them off. He forgot all about his Sister, and those horns stuck on his head. Old Chief and all his men were so pleased to get those horns stuck on his head, that they made an awful hurrah, all of them. And then all those men and women they cleared out their camps, and moved away from that place in canoes: since the Boy and his Sister would not marry one of them, nor be one of their people, they could stay now where they were, alone.

"The Boy came home to his Sister. He looked very sad.

"She told him: 'Well, you got what you were seeking for when you wished to see other people! You always said that you liked me, and would never forget me; and now it shows that you did forget me. Now you brought us here to those people, and they leave us,—no camp, not anybody left,— and you not able to go home because of those horns fixed on your head.'

"He sat down by an elm tree, and she was making a camp of the leavings of those people that had gone away; and while she was making it her Brother's horns growed that fast they twisted round the elm tree, so tight he could n't get them off. He got to sit there. Then his Sister made little shed for him, round the elm tree, and she finished her camp for herself. And he sits there in his little shed, and she in her camp.

"She feel pretty bad. She feel worse than if she had stayed at home, and never seen nobody. One day she feel so bad she went to work and washed herself, and combed her hair, and put on her best clothing, and painted her cheeks; and she went over to where there was a flat rock stuck out into the sea, and was sitting down there and singing lonesome tunes to herself. She commenced to cry, and she cried till by and by she went to sleep. While she was sleeping there was a Whale going beside the rock, for there was deep water round it, and what he seen was a little young girl laying down; and he never see any prettier girl than that. He stopped, and he change himself into a man in a canoe.

"And this," said Mrs. Paul, "is where I don't understand 'bout the men and animals; seems like as if you could n't tell always which was which. So I don't believe 'em now when they say that birds and the beasts they don't have no souls, — but I don' *know*, and you don' know!

"That man that was a Whale, he took his paddle and lifted up the Girl with it, and he put her in his canoe. Then he paddled home to his own house.

"He got a Mother and Sister. When he get home he say to his Sister: —

"'You go down to my canoe and wake up your sister-in-law; and tell her to come to her dinner.'

"This Whale-girl she was so pleased that she run; she 'd never had no company at all, where she lived. Looking in canoe, there was the girl, just waking up. Says the Whale-girl: —

"'My dear sister-in-law, get up and come home.'

"They went home together, and when they got in the old Whale-woman look up. Says she, 'Well, daughter-in-law, go up 'long side of your man.'

"And that 's the way," said Mrs. Paul, "that us Indians used to get married before we knew the Scriptures. The old

people, you know, they sit at home; and when their son bring in a girl, if they like her they says, 'Come up to the back part of camp, daughter-in-law,' — that the place of honor. After that, they make good cheer, and feast for wedding; and that 's the way the Whale-woman did.

"So that Girl she was married, and she got so contented that her mind was put away from her Brother. She had company, and they used her very well. She liked the place, and she liked the people, and she liked her man very well; with him she was awfully pleased. She had her own prayers yet; the Whales they never pray, but they would n't hinder her from saying her prayers. She knowed a great deal, and she used to tell them stories about *Kesoolk*, our Creator and Great Chief, as well as she kin. They got into her way, every one of 'em, to honor their Maker. She was thankful to *Kesoolk* for everything she had got; but these Whales used to grab everything, and never thank for it till she learned them. They got so that they got along real good together.

"She got a baby, little boy. By and by the baby was one year old; and one day, looking at the baby, something struck her that she remembered her Brother. She could n't help herself, and she was crying.

"Old Woman Whale badly struck when she seen her daughter-in-law crying; she thought she was sick.

"'My dear child,' she says, 'what wrong with you? You sick?'

"'No, dear mother.'

"'Are you feel lonesome about your man?' Cause, you see, he was out every day from before sunrise till after sundown, — that was his life. Old Woman Whale thinks then, 'Maybe my daughter-in-law is lonesome!' She told her own daughter, 'Go some place, and get the roots for making a canoe.'

"The Whale-girl told her sister-in-law, 'What make you cry?'

"The Girl said: 'Well, I'm just a-going to tell you now! I got a Brother, where I come from, and he was wished them crocodile horns on his head; when I came away they were growing so fast they were growing round the tree he was sat down under. By this time he must be dead; and I'm so wishing to see him once more.'

"'Ho,' the Whale-girl says, 'those horns can be cured off! I got simple cure to cure them off. When my brother come home to-night, if the sun goes down in red cloud, you pinch little baby; make him cry whole evening. If my brother he ask you what wrong with the child, you tell him, "He's foolish! He's crying after that red cloud he see when sun was down."'

"Well, this Girl carried the child out to meet his father, because he 's sure to come home after sundown; and when she look at the cloud it was red. So when her man come home she pinched the young one. He cried, and cried, and cried.

"Her man says, 'What wrong with the child?'

"Girl told him, 'He has such a simple notion that he cried after that red cloud he see, when the sun was down.'

"'Is that all?' said her man, and he laugh. 'Well, we see about that in the morning!'

"The child stop crying, because his mother did n't pinch him any more, and in the morning the Whale-man he start for that red cloud; — and he brought it home, mind you, that next night! Child did n't play with it, 'cause of course he never thinking nothing about it. But his mother she put it away carefully, rolled up in a little bark box. Next night says the Whale-girl: —

"'Yellow cloud to-night. You pinch this child hard, so to make him cry for this yellow cloud which comes now with sundown, and to-morrow morning his father he go and fetch it for him. And to-morrow morning you must get up early, soon as he has gone, and make ready to do whatever I tell you.'

"So when the Whale-man gone, the Whale-girl and her sister-in-law were

ready. They went off by themselves in the canoe the Whale-woman had told them to make when she see her daughter-in-law cry, and took the child in his little cradle, laced up like Indian child is carried. The Whale-girl says to her mother, 'We going over to little island to see if we kin pick few berries.' But they started for good, and they went over to the Girl's home.

"Whale-girl told her, 'I know your home where the Whale my brother got you;' and she steer canoe herself. They paddle hard.

"But just when this Whale-man got that yellow cloud the baby cry for, he begin to feel bad; he know something wrong in his home. He begin hurry for home. When he got there, they was n't there; not the Whale-girl, nor the child and his mother.

"Old Woman Whale said, 'They started for picking berries, ever since you started in the morning.'

"Says he, 'They'll not picking berries! My sister she takes her sister-in-law home. They made some plan up for to take her home.' He started after them.

"Says the Whale-girl to her sister-in-law, 'My dear, he coming after us! Very fast.' Was n't she frightened! 'But he'll not kill us; only take us back. If he comes handy, you drop the cradle in water, and paddle away all you kin.'

"And he was coming so handy they saw the water raised up where he blow. But next time he blow was right handy. The Whale-girl told her, 'He's coming fast!'

"At that she threw the cradle into the water, and he hollered, 'This poor little baby's cradle fall into the water!' And he caught it, and pet it up, and sing songs to it, till they went very far, and he put it into his bosom. And then they only could see the place where they were going.

"When he too handy again the Girl went and throw the stick that raised the veil from off her baby's face, and he pick that up. When he come handy again she took her baby's little clothes and throw them in the sea; and he taking so much time to pick them all up. Then once more he will overtake them, if they had n't anything more to put in the water. Thinking about her baby's pillow, she emptied all the feathers out of it in the water. When he picked them up, one by one, they were at the shore.

"The Whale he won't come too handy to shore, and he stopped; and advised her to take good care of that child, and not to cross water of any distance wide, because he sure to catch her crossing. The Whale-girl she took that little box what the red cloud was in, and says she, —

"'My sister-in-law, when we come to your Brother's shed what you built over him, don't look at him, don't stop at all, don't feel sorry for him, — make your own way to your own camp what you built that same day.'

"But when she passed her Brother spoke to her. 'My dear sister, I'm living yet; very miserable, very poor, very hungry, and very tired sitting.'

"She never looked at him, nor touched her heart for him saying this. She passed by.

"This Whale-girl she went and looked at him. She anointed him with the red cloud out of the little box, and rubbed him in it, and melted some of it in water, and gave it to him to drink. When he was sitting there he was nothing but skeleton, but after she rubbed him, he was filled out all over. Then he stood up, and his horns was off, and hair was where his horns had growed; and she dressed him with fine clothes. He thanked her for doing this for him, and call her his dear wife," — and that was another quick marriage! — "He come in to the camp where his Sister was waiting, and oh, they was proud to see one another!

"They made good home for to stay there; and they stay there till it was winter. There was a little cove there, and one day they went to it for boughs for

their camp; the Girl went, too, with her baby on her back. This little cove was kind of narrow, but long and deep, with ice on it. They went round it, but the Girl thought she would carry home boughs across it; her sister-in-law, the Whale-girl went across it, and she went after her. First two steps she make on the ice, she went under, — and the Whale grabbed her. Took her and her little boy, and stand her on his back, and her carrying her baby in her arms. And away he went to his home."

"Is that the end?" asked a solemn grandchild.

The old lady laughed. "Well, then," she said, "I went home myself. I went with them just that far." It was a delicate hint, for she turned as I rose. "Next time you come I tell you about the Partridge and his Wife."

CONFESSION

BY LEE WILSON DODD

THIS is the man you love. . . . No stainless knight
Unblemished by the world, no paragon
Moved by pure impulse only, no eremite
Lost in lone penances from dawn to dawn;
But such a seeker after truth as scorns
The cant of custom, such an erring heart
As drums to beauty's challenge — ay, and mourns
For beauty vanquished: one who bears his part
In the indifferent tumult of the hour
Indifferently well; best, one who knows
Whither, when adverse currents sap his power,
He may creep homeward to assured repose —
Even to your feet, that you may bend above
His humbled head. . . . This is the man you love.

OUR UNELASTIC CURRENCY

BY GEORGE VON L. MEYER

When one compares the excessive fluctuations in the rates of interest at New York with those at London, Paris, and Berlin, it seems extraordinary that no action has been taken by our government to remedy the defects in our currency system. In order to appreciate these enormous changes in the value of money, it is necessary to keep constantly in mind the fact that money is merely a commodity. If, for instance, the supply of ice were so fixed that the same quantity was meted out for each month, irrespective of the temperature or the requirements of the community, we should see in New York, during July and August, ice advancing to fabulous prices, on account of the extraordinary demand and the fixed, limited supply, which could not be increased to meet the occasion during those two months. So in Wall Street, a few months ago, the temperature rose, as it were, matters became excited, and the supply of money was not equal to the demand; and, as it could not be quickly increased to meet the temporary requirements, the rate actually rose to over 100 per cent.

Let us see what regulations are made in other countries, in order that their currency may have some elasticity and be able to meet emergencies in case of a crisis.

England. By the law of 1844 the Bank of England was divided into two departments: (1) for issuing paper money, (2) for ordinary banking. The department for issuing paper money acquired the reserve of the Bank of England with 14 millions sterling of securities, mostly government bonds. This department of the Bank is allowed to issue five-pound notes and upward to the full extent of the reserve, plus an additional sum of 14 millions sterling on the credit of the securities above mentioned; thus the circulation could not exceed the coin reserve by more than 14 millions sterling in 1844.

The law of 1844, besides prohibiting the establishment of any more banks of issue than already existed in that year, and besides limiting the circulation of these banks to the amount extant among them in April, 1844, further provided that if one of these banks of issue should fail or withdraw, then the Bank of England could be authorized by Order in Council to add to its own issue two thirds of what the late bank had had the right to issue.

In consequence of this provision the authorized issue of the Bank of England against securities up to the present date (of March 1, 1906) has been increased by £4,450,000 beyond the 14 millions sterling provided by the Bank Act of 1844.

A distinction has to be drawn between notes "issued" and notes "in circulation." Notes are technically issued by the Bank of England when they are transferred from the Issue Department to the Banking Department. Thus it is practically a fact that the Bank always "issues" notes up to the full extent of its legal power. But the notes so "issued" are not all "in circulation," a large proportion of them usually being held by the Bank in its Banking Department.

The Bank of England is by practice the depository of the ultimate gold reserve of the country, consequently the Bank has to have on hand a large cash reserve in its Banking Department. It is not necessary, however, that the entire banking reserve should be held in the Banking Department in the form of gold and silver coin, about two million pounds

sterling being so held for the convenience of current transactions. The remainder is deposited as gold coin or bullion in the Issue Department, and notes representing that amount take its place in the banking reserve of the Banking Department. It will therefore be found that the notes in circulation, plus the notes held by the Bank, equal the gold in the Issue Department, plus the issue against securities. Thus in the year 1895 the equation stood approximately as in Table A.[1]

From which it will be seen that the total amount of notes issued by the Bank of England in that year was 53,100,000 pounds sterling, but the actual notes in circulation were only 25,800,000.

On the 1st of March, 1906, the notes issued from the Issue Department of the Bank of England were 53,938,330 pounds sterling. Of this amount £28,265,930 were in circulation (in the hands of the public), and £25,672,400 were held by the Bank in the Banking Department. In that year the equation would have read as in Table B.[2]

Hence we see that on March 1, 1906, without any further addition to the stock of gold held by the Bank of England, its currency had a possible increase for circulation to the full amount of the notes held by the Bank, namely: £25,672,400. In other words, it could almost double its outstanding circulation.

Any elasticity beyond this 25 millions sterling would have required the suspension of the law of 1844. Owing to a sudden and unprecedented demand for money in 1847, 1857, and 1866, the government, to avoid a panic, and possibly save the Bank, repealed the law in order to allow the Bank to issue paper money (over and above the reserve, plus the issue against securities) till all legitimate demands were satisfied. Thus on three occasions the crisis was tided over. In each case the law of 1844 was resumed, and is in force to-day.

The silver in the reserve fund must never exceed one quarter of the gold coin and bullion, but as a matter of fact the reserve in England since 1861 has been entirely in gold.

France. The control of the Bank of France is vested in a governor and two subgovernors, who are appointed by the French government, and by fifteen regents and three censors elected by an Assembly of the two hundred largest stockholders. No deputy or senator can serve as governor or as subgovernor, while three of the regents must be chosen from among the Government's Receivers General of Finance. The governor, subgovernors, regents, and censors together compose the General Council of the Bank, which determines the rate of discount, and the like. The issue of paper money is under the special care of the three censors, without whose unanimous consent no issue can be made. The Bank of France issues paper money, but of no denomination less than fifty francs. The money is of value because of the credit of the Bank. Its policy, however, is to keep so substantial a reserve of gold and silver that it may be able to replace, on demand, its notes by gold and silver.

Since 1880 the policy has been to increase the proportion of gold in the reserve, and from that date the silver in the reserve has remained at about 1100 million francs. On the other hand, the gold in the reserve has risen from 550 million francs in 1880 to about 3000 million francs in 1906. Hence the reserve of the Bank of France is now composed of about

[1] TABLE A.

Notes in Circulation.		Notes in Bank.		Gold.		Securities (Bank Act, 1844).
£25,800,000	+	£27,300,000	=	£36,300,000	+	£16,800,000

[2] TABLE B.

Notes in Circulation.		Notes in Bank.		Gold.		Securities.
£28,265,930	+	£25,672,400	=	£35,488,330	+	£18,450,000

three fourths gold, instead of about one third gold, as in 1880.

As there is a legal limit to the amount of paper money which the Bank of France can issue, there is consequently a limit to the elasticity of its currency. Thus, in 1880 the legal limit of the paper money which the Bank of France could issue was 3200 million francs, while the actual amount of paper money in circulation was about 2319 million francs. The reserve at that time was 1775 million francs, of which 550 million francs was gold, and 1225 million francs silver. In January, 1906, the legal limit of the paper money which the Bank of France could issue was 5800 million francs, while the actual amount of paper money in circulation at the same period was 4721 million francs. The reserve was 2844 million francs gold and 1054 million silver. Consequently it will be seen that a considerable and increasing elasticity is secured by the Bank arranging with the Minister of Finance, when the actual circulation approaches too nearly the legal limit, that a law be passed raising the legal limit to a figure which allows increased circulation. This was last done at the end of 1905, the legal limit of issue being raised from 5000 million francs to 5800 million francs. The actual notes in circulation in 1905 were 4408 million, and on the 1st of February, 1906, 4831 million, permitting an increase of elasticity of about 1000 million francs.

The following table will show the capital of the Bank of France, also the circulation and reserve of various years, since 1870: —

Present Capital . . . . 182,500,000 francs.

Years.	Legal Francs.	Actual Francs.	Gold Francs.	Silver Francs.	Total Francs.
1880	3,200,000,000	2,319,000,000	550,000,000	1,225,000,000	1,775,000,000
1884	5,200,000,000	—	—	—	—
1897	5,200,000,000	3,872,000,000	1,945,000,000	1,105,000,000	3,150,000,000
1904	5,200,000,000	—	2,650,000,000	1,098,000,000	3,749,000,000
1905	5,200,000,000	4,408,000,000	2,864,000,000	1,071,000,000	3,935,000,000
Jan. 1906	5,800,000,000	4,721,000,000	2,853,000,000	1,057,000,000	3,911,000,000
Feb. 1, 1906	5,800,000,000	4,831,000,000	2,848,000,000	1,054,000,000	3,902,000,000

Germany. By the laws of 1875, thirty-three banks in the German Empire were granted the right to issue paper money. Since then twenty-seven banks have relinquished the right, and to-day only six of the banks privileged in 1875 to issue paper money remain in possession of this privilege, of which the principal one is the Reichsbank, the others being the Bavarian, Dresdner, Würtemberg, Baden, and Brunswick.

The German banks can only issue paper money against security actually in their possession, as defined in the law of 1875. At least one third of the circulation of each bank must be based on gold in bars or in coin, current German coin, and Imperial Treasury notes.

The reserve of these banks may consist of gold in coin and bars and other current German coin, Imperial Treasury notes, and notes of other German banks.

In order that the circulation should be elastic and still under proper control, it was further provided that, when the banks issued paper money in excess of their reserve, plus a stated sum,[1] they should then pay a tax of 5 per cent per annum on the excess issued. The untaxable excess of the first five banks enumerated above is the same, namely, 71,600,000 marks, as it was in 1875, but that of the Reichsbank has been increased from 250 million marks, first by absorbing to itself the excess of twenty-five banks

[1] 1. Bavarian Bank . . . M. 32,000,000
2. Dresdner Bank . . . " 16,771,000
3. Würtemberg Bank. . " 10,000,000
4. Baden Bank . . . . " 10,000,000
5. Brunswick Bank . . " 2,829,000
6. The Reichsbank . . " 470,000,000

M. 541,600,000

(M. 43,400,000) as they renounced their rights of issue, and by a law which went into effect on January 1, 1901, raising the untaxable excess of the Reichsbank to 450,000,000 marks. This excess has been still further increased by 20,000,000 marks since January 1, 1901, by the remaining two banks of the twenty-seven giving up their issue of paper money.

The policy of the Reichsbank is well shown by the fact that, while the law compels it to base only one third of its circulation on gold coin, bullion, and treasury notes, it has steadily pursued the policy of increasing the coin and bullion in its reserve.

Thus in 1905 its total paper in circulation was 1,335,000,000 marks.

Its total average of coin and bullion reserve was 972,000,000 marks, made up as follows: —

Gold in German coin	M. 470,955,000
Gold in bar and foreign coin .	274,322,000
	M. 745,277,000
Silver Thalers	93,287,000
Silver and Copper, fractional .	134,395,000
	M. 972,959,000

The Reichsbank exceeded its untaxable excess nine times in the course of the year 1905, as follows: —

March 31	M. 21,000,000
June 30	98,000,000
September 30	450,000,000
October 7	268,000,000
October 14	142,000,000
October 23	25,000,000
October 31	146,000,000
November 7	75,000,000
December 30	355,000,000

For these various excesses it was charged, by virtue of the 5 per cent tax, the sum of 1,651,000 marks.

In 1904 there was charged to similar excesses, by virtue of the same tax, the sum of 1,118,000 marks.

The United States. In the United States paper currency is issued by the United States Treasury, and also by the National Banks.

At the end of November, 1905, the United States Treasury Statement was as follows: —

$526,020,869 Gold Certificates
against $526,020,869 Gold Coin
$475,735,000 Silver Certificates
against $475,735,000 Silver Dollars
$8,478,000 Treasury Notes
against $8,478,000 Silver Dollars of 1890
$346,681,016 U. S. Notes
against $150,000,000 Gold Coin and Bullion (Reserve Fund)

In the General Fund there was an additional supply of gold in coin, bullion, and gold certificates, amounting to $135,500,000 approximately.

That the number of National Banks increased from 3871 in 1900 to 5833 in 1905, shows that a nation so prosperous and extended as the United States of America requires constant extension of the banking and financial machinery.

In November, 1905, National Bank notes outstanding were about 485 million dollars, against which there had been deposited by the National Banks with the government an equal amount of United States Government Bonds.

The statement of the United States Treasury shows that the amount of outstanding bonds on the 30th November, 1905, was	$895,159,000
To secure circulation, National Bank Notes and United States government deposits, about .	$551,240,000
Total amount for further circulation	$343,919,000

But of this amount a certain proportion would not be available, being held abroad; also a large number of permanent investments are made by trustees, savings banks, insurance companies, trust companies, and other fiduciary institutions in this country. Besides, of the $343,919,000 of bonds, $117,000,000 are redeemable after July 1, 1907, and

$64,000,000 after August 1, 1908. This will reduce the total amount for further banknote circulation to $162,000,000.

On the 1st of January, 1906, with the gold coin in circulation, which was said to be about $650,000,000, the moneys in the hands of the people of the United States exceeded all previous records, the official statement showing an average of about $31.80 per capita, on an estimated population of 84 million. There is at present a law limiting to $3,000,000 per month the amount of lawful money which the banks may deposit for the retirement of their circulation. The Committee of Finance and Currency of the New York Chamber of Commerce apparently wished to recommend the repeal of this limitation. Secretary Shaw, in his published letter of February 7, 1906, addressed to Mr. Schiff, concerning the recommendation, calls attention to the fact that such action would make it possible to retire all our National Bank circulation in a very short period.

The Secretary also stated that banks find it profitable to buy government bonds, with which to increase their circulation, when money is cheap and at a very low rate of interest, and consequently find it more profitable to sell their bonds and retire their circulation when money is dear and worth high rates of interest.

As evidence of this, Mr. Shaw showed that the New York city banks increased their circulation five millions of dollars during July and August, when money was plenty and low, and actually contracted their circulation by $2,750,000 during the months of October, November, and December, 1905, when the rate of interest reached 100 per cent. This demonstrates, as Mr. Shaw aptly observes, that circulation secured by bonds will always contract when it ought to expand, and will always expand when it ought to contract.

The committee of the New York Chamber of Commerce criticises the Secretary's suggestion of allowing to the National Banks of Issue an additional circulation, in time of money stringency, of 50 per cent of the bond circulation, subject to a 5 per cent or 6 per cent tax. This plan the committee characterizes as inflation. It would appear, however, that a similar method in the case of the German Reichsbank works, as it were, automatically. Money is issued when a stringency occurs, and, owing to the tax to which it is subjected, retires when normal conditions return. It is obvious that when the current rate is not above 5 per cent there is no longer an incentive for the Reichsbank to continue its circulation subject to a 5 per cent tax.

If, in the United States, the privilege of a 50 per cent additional circulation subject to a 6 per cent tax had been in force last November, and availed of by every National Bank of Issue throughout the country at the same time, — which is not probable, — the total increase of currency for the time being, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, would have been about 240 million, or less than 10 per cent of all the moneys probably in circulation in the United States. Of this sum 25 million would have been available in the New York City banks.

Experts must decide whether the above amount is excessive, distributed as it is among so many banks, or whether it is out of all proportion when compared to the 450 million marks ($112,000,000) that the Reichsbank alone had in circulation subject to a 5 per cent tax on September 30, 1905. It has been shown that the Bank of France (January, 1906) could, without any tax, and subject only to the unanimous consent of the three censors, issue 1000 million francs ($200,000,000), while in London for a number of years the Banking Department of the Bank of England has held its notes to the extent of 25 million sterling ready to be placed in circulation as the occasions require. The British government has, besides, established in the past the precedent of temporarily repealing, in case of need, the law of 1844 limiting the issue of paper money.

The excessive money stringencies which are peculiar to the United States, and due to a great extent to our defective system, should be avoidable when we take into consideration our real financial strength and standing. Therefore, in view of the serious inconveniences of our unelastic currency which have been experienced in the past, and which will occur again in the future, it would seem to be the duty of Congress to consider the question seriously, and take such action as is proper and necessary in order to grant to the currency the required elasticity.

IN ARDEN: AN IDYL OF THE HUNTING FIELD

BY ARTHUR GRANT

THERE was hunting in Arden when Rosalind wandered through its forest glades in doublet and hose, and when lords in exile discussed the chase from the point of view of the "poor sequestered stag." There was hunting, too, in Arden when one Christopher Sly, a tinker with aristocratic pretensions, used to call at the hostelry of Mistress Marian Hacket, "the fat alewife of Wincot," or Wilmcote. Even after Shakespeare's time this particular corner of Warwickshire continued to be identified with sport, for here lived and died William Somervile, the sportsman-poet of England. The coach road from London to Birmingham passes close to the parish church of Wootton Wawen, where he rests, and the milestone at the bridge of Wootton informs us that we are exactly one hundred miles from London, two miles from Henley-in-Arden, and six miles from Stratford-on-Avon. Thus the very milestones are reminiscent of Shakespeare, and we pass English lanes with fingerposts inviting us to Warwick, Hampton Lucy, and Wilmcote, the early home of Mary Arden, Shakespeare's mother. But though we are in the heart of Arden, our present pilgrimage is not to the great shrine at Stratford-on-Avon. An interesting minor poet of Arden claims the tribute of a more than passing reference.

William Somervile of Edstone was a fine old country gentleman all of the olden time, — something of the school of Sir Roger de Coverley, with a strong dash of Squire Western. But whereas Addison and Fielding gave us types, Somervile gave us himself. Born at Edstone Grange near Wootton in 1677, and educated at Winchester, and New College, Oxford, Somervile combined with his fox-hunting instincts the literary culture of the reign of Queen Anne. Dr. Johnson wrote of him that "he was distinguished as a poet, a gentleman, and a skilful and useful justice of the peace." This country squire gathered about him a small coterie of local literary friends, — Shenstone, and Lord Bolingbroke's sister, Lady Luxborough, among the number. When Joseph Addison purchased an estate in Warwickshire, Somervile wrote a poem congratulating him on his choice of a district

> Distinguish'd by th' immortal Shakespeare's birth;

and now

> Ardenna's groves shall boast an Addison.

He also wrote eulogies on Pope and Thomson. As the representative of one of the oldest families in England, he dispensed hospitality on a lordly scale, and in the end, in return for timely pecuniary help, he left the reversion of his estates of Edstone and Somervile-Aston in Gloucestershire to Lord Somervile, the Scottish representative of the same old Norman family. Meantime this Warwickshire squire's poems percolated to Scotland, and Allan Ramsay, recognizing in the

poet a kinsman of his patron, sent him a laudatory epistle. Somervile returns the compliment, telling him how, "near fair Avona's silver tide," he reads to delighted swains Ramsay's jocund songs and rural strains. He then goes on to say what longings he has felt

> to view those lofty spires,
> Those domes, where fair Edina shrouds
> Her towering head amid the clouds;

but that the journey was too serious an undertaking in those early eighteenth-century days. Ramsay replies by inviting him north in summertime, while "Caledonia's hills are green," and assures him of a welcome "To Ed'nburgh and the Land of Cakes."

I doubt, however, whether he would have exchanged his life in Warwickshire for the northern capital, and it is a curious coincidence that among his poems there is one addressed to a Dr. Mackenzie, who had evidently worked his way into the affections of his Warwickshire patients. (His name, by the way, occurs also in Shenstone's *Letters*).

> But still the heart is true, the heart is Highland,

and doubtless the Scottish doctor had some thought of returning to his native land, and thus gave Somervile occasion to write a poem that was at once a graceful tribute to a beloved physician and a reflex of the poet's own kindly soul:—

> O thou, whose penetrating mind,
> Whose heart benevolent and kind
> Is ever present in distress,
> Glad to preserve and proud to bless:
> Oh! leave not Arden's faithful grove,
> On Caledonian hills to rove;
> But hear our fond united prayer
> Nor force a county to despair.

With these impressions of the man, I turn to Edstone Grange and to the poem by which he is remembered, *The Chace*. 'T is a pleasant country round about Edstone, and it retains many features that would be familiar to Somervile two hundred years ago. The old parish churches of the district would differ little. This, too, is a land of timbered cottages of the Elizabethan age, the spaces between the oaken beams sometimes filled in with brick and sometimes with wattles and clay like basket-work, and yet there they stand, their general effect softened by time until every gradation of color is represented on their venerable walls. Under certain atmospheric conditions they burn and glow like leaves in autumn. Where so little has changed it is unfortunate that the Edstone Grange of Somervile's time has given place to a modern mansion with classic porticoes. But the old elms that surround the house look as if they belonged to the earlier period. There, too, close by the house, is Somervile's brook. It still flows on as of yore, chattering merrily over its pebbly bed, with eddies here and there where one would fain cast a fly in the hope of catching a trout. The trees by the brook are all old and weatherbeaten, — oaks, thorns, and elms. Yonder a heron rises above the trees in Somervile's own demesne, — descendant — who knows? — of the noble bird that he apostrophizes so beautifully in his *Field Sports*, when mighty princes did not disdain to wear

> Thy waving crest, the mark of high command.

On this September day there is the soughing of the east wind, a kindly, cooling east wind that is welcome. Here in this great silent park, overlooking the spot where the cattle come to the brook to drink, here is the place to turn over the pages of Somervile's *Chace*. You note the date of its publication, 1735, and then you glance at his old-world preface, in which he cites ancient authorities such as Xenophon, Pliny, Oppian, Gratius, Galen, Nemesianus; and when he has thus sufficiently convinced his reader of the dignity of his subject, the old Adam bursts forth in his last paragraph.

"But I have done," he says, — and jolly glad he was to be done, I fancy. "But I have done. I know the impatience of my brethren, when a fine day, and the concert of the kennel, invite them abroad. I shall therefore leave my reader

to such diversion as he may find in the poem itself."

And so we come to "the poem itself." To give it a more literary flavor Somervile enters into the history of hunting and the modes of hunting abroad, for which he received the encomiums of Dr. Johnson. To-day, however, we are more interested in the poem in so far as it illustrates English sport in the eighteenth century.

First let the kennel be the huntsman's care,
Upon some little eminence erect,
And fronting to the ruddy dawn; its courts
On either hand wide op'ning to receive
The sun's all-cheering beams, when mild he shines,
And gilds the mountain tops. For much the pack
(Rous'd from their dark alcoves) delight to stretch,
And bask, in his invigorating ray:
Warn'd by the streaming light and merry lark,
Forth rush the jolly clan; with tuneful throats
They carol loud, and in grand chorus join'd
Salute the new-born day.

Apart from the poetic diction of the period, this is a pleasing picture. It is an autumn morning in Warwickshire. There has been just a touch of frost during the night; but the warm September sun soon dries up the moisture on the grass, and we seem to see the foxhounds coming out into the courts, stretching their legs and simultaneously opening wide their jaws in that long-drawn yawn that clears away the cobwebs of the night. Now we're ready for anything, they seem to say. Breakfast first, and then — "Hark together! hark! and forrard away!"

Somervile was a sanitarian: he believed in cleanliness, and in practical fashion points out the advantages of plenty of water. Again and again he discusses the welfare of the pack. Be kind to the dogs, is his motto; when the weather is unsuitable for hunting, he counsels the enthusiast, "Kindly spare thy sleeping pack in their warm beds of straw." On such days he recommends his "Brethren of the Couples" to spend their precious hours in study. Somervile expects the followers of the chase to be gentlemen in every sense of the word, and he is particularly hard on the "bounders" (to use a modern expression) who sometimes haunt the hunting-field. Because a man loved horses and rode to hounds, Somervile saw no reason why sport should absorb his whole attention, to the exclusion of mental accomplishments, — culture in short, — and the work that lay to his hand.

Well-bred, polite,
Credit thy calling. See! how mean, how low,
The bookless saunt'ring youth, proud of the skut
That dignifies his cap, his flourish'd belt,
And rusty couples jingling by his side.
Be thou of other mould; and know that such
Transporting pleasures were by Heav'n ordain'd
Wisdom's relief, and Virtue's great reward.

It was a saying of Somervile's friend Shenstone that "the world may be divided into people that read, people that write, people that think, and foxhunters." Somervile did his best to modify this humorous estimate, if possible, by judicious blending.

But away with such sentiments and aphorisms on this fine hunting morning. Now our sportsman-poet is in the saddle. Men, horses, and dogs participate in the "universal joy." The harvest is gathered in, and the contented farmer courteously levels his fences and joins in the common cry. The description of the hunt is perhaps the finest passage in the whole poem. All is life and bustle, till

The welkin rings, men, dogs, hills, rocks, and woods,
In the full concert join.

On, on they go, and well away. The hunters shout, and the clanging horns swell their sweet, winding notes. On through a village the rattling clamor rings, out into the open again, and as the hunt flies past,

The weary traveller forgets his road,
And climbs th' adjacent hill; the ploughman leaves
Th' unfinish'd furrow; nor his bleating flocks
Are now the shepherd's joy; men, boys, and girls,
Desert th' unpeopled village.

I recollect standing on such a hill on the borders of Worcestershire. Looking westward there was a great expanse of tree-fringed meadows and tree-crowned heights, until the horizon was bounded by the dim haze of the distant Malverns. As my local gossip pointed out with genuine enthusiasm, why, from this spot you can see the hunt working for "moiles an' moiles." So it was in Somervile's day; so it is still. The whole village seems somehow to be well up with the hounds, for in every village there are some old peasants, enthusiastic sportsmen, who in their Warwickshire dialect will tell you which way the fox is sure to go and where he is most likely to be run to earth. And then when all is over the farmer calls the hunt to a "short repast." He himself passes round in ample measure the home-brewed ale, while

> His good old mate
> With choicest viands heaps the liberal board.

But the hunt is not always o'er hill and dale, or skimming with "well-breathed beagles"[1] the distant Cotswolds near Somervile's Gloucestershire estate of Somervile-Aston. The deep, sluggish streams of Arden are still the haunt of the otter, and in Book the Fourth Somervile describes an otter hunt. Just as Reynard is the terror of the farmyard, the otter is the midnight poacher of the stream. All is fish that come into his net, the ravenous pike, the perch, the yellow carp, the "insinuating" eel, and

> The crimson-spotted trout, the river's pride
> And beauty of the stream.

Once more the air resounds with melody. The harmonious notes float with the stream, and the otter hounds, —

> Now on firm land they range, then in the flood
> They plunge tumultuous; or thro' reedy pools
> Rustling they work their way, —

storming the otter's citadel, some hollow trunk or spreading roots beneath the surface of the stream.

Thus passes the glorious September morning. I have long since left the brook at Edstone Grange, and the pathway now leads through the meadows to the sedgy banks of the river Alne, fringed with osiers, as Shakespeare takes care to tell us, and dotted here and there with pollard willows or giant oaks. In the middle distance stands out in relief the beautiful church of Aston Cantlow with its square embattled tower, and in front the river is glistening in the sunshine. Somervile's sounding iambics are still ringing in my ears. But hark! surely the sound is more than imaginative. Surely that is the distant sound of a horn. A faint halloo is borne down the stream, and, yes, is not that the music of the pack? The effect is somewhat stagey, I must admit, reading Somervile's *Chace* by his own meads and streams, to the music, it would seem, of his own invisible otter hounds. Who knows who may be present amid this ghostly company? — perhaps Rosalind! or at least Cicely! She would be sure to come over from Wilmcote with the village lads.

But it was neither imagination nor a spectral hunt after all, for here they come across the meadows, stalwart huntsmen armed with staves and dressed in the blue serge knickerbocker suit and red stockings of the otter hunt, with the otter paw or pad as a badge on their caps; and ladies, too, with their smart short skirts, — happy, healthy English gentlewomen: the women you meet on a Highland moor in August tramping the heather with their sportsmen friends: women who can throw a fly or play a salmon as skillfully as their husbands or brothers. And the dogs? Aye! here they are, with their long ears and rough coats dripping, — serious-looking animals who gaze up into your face with such solemn, wistful eyes. It was all

[1] The adjective is Somervile's; and no doubt Young, the Vicar of Welwyn, in his satire, *Love of Fame*, refers to Somervile when he writes, —

> "The Squire is proud to see his coursers strain
> Or *well-breath'd beagles* sweep along the plain," —

and goes on to satirize the country justice whose country wit "shakes the clumsy bench," and whose "erudition is a Christmas-tale," —

> "Warm in pursuit of foxes, and renown,
> Hippolitus demands the "sylvan crown."

so strange, this sudden bustle at the mill, the *al fresco* luncheon in the meadow by the mill stream, and the sound of merry voices after the morning's day-dreaming.

Luncheon over, on went the merry party, working the streams lower down the river toward Alcester. Into the distance died away the sound of the cheering voices, the huntsman's horn, and the concert of the kennel, and all was quiet again as I turned to Wootton Wawen church. Shrines of petrified poetry, I have elsewhere called these parish churches of England. Such is Wootton Wawen. You enter a building that has been consecrated to the service of God for well-nigh a thousand years. It is true that in the history of the universe a thousand years are as one day; but a thousand years to us practically embrace the whole history of our native land. Wootton Wawen is thus not merely a pre-Reformation church, but it dates back beyond the Norman Conquest. Originally a Saxon church, with no form nor comeliness save its primitive simplicity and massiveness, it extended down through the centuries into a nave and south aisle to the west, and chancel and chantry chapel to the east. Saxon, Norman, Early English, Decorated Gothic, Perpendicular, and Flamboyant are all represented in Wootton Wawen church, until now it stands an epitome of the history of English ecclesiastical architecture.

Here is the shrine of Somervile, the poet of *The Chace*. Here he was buried in 1742, at the age of sixty-five. Unconsciously treading on the very blue-stone slab beneath which he lies, one steps reverently backwards to read the epitaph that he himself penned. It is written in Latin, but has been Englished thus: —

"If you see anything good in me, imitate it. If you discover anything bad, shun it with your very best endeavor. Remember that, though young, you may be on the verge of death. You must die. Trust in Christ."

As you read these thoughtful lines, his personality seems to stand out stronger than ever. Only a minor poet whom nobody reads, the last of an ancient race, tall and fair, with that kind of aristocratic beauty of countenance such as we associate with the features of Claverhouse, but without the latter's traditional cruelty, for a warmer-hearted man than William Somervile never breathed, — we seem to see him in his prime, the dashing horseman heading a cry of hounds, or with his spaniels starting the whirring pheasant during his morning walk. Then in later years, shadowed as he was by pecuniary difficulties, we recall his own picture of himself retiring to his old elbow chair, and in half-humorous, half-serious fashion upbraiding it for looking so spruce in its new cover, "a very beau," confessing that in his youthful days he loved it less, but now! —

> Here on thy yielding down I sit secure,
> And, patiently, what Heaven has sent, endure;
> From all the futile cares of business free;
> Not *fond* of life, but yet content to *be;*
> Here mark the fleeting hours; regret the past;
> And seriously prepare to meet the last.

Somervile compares himself to an old pensioned sailor, secure from the buffetings of the storm, meditating alone

> On his great voyage to the world unknown.

His wife had predeceased him, leaving no issue. His favorite huntsman and butler, James Boeter, died as the result of an accident in the hunting-field (and Somervile had written his epitaph), to be followed to "the world unknown" by another old huntsman and servant, Hoitt by name.

> Here Hoitt, all his sports and labours past,
> Joins his loved master, Somervile, at last;
> Together went they echoing fields to try,
> Together now in silent dust they lie.

With such chastening thoughts and impressions the pilgrim leaves this old Saxon shrine, silently eloquent with the memories of a thousand years. After all, what was the life of the poet to this venerable building, this mother church which had nourished, it may be, generations of Somerviles for centuries before he was born? Stately mural monuments,

recumbent effigies, even the modest slabs that pave her floors, tell us that he was only *one* of her children. But to us so many are but names, — albeit some are honored names in England's history, — that we give them little more than a passing glance. To us this is the shrine of Somerville, and the human interest attaching to the sportsman-poet reigns supreme.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

WOMEN AND WOMAN

About the use of such phrases as "Women's Executive Board" and "Woman's Executive Board." a magazine [1] published in New York lately cited Miss Thomas of Bryn Mawr and the superintendent of schools of New York in support of "woman's" or "women's;" Professor Carpenter of Columbia and Miss Wylie of Vassar, for "women's;" the president of Smith College, and an authoritative teacher at Harvard, for "woman's;" the Encyclopædia Britannica, for "women's;" the chief American dictionary, for "woman's;" actually, twenty-five organizations in New York using "woman's" and fifteen "women's."

Conditions lying behind and leading to different usages in this country and in England no one seems to have noticed, — conditions possibly indicating the interesting psychical variation between ourselves and our English relatives. Let us turn back a moment.

In earlier English times the word "women" was common. Later on, say during the first part of the eighteenth century, coarseness and vulgarities in everyday language found literary expression, and our ancestors came to speak of women as "females," — the term selectively referring to the female of the human species, and not to a hen, a cow, or a mare. The noun "female" to men of the day connoted a woman; "females," women. You constantly find this emphasis of sex in much of the literature of the time. The usage prevailed in England, and also in America.

The children and grandchildren of English and American forefathers of ours, however, when movement toward the amelioration of the lives of their countrywomen set in in the early decades of the nineteenth century, — those peoples, when speaking formally of one half of humanity, spoke of "woman." How and why had the change come about? First "women;" then almost universally "females;" then, at the opening of the nineteenth century, "woman."

To-day, in the twentieth century, Englishmen use the term "women's." The English of our day concrete their mental operation and expression. With the Yankee, on the other hand, "woman's," the abstract term, still has vogue. With the Yankee, abstraction and theory have been, and still are, bread and meat. Originally the Yankee was an Englishman. But he sailed from England in pursuit of an idea, — at a time when the English more commonly than now dealt in abstractions. Upon these western shores he lived under a dominating idea, and stamped upon others the spirit this living of his created. Idealism was his greatest and most profitable product, as we have just said it is to-day. We, his descendants, and much of the rest of the world, are living by its results still.

Through generations this American drank abstractions with his mother-milk. His old-time catechism contained the nearest approaches of child mind to the abstract which pitiless elders have ever

[1] *The Home Mission Monthly.*

planned. His verse, both within the catechism and without, was often abstract. His chiefest theme — theology — was abstract. The theocrats to whom he entrusted direction of his course in this world and problematic fate in the world to come taught abstractly duties to abstractions more often than duties to concrete humanity. It was only in their grip upon him that he realized how concrete life might be. And at last, after generations of such life, his simple, uplifted spirit, — like the white spire of his meeting-house piercing a pure and fine ether, — his enthusiasm fought at last for the mighty abstraction of democracy, to which he gave the best material expression possible to his day.

A few years after his great victory and blood-bought establishment of popular rights upon our soil, the French developed their Revolution. During the cataclysm our American forbears evinced democratic heartiness by offering hands of fellowship to the great bourgeoisie fighting over the sea for "the rights of man," — the French sequent to our Declaration of the Fourth of July, 1776. But an inevitable corollary of the "rights of man" was the "rights of woman."

Living for a time among the struggling French was an Irish-English woman whom we know as Mary Wollstonecraft. Gifted with fervor and independence, Mary wrote a book, *A Vindication of the Rights of Woman.* It was published in 1792, and doubtless owed its existence at that moment to the author's sympathies with the people of France, with their struggle for the "rights of man," and of woman. Its very dedication was to a Frenchman,— the monstrous Talleyrand, over whose factitious morality the lady's Irish heart had for the moment warmed.

This book — much read and much talked of, both at the time it appeared and later — had great influence upon English-speaking advocates of broader interests for women. The "Rights of Woman" part of its title appealed to the American public, and especially to that part of our people emotionally touched by the limitations of women of the day. They adopted and continued the phrase, "Rights of Woman."

This was in the early part of the nineteenth century, as we have said above. Foreworkers of the American women's party were then coming into the world. Susan B. Anthony, than whom it would be difficult to find a purer idealist, was a little girl when the early reforms in laws enlarging the liberties of women were undertaking. So also Mrs. Stone, Mrs. Stanton, and other protagonists. What so natural as that these agitators should continue the abstract, and say "woman"? Tradition as to abstractions, and usage from Mary's title, were all before them. Moreover, these foreworkers may have been conscious that to abstract would serve to veil the seeming hideousness of their demands, would put more remotely to unsympathetic minds the conditions for which they labored. The abstract term certainly connoted an object different from the unwaged cook, washer, ironer, and cleaner who spent her days in labor at her husband's house and rested in his church pew on Sabbaths. As we said, the abstract did not so readily offend the conservative and those opposed to broader opportunities for the "sphered," "protected" "woman-folks." By its use hearers might not be alienated at the outset.

So the word "woman" — as descriptive of one half of our race — was distributed in our country. The current phrase was "woman's" suffrage and "woman's" rights. Some Englishman — probably John Stuart Mill, but exactly I do not readily recall — touched the disabilities of our American use of the abstract term when he said that the reason the women's party had made less progress in the United States than in England was owing to the abstracting of the being for whom amelioration was sought, and the use of the abstract term upon the party's banners.

Upon the English mind the French

Revolution left the conviction that the status of women must change. The term "woman" is in commonest use in English writings of the period. So far as we have records, that Englishman most profoundly affected and exalted by the Revolution's radical ideas was Shelley. Shelley had very considerable admiration for Mary Wollstonecraft, whose daughter he married.

They say that thou wert lovely from thy birth,
Of glorious parents thou aspiring Child:
I wonder not — for One then left this earth
Whose life was like a setting planet mild,
Which clothed thee in the radiance undefiled
Of its departing glory. Still her fame
Shines on thee, through the tempests dark and wild
Which shake these latter days.

In Shelley's aerial verse we find the same ideas about women that led to Mary Wollstonecraft's book, — and we find invariably the philosophic form *woman :*—

Can man be free if woman be a slave?

Woman as the bond-slave dwells
Of man, a slave; and life is poisoned at its wells.

Woman! — she is his slave, she has become
A thing I weep to speak.

Well ye know
What Woman is, for none of Woman born
Can choose but drain the bitter dregs of woe
Which ever from the oppressed to the oppressors flow.

About thirty years after Shelley wrote *The Revolt of Islam*, from which these lines are quoted, Alfred Tennyson was composing *The Princess*, a poem which is really a conservative expression of the larger view of women that moved the English mind during those years, — the view which was impelling the English Parliament to enactments granting women greater liberties. Laws which seem to us, sixty years later, as the barest justice were opposed, and debated, and at last passed, in the fifth decade of the nineteenth century. It is undoubted that these debates incited Tennyson to *The Princess*. But "woman" stood for "women" in the poem.

Tennyson's epic was published in 1847. Between that date and 1869, the year of the publication of John Stuart Mill's *Subjection of Women*, we find the word "women" superseding "woman." How had this change come about? Sense of expediency, values of concrete reference, and especially the long debates in Parliament about the acts affecting women, had educated the people's ear to the plural form. The inventor of the word "utilitarianism" had strongest sense of the value of the concrete, and he emphasized its value, led to it, he says, by his wife, — "the properly human element came from her." Since Mill's *Subjection of Women* was published, the word "woman" — used as an abstract — has almost disappeared from English use.

But the ear of our American public was educated to the old phrase, and we continue it. When recognition of women's identity and helpful work came to our American Protestant churches, the singular noun of Mary Wollstonecraft's French radicalism stood at hand, and the churches adopted it. Therefore, constantly we meet with something like the "Woman's Board" in ecclesiastical organizations. Many another women's association is dubbed with the abstract "woman," whose members—fortunately, perhaps, for their prepossessions — are unconscious of the history by which the term came to them. The abstract "woman" was the only decent descriptive term in use when the first associations of women were formed in this country.

What was radical is now conservative, — in this little evolution, as in more extended happenings. Present-day women, in turning their brains to philanthropic and other public-spirited works, know that they never hear of a "Man's Board," but rather of "Men's," and possibly this fact, coupled with the faith that men have more experience in practical affairs, is at the root of the inquiry and publication of opinions referred to in the foregoing first paragraph.

Then, moreover, the concreting of the

word among us at this juncture is doubtless due to the awakening in women of the feeling of sisterhood, of a broad democracy which is fast spreading among women, — a consciousness of the unity of humanity, and women's existence as a factor in that unity. This is a sentiment — a mental and moral stimulation — in which women, from their secluded, solitary, less educated, more restricted lives have been lacking. Yet it is abroad now as a lively contagion, and coupled with the conviction of the right of individual development, which also women have not heretofore actively realized.

But not to forecast is better. At this moment we know that women are dropping the abstract term "woman," — the name of a figment, a term belonging to days which in ignorance and prejudice proclaimed a "sphere" and proscribed the usefulness and beauty of the human back of the figment, — and are seeking to enroll themselves under a term which implies that they are human beings, — thinking, active beings with human sympathies, that they are co-learners of human life and co-workers with men, identified with the advancement of our race and the progress of the world in this great vineyard of our earth, — that they are one half of humanity. All these things they have been, in halting and sometimes reversionary fashion, since our remotest beginnings. But it is only now that women as a body are coming to the consciousness of their work and its dignity.

The abstract term which Mary Wollstonecraft and our ancestors adopted from the French philosophers had vast uses, and served as a rallying cry for vast good. But with us at this hour the word "women" is more significant, and a more legitimate expression of the spirit and growth of our times.

A NEW DEPARTURE IN BIOGRAPHY

If the readers of biography grow weary of the accepted method and order of construction, — ancestry, boyhood, getting under way, etc., etc., — how must it be with the writers? They are not usually such dull persons as to lose sight of the fact that the sated reader is — after the subject of their writing — their chief concern. It is upon his tastes, his prejudices, his capacity of ennui or enthusiasm that the immediate success of a biography must depend. For this cause not only the readers, but the writers of biography may well rub their eyes and begin asking themselves questions when a fresh experiment in biographical method presents itself.

Such an experiment is *Lincoln, Master of Men, A Study in Character*, by Mr. Alonzo Rothschild. Though the book carefully calls itself something other than a mere biography, its total effect is that of a life of Lincoln. The author's plan was to take one distinguishing characteristic of his subject, — the "vein of mastery," — and test it in relation with the circumstances and the men which Lincoln's work in the world called upon him to master. There was first the assertion of physical mastery in boyhood and young manhood, the rough-and-tumble winning of ascendancy over his fellow-frontiersmen. Then came the Black Hawk War and the early steps in law and politics with their further offerings of elemental trials of the "best man." The celebrated series of debates with Stephen A. Douglas take their natural place in the sequence of personal victories. For the remainder of the book, Lincoln is seen getting the best of one man after another, — Seward, Chase, Stanton, Frémont, McClellan, — using tact, patience, firmness, as each or all might be needed, and showing himself in every instance the man whose mastery must, with a generosity like Seward's or a petulance like McClellan's, be finally acknowledged.

If one were writing a review of the book, it would be necessary to point out how admirably most of this is done, from how many sources the author has brought together his material, how skillfully he has

wrought it into the successive studies which make up the book. It might also be suggested that the material does not all lend itself equally well to the chosen methods — this is perhaps most noticeable in the Chase chapter; — that in dealing with Stanton and McClellan the instances which illustrate the writer's point may be unduly multiplied; that there is little discrimination in the text, on the score of authority, between the sources from which the material is drawn. But the notes assist the reader in making this discrimination for himself, and, through their mechanical arrangement, play an important part in a wise blending of the assumption of one's knowledge and the provision against a lack of it. The reviewer, moreover, would have to admit that the book as a whole draws a remarkably clear picture of Lincoln's character and career, of some of the chief men of his time, and of the time itself.

But a review is less the present concern than an inquiry into a novel biographical method. The question is, how generally can the method be applied? Does it offer to writers and readers a means of escape from the conventional biographic structure? Let us see, in the first place, what is essential to its successful application. Surely one thing is a certain familiarity, on the reader's part, with the subject to be treated. Then, too, it were well that his activities should have been somewhat diversified, that he may be studied in a variety of human relations. Might not the principle, however, be applied with the help of touchstones other than mastery? Take the life, for example, of Dr. Samuel G. Howe. Regard him primarily as a liberator. A series of studies of what he did for the independence of Greece, of his efforts on behalf of Polish liberty, of his anti-slavery work at home, and of his crowning achievement in the freeing of such spirits in prison as Laura Bridgman, would do for him very much what this book does for Lincoln in picturing the whole man and all the contemporary life he touched. An obscurer life, with still another connecting thread, might even be shown to demand no general familiarity with the background of facts.

Let the imaginative, well-equipped reader, then, amuse himself by "projecting" a series of lives upon this general plan. Sticking to the theme of mastery, let him see what could be done with Washington. Somewhat less, I suspect, than with Cromwell or Napoleon or Bismarck. But who can say, until the constructive imagination has done its full work? It required imagination of no mean order for Mr. Rothschild to plan and perform his task with Lincoln. The next successful biographer of a great man, choosing perhaps a less obvious central theme, may reveal still greater possibilities in the method, and set so many imaginations on fire that the whole biographical horizon shall glow with a new light.

But let the innovator beware of trying to repeat a success, — to make an untried problem square with a solution which in one instance has justified itself. Certainly it would be the height of rashness to undertake a series of lives in the Rothschild-Lincoln manner — and quite possibly it should never be attempted again. These suggestions are thrown out chiefly for the benefit of biographers chafing at the old methods, and casting about for something new. If the suggestions bear fruit, it may be that the reader's satisfaction and gratitude will mingle with those of the biographer himself.

A GROWL FOR THE UNPICTURESQUE

As to the popularity of the pictured newspaper of the present day, there is no controversy. When people said that Lucan was no poet, Martial made him reply posthumously, "Ask my bookseller." A similar reply would, no doubt, be made now to any one who questioned the value of the grotesque art of the daily press, — grotesque, surely, whenever it ceases to be photographic. If the value of things is to be measured merely by the magnitude of

the material returns, then, of course, the answer is conclusive. But the newspapers which outrage good taste to gratify the undiscriminating *ignobile vulgus* are the very ones which scream the loudest against the sin of mere money-grubbing. In the face of the inflamed prejudice of the present day, it must be confessed candidly that Mr. Harriman was right in protesting against the injustice done by newspaper headlines, since the makers of these in some quarters are guided solely by the desire to attract attention. Mr. Harriman added that only the headlines are read, while the proper report of a matter, which might correct the false impression of the headlines, is thrown aside without a glance. He might have added that in most cases the efforts of the cartoonist reinforce those of the headliner, rather than those of the honest and painstaking reporter. Cynicism itself can hardly imagine a more bitter travesty of human nature than to see on the same page, or on neighboring pages, a diatribe in unmeasured language on any one of a score or more men who happen to be the targets of public hatred, and a cartoon that defies every maxim of morals and æsthetics. In the so-called colored supplement, — which should be called the discolored supplement, — now an almost universal feature of the Sunday morning volume, cruelties are depicted worse than those of a bull fight or a gladiatorial show; violations of the moral law, particularly of the fifth commandment, that would send a shiver through the whole fabric of Chinese civilization, are made to seem amusing, and all these things are done with a species of art which is laughed at only because it is so atrocious that its atrocity is too contemptible to excite aversion. These things are supposed to interest children. In ancient Greece, from Athens to Tanagra, the things meant to appeal to the domestic instincts were made beautiful. It would have been an unpardonable offense in the eyes of heathenism to have made them less than beautiful. Modern Christianity permits its votaries to think, or at least to act, on the principle that ugliness is a means of grace. Is it strange, or not, that the age which allows childhood to train its perceptions with such things is the one which also tolerates declamations against the *Arabian Nights*, against fairy tales, against folklore, against *Mother Goose*, indeed, against almost everything which delighted the infantile mind in the past?

From a distinctive and very restricted point of view, this newspaper art is certainly realistic. It reflects the souls of those who make it and of those who admire and enjoy it, in all their wooden deformity. It is the last cry of materialism, gross, strident, clumsy, proud of its denial that there can be anything higher than itself. In the sense that all things which affect the mind are educative, this art must be so, too; but it is surely calculated to make the judicious grieve in contemplation of the possible, the probable effect upon human nature. If there is exclusive merit in an education which is solely utilitarian, it may be well to have the department of æsthetics in schools hereafter presided over by the adepts in burlesque. Let Vavassor say, if he likes, that burlesque was unknown both to the literature and to the art of the ancients. Vavassor was admired by Thomas Gray to that extent that a whole line occasionally found its way from the Latin poems of the French Jesuit into those of the English university recluse. Let Vavassor say that there is never any occasion for burlesque, and many reasons why it should be avoided. The poet of the *Elegy* was too fastidious, and perhaps the man whom he admired and sometimes copied was more than fastidious. Yet, even at that, it requires no second sight to see what would be the response if the suggestion to make burlesque the mistress of art and letters were offered in serious earnest. Pardon the ludicrous contrast of words. To be funny in earnest is one of the privileges of this new art. But the fact is that, in the great school which all humanity attends perforce, the new art is already the

mistress, and its lessons necessarily sink into the grain of human nature far more deeply than the education vouchsafed by the schools of art and letters.

With the etcher, the engraver, the woodcutter, the painter, the sculptor, of other times, and even yet, so little was or is left to assistants, — and that little so purely routine in kind, — that both idea and execution belonged to the one who rightfully put his mark on the finished work. With the new art, the man whose name goes to the product frequently owes his idea to an editor who could not draw a sawhorse, though it were standing still, and all the rest of the process, except the mere sketch, to a series of unknown workers and a more or less complicated mechanism. The lifelong, all-around training of the artist is to him unnecessary. Sometimes he can draw, but he certainly need not draw well. He is not required to be a colorist. The process will do his coloring for him, if he indicates where he wants his tints and in what variety. In his absence, a resourceful editor with cardboard, paste-pot, a pair of shears, and some fragments of earlier works of art, has been known to do surprising things, which have gone through the process and over the press without loosening a single screw. And his readers never knew the difference. Thus this art, like most other activities of modern life, is getting to be a highly composite affair. The more nearly it approaches perfection, the less individual it must necessarily become. Very few men, if successful within the circle thus created, will have the courage of Gibson, to desert it and seek to be true artists, in the sense which shortly may become historic, if not obsolete.

The tendency to mere symbolism in the newspaper picture is inveterate. Buster Brown's costume is as fixed as the green tunic of St. Peter which attracted the philosophic attention of Max O'Rell; Father Knickerbocker in buckled shoes, stockings, breeches, long waistcoat, flaring frock, and cocked hat; Cincinnatus, usually without a toga; St. Paul with a nimbus ostentatiously fastened by an upright rod to the back of his neck; General Moses Cleveland in Continental uniform; Pitt in something like court costume; the late William Penn looking like an eighteenth-century publican; Saint Louis in a marvelous mediæval undress, — these are examples of symbolic figures which are probably destined to rival Uncle Sam and John Bull in permanence. Most cities are still in a state of unstable equilibrium as to their pictorial identity; but there is no doubt that circumstances will soon or late give them each a distinctive emblem. It were, perhaps, to court a vain surmise to inquire whether or not Chicago will ever be able to make Mephitis Americana embody the local satire of a day. Still, there are Lokman and Æsop and Phædrus and Babrius to show how animals can be induced to talk. And there are Alciatus and Jacob Cats, and a whole series of poetasters down to Quarles, to show how trifling a motive emblematism is in art and literature. In fact, the result of this sort of thing is exemplified in the decaying periods of all artistic nations, and it can be studied in every country graveyard in America, with its reliefs of angels, weeping willows, and open books, never willingly changed in a single line.

Of course, this tendency to fixed symbolic forms need not affect legitimate art. But the lesson of history is that it has always had a malign influence. Originality, the power of initiative, was lost in the recurrent discovery by every decaying epoch that imitation and fixed formulas were easier and more remunerative. The difficulty with the symbolism of the present day is that it starts at a lower level, with more ignoble themes and with less imagination, than any of its predecessors. Naturally it must find a lower depth into which to fall. To some this may seem a matter of indifference. They will say that the vulgarizing, specializing, machinifying of art are of no significance, that art at the best is only an efflorescence of

human nature, and that the flower makes the plant neither better nor worse. If that were true, still the disposition to make art a mere product is a symptom of the disease of the times, worth considering in the effort to complete a diagnosis. But it is certainly not wholly true. Most artists and critics of art would say that it is not true in any sense, that genuineness in art is as fundamental as sincerity can be anywhere, and that an age in which genius and laborious culture are discredited by slipshod facility must necessarily be an age in which a New Morality flourishes.

"FOOTNOTE PERSONS"

Not long ago a fellow-contributor to the *Atlantic* invented this phrase, threw it into a parenthesis, and passed on his way without a backward glance. For my part, I felt as if, in passing along the highroad of letters, he had chanced to brush away the overgrowth from a veritable finger-post. Only a little stooping at the outset, and there, to be sure, it was, — a bypath too narrow for your ninety-horse motors of criticism, too winding for your eager literary pedestrian, fussing with his guide-book and his pedometer. Well, that was nothing against it. Now and then the way lay through a thicket: —

" Mi ritrovai per una selva oscura ; "

no matter, — I was not going to Hell, or to any other of the too, too lively resorts along Vergil's beat. For me an aimless ramble through a region of harmless obscurity; my guardian spook, if there were to be any, one James Boswell.

I wonder if it has ever occurred to the reader what a relative affair our little earthly immortality is. The famous names, the rare names which the world does not willingly let die, by no means have that Elysian field to themselves. They are destined, throughout their modified eternity, to be jostled by a rabble of lesser shades, a mob of translucent gentlemen whom the world would willingly have let die, if the world had been consulted about it at all. Yet, for one reason or another, they, too, survive, and have to be made the best of. By hook or by crook they have done the trick, a Bavius for a Vergil, and for a Sappho a Mrs. Aphra Behn. Not true fame, nor eminence, nor any kind of absolute achievement is necessary for admission to the grounds. It is enough to be a great man's enemy, or idol, or butt, or neighbor, or pet, or cook. It is enough to have been that cook's second husband, or his grandfather the hackney-coachman. Does not every illustrious one enter into his glory, trailing clouds of insects, undying ephemera? Their very insignificance would appear to give them a kind of stability: nobody has suggested the probability that Bacon was the real proprietor of the Sir Thomas Lucy game-preserves.

After all, can we honestly sniff at the most fortuitous of these survivals? It is all very comfortable for us to remark that So-and-so lives only in the lines of such-and-such a poet, or in the footnote of such-and-such a biographer. Well, what of it? Are we, for our part, in a position to patronize him? He is going to live, is n't he? and would n't we give our boots and our bottom dollar to be sure of as much? Does not Browning's mention of Vernon Lee guarantee that graceful writer a permanence of which otherwise, in common with a good many other graceful writers, she might reasonably have been in doubt? For the rest, the allusion chanced to be complimentary, but might just as well have been the reverse. To be cursed by greatness is one of the finest pieces of luck that can fall to mediocrity. Had n't you rather be a "MacFlecknoe" or a "piddling Tibbald" than — than a — never mind who; he is n't going to owe his immortality to me; let him bear that in mind.

Yes, many a man has been embalmed by an insult. We may call him a fly in amber, but, dear me, most of us are bound to be a good deal worse off than that. Posterity will not even know that we were once a nuisance. This will hardly be a matter for posterity to grieve over.

There was a time, perhaps, that when the buzz was out the bug would die; it must have been before the invention of the first scarab. The world's memory is heavy-laden with immortal objects of scorn and derision. It is we, not their victims, who owe the satirists a grudge; for this swarm of flies is not half so becoming to the amber as the amber is to them.

But I seem to recall that we did not set out to hunt down such persons as may have attained a bad eminence through the casual dispraise — or praise — of poets. Our quarry is of much greater variety than that. These persons have had a footnote immortality thrust upon them; others are born to it; others rise or sink to it by degrees, finding their proper level. No honest literary drudge need despair of attaining it, no brilliant favorite of the hour need fancy himself secure of as much. One of the most engaging classes is made up of those who have lain in the bosom of greatness, whom it has loved; of whom, perhaps, it has expected great things. Johnson's Savage, Lamb's Manning, Carlyle's Sterling, Emerson's Alcott; yes, and Southey, — Landor's, Coleridge's, everybody's Southey; — are they not already, or by destiny, heroes of the footnote? Why else should we not very willingly have let Southey's name die down to the level of a Skeltonian laureateship? Yet you may read in a hundred memorable passages how big a man he was in the eyes of true genius. *Stat nominis umbra;* there is no doubt, at all events, of his survival. Even now, perhaps, with his *Thalabas*, *Lives of Nelson*, and what not, he may be a peg too high for us to hang our small argument on. So also Bronson Alcott, heavy material that he was, little as his orotund deliverances amounted to: who can calculate what inspiration he may have given the great man who fancied himself a disciple, who listened with unfailing reverence and enthusiasm to the mouthing of that wooden oracle? It will take a very small footnote to contain the whole of Alcott; but he is sure of it, and he deserves it.

But think of the luck of Savage and of Manning, — Savage, whose life Johnson found it worth while to write, and to whom he paid a tribute now long out of fashion: —

> "Humani studium generis cui pectore fervet
> O colat humanum te foveatque genus."

It must have been something to starve in the company of the Cham, if one was going to starve at all. Some of us could have put up with that, without stickling that we should be embalmed in epigram, celebrated in a biography, or even condescended to by a Boswell. As for Manning, we have to take Lamb's word for it that he was an extraordinary person: "A man of great Power — an Enchanter almost — far beyond Coleridge or any man in power of impressing" — Ah, we imagine, that was just it. Like Alcott and how many other friends of men of creative faculty, Manning could impress more than he could express; the ordinary fate of your brilliant talker. His status as a footnote person is on the whole less enviable than that of the absurd Dyer, or the weakly amiable Martin Burney, whom Lamb loved without expecting anything of them. That is not always an effective tribute of affection which reacts in the form of a fantastic worship — *e. g.*, FitzGerald's finding his typical great man in the person of a long-shore skipper. Consider Johnson's "Tetty," and the odd menagerie of his later household: are they not as truly immortal as a Savage, a Beauclerk, or the Thrale-Piozzi herself?

The moral is simple. If you really want to have your name echo down the ages, employ the Company, shortly to be incorporated, of The Inspired Advertisers. The project merely awaits the accumulation of a sufficient reserve of capitalized inspiration. Sheer Greatness is just now at an almost prohibitive premium; but the market is expected to be easier very shortly, and a strong bull movement among the critics is already manifest.

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THE WAYFARER

BY NORMAN DUNCAN

THE harbor lights were out; all the world of sea and sky and barren rock was black. It was Saturday, — long after night, the first snow flying in the dark. Half a gale from the north ran whimpering through the rigging, by turns wrathful and plaintive, — a restless wind: it would not leave the night at ease. The trader Good Samaritan lay at anchor in Poor Man's Harbor on the Newfoundland coast: this on her last voyage of that season for the shore fish. We had given the schooner her Saturday night bath; she was white and trim in every part: the fish stowed, the decks swabbed, the litter of goods in the cabin restored to the hooks and shelves. The crew was in the forecastle, — a lolling, snoozy lot, now desperately yawning for lack of diversion. Tumm, the clerk, had survived the moods of brooding and light irony, and was still wide awake, musing quietly in the seclusion of a cloud of tobacco smoke. By all the signs, the inevitable was at hand; and presently, as we had foreseen, the pregnant silence fell.

With one blast, — a swishing exhalation breaking from the depths of his gigantic chest, in its passage fluttering his unkempt mustache, — Tumm dissipated the enveloping cloud; and having thus emerged from seclusion he moved his glance from eye to eye until the crew sat in uneasy expectancy.

"If a lad's mother tells un he 've got a soul," he began, "it don't do no wonderful harm; but if a man finds it out for hisself" —

The pause was for effect; so, too, the pointed finger, the lifted nostrils, the deep, inclusive glance.

— "It plays the devil!"

The ship's boy, a cadaverous, pasty, red-eyed, drooping-jawed youngster from the Cove o' First Cousins, gasped in a painful way. He came closer to the forecastle table, — a fascinated rabbit.

"Billy Ill," said Tumm, "you better turn in."

"I is n't sleepy, sir."

"I 'low you better *had*," Tumm warned. "It ain't fit for such as you t' hear."

The boy's voice dropped to an awed whisper. "I wants t' hear," he said.

"Hear?"

"Ay, sir. I wants t' hear about souls, — an' the devil."

Tumm sighed. "Ah, well, lad," said he, "I 'low you was born t' be troubled by fears. God help us all!"

We waited.

"He come," Tumm began, "from Jug Cove, — bein'," he added, indulgently, after a significant pause, "born there, — an' that by sheer ill luck of a windy night in the fall o' the year, when the ol' woman o' Tart Harbor, which used t' be handy thereabouts, was workin' double watches at Whale Run t' save the life of a trader's wife o' the name o' Tiddle. I 'low," he continued, "that 't is the only excuse a man *could* have for hailin' from Jug Cove; for," he elucidated, "'t is a mean place t' the westward o' Fog Island, a bit below the Black Gravestones, where the Soldier o' the Cross was picked up by Satan's Tail in the nor'easter o' last fall. You

opens the Cove when you rounds Greedy Head o' the Hen-an'-Chickens an' lays a course for Gentleman Tickle t' other side o' the Bay. 'T is there that Jug Cove lies; an' whatever," he proceeded, being now well underway, with all sail drawing in a snoring breeze, "'t is where the poor devil had the ill luck t' hail from. We was drove there in the Quick as Wink in the southerly gale o' the Year o' the Big Shore Catch; an' we lied three dirty days in the lee o' the Pillar o' Cloud, waitin' for civil weather; for we was fished t' the scrupper-holes, an' had no heart t' shake hands with the sea that was runnin'. 'T is a mean place t' be wind-bound, — this Jug Cove: tight an' dismal as chokee, with walls o' black rock, an' as nasty a front yard o' sea as ever I knowed.

"'Ecod!' thinks I, 'I'll just take a run ashore t' see how bad a mess really *was* made o' Jug Cove.'

"Which bein' done, I crossed courses for the first time with Abraham Botch, — Botch by name, an' botch, accordin' t' my poor lights, by nature: Abraham Botch, God help un! o' Jug Cove. 'T was a foggy day, — a cold, wet time: ecod! the day felt like the corpse of a drowned cook. The moss was soggy; the cliffs an' rocks was all a-drip; the spruce was soaked t' the skin, — the earth all wettish an' sticky an' cold. The southerly gale ramped over the sea; an' the sea got so mad at the wind that it fair frothed at the mouth. I 'low the sea was tired o' foolin', an' wanted t' go t' sleep; but the wind kep' teasin' it, — kep' slappin' an' pokin' an' pushin', — till the sea could n't stand it no more, an' just got mad. Off shore, in the front yard o' Jug Cove, 't was all white with breakin' rocks, — as dirty a sea for fishin' punts as a man could sail in nightmares. From the Pillar o' Cloud I could see, down below, the seventeen houses o' Jug Cove, an' the sweet little Quick as Wink; the water was black, an' the hills was black, but the ship an' the mean little houses was gray in the mist. T' sea they was nothin', — just fog an' breakers an' black waves. T' landward, likewise, — black hills in the mist. A dirty sea an' a lean shore!

"'Tumm,' thinks I, ''t is more by luck than good conduct that you was n't born here. You'd thank God, Tumm,' thinks I, 'if you did n't feel so dismal scurvy about bein' the Teacher's pet.'

"An' then —

"'Good-even,' says Abraham Botch.

"There he lied, — on the blue, spongy caribou-moss, at the edge o' the cliff, with the black-an'-white sea below, an' the mist in the sky an' on the hills t' leeward. Ecod! but he was lean an' ragged: this fellow sprawlin' there, with his face t' the sky an' his legs an' leaky boots scattered over the moss. Skinny legs he had, an' a chest as thin as paper; but aloft he carried more sail 'n the law allows, — sky-scraper, star-gazer, an', ay! even the curse-o'-God-over-all. That was Botch, — mostly head, an' a sight more forehead than face, God help un! He'd a long, girlish face, a bit thin at the cheeks an' skimped at the chin; an' they was n't beard enough anywheres t' start a bird's nest. Ah, but the eyes o' that botch! Them round, deep eyes, with the still waters an' clean shores! I 'low I can't tell you no more, — but only this: that they was somehow like the sea, blue an' deep an' full o' change an' sadness. Ay, there lied Botch in the fog-drip, — poor Botch o' Jug Cove: eyes in his head; his dirty, lean body clothed in patched moleskin an' rotten leather.

"An' —

"'Good-even, yourself,' says I.

"'My name's Botch,' says he. 'Is n't you from the Quick as Wink?'

"'I is,' says I; 'an' they calls me Tumm.'

"'That's a very queer name,' says he.

"'Oh, no!' says I. 'They is n't nothin' queer about the name o' Tumm.'

"He laughed a bit, — an' rubbed his feet together: just like a tickled youngster. 'Ay,' says he; 'that's a wonderful queer name. Hark!' says he. 'You just listen, an' I'll *show* you. Tumm,' says he,

'Tumm, Tumm, Tumm. . . . Tumm, Tumm, Tumm. . . . Tumm'—

"'Don't,' says I, for it give me the fidgets. 'Don't say it so often.'

"'Why not?' says he.

"'I don't like it,' says I.

"'Tumm,' says he, with a little cackle, 'Tumm, Tumm, Tumm'—

"'Don't you do that no more,' says I. 'I won't have it. When you says it that way, I 'low I don't know whether my name is Tumm or Tump. 'T is a very queer name. I wisht,' says I, 'that I'd been called Smith.'

"''T would n't make no difference,' says he. 'All names is queer if you stops t' think. Every word you ever spoke is queer. Everything is queer. It's *all* queer — once you stops t' think about it.'

"'Then I don't think I'll stop,' says I, 'for I don't *like* things t' be queer.'

"Then Botch had a little spell o' thinkin'."

Tumm leaned over the forecastle table.

"Now," said he, forefinger lifted, "accordin' t' my lights, it ain't nice t' see *any* man thinkin': for a real man ain't got no call t' think, an' can't afford the time on the coast o' Newf'un'land, where they's too much fog an' wind an' rock t' 'low it. For me, I 'd rather see a man in a 'leptic fit: for fits is more or less natural an' can't be helped. But Botch! When Botch *thunk* — when he got hard at it — 't would give you the shivers. He sort o' drawed away — got into nothin'. They was n't no sea nor shore for Botch no more; they was n't no earth, no heavens. He got rid o' all that, as though it hindered the work he was at, an' did n't matter, anyhow. They was n't nothin' left o' things but Botch — an' the nothin' about un. Botch *in* nothin'. Accordin' t' my lights, 't is a sinful thing t' do; an' when I first seed Botch at it, I 'lowed he was lackin' in religious opinions. 'T was just as if his soul had pulled down the blinds, an' locked the front door, an' gone out for a walk, without leavin' word when 't would be home. An', accordin' t' my lights, it ain't right, nor wise, for a man's soul t' do no such thing. A man's soul ain't got no common sense; it ain't got no caution, no manners, no nothin' that it needs in a wicked world like this. When it gets loose, 't is liable t' wander far, an' get lost, an' miss its supper. Accordin' t' my lights, it ought t' be kep' in, an' fed an' washed regular, an' put t' bed at nine o'clock. But Botch! well, there lied his body in the wet, like an unloved child, while his soul went cavortin' over the Milky Way.

"He come to all of a sudden. 'Tumm' says he, 'you is.'

"'Ay,' says I, 'Tumm I is. 'T is the name I was born with.'

"'You don't find me,' says he. 'I says you *is*.'

"'Is what?'

"'Just — *is!*'

"With that, I took un. 'T was all t' oncet. He was tellin' me that I *was*. Well, I *is*. Damme! 't was n't anything I did n't *know* if I'd stopped t' think. But they was n't nobody ever called my notice to it afore, an' I 'd been too busy about the fish t' mind it. So I was sort o' — s'prised. It don't matter, look you! t' *be;* but 't is mixin' t' the mind an' fearsome t' stop t' *think* about it. An' it come t' me all t' oncet; an' I was s'prised, an' I was scared.

"'Now, Tumm,' says he, with his finger p'intin', 'where was you?'

"'Fishin' off the Shark's Fin,' says I. 'We just come up loaded, an' '—

"'You don't find me,' says he. 'I says, where was you afore you was is?'

"'Is you gone mad?' says I.

"'Not at all, Tumm,' says he. 'Not at all! 'T is a plain question. You *is*, is n't you?' 'Well, then you must have been *was*. Now, then, Tumm, where *was* you?'

"'Afore I was born?'

"'Ay — afore you was is.'

"'God knows!' says I. 'I 'low *I* don't. An' look you, Botch,' says I, 'this talk ain't right. You is n't a infidel, is you?'

"'Oh, no!' says he.

"'Then,' says I, for I was mad, 'where in hell did you think up all this ghostly tomfoolery?'

"'On the grounds,' says he.

"'On the grounds?' Lads," said Tumm to the crew, his voice falling, "*you* knows what that means, does n't you?"

The Jug Cove fishing-grounds lie off Break-heart Head. They are beset with peril and all the mysteries of the earth. They are fished from little punts, which the men of Jug Cove cleverly make with their own hands, every man his own punt, having been taught to this by their fathers, who learned of the fathers before them, out of the knowledge which ancient contention with the wiles of the wind and of the sea had disclosed. The timber is from the wilderness, taken at leisure; the iron and hemp are from the far-off southern world, which is to the men of the place like a grandmother's tale, loved and incredible. Off the Head the sea is spread with rock and shallow. It is a sea of wondrously changing colors, — blue, red as blood, gray, black with the night. It is a sea of changing moods: of swift, unprovoked wrath; of unsought and surprising gentlenesses. It is not to be understood. There is no mastery of it to be won. It gives no accounting to men. It has no feeling. The shore is bare and stolid. Black cliffs rise from the water; they are forever white at the base with the fret of the sea. Inland, the blue-black hills lift their heads; they are unknown to the folk — hills of fear, remote and cruel. Seaward fogs and winds are bred; the misty distances are vast and mysterious, wherein are the great cliffs of the world's edge. Winds and fogs and ice are loose and passionate upon the waters. Overhead is the high, wide sky, its appalling immensity revealed from the rim to the rim. Clouds, white and black, crimson and gold, fluffy, torn to shreds, wing restlessly from nowhere to nowhere. It is a vast, silent, restless place. At night its infinite spaces are alight with the dread marvel of stars. The universe is voiceless and indifferent. It has no purpose — save to follow its inscrutable will. Sea and wind are aimless. The land is dumb, self-centred; it has neither message nor care for its children. And from dawn to dark the punts of Jug Cove float in the midst of these terrors.

"Eh?" Tumm resumed. "*You* knows what it is, lads. 'T is bad enough t' think in company, when a man can peep into a human eye an' steady his old hulk; but t' think alone — an' at the fishin'! I 'low Botch ought to have knowed better; for they 's too many men gone t' the madhouse t' Saint John's already from this here coast along o' thinkin'. But Botch thinked at will. 'Tumm,' says he, 'I done a power o' thinkin' in my life — out there on the grounds, between Break-heart Head an' the Tombstone, that breakin' rock t' the east'ard. I've thunk o' wind an' sea, o' sky an' soil, o' tears an' laughter an' crooked backs, o' love an' death, rags an' robbery, of all the things of earth an' in the hearts o' men; an' I don't know nothin'! My God! after all, I don't know nothin'! The more I've thunk, the less I've knowed. 'T is all come down t' this, now, Tumm: that I *is*. An' if I *is*, I *was* an' *will be*. But sometimes I misdoubt the *was;* an' if I loses my grip on the *was*, Tumm, my God! what 'll become o' the *will be?* Can you tell me that, Tumm? Is I got t' come down t' the *is?* Can't I build nothin' on that? Can't I go no further than the *is?* An' will I lose even that? Is I got t' come down t' knowin' nothin' at all?'

"'Look you! Botch,' says I, 'don't you know the price o' fish?'

"'No,' says he. 'But it ain't nothin' t' know. It ain't worth knowin'. It — it — it don't matter!'

"'I 'low,' says I, 'your wife don't think likewise. You got a wife, is n't you?'

"'Ay,' says he.

"'An' a kid?'

"'I don't know,' says he.

"'You *what!*' says I.

"'I don't know,' says he. 'She was engaged at it when I come up on the Head. They was a lot o' women in the house, an' a wonderful lot o' fuss an' muss. You 'd be *s'prised*, Tumm,' says he, 't' know how much fuss a thing like this can *make*. So,' says he, 'I 'lowed I'd come up on the Pillar o' Cloud an' think a spell in peace.'

"'An' what?' says I.

"'Have a little spurt at thinkin'.'

"'O' she?'

"'Oh, no, Tumm,' says he; '*that* ain't nothin' t' *think* about. But,' says he, 'I s'pose I might as well go down now, an' see what's happened. I hopes 't is a boy,' says he, 'for somehow girls don't seem t' have much show.'

"An' with that," drawled Tumm, "down the Pillar o' Cloud goes Abraham Botch."

He paused to laugh; and 't was a soft, sad little laugh — dwelling upon things long past.

"An' by and by," he continued, "I took the goat-path t' the waterside; an' I went aboard the Quick as Wink in a fog o' dreams an' questions. The crew was weighin' anchor, then; an' 't was good for the soul t' feel the deck-planks underfoot, an' t' hear the clank o' solid iron, an' t' join the work-song o' men that had muscles an' bowels. 'Skipper Zeb,' says I, when we had the old craft coaxed out o' the tickle, 'leave me have a spell at the wheel. For the love o' man,' says I, 'let me get a grip of it! I wants t' get hold o' something with my hands — something real an' solid; something I knows about; something that *means* something!' For all this talk o' the *is* an' *was*, an' all these thoughts o' the *why*, an' all the cry-baby 'My Gods!' o' Abraham Botch, an' the mystery o' the wee new soul, had made me dizzy in the head an' a bit sick at the stomach. So I took the wheel, an' felt the leap an' quiver o' the ship, an' got my eye screwed on the old Giant's Thumb, loomin' out o' the east'ard fog, an' kep' her willful head up, an' wheedled her along in the white tumble, with the spray o' the sea cool an' wet on my face; an' I was better t' oncet. The Boilin'-Pot Shallows was dead ahead; below the fog I could see the manes o' the big white-horses flung t' the gale. An' I 'lowed that oncet I got the Quick as Wink in them waters, deep with fish as she was, I'd have enough of a real man's troubles t' sink the woes o' the soul out o' all remembrance.

"'I won't care a squid,' thinks I, 'for the *why* nor the *wherefore* o' nothin'!'

"'N neither I did."

The skipper of the Good Samaritan yawned. "Is n't they nothin' about fish in this here yarn?" he asked.

"Nor tradin'," snapped Tumm.

"Nothin' about love?"

"Botch never *knowed* about love."

"If you 'll 'scuse me," said the skipper, "I 'll turn in. I got enough."

But the clammy, red-eyed lad from the Cove o' First Cousins hitched closer to the table, and put his chin in his hands. He was now in a shower of yellow light from the forecastle lamp. His nostrils were working; his eyes were wide and restless and hot. He had bitten at a chapped underlip until the blood came.

"About that *will be*," he whispered timidly. "Did Botch never say, — *where?*"

"You better turn in," Tumm answered.

"But I wants t' know!"

Tumm averted his face. "Ill," he commanded quietly, "you better turn in."

The boy was obedient.

"In March, 'long about two year after," Tumm resumed, "I shipped for the ice aboard the Neptune. We got a scattered swile [seal] off the Horse Islands; but ol' Cap'n Lane 'lowed the killin' was so mean that he 'd move t' sea an' come up with the ice on the outside, for the wind had been in the nor'west for a likely spell. We cotched the body o' ice t' the nor'east o' the Funks; an' the swiles was sure there, — hoods an' harps an' white-coats an' all. They was three Saint John's steamers there, an' they 'd been killin'

for a day an' a half; so the ol' man turned our crew loose on the ice without waitin' t' wink, though 't was afternoon, with a wicked gray look t' the sky in the west, which was where the wind was jumpin' from. An' we had a red time, — ay, now, believe me: a soppy red time of it among the swiles that day! They was men from Green Bay, an' Bonavist', an' the Exploits, an' the South Coast, an' a swarm o' Irish from Saint John's; they was so many men on the pack, ecod! that you could n't call their names. An' we killed an' sculped till dusk. An' then the weather broke with snow; an' afore we knowed it we was lost from the ships in the cloud an' wind, — three hundred men, ecod! smothered an' blinded by snow: howlin' for salvation like souls in a frozen hell.

"'Tumm,' thinks I, 'you better get aboard o' something the sea won't break over. This pack,' thinks I, 'will certain go abroad when the big wind gets at it.'

"So I got aboard a bit of a berg; an' when I found the lee side I sot down in the dark an' thunk hard about different things, — sunshine an' supper an' the like o' that; for they was n't no use thinkin' about what was goin' for'ard on the pack near by. An' there, on the side o' the little berg, sits I till mornin'; an' in the mornin', out o' the blizzard t' win'ward, along comes Abraham Botch o' Jug Cove, marooned on a flat pan o' ice. 'T was comin' down the wind, — clippin' it toward my overgrown lump of a craft like a racin' yacht. When I sighted Botch, roundin' a point o' the berg, I 'lowed I'd have no more 'n twenty minutes t' yarn with un afore he was out o' hail an' sight in the snow t' leeward. He was squatted on his haunches, with his chin on his knees, white with thin ice, an' fringed an' decked with icicles; an' it 'peared t' me, from the way he was took up with the nothin' about un, that he was still thinkin'. The pack was gone abroad, then, — scattered t' the four winds: they was n't another pan t' be seed on the black water. An' the sea was runnin' high — a fussy wind-lop over a swell that broke in big whitecaps, which went swishin' away with the wind. A scattered sea broke over Botch's pan; 't would fall aboard, an' break, an' curl past un, risin' to his waist. But the poor devil did n't seem t' take much notice. He 'd shake the water off, an' cough it out of his throat; an' then he 'd go on takin' observations in the nothin' dead ahead.

"'Ahoy, Botch!' sings I.

"He knowed me t' oncet. 'Tumm!' he sings out. 'Well, well! That *you?*'

"'The same,' says I. 'You got a bad berth there, Botch. I wish you was aboard the berg with me.'

"'Oh,' says he, 'the pan 'll *do*. I gets a bit choked with spray when I opens my mouth; but they is n't no good reason why I should n't keep it shut. A man ought t' breathe through his nose, anyhow. That's what it's *for*.'

"'T was a bad day, — a late dawn in a hellish temper. They was n't much of it t' see, — just a space o' troubled water, an' the big, unfeelin' cloud. An', God! how cold it was. The wind was thick with dry snow, an' it come whirlin' out o' the west as if it wanted t' do damage, an' meant t' have its way. 'T would grab the crests o' the seas an' fling un off like handfuls o' white dust. An' in the midst o' this was poor Botch o' Jug Cove!

"'This wind,' says I, 'will work up a wonderful big sea, Botch. You'll be swep' off afore nightfall.'

"'No,' says he; 'for by good luck, Tumm, I'm froze tight t' the pan.'

"'But the seas 'll drown you.'

"'I don't know,' says he. 'I keeps breakin' the ice 'round my neck,' says he, 'an' if I can on'y keep my neck clear an' limber I'll be able t' duck most o' the big seas.'

"It was n't nice t' see the gentle wretch squattin' there on his haunches. It made me feel bad. I wisht he was home t' Jug Cove thinkin' of his soul.

"'Botch,' says I, 'I *wisht* you was somewheres else!'

"'Now, don't you trouble about that, Tumm,' says he. 'Please don't! The ice

is all on the outside. I'm perfeckly comfortable inside.'

"He took it all so gracious that somehow or other I begun t' forget that he was froze t' the pan an' bound out t' sea. He was 'longside, now; an' I seed un smile. So I sort o' got his feelin'; an' I did n't fret for un no more.

"'An', Tumm,' says he, 'I've had a wonderful grand night. I'll never forget it so long as I lives.'

"'A what?' says I. 'Was n't you cold?'

"'I — I — I don't know,' says he, puzzled. 'I was too busy t' notice much.'

"'Is n't you hungry?'

"'Why, Tumm,' says he, in s'prise, 'I believes I is, now that you mentions it. I believes I'd *like* a biscuit.'

"'I wisht I had one t' shy,' says I.

"'Don't you be troubled,' says he. 'My arms is stuck. I could n't cotch it, anyhow.'

"'Anyhow,' says I, 'I wisht I had one.'

"'A grand night!' says he. 'For I got a idea, Tumm. They was n't nothin' t' disturb me all night long. I been all alone — an' I been quiet. An' I got a idea. I've gone an' found out, Tumm,' says he, 'a law o' life! Look you! Tumm,' says he, 'what you aboard that berg for? 'T is because you had sense enough t' get there. An' why is n't I aboard that berg? 'T is because I did n't have none o' the on'y kind o' sense that was needed in the mess last night. You'll be picked up by the fleet,' says he, 'when the weather clears; an' I'm bound out t' sea on a speck o' flat ice. This coast ain't kind,' says he. 'No coast is kind. Men lives because they're able for it; not because they're coaxed to. An' the on'y kind o' men this coast lets live an' breed is the kind she wants. The kind o' men this coast puts up with ain't weak, an' they ain't timid, an' they don't think. Them kind dies, — just the way I 'low *I* got t' die. They don't live, Tumm, an' they don't breed.'

"'What about you?' says I.

"'About me?' says he.

"'Ay, — that day on the Pillar o' Cloud.'

"'Oh!' says he. 'You mean about *she*. Well, it did n't come t' nothin', Tumm. The women folk was n't able t' find me, an' they did n't know which I wanted sove, the mother or the child; so, somehow or other, both went an' died afore I got there. But that is n't got nothin' t' do with *this*.'

"He was drifted a few fathoms past. Just then a big sea fell atop of un. He ducked real skillful, an' come out of it smilin', if sputterin'.

"'Now, Tumm,' says he, 'if we was t' the s'uthard, where they says 't is warm an' different, an' lives is n't lived the same, maybe you 'd be on the pan o' ice, an' I'd be aboard the berg; maybe you 'd be like t' starve, an' I 'd get so much as forty cents a day the year round. They 's a great waste in life,' says he, 'I don't know why; but there 't is. An' I 'low I'm gone t' waste on this here coast. I been born out o' place; that 's all. But they 's a place somewheres for such as me — somewheres for the likes o' me. T' the s'uth'ard, now, maybe, they 'd *be* a place; t' the s'uth'ard maybe the folk would want t' know about the things I thinks out — ay, maybe they 'd even *pay* for the labor I'm put to! But *here*, you lives, an' I dies. Don't you see, Tumm? 'T is the law! 'T is why a New-f'un'lander ain't a nigger. More 'n that, 't is why a dog 's a dog on land an' a swile in the water; 't is why a dog haves legs an' a swile haves flippers. Don't you see? 'T is the law!'

"'I don't quite find you,' says I.

"Poor Botch shook his head. 'They is n't enough words in langwitch,' says he, 't' 'splain things. Men ought t' get t' work an' make more.'

"'But tell me,' says I.

"Then, by Botch's regular ill luck, under he went; an' it took un quite a spell t' cough his voice into workin' order.

"'Excuse me,' says he. 'I'm sorry. It come too suddent t' be ducked.'

"'Sure!' says I. '*I* don't mind.'

"'Tumm,' says he, 'it all comes down t' this: *The thing that lives is the kind o' thing that's best fit t' live in the place it*

lives in. That's a law o' life! An' nobody but *me*, Tumm,' says he, 'ever knowed it afore!'

"'It don't amount t' nothin',' says I.

"'"T is a law o' life!'

"'But it don't *mean* nothin'.'

"'Tumm,' says he, discouraged, 'I can't talk t' you no more. I'm too busy. I 'lowed when I seed you there on the berg that you'd tell somebody what I thunk out last night if you got clear o' this mess. An' I *wanted* everybody t' know. I did so *want* un t' know — an' t' know that Abraham Botch o' Jug Cove did the thinkin' all by hisself! But you don't seem able. An', anyhow,' says he, 'I'm too busy t' talk no more. They's a deal more hangin' on that law 'n I told you. The beasts o' the field is born under it, an' the trees o' the forest, an' all that lives. They's a bigger law behind; an' I got t' think that out afore the sea works up. I'm sorry, Tumm; but if you don't mind, I'll just go on thinkin'. You *won't* mind, will you, Tumm? I would n't like you t' feel bad.'

"'Lord, no!' says I. '*I* won't mind.'

"'Thank you, Tumm,' says he. 'For I'm greatly took by thinkin'.'

"An' so Botch sputtered an' thunk an' kep' his neck limber 'till he drifted out o' sight in the snow."

But that was not the last of the Jug Cove philosopher.

"Next time I seed Botch," Tumm resumed, "we was both shipped by chance for the Labrador from Twillingate. 'T was aboard the dirty little Three Sisters, — a thirty-ton, fore-an'-aft green-fish catcher, skippered by Mad Bill Likely o' Yellow Tail Tickle. An' poor Botch did n't look healthful. He was blue an' wan an' wonderful thin. An' he did n't look at all *right.* Poor Botch — ah, poor old Botch! They was n't no more o' them fuddlin' questions; they was n't no more o' that cocksure, tickled little cackle. Them big, deep eyes o' his, which used t' be clean an' fearless an' sad an' nice, was all misty an' red, like a nasty sunset, an' most unpleasant *shifty.* I 'lowed I'd take a look in, an' sort o' fathom what was up; but they was too quick for me — they got away every time; an' I never seed more 'n a shadow. An' he kep' lookin' over' his shoulder, an' cockin' his ears, an' givin' suddent starts, like a poor wee child on a dark road. They was n't no more o' that sinful gettin' into nothin' — no more o' that puttin' away o' the rock an' sea an' the great big sky. I 'lowed, by the Lord! that he could n't *do* it no more. All them big things had un scared t' death. He did n't dast forget they was there. He could n't get into nothin' no more. An' so I knowed he would n't be happy aboard the Three Sisters with that devil of a Mad Bill Likely o' Yellow Tail Tickle for skipper.

"'Botch,' says I, when we was off Mother Burke, 'how is you, b'y?'

"'Oh, farin' along,' says he.

"'Ay,' says I; 'but how *is* you, b'y?

"'Farin' along,' says he.

"'It ain't a answer,' says I. 'I'm askin' a plain question, Botch.'

"'Well, Tumm,' says he, the 'fac' is, Tumm, I'm — sort o' — jus' — farin' along.'

"We crossed the Straits of a moonlight night. The wind was fair an' light. Mad Bill was t' the wheel: for he 'lowed he was n't goin' t' have no chances took with a Lally Line steamer, havin' been sunk oncet by the same. 'T was a kind an' peaceful night. I've never knowed the world t' be more t' rest an' kinder t' the sons o' men. The wind was from the s'uth'ard, a point or two east: a soft wind an' sort o' dawdlin' careless an' happy toward the Labrador. The sea was sound asleep; an' the schooner cuddled up, an' dreamed, an' snored, an' sighed, an' rolled along, as easy as a ship could be. Moonlight was over all the world — so soft an' sweet an' playful an' white; it said, 'Hush!' an', 'Go t' sleep!' All the stars that ever shone was wide awake an' winkin'. A playful crew — them little stars! Wink! wink! 'Go t' sleep!' says they. '"T is our watch,' says they. '*We'll* take eare o' *you.*' An' t' win'ward — far

off — black an' low — was Cape Norman o' Newf'un'land. Newf'un'land! Ah, we're all mad with love o' she! 'Good-night!' says she. 'Fair v'y'ge,' says she; 'an' may you come home loaded!' Sleep? Ay; men could sleep that night. They was n't no fear at sea. Sleep? Ay; they was n't no fear in all the moonlit world.

"An' then up from the forecastle comes Botch o' Jug Cove.

"'Tumm,' says he, 'you is n't turned in.'

"'No, Botch,' says I. 'It is n't my watch; but I 'lowed I'd lie here on this cod-trap an' wink back at the stars.'

"'I can't sleep,' says he. 'Oh, Tumm, I *can't!*'

"''T is a wonderful fine night,' says I.

"'Ay,' says he; 'but' —

"'But what?' says I.

"'You never can tell,' says he.

"'Never can tell what?'

"'What's goin' t' happen.'

"I took one look — just one look into them shiverin' eyes — an' shook my head. 'Do you 'low,' says I, 'that we can hit that berg off the port bow?'

"'You never can tell,' says he.

"'Good Lord!' says I. 'With Mad Bill Likely o' Yellow Tail Tickle at the wheel? Botch,' says I, 'you 're gone mad. What's *come* along o' you? Where 's the *is* an' the *was* an' the *will be?* What's come o' that law o' life?'

"'Hist!' says he.

"'Not me!' says I. 'I'll hush for no man. What's come o' the law o' life? What's come o' all the thinkin'?'

"'Tumm,' says he, 'I don't think no more. An' the laws o' life,' says he, 'is foolishness. The fac' is, Tumm,' says he, 'things look wonderful different t' me now. I is n't the same as I used t' be in them old days.'

"'You is n't had a fever, Botch?' says I.

"'Well,' says he, 'I got religion.'

"'Oh!' says I. 'What kind?'

"'Vi'lent,' says he.

"'I see,' says I.

"'I is n't converted just this minute,' says he. 'I 'low you might say, an' be near the truth, that I'm a damned backslider. But I *been* converted, an' I may be again. Fac' is, Tumm,' says he, 'when I gets up in the mornin' I never knows which I'm in, a state o' grace or a state o' sin. It usual takes till after breakfast t' find out.'

"'Botch, b'y,' says I, for it made me feel awful bad, 'don't you go an' trouble about that.'

"'You don't know about hell,' says he.

"'I *does* know about hell,' says I. 'My mother told me.'

"'Ay,' says he; 'she told you. But you does n't *know*.'

"'Botch,' says I, ''t would s'prise me if she left anything out.'

"He was n't happy — Botch was n't. He begun t' kick his heels, an' scratch his whisps o' beard, an' chaw his finger-nails. It made me feel bad. I did n't like t' see Botch took that way. I'd rather see un crawl into nuthin' an' think, ecod! than chaw his nails an' look like a scared idjit from the madhouse t' Saint John's.

"'You got a soul, Tumm?' says he.

"'I knows that,' says I.

"'How?' says he.

"'My mother told me.'

"Botch took a look at the stars. An' so I, too, took a look at the funny little things. An' the stars is so many, an' so wonderful far off, an' so wee an' queer an' perfeckly solemn an' knowin', that I 'lowed I did n't know much about heaven an' hell, after all, an' begun t' feel shaky.

"'I got converted,' says Botch, 'by means of a red-headed parson from the Cove o' the Easterly Winds. *He* knowed everything. They was n't no *why* he was n't able t' answer. "The glory o' God," says he; an' there was an end to it. An' bein' converted of a suddent,' says Botch, 'without givin' much thought t' what might come after, I 'lowed the parson had the rights of it. Anyhow, I was n't in no mood t' set up my word against a real parson in a black coat, with a Book right under his arm. I 'lowed I

would n't stay very long in a state o' grace if I done *that*. The fac' is, he *told* me so. "Whatever," thinks I, "the glory o' God does well enough, if a man only *will* believe; an' the tears an' crooked backs an' hunger o' this here world," thinks I, "which the parson lays t' Him, fits in very well with the reefs an' easterly gales He made." So I 'lowed I'd better take my religion an' ask no questions; an' the parson said 't was very wise, for I was only an ignorant man, an' I'd reach a state o' sanctification if I kep' on in the straight an' narrow way. So I went no more t' the grounds. For what was the *use* o' goin' there? 'Peared t' me that heaven was my home. What's the use o' botherin' about the fish for the little time we're here? I could n't get my *mind* on the fish. "Heaven is my home," thinks I, "an' I'm tired, an' I wants t' get there, an' I don't want t' trouble about the world." 'T was an immortal soul I had t' look out for. So I did n't think no more about laws o' life. 'T is a sin t' pry into the mysteries o' God; an' 't is a sinful waste o' time, anyhow, t' moon about the heads, thinkin' about laws o' life when you got a immortal soul on your hands. I wanted t' save that soul! *An' I wants t' save it now!*'

"'Well,' says I, 'ain't it sove?'

"'No,' says he; 'for I could n't help thinkin'. An' when I thunk, Tumm,— whenever I fell from grace an' thunk real hard,— I could n't believe some o' the things the red-headed parson said I *had* t' believe if I wanted t' save my soul from hell.'

"'Botch,' says I, 'leave your soul be.'

"'I can't,' says he. 'I can't! I got a immortal soul, Tumm. What's t' become o' that there soul?'

"'Don't you trouble it,' says I. 'Leave it be. 'T is too tender t' trifle with. An', anyhow,' says I, 'a man's belly is all he can handle without strainin'.'

"'But 't is *mine* — *my* soul!'

"'Leave it be,' says I. 'It'll get t' heaven.'

"Then Botch gritted his teeth, an' clenched his hands, an' lifted his fists t' heaven. There he stood, Botch o' Jug Cove, on the for'ard deck o' the Three Sisters, which was built by the hands o' men, slippin' across the Straits t' the Labrador, in the light o' the old, old moon — there stood Botch like a man in tarture!

"'I is n't sure, Tumm,' says he, 'that I wants t' go t' heaven. For I'd be all the time foolin' about the gates o' hell, peepin' in,' says he; 'an' if the devils suffered in the fire — if they moaned an' begged for the mercy o' God — I'd be wantin' t' go in, Tumm, with a jug o' water an' a pa'm-leaf fan!'

"'You'd get pretty well singed, Botch,' says I.

"'I'd *want* t' be singed!' says he.

"'Well, Botch,' says I, 'I don't know where you'd best lay your course for, heaven or hell. But I knows, my b'y,' says I, 'that you better give your soul a rest, or you'll be sorry.'

"'I can't,' says he.

"'It'll get t' one place or t'other,' says I, 'if you on'y bides your time.'

"'How do you know?' says he.

"'Why,' says I, 'any parson 'll *tell* you so!'

"'But how do *you* know?' says he.

"'Damme, Botch!' says I; 'my mother told me so.'

"'That's it!' says he.

"'What's it?'

"'Your mother,' says he. '"T is all hearsay with you an' me. But I wants t' know for myself. Heaven or hell, damnation or salvation, God or nothin'!' says he. 'I would n't care if I on'y *knowed*. But I don't know, an' can't find out. I'm tired o' hearsay an' guessin', Tumm. I wants t' know. Dear God of all men,' says he, with his fists in the air, '*I wants t' know!*'

"'Easy,' says I. 'Easy there! Don't you say no more. 'T is mixin' t' the mind. So,' says I, 'I 'low I'll turn in for the night.'

"Down I goes. But I did n't turn in. I could n't,— not just then. I raked around

in the bottom o' my old nunny-bag for the Bible my dear mother put there when first I sot out for the Labrador in the Fear of the Lord. 'I wants a message,' thinks I; 'an' I wants it bad, an' I wants it almighty quick!' An' I spread the Book on the forecastle table, an' I put my finger down on the page, an' I got all my nerves t'gether, — *an' I looked!* Then I closed the Book. They was n't much of a message; it *done*, t' be sure, but 't was n't much: for that there yarn o' Jonah an' the whale is harsh readin' for us poor fishermen. But I closed the Book, an' wrapped it up again in my mother's cotton, an' put it back in the bottom o' my nunny-bag, an' sighed, an' went on deck. An' I cotched poor Botch by the throat; an', 'Botch,' says I, 'don't you never say no more about souls t' me. Men,' says I, 'is all hangin' on off a lee shore in a big gale from the open; an' they is n't no mercy in that wind. I got my anchor down,' says I. 'My fathers forged it, hook an' chain, an' *they* weathered it out, without fear or favor. 'T is the on'y anchor I got, anyhow, an' I don't want it t' part. For if it do, the broken bones o' my soul will lie slimy an' rotten on the reefs t' leeward through all eternity. You leave me be,' says I. 'Don't you never say soul t' me no more!'

"I 'low," Tumm sighed, while he picked at a knot in the table with his clasp-knife, "that if I could 'a' done more 'n just what mother teached me, I'd sure have prayed for poor Abraham Botch that night!"

He sighed again.

"We fished the Farm Yard," Tumm continued, "an' Indian Harbor, an' beat south into Domino Run; but we did n't get no chance t' use a pound o' salt for all that. They did n't seem t' be no sign o' fish anywheres on the s'uth'ard or middle coast o' the Labrador. We run here, an' we beat there, an' we fluttered around like a half-shot gull; but we did n't come up with no fish. Down went the trap, an' up she come: not even a lumpfish or a lobster t' grace the labor. Winds in the east, lop on the sea, fog in the sky, ice in the water, colds on the chest, boils on the wrists; but nar' a fish in the hold! It drove Mad Bill Likely stark. 'Lads,' says he, 'the fish is north o' Mugford. I'm goin' down,' says he, 'if we haves t' winter at Chidley on swile-fat an' seaweed. For,' says he, 'Butt o' Twillingate, which owns this craft, an' has outfitted every man o' this crew, is on his last legs, an' I'd rather face the Lord in a black shroud o' sin than tie up t' the old man's wharf with a empty hold. For the Lord is used to it,' says he, 'an' would n't mind; but Old Man Butt would *cry*.' So we 'lowed we 'd stand by, whatever come of it; an' down north we went, late in the season, with a rippin' wind astern. An' we found the fish 'long about Kidalick; an' we went at it, night an' day, an' loaded in a fortnight. 'An', now, lads,' says Mad Bill Likely, when the decks was awash, 'you can all go t' sleep, an' be jiggered t' you!' An' down I dropped on the last stack o' green cod, an' slep' for more hours than I dast tell you.

"'Then we started south.

"'Tumm,' says Botch, when we was well underway, 'we're deep. We're awful deep.'

"'But it ain't salt,' says I; ''t is fish.'

"'Ay,' says he; 'but 't is all the same t' the schooner. We'll have wind, an' she 'll complain.'

"We coaxed her from harbor t' harbor so far as Indian Tickle. Then we got a fair wind, an' Mad Bill Likely 'lowed he 'd make a run for it t' the northern ports o' the French Shore. We was well out an' doin' well when the wind switched t' the sou'east. 'T was a beat, then; an' the poor old Three Sisters did n't like it, an' got tired, an' wanted t' give up. By dawn the seas was comin' over the bow at will. The old girl simply could n't keep her head up. She 'd dive, an' nose in, an' get smothered; an' she shook her head so pitiful that Mad Bill Likely 'lowed he 'd ease her for'ard, an' see how she 'd like it. 'T was broad day when he sent me

an' Abraham Botch o' Jug Cove out t' stow the stays'l. They was n't no fog on the face o' the sea; but the sky was gray an' troubled, an' the sea was a wrathful black-an'-white, an' the rain, whippin' past, stung what it touched, an' froze t' the deck an' riggin'. I knowed she'd put her nose into the big white seas, an' I knowed Botch an' me would go under, an' I knowed the foothold was slippery with ice; so I called the fac's t' Botch's attention, an' asked un not t' think too much.

"'I've give that up,' says he.

"'Well,' says I, 'you might get another attackt.'

"'No fear,' says he; ''t is foolishness t' think. It don't come t' nothin'.'

"'But you *might*,' says I.

"'Not in a moment o' grace,' says he. 'An', Tumm,' says he, 'at this instant, my condition,' says he, 'is one o' salvation.'

"'Then,' says I, 'you follow me, an' we'll do a tidy job with that there stays'l.'

"An' out on the jib-boom we went. We'd pretty near finished the job when the Three Sisters stuck her nose into a thundering sea. When she shook that off, I yelled t' Botch t' look out for two more. If he heard, he did n't say so; he was too busy spittin' salt water. We was still there when the second sea broke. But when the third fell, an' my eyes was shut, an' I was grippin' the boom for dear life, I felt a clutch on my ankle; an' the next thing I knowed I was draggin' in the water, with a grip on the bobstay, an' something tuggin' at my leg like a whale on a fishline. I knowed 't was Botch, without lookin', for it could n't be nothin' else. An' when I looked, I seed un lyin' in the foam at the schooner's bow, bobbin' under an' up. His head was on a pillow o' froth, an' his legs was swingin' in a green, bubblish swirl beyond.

"'Hold fast!' I yelled.

"The hiss an' swish o' the seas was hellish. Botch spat water an' spoke; but I could n't hear. I 'lowed, though, that 't was whether I could keep my grip a bit longer.

"'Hold fast!' says I.

"He nodded a most agreeable thank-you. 'I wants t' think a minute,' says he.

"'Take both hands!' says I.

"On deck they had n't missed us yet. The rain was thick an' sharp-edged; an' the schooner's bow was forever in a mist o' spray.

"'Tumm!' says Botch.

"'Hold fast!' says I.

"He'd hauled his head out o' the froth. They was n't no trouble in his eyes no more. His eyes was clear an' deep, — with a little laugh lyin' far down in the depths.

"'Tumm,' says he, 'I' —

"'I don't hear,' says I.

"'I can't wait no longer,' says he. 'I wants t' know. An' I'm so near, now,' says he, 'that I 'low I'll just find out.'

"'Hold fast, you fool!' says I.

"I swear by the God that made me," Tumm declared, "that he was smilin', the last I seed of his face in the foam! He wanted t' know, — an' he found out! But I was n't quite so curious," Tumm added, "an' I hauled my hulk out o' the water, an' climbed aboard. An' I run aft; but they was n't nothin' t' be seed but the big, black sea, an' the froth o' the schooner's wake and o' the wild white-horses."

The story was ended.

A tense silence was broken by a gentle snore from the skipper of the *Good Samaritan*. I turned. The head of the lad from the Cove o' First Cousins protruded from his bunk. It was withdrawn on the instant. But I had caught sight of the drooping eyes and of the wide, flaring nostrils.

"See that, sir?" Tumm asked, with a backward nod toward the boy's bunk.

I nodded.

"Same old thing," he laughed sadly. "Goes on t' the end o' the world."

We all know that.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A SOUTHERNER SINCE THE CIVIL WAR

BY "NICHOLAS WORTH"

IV

TO "THE BITTER NORTH"

THE mill not only ran, but by this time it had, under my brother's good management, been enlarged. I could have gone to Harvard College without my grandfather's aid. In fact, I did not receive his aid, because of an event that he had not reckoned so near at hand as it was; but I should surely not have gone but for his suggestion.

It seemed wonderful to me then, and it seems even more wonderful now, that my grandfather should have selected Harvard College. "My heavens, man!" said Tom Warren, when he heard of it, "the very hotbed of unbelief and old abolitionism!"

But my grandfather's mind moved in a large orbit. He could have known nothing about Harvard College. He had not been to any college himself, and he was not a man of liberal education, — perhaps I should say of formal education. But he had, within his own lifetime, seen the circle of national thought and discussion become narrower and narrower, and finally come to be a mere point, and that point was slavery; and then the horrors of war came on. His reasoning was that men had become narrower because they had seen but one side of the controversy. He wished me to look at the country and at life from a point of view as far removed as possible from the one I had hitherto had. His idea, more or less vague, was that such an experience would broaden my vision. His large common sense was shown in many another judgment that he made. Moreover, he did not even know the bitterness and the suspicion that the war had aroused. He regarded it merely as a huge mistake; for the main current of his thought had taken its course before it came on.

It was only a week later when a messenger brought the news that he was dead. Old Ephraim must tell the story.

"I com' out er de li'l room, same as I do ev'ry mornin'; an' I mek a li'l fire in de fireplace, an' I whets de razzor an' gits de warm water ready. Den I look roun' at de big bed, and ol' mars' lay dere jes' as still as a chile. Mighty quare. He don' usual sleep dat a way dis time er de mornin'. Den I stole close ter de bed, an' 'fore God! What did I see?

"Miss Mandy, she knock sof' on de do' an' she say, 'Unc' Ephum, is father 'sleep yit?'

"When she see me lookin' at him in de bed, den she say, 'Father!'

"But ol' mars' never answer.

"'Dead' — she says.

"'Ol' mars'er done gone home,' I says, — 'done gone home, sleepin' jes' lak a chile in de big bed, an' lef' his ol' sarvant behin'.'"

When he was buried in the garden the next day, and the company had come back from the grave, old Ephraim remained standing in an attitude of prayer. I went back, took the old man by the arm, and led him into the house. "Ol' mars' done gone an' lef' his ol' sarvant behin'." My aunt had him drink a glass that she had herself prepared for him; and he sat long in my grandfather's room, saying to himself, "Did n't say nothin', — jes' went ter sleep same as a chile. Ol' mars-'er's gone."

My widowed aunt, — widowed by war,

— who had kept my grandfather's house, soon went to make her home elsewhere. When the estate was settled up by my brother, there was little of value left. My aunt inherited the house, but it had gone far toward decay. In fact, the whole plantation had outlived its natural life. The organization, such as it was, hung together till the master died. Then it fell to pieces. But my grandfather had left a piece of land to Ephraim; and, when my aunt went away, the old man went to live in the old house of his old master, to care for it.

The last year of my college life in the South was not eventful. I find it difficult to recall any incidents worthy of mention. In fact, that whole period was remote from the life of the time and from my own life afterwards. I learned to read Latin and Greek somewhat more easily, I think, than the average college boy of that day or of this. But that is all that I learned from the college work proper. This instruction might have been given anywhere, at any time during the last thousand years or more. It had as little to do with modern thought, and as little to do with the time and country that I lived in, as instruction given by teachers in the Middle Ages. It was only the literary society that touched modern or American life at all. We debated patriotic subjects, and we learned, in a way, the ready use of speech. I have never been quite sure, however, whether this strenuous debating exercise did harm or good. I fear it did harm to more boys than it helped.

For the Southern youth of that time in particular had what I shall call the oratorical habit of mind. He thought in rotund, even grandiose, phrases. Rousing speech was more to be desired than accuracy of statement. An exaggerated manner and a tendency to sweeping generalizations were the results. You can now trace this quality in the mind and in the speech of the great majority of Southern men, especially men in public life. We call it the undue development of their emotional nature. It is also the result of a lack of any exact training, — of a system that was mediæval. Every man that I can recall who was with me at college, and who escaped the oratorical habit of mind, studied afterwards at some other institution. Some of them went abroad, — a half dozen, perhaps. All the rest are to this day fluent and inaccurate, given to fine periods and loose generalizations.

It was definitely decided that I should go to Harvard College, but there was some criticism of such a decision among my friends. My mother had a silent misgiving: it would probably put an end to her hope that I would yet enter the pulpit; but it was not clear what my career would be. Tom Warren and the young fellows that I knew in town looked upon it as a wild scheme, tinged with a sort of treason. My aunt Margaret had this feeling, too. "Far away from your kinspeople and from everybody that knows you," she would say; "what's the use in going so far?" Among my academic acquaintances the natural thing to do would have been to go to a German university; for the movement in that direction was then just coming into fashion.

The "Old Place" had already ceased to have much interest for most of the family. Uncle Ephraim and his wife, Aunt Martha, lived in the old "big house," now sadly gone to decay, and they kept the "new" part of the house for the white folks, if they should ever come to use it. With them lived a very light mulatto girl, who was a sort of adopted daughter of Aunt Martha. The other negroes on the place lived as they had lived in my grandfather's lifetime, — in the cabins. Uncle Ephraim, old as he was, showed a masterful spirit. The place had lost a white master and had gained a black one. The negroes worked parts of the old plantation "on shares," and they found Ephraim a hard taskmaster. The old man was thrifty, — they called him stingy. By this thrift, and by the depreciation in the value of the land, he gradually bought most of the plantation. The neighbor-

hood decayed. It seemed as if my grandfather had been for years the only prop to its falling value. The city was extending itself in that direction, but chiefly by additions to its colored population. It was on the "Egypt" side of town, given over to negro residents. In the fall the young men of the city used to go there to shoot quail; but few other white people now visited the place.

Just before I went to Harvard I paid Uncle Ephraim a visit. Aunt Martha prepared an elaborate dinner for me, and she and Uncle Ephraim served it in the parlor, in the "new" house, talking incessantly of old times. All this side of my experience, too, was as remote from contemporary life as if I had lived a generation earlier. These old people called me "Mars' Nick." They were family slaves yet, — to me. Who the negroes in town were, or what they did, it did not occur to me to inquire or to observe. Nobody seemed to inquire or to observe. My mother had had much trouble in securing good servants, — that was all that was heard about the whole colored population, except in political circles; and I did not yet move in political circles.

I did not know the history of my own country, except in a set of grandiose political phrases; I did not know its economic or social condition; I had not read a dozen books of American literature. Poe was the only one of our poets who was regarded seriously in my circle of acquaintance. I had read widely and loosely about in English literature; and I knew the Greek writers better than I knew the American writers. If I had come out of a monastery, I should hardly have been a greater stranger to American life than I was the day I went to Cambridge. But my grandfather's suggestion had caused me to think of my ignorance of our own history. I had already begun to realize that there was something colossal and elemental in that old man, who was a link between me and an epoch that closed before I was born. Somehow I owed the suggestion to him that I had now had experience enough with the mediæval world. It was, then, such studies as history and economics to which I should now give my time.

I found it hard to feel at home at Harvard. In fact, I did not feel at home. Everybody with whom I had to do was polite, — it seemed to me studiously and self-consciously polite; but I made no real acquaintances. My speech was noticeably Southern, — perhaps that was a barrier. Naturally shy, too, I was not tactful, I dare say, in making advances. Whatever was the matter, I encountered a reserve that was discouraging. Often it seemed to me that I was regarded with suspicion, — certainly only with polite toleration.

Some time before this there had been a Southern loafer at Harvard, a young dandy who made himself conspicuous by his manner and his dress. He brought letters with him to several persons of social prominence, and he had done the scandalous thing of making love to half a dozen young women during the winter. He had not paid his debts, either, — in a word, he had left a bad reputation. I heard the story of his conduct, and I was — or I imagined that I was — a victim of the suspicion that he had aroused about Southern students.

But it was this fellow's career that at last brought me my best friend. At the table where I ate I had met a young New Englander, whose frank and hearty manner I greatly admired. We had something more than a formal acquaintance; but he, too, when we were alone, showed what seemed to me a studied reserve.

One day in my absence (I heard this story only after we had left college) the conversation at the table turned on me. Somebody recalled the self-conscious young fellow who had brought all Southerners under suspicion; and somebody else maintained that Southerners were all alike. I was a quieter sort of fellow, they agreed, — but wait and see. I'd make a fool of myself yet. Then my friend, Cooley, came to my rescue. "I tell

you, boys, he's the real thing, — genuine. You do the man an injustice, — a nice fellow. He speaks his Southern lingo, but he's square."

I noticed that Cooley came nearer to me. There was never a human being who suffered an injustice within his reach to whom he did not come near. We soon became really acquainted. He asked me to dine at his home in Boston on Sunday and to meet his mother. By his good offices I became better acquainted with many men, and at the beginning of my second year (I was a senior then) I was elected to one of the most desirable college clubs. My gift of oratory, too, had won me on one or two occasions some little distinction. Thus, during my second year, I was as much at home as during the greater part of my first year I had been a merely tolerated stranger. My grandfather had been right. He had seen wisely, by that large intuition which great minds have to guide them, that a man who lived under a blanket of provincialism was not likely to breathe freely.

V

THE COLONEL AND THE GHOST

The Cooleys, who were my most influential friends in Boston, were Unitarians; and through them I met some of the leaders of that religious society. There must have been something in my temperament or in my manner at that period of my life to suggest a preacher; for they, too, without any active encouragement by me, conceived the notion that I might take the pulpit as my career. I was grateful to these people for demonstrating to me that men and women may be "good," may even be religious, without accepting the old orthodox creeds; for during all my Southern life I had been assured that this could not be, and the matter had till now worried me much. And I showed my gratitude, I hope. No doubt this was the reason why the notion got current among my Boston friends that I might go into the pulpit.

One day I was told by an influential Unitarian preacher that a society in Kansas wanted a pastor. If I would consent to go, he would heartily commend me. I would find that a good place to begin work, he was sure. I was surprised, almost shocked. I had not seriously entertained the idea of becoming a preacher. What would my mother think if I became a Unitarian? But a larger question came up. If not this, what? To "give my life to the service of my country" — how, pray? My country showed no eagerness for my service. I had supposed that, of course, I should return to my Southern home. But what would there be to do there? My brother had become a more and more capable manager of the mill. I had no fondness for the law, and except through the law there seemed to be no chance to enter public life. Worse yet, if I were frank, and freely made known my opinions, I should not find political favor in my state. During the weeks that I pondered on the situation, the more or less definite outlook in Kansas began to seem at least less absurd.

Finally I said that I would go and see the people, if I could go with a perfectly frank understanding. They were to know that I had not fully made up my mind to become a preacher; but I should like to consider the subject "on the ground." My advisers — or their advisers — did not quite like this noncommittal mood; but in reply they said, with some humor, that they also would remain noncommittal.

Surely it was an extraordinary errand. I wrote to my mother and brother that I should spend a month or two in the West before I went home; and I started to Kansas. It was a pleasant prairie town to which I went. The society was a small one, but it was active. It showed a mood of boastfulness. It was very self-conscious, and sometimes belligerent. The most active members were women, and they seemed to me to keep their minds in

an improper state of exposure. They read "advanced" books, books of more or less aggressive controversy; and they read more than they digested. Their conversation sounded like extracts from books on the freedom of thought and the freedom of most other things. It was a raw intellectual society.

In certain moods one enjoys this attitude toward life; but it soon became tiresome to me. The only part of the mind that seemed active was its nerves. Repose? There was no repose in Kansas then. It was a clash of moods, of temperaments, of backgrounds; everything was seen in a shimmer. The parents of these Kansans had left New England and gone to Ohio and Illinois to get more room for their minds and bodies. This generation had gone on to Kansas to get still more room for mind and body; and they were nervous lest somebody should suspect that they were not "free." I stayed there a fortnight. Then I visited two of the great growing cities of the Middle West. Then I went home, and the dream of the Unitarian pulpit, if it had been a dream, vanished. In a little while, in the midst of Southern Methodist and Episcopalian circles, it became an unthinkable enterprise.

As the summer wore away, the old question became a serious one,—how I should serve my country. The editor of the principal newspaper at the state capital invited me to write for him; and I did. But, since he was a censor of the opinions of all who wrote, and since also it did not seem to enter his mind to pay for my contributions, I could not do this work with great enthusiasm.

One day there came to see my brother a man who owned a cotton mill in one of the towns in the state that had begun an era of prosperity and boastfulness. He told me that they had the best public school system in the South. They had just built new schoolhouses; they were going to have a high school; they hoped even to persuade the trustees of one of the religious colleges to move the college there. "We're in for the best of everything." Why should n't I go home with him and look over the ground? It might be that I was the very man they were in need of for superintendent.

I went; and for a term I taught in the "graded school," as they called it. It both interested me and bored me, and I did not yet know whether I had found merely a job or a career. At the end of the first term the man who had served as superintendent of the schools of the town had proved a failure. He resigned, and I was elected to the place. And now my work began in earnest.

I knew nothing about pedagogy, and I trusted my common sense to guide me. The schools were not bad; the people had a great enthusiasm about them,—that is, those who believed in public schools at all, for there was a strong minority party of the churches,—and the teachers were very willing. "The old land is waking up," I said; and I went about my work with satisfaction. The books and the teaching still seemed to me too remote from everyday life; and I compiled two little books that winter, which a local printer brought out. One was a short history of the state, hardly more than a primer. There was then no history of the state suitable to use in the schools. The other was a primer about the products and industries. Both of them were received by the teachers and by the children with delight; and many persons complimented me. Here was a superintendent, they said, worth having: when he did n't find good tools, he made them.

The negro schools were by no means so good as the schools for white children. The teachers were not so capable, the houses were not so good, nor was the amount spent on them proportionately so great as that spent on the white schools. I took up the problem of the education of the black children, also, with great earnestness. At least once a week I visited their schools. I worked out a plan of what I conceived to be the best training for these people. I made it practical.

Most of them came from ill-kept cabins. I told them to keep their homes clean; I told them to keep their bodies clean; I forbade them to come in neglected clothes. I engaged a clever young negro to explain the whole process of planting cotton and growing it and spinning it. He traced the cotton from the seed when it was planted in the field to the back of the Chinaman who wore it as a garment. Some of the negroes of the town severely criticised me for not teaching their children "book-larnin'" to the exclusion of everything else.

Up to this time I had not thought very seriously about the education of the blacks. That they must be trained was, of course, self-evident. To make their schools as good as they could be made seemed an obvious duty. I surely had no theories or delusions about the negro. I applied only common sense and common fairness to the problem. When I heard of the criticism by the negroes of the practical studies that I had introduced into their schools, I called a meeting one night at one of the schoolhouses. It was packed with black men and women. I explained to them — but not at all as a defense of myself — what I was trying to do for their children. I told them that I meant to have their schools as good, in every way, as the schools for white children. My "cotton professor," as he was called, delivered his lecture to them, with lantern slides, and criticism was turned to gratitude. And so the winter wore on, and I had come to regard my work as "giving my life to the public service" in a very helpful way. For the time I was content, and there were numerous evidences of the pride that many of the people took in my work.

But at the close of the school year, what a surprise awaited me! In the meeting of the school-board, one of its members, old Colonel Stover, who was not thoroughly convinced that there was a constitutional warrant for free schools anyhow, and who regarded the education of the blacks as a revolutionary and perhaps even criminal performance, moved that the board elect a superintendent for the next school year, and he put in nomination a broken-down old preacher who delivered lectures on "Christian Literature" and "Education without Christ a Sacrilege" at church fairs and such places. This winter he had made a new lecture on "To Educate the Negro is to bring him into Competition with the White Man: Is our Civilization to be Anglo-Saxon or African?"

A part of the board were astounded. Was Mr. Worth not a satisfactory superintendent? They had heard nothing but praise of him. The schools surely were well conducted. Was it not unjust to dismiss a competent man? All this the colonel listened to in silence, and with patience. After every man whom he suspected of friendliness to me had spoken, he arose. "Are you all done, gentlemen? If you are, I will briefly explain my motion."

He expressed great personal regard for me, — the sly and "eloquent" old colonel, — the profoundest admiration for my "learning and zeal." (You would have thought him my beloved guardian.) But our sacred duty to our firesides, — ay, to our very religion, — the sanctity of our homes and the purity of our faith, and our reverence for our brave and noble heroes, — were we to be unmindful of these? He was loth to criticise a young man of learning and zeal — and of a good family, too; and he had hoped that his motion would prevail without discussion. Some of the gentlemen surely knew the grave reasons for his action. He disliked to make public "charges," and he insisted that what he said should not be repeated. Then he arraigned me, "not in anger, but in deep sorrow," —

(1) *In the name of our holy religion.* I was not a communicant of any church, and I had on one occasion expressed, in the presence of a pious lady, doubt about the divinity of our Blessed Lord.

(2) *In the name of our Anglo-Saxon civilization.* I would teach "the nigger" just as well as I would teach the white

child: I had held public meetings of negroes, and promised as much. I had promised better schoolhouses and more money. I had been taught in a Northern college where (if he was rightly informed) negro students and white students were on an equality; and I had imbibed ideas subversive of our civilization.

(3) *In the name of our history and our honored dead.* I had written in a book, which was put into the hands of our children, sentiments disrespectful to the Confederacy, for which so many gave their lives. (The sentence to which he referred was one that explained the threat of the governor of the state to secede from the Confederacy — a plain historical fact.)

Burke's impeachment of Warren Hastings was less formidable than the colonel's impeachment of me. Against the Church, and the Anglo-Saxon, and the ex-Confederate, and the pious lady, and our Honored Dead, nothing could prevail. I was dismissed — for a failure to reëlect me was, of course, a dismissal; and I had no appeal.

Thus I made my acquaintance real with three elemental forces about me, the existence of which I had hardly known till now. They were the Church, the race question, and the hands of dead men; and they together made the ghost called Public Opinion. Any Colonel, by skillfully invoking these, could then stop any man in a normal, independent career. Many a Southern man has been banished from the land that he loved and would proudly have served by this simple process of invoking these forces against him. You will find such men in almost every state in the Union, — men with the same burning patriotism that we dedicated ourselves to at college, winning success at every calling, and hoping in quiet hours of self-communion that a chance may yet come for them to show the genuineness of their boyhood ambition. The backwardness of the Southern people is to a great degree the result of this forced emigration of many of its young men who would otherwise have been leaders of the people and builders of a broader sentiment.

My dismissal was not published in the newspapers. To withhold news about public business at the request of the dominant Colonels was a familiar custom. But, of course, it was talked about all over the town. Little else was talked about by men or by women. In a few days the news would go by word of mouth all over the state; but it would not be published ("made public," they called it) till the silent censorship was raised.

Early the next day I received this telegram from my sister: —

"Mother died suddenly at seven o'clock this morning."

I thanked God at least for this — that she had not heard of it.

VI

THE GENTLE DAUGHTERS OF THE DEAD

A group of men about my own age, in the little capital city, who felt impatience at the inertia of life about them, had come together and called themselves the Sunrise Club. They met to discuss practical ways to quicken the life of the community, at first in a very modest fashion. They made a plan to have the streets kept cleaner. They had old public pumps in the town repaired. They managed to have the rusty iron fence about the capitol painted. They had no thought that they should ever play an important part in the life of the state. But they soon began to talk of larger subjects than little plans for improving the appearance of the town. Though there had been thirty men on the roll of the club, within a year the number of those who were active had dwindled to five. Five men, however, are enough to work a revolution, — as they proved.

After my dismissal as school superintendent had been much talked about, and a good deal of indignation had been expressed in many parts of the state — (always privately, for nothing was published in the newspapers against Colonel

Stover's wish,—I was elected a member of the Sunrise Club and invited to explain at its next meeting my plan of public school education for each race. I had no "plan." I had simply worked at the task that had come in the course of my duties, and I had tried to apply earnestness and common sense to it.

The atmosphere of the club was congenial, and I told the whole story of my work and of my dismissal. When I said that the Church, our Honored Dead, and the Negro were used to make a ghost of Public Opinion, — this analysis of the conditions about us had the effect of a bugle call. That evening we decided to draw up a plan for the proper education of all the people. We at least got our own minds clear, and we had many meetings to discuss plans of action. We decided to bend our efforts first to the establishment by the state of a technical and agricultural school, where boys should be taught trades and be trained to till the soil with intelligence.

The state Superintendent of Public Instruction was a better man than most men who held that office in the Southern states in those days; and we aroused his interest in our plan. He had little power to help us except by talking. (Talking was the only way by which any one then thought of helping any plan in the South!) But he did talk much, and in his next report he recommended the establishment of such a school. No attention was paid to the recommendation by the public or by the legislature.

The superintendent, however, had procured from the legislature a small fund to pay for the holding of teachers' institutes; and this work was to be begun that fall. He had only a vague idea of what teachers' institutes were or ought to be. But they were at that time the fashion in the public-school world; and, if they had teachers' institutes in other states, we must have them, too. The general notion was that the teachers must be stirred up to better methods and greater zeal. We had but one spoon to stir anything, and that was oratory. The superintendent, then, wanted two traveling educational orators, each to receive one thousand dollars for a year's work and an allowance of five hundred dollars to pay railroad and stage fares. He offered me one of the appointments. My own education was now about to begin.

I spent much of that summer at the capital. One day when I called at my kinspeoples', the Densons, where I was not now so much at home as I had been in my boyhood, I found the spacious house full of ladies. The maid told me that it was a meeting of the "Daughters," — the Daughters of the Confederacy. I heard a voice in oratorical action. I soon recognized it as Colonel Stover's. As I listened for a few minutes, I reflected that here was a group of the best young women of the town listening reverently to the bawling of that old colonel, who was explaining to them, in an artificial tone, "the heroic conduct of the President (Jefferson Davis), in his forced retirement from Richmond." Up to this time that journey had not been regarded as a dignified or heroic journey; nor had Mr. Davis generally been regarded in the South as an heroic figure. He had a hard task, which he performed not well, even if not ill; certainly not heroically. But he had now lately died, and the Daughters of the Confederacy were to erect a monument to him at the capital.

I went away from the Densons' that afternoon without permitting my presence to be known. But that evening I called again. I found my aunt and my cousin alone, and we talked much about the Confederacy and the part that the state had played in "that foolish enterprise," — my father's phrase ever stuck in my memory. When I said that General Lee was the one great Southern character revealed by the war, and that Mr. Davis was a sort of mock-heroic figure, my cousin's eyes became moist and her voice tremulous, and she begged me to desist. I was "drifting far away from

our people," she feared. It was a pity that I had ever gone off — "to the North."

I begged her pardon and made peace. But I discovered that many things I had done, or was supposed to have done, had offended her. She had heard that I had held "negro meetings," that I wished to educate the negro and "to put him above the white man," and that I had scoffed at religion. All these things she had tried long to believe were slanders. But my outspoken opinion of Mr. Davis, while her emotions were yet stirred by Colonel Stover's eloquence, confirmed her fears. "Dear cousin," she said, as I bade her good-night, "do not desert us, your own people."

The Confederacy, — the horrid tragedy of it and the myths that were already growing over it, its heroes, its Colonels, its Daughters — all these were of little concern to me compared with this new revelation that I could not be frank with the women that I most loved. To my mother I had been willing to be silent, at least on one subject; for I owed an affectionate respect to any error that she might cherish. Nor was this hard to give. We had all life in common but this small section of it. Even an implied untruth — an untruth of silence — to her was hardly a tax on my frankness or honesty of mind. Our affection covered more than all conceivable differences of opinion. But this could not be so in my relations with anybody else, without open falsehood. To my aunt and to my cousin, and to all good women like them, I must either be offensive or I must be silent on our history, on the real condition of the Southern people, on the negro, on the church, — on almost all subjects of serious concern. I must suppress myself and live a lie, or I must offend them.

I now understood still better why so many men have gone away from the South. I should have gone myself, I think, but for the engagement that I had made to "stir up" the teachers that winter; for now even Kansas seemed attractive. One could at least talk frankly there about anything under heaven; even to all women. It seemed a world much awry. Where I found freedom I found rawness. Where I found grace I found a servitude of opinion. Surely there must somewhere be freedom with intellectual decorum.

There was in that very capital city (the little town was always called a city) a very great freedom of opinion and of discussion among men. Few men cared what opinion you held about any subject. In men's society a liberty was granted that was never allowed at the fireside or in public. I could talk in private as I pleased with Colonel Stover himself about Jefferson Davis or about educating the negro. He was tolerant of all private opinions, privately expressed among men only. But the moment that an objectionable opinion was publicly expressed, or expressed to women or to negroes, that was another matter. Then it touched our sacred dead, our hearthstones, etc. In this fashion most men led a sort of double life; and to most of them there did not seem to be any contradiction or insincerity in such a life. It was the shadow of the Past that dominated them. They were afraid to move out of it. Their state of mind was like the state of mind of peasants in devout Romish countries. The wickedest serf would never dream of disrespect to the patron saint of his town or province.

But the suppression of one's self, the arrest of one's growth, the intellectual loneliness, and the personal inconvenience of living under conditions like these, — this was not the worst of it. For a man, even in the ardor of youthful freedom, can adjust himself to society, as, for example, one could adjust one's self to society in Russia, and find many pleasures left outside the zone of necessary silence. Surely there were many pleasures left for me, much as I disliked to have any zone of silence. There could be no sweeter grace of womanhood than the gentle, well-bred characters of my aunt and my cousin. There was good companionship, too, with

such men as my fellows of the Sunrise Club. Even Colonel Stover and men like him had a social charm that I have since found in few kinds of men.

We could all have contented ourselves and smothered our spirit of revolt, as indeed many men of naturally independent and frank temperaments learned to do, but for a fact of much larger significance than one's own personal intellectual comfort. For these men, who ruled by the ghost called Public Opinion, held back the country almost in the same economic and social state in which slavery had left it. There was no hope for the future under their domination. The people who least suspected it were the most completely suppressed. The very land suffered.

Again it came back to Cotton, for Cotton was the chief source of wealth. The land was becoming poorer under a system of tillage that grew worse. The negro was the principal laborer in producing cotton, and, without training as farmer and as man, he was becoming a less efficient laborer. They practically forbade his training. The pitiful short-staple yield of impoverished acres was sold for the starving price of low grades because it was not skillfully nor promptly gathered from the fields; it was wastefully handled; it was sold to pay mortgages on itself. Life could rise no higher till efficiency and thrift came in. There would be no broadening of thought, because only old thoughts were acceptable; no change would come in society, because society's chief concern was to tolerate no change. The whole community would stand still, or gradually decay. If, then, we were ambitious for our country, if we were willing really to give ourselves to its service, we could not reconcile ourselves to the rule of dead men's hands.

All this was made the clearer to me by my brother and by the results of his management of the little mill. It had twice been enlarged. Machinery was put in to make a better product and a more profitable one. A village had grown up about it. There at least were prosperity, orderliness, cleanliness, growth. He had not troubled himself to think out an economic or a social philosophy. He held to the old altars in religion. He concerned himself little about the history of our country. He left the race troubles for other men to worry about. He was disgusted with the conduct of political affairs, for he regarded it as insincere. But he was occupied from one week's end to the next with the practical problems of the management of the mill. He had found his vocation, and his life ran smoothly.

I sometimes thought that he was the wisest man of us all. If every man had a definite task like his, and did it well, as he did, most of the results that I hoped for would quickly come. Was not this the way — perhaps the only way, after all — to change the old base of life? But there were few men like him. The problem was to make many like him, — to wake them up. And surely there must be some swifter method than the method of waiting generation after generation, till a few examples of thrift and growth should be universally imitated.

I was greatly cheered, too, by my old Boston friend, Cooley. His mother owned shares in a cotton mill in New England, and the company was studying the problem of building a Southern mill. Cooley naturally sought my advice; he made me a visit; he saw the efficiency of my brother and the advantage of the site of our mill. (The river gave much more power than was used.) The result was — to my great happiness — that the New England company decided to build a large mill at our mill village. As a little while before I had been in half a mood to go to Kansas, so now I was tempted to follow my brother's example and to become a man of practical affairs. I so expressed myself one night to Cooley and my brother and my sister.

"You will do no such thing," they said in chorus. "You will find your work — work for which well-trained men are few

— in the educational building up of the state." They showed a degree of pride in me and of high expectation that surprised and gratified me. My half-serious threat to abandon my educational career was resented by all three of them in many conversations afterwards.

I was especially touched by my sister's view of the subject. She was young, — just come into fresh young womanhood, robust in mind and body. I had not yet accustomed myself to think of her as a woman; and, close as we had come to one another during this summer since our mother's death, I kept the same sort of reticence about religion toward her that I had kept toward my mother. She was sure that I would bring a new epoch into our educational life. She was a devout Methodist, and the most useful and active member of the little church in the village. She took a pious interest in the religious welfare of the mill people. She gave a large part of her income to the work of the church; and she was the most beloved person in the community, as she deserved to be. The affection that my brother showered on her, I often thought, revealed one of the most beautiful human relations that I ever saw.

My brother was married that autumn to a young woman who made for him a very happy home. She had much in common with my cousin and my sister, — a superficial cultivation, but a great depth of character. She accepted the prejudices that she was born to, regarding them as great principles; but she bore the burdens of a devoted life with a graceful cheerfulness that puts philosophy and learning to shame.

And during the winter, while I was traveling on my educational errand, the news came of my sister's engagement to my old schoolfellow, Tom Warren, now an attorney of promise, and already of some prominence at the capital. This surprised me, when they asked my approval; and I was not quite pleased. Tom was one of the men of the future, — I was sure of that. But I feared that he would too easily go the nearest road to an easy success. He seemed to lack a certain independence of character which a man of his ability ought to have. He was one of the members of the Sunrise Club who never came to a meeting, and was subsequently dropped. But, if he seemed all things to all men, I reflected that he was a lawyer by nature as well as by training. I had a secret fear, but whether it had a reasonable basis I could not determine. There was one difficulty that the marriage would present to my sister. He had been born in an Episcopalian family, and had always attended that church; she was a determined Methodist. No doubt, however, she would prove equal to an adjustment of that difficulty.

To come back to my own story: before the cotton began to ripen I went on my educational itinerary. I was to visit the counties in one part of the state, and my associate was to visit the others. He had had a year or two of experience as a teacher, and he had studied "Methods," or some such subject, in one of the normal schools of an adjacent state. I then knew him very slightly. His big body and ruddy face, and his contagious cheerfulness, no one could forget who had ever once encountered them. He was greatly liked by his friends. His name was William McWilliams; his intimates called him Billy; his semi-intimates Professor Billy; and the rest of the world Professor McWilliams, because for the preceding year he had lectured on pedagogics in the principal towns of the state; and it became a polite people to call a teacher of teaching Professor, since they could hardly call him Colonel.

Professor Billy and I talked over our extraordinary duties. He was equal to anything, as Voltaire said of Habakkuk. The rousing of a commonwealth from the intellectual inertia of a century, — it did not occur to Professor Billy that this was a hard task. He never found a hard task in his life; for he instinctively refused to recognize difficulties when we

met them. His unconquerable cheerfulness, his "cloudless, boundless human view," and his unselfish love of his fellows (with a sympathy and a humor like Lincoln's), made him own brother of all genuine souls.

VII

THE SLEEPING PEOPLE

There were in those times statistics of schools, of school-attendance, of school expenditure, of illiteracy, and of all such things, as there are now; but Heaven help the man who accepts these as a good measure of social or intellectual conditions. I once read a letter that told more than all these reports. It was written by a Southern planter to his business correspondent in Boston in the forties, asking him to send by boat "ten kegs of nails, a dozen bolts of cloth, and a well-conditioned teacher" for his children. The teacher lay in his mind along with cloth and nails.

And Professor Billy picked up a story that told more than all the school reports. Some one asked a country woman how many children she had.

"Five,— two married, two dead, and one a-teaching school."

From my boyhood I had heard our public men praise our people as the most contented and upright under heaven, home-loving and God-fearing. But I encountered communities from which all the best young men had gone, and nobody could blame them; and many who were left had homes ill worth loving. Slatternly women, illfed, idle men, agriculture as crude as Moses knew, — a starving population, body, mind, and soul, on as rich a soil as we have.

"'Pears dey gwine ter eddicate everbody, yaller dogs an' all," said one countryman to another. "Presen'ly dey 'll 'spec' me and you to git book-larnin', John, an' read de papers."

"I'd lak to know who gwine ter wuk an' haul wood in dem days," said John.

"Yes; an' atter you larn to read, dat ain't all. It costs you a heap o' money den. Yer got to buy a paper; an' did you know dat a daily paper costs six dollars a year? Atter dey larn you to read, dey don' give you de paper, nor no books nuther."

The public men and the preachers — and these were the only two kinds of teachers that many of these country people had, — had kept them content with their lot. The politicians told them that they were the happiest and most fortunate people on earth. "In some other states the people are taxed beyond endurance," they said. "We have light taxes. What we make, we keep." This doctrine, repeated generation after generation, made tax-paying seem a crime; and it was the harder, for this reason, to levy taxes for schools or for any other purpose. The preachers told them that a man's condition in this life was of little consequence. The main thing was that he should be ready for the life to come. Both public policy and church policy had been used for an indefinite period to make this hard lot of rural poverty and stagnation appear as the normal condition of mankind. Since few of these country folk traveled, and since they knew not how people elsewhere lived, their bondage was complete.

My itinerary had been made out months before, and advertised in the counties where I was to go. My first county was far toward the mountains. I was to organize an institute at the courthouse on Monday at noon. The public school teachers assembled, — the whites only, for our work had nothing to do with the schools for negroes, — and I lectured to them for four days on methods of teaching. Most of them were women, and most of them intelligent women. But few were educated. In the rural counties I seldom found one that had been trained. Many of them had an aptitude for teaching, and most of them were ambitious. There were, of course, some who were utterly hopeless.

But as the months passed, and I met

hundreds of these underpaid teachers of these backwoods schools, I had an increasing respect for them. They were the neglected women of the state, doing their best to find an intellectual life themselves and eager to do their duty to the children. For the first weeks of an experience of this kind the humorous and the pathetic incidents impressed themselves on my mind, and they were frequent enough to keep one's emotions stirred. But in a little while the humor and the pathos ceased to attract, for the earnestness of these women overshadowed everything else. The men among them were their inferiors. They were less capable. The class of young fellows who were too weak to succeed at other callings undertook to teach.

Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays, I lectured and we talked; for after every lecture an hour was spent, sometimes two hours, in asking and answering questions. I went at the business of instructing them in a very direct, homely way. The teaching was on too low a level to require great technical skill. I laid emphasis on the purely practical tasks of the schoolroom, — neatness, orderliness, and the fundamental virtues which most of these children lacked.

On Friday the public were admitted to the meeting,— indeed, the meeting on that day was held for the public. I made a speech, stirring them up to an appreciation of education. Often a local citizen of note, a judge or a lawyer or an editor, sometimes a preacher, would address the crowd. Some of these did so because of their real interest in the subject, some because it was expected that they would speak on any occasion that commanded their approval. The speeches that we all made were hortatory. The fundamental fact was that the mass of these people did not care to educate their children. Compulsory education was unheard of among them, and they would have resented a suggestion of it, because it would "abridge personal liberty." Even if we had had schools enough, and schools good enough, the task would have remained to persuade many of the people to send their children. The first task, then, was to convince them that schools — public schools — were desirable, and were worth paying taxes to maintain. We could not make much headway till the sovereign people should really desire schools.

The most effective facts that I found to tell were bits of personal history. The simple personal appeal seemed to me to be stronger than any other. A young man by working as a farm laborer could make from $12 to $15 a month. Even if he became a clerk in a village store, he could not earn more after he had paid his board. But a young man who had learned a good trade could make twice or thrice as much, and work at almost any place he pleased. I told them such facts as these. A man who worked his farm in the ordinary way made so much per acre (in fact, he made nothing but his own poor "keep"); but Mr. Smith, in such-and-such a county, by a proper succession of crops, or by making his own fertilizer, had made twice as much per acre. Now, since these things were true, what we needed was a school where young men might be taught trades and all the new methods of agriculture, a school to which any earnest boy might go free of charge. We shall see what came of a repetition of this argument a thousand times. with the aptest illustrations that I could find.

Professor Billy laid his greatest emphasis on the need of a great free college for young women. This appealed particularly to every woman who heard him. Many men thought it going quite far enough to talk about free schools for all the children in the state, and that to propose a free college for women was going too far. In the first place they had never associated education with women,— except, of course, the daughters of the rich, who needed to be "educated" to go into society, and young women who meant to earn their living by teaching. These must be educated; but they must pay for it. And their objection was against spending

public money for educating anybody further than the country free school would go.

The direct study of the people in this fashion is, I believe, the most instructive experience that any man may have in a democracy. It enables him to correct the social theories that he has read of or constructed for himself. It gives him a test to try all sociological plans by, a body of positive knowledge that develops his common sense and balances his judgment. Of course, it is essential that a man, to profit by such an experience, should himself be or become a part of the people, so that their points of view may become his; and he must have a broad sympathy. I had so many interesting experiences that my love of my fellows became deeper, and I came to believe more and more firmly in the people. They were good enough to take me into their confidence. Parents consulted me about their children, and young persons asked my advice even about their love affairs.

The story of "Bud" Markham, for instance, is interesting. Bud was the son of a mountain farmer who kept a little mill. His corn grew on such steep hillsides that a wag of the neighborhood declared that he shot the grains from a shotgun when he planted his field. Old Man Markham, of course, wished Bud to help him run the mill, as Bud, now a lad of twenty-one, had done since he was twelve. But Bud had set his mind on going to one of the little colleges that led a starved existence half a hundred miles away. The old man could not understand for the life of him what more Bud wished to learn. He could already read. He could keep accounts. What else need a man know, unless he meant to be a preacher? — and Bud had never "professed" religion; — or a doctor? — and there were already two doctors in the neighborhood, and no need of another.

Bud could not give a very clear answer to these questions, and he sought my help to construct a stronger argument against his father. You may think that an easy task; but, if you had known Old Man Markham and the positive quality of his mind, you, too, would have been put to your wits' end. I did the best I could to help Bud. He told his mother that I had been kind to him, and the mother, too, sought me, — drove ten miles to see me before I should go on to my next appointment. And she told me another part of Bud's story. She said that the whole explanation of his ambition was his wish to marry Janey Yates. Janey Yates was the pretty schoolteacher, who had been to the "Sem'nary;" and she would not marry Bud unless he was educated. Mrs. Markham surreptitiously took Bud's side of the controversy with his father. She had saved twenty-five dollars, which she would give him to pay his expense at college, and she would connive at his running away. "To be shore," she said, "he's come o' age, an' he kin do as he please. But he's allers been a obejient son."

Bud ran — or went — away. I heard nothing more about him for a long time. But — for I can't tell everybody's story in these short reminiscences — ten years later he was a successful electrical engineer in a busy town in Texas. Ten years later still, he had become a street-railway "magnate" in that same town, then a busy city; and he had married, — but not Janey Yates.

I have met in more than a dozen cities, since my educational oratorical itinerary of that winter, successful men who reminded me that they saw me first at a schoolhouse or a courthouse somewhere on that journey. There are many Bud Markhams. I became the more interested in them because I had yet no plan for my own life. Sometimes I would think of the future, how I should find a career; for this "rousing" missionary work would soon end. Besides, though it was a life that a man might lead for a time during his youth, no stomach that had once had good food could long survive such daily injury as was done mine during my travels.

These folk of unmixed English stock could not cook; but they held fast to a primitive and violent religion, all expecting to go to heaven. What, therefore, did earthly poverty matter? They were determined not to pay more taxes. They were suspicious of all proposed changes; and to have a school, or a good school, would be a violent change. They were "the happiest and most fortunate people on the globe." Why should they not be content?

The people, — the people of these fertile states, — a vast multitude, far apart as they dwell from one another; pioneers yet (for the land is unsettled and their life is primitive and hard), but holding fast to the notion that they are a part of a long-settled life; fixed in their ways; unthinking and standing still; a grim multitude, though made up of jovial individuals; credulous of all old formulas and sayings, whether true or false, and incredulous of any new thing however obvious; sprawling in the sun of this happy climate; hungry without knowing it, and unaware of their own discomfort; ignorant of the world about them and of what invention, ingenuity, industry, and prosperity have brought to their fellows, and too proud or too weak to care to learn these things, — I have looked them in the face from a hundred schools and courthouses, and I have had my passionate efforts to help them received as a passing amusement, — a stolid mystery these country people are in the mass. The years have rolled over them as a wind blows over brown stubble, — they are the same after it has gone as before it came.

After all, what are the active forces in a democracy? They must be the pressure of population, the consequent coming of roads, of industries, of activities, the jostle of necessity. Not exhortation, surely, even of the most eloquent kind. I thought of the little mill that turned always, and of my brother's busy life, dealing with real things. That was the way to solve the problem. And would educational exhortation ever do it?

VIII

THE UNSLEEPING GHOST AGAIN

All the while it became clearer that Cotton is King, but few people so regarded it; for the farmers still led a life of servitude to the merchants in the towns. There was nothing royal in its culture. The crop was mortgaged for "provisions" and fertilizers before it was grown; and all provisions and nearly all fertilizers ought, of course, to have been produced by the farmers themselves. The wastefulness of such a thriftless and hopeless life now seems incredible; and the servitude of it brought despair. I sometimes thought that of all work done by men anywhere in the world the work of the small cotton-farmer at this period — white man and black man alike — was the worst done. To talk about educating their children to men who would not keep their cotton fields clean of grass, who would not even pick clean, who in the spring would mortgage the crop they had just planted, for salt, bacon, and meal, when they might have had better bacon and meal, and many other things as well, by their own slight labor, — that did seem a hopeless task. But once in three or four months I met Professor Billy, and then new light shone on the world.

"Yes," he'd say, "I suppose it's pretty bad." Then he'd tell a story of an old woman who suffered incessantly from toothache, but congratulated herself that she never had had a headache in her life. "You can cure the toothache," he would say; "but an old woman with bad headaches, — she's past mending. Presently the toothache will get worse. Then it'll get better."

And he held fast to the cure that would be wrought by a really good school for the country girls. "When the woman's ambition is aroused, she'll shame the man into better ways." He made epigrams that illuminated all the dark problems of social life. "When you educate a man you educate one. When you educate

a woman you educate half a dozen or a dozen,— her and all her children. The educated man may go away. The educated woman will remain."

We had a meeting of the Sunrise Club when Professor Billy and I were at the capital preparing our reports of our first year's work. A committee presented a revised and better matured plan for a state agricultural and mechanical school, to present to the forthcoming legislature. Professor Billy persuaded us in an hour to substitute for an agricultural and mechanical school a state school for girls. We easily changed our minds; for he was a man who carried about with him the power to work a popular revolution.

So far as we could find out, nobody in authority had seriously thought of such a school for women. There were "female seminaries" in the state, most of them church schools, which would, of course, oppose such a plan. The state university would not approve it, for it needed all the money that the legislature could be persuaded to appropriate for higher education; and few men were willing to appropriate any money for the higher education of either men or women. All these things we found out with discouraging certainty as soon as the petition which the club proposed to present to the next legislature was made public. The newspapers, especially the church papers, which had much more influence than the "secular press," vigorously opposed it. There was even a note of fanaticism in their opposition. Of course, when the legislature met, the petition quickly found silence in a committee-room.

The brief vacation that came after my year as a "rousing bishop" brought many events in my family life. My cousin Margaret had that year been the chief officer of the Daughters of the Confederacy in the state, and she had spent her energy in begging money to erect a monument to Jefferson Davis, to the exclusion of everything else that might have engaged her mind or heart; she had become a heroine in what I chose to call the Realm of Dead Men's Hands. The legislature that paid no heed to the petition for a college for women appropriated money to aid the Ladies' Memorial Fund; and with this money the monument was put up. Oratory in praise of my cousin rolled along the corridors of the State House, and "encomiums" illuminated the newspapers. "Chivalry," "beauty," "heroism," "the peerless," "the sacred dead," "the loyal Southland," were the A B C of the epidemic vocabulary. I spent less time at the home of my kinspeople, the Densons, than I had thought to spend; for, since my cousin had become so conspicuous a heroine, she seemed to me to be a sort of public personage. The politicians and the preachers were her companions. I recall how she praised the eloquent prayer that a young clergyman made at the opening of a state meeting of the Daughters. "A prayer for the dead?" I imprudently asked. Before I could atone for the thoughtless speech, she was in tears.

It was not this form of activity that had impelled my sister to abnormally energetic endeavors. She had been a ministering angel to the factory folk until a deep grief seized her. She did not herself explain the cause of it till many years afterwards; but in a little while we discovered it. Rather, events brought it to light. In her pious, reticent way, after a visit that Uncle Ephraim and Aunt Martha had made to my brother's, she wrote Tom Warren a note saying that she could never marry him. She told us what she had done, without comment. But she became increasingly sad and spent much time alone, even to the gradual neglect of her mothers' meetings and the like that she had encouraged among the factory women. "All these things are now going so well," she said, "that I don't need to give so much time to them."

The mill became more and more prosperous. My brother had built still another and larger mill out of the profits of the small ones; and this, with the "Yankee mill," had of course made the village

a little manufacturing town. My Boston friend, Cooley, did not often come South. The mill was managed well, and his mother's share in it needed little attention from him.

This brief vacation had thus been somewhat discouraging. My plan for an agricultural school had been supplanted by Professor Billy's plan for a school for women, and that had failed; and the Denson house, and even my old home, — which had of course become my brother's, — were less cheerful than they had ever been. My sister's melancholy disturbed me, but my brother was sure that it would soon pass. I made a visit to the "Old Place" — older and more dilapidated than ever. Uncle Ephraim was becoming feebler, and Aunt Martha was almost bedridden. Jane, her adopted mulatto daughter, with a child still fairer than she, was a dutiful attendant on them. But this family group, it was plain, could not hold together much longer. Uncle Ephraim's only son, "Doc," was a source of trouble to the old man. He had always been "a bad nigger." Most of his life, since he had grown up, had been spent in the city near by, or in some other city. His habits were bad, and the old man had several times, in his rigid righteousness, driven him from home. "Doc" had now come back again, after a long absence. "I'se j'in'd de church," he told his old mother; but he was a lazy member of the household. His chief occupation was in caring for the quail dogs that Tom Warren and other sportsmen in the city kept at Uncle Ephraim's. Whenever they came out for a day's shooting Doc was made richer by a few dollars, and he felt that he had again had a glimpse of the sporting world.

A still stronger reason for Doc's long stay at home was Jane's presence there. He assured her that his one aim in life, now that he had become pious, was to marry her and to settle down to happy domesticity. But Doc was not to her liking; and, as often as he made advances, she made a quarrel. Aunt Martha confided these family secrets to me, as she felt bound to do (good old soul), and she got some relief from her troubles by telling them. She had tried to persuade Jane to believe Doc and his promises of good behavior; but, even if she might have had a chance to succeed, Uncle Ephraim took it away by his stern unbelief in Doc's reformation. The old man tolerated him "on trial," with little hope.

On the day when I went to the Old Place to see the old man, and in a mood to recall my grandfather the more vividly and to live over the last interview I had had with him, I found that Doc had been gone from home for a week; the old couple were much worried. Aunt Martha had tried to persuade Uncle Ephraim to send some one to the city to see if Doc could be found, — she meant in barrooms of "Egypt," though she did not say so. But the old man was resolute.

A heavy rain came on, which fell harder as night approached. I had not talked with Uncle Ephraim about the old times as I had meant to talk; and I decided to stay all night. The parlor in the "new house" (it was now about seventy years old) had never been occupied since my grandfather died. It was there that his coffin had rested, and the old negro couple regarded it as a sacred place. They had put a bed in the room, with the expectation that some of the white folks might at some time use it. The house did not yet belong to Uncle Ephraim, but to my aunt. Nobody wanted it, and nobody would buy it. The old servants felt that they were keeping it in trust for the white folks. Since it was a wet night, with a late summer coolness, a fire was kindled in the "parlor." Aunt Martha and Jane had served my supper there, had had their own supper in their kitchen as usual, and the old couple and I were seated about the fire, talking of old times. Jane was in the kitchen.

A smothered cry for help came through the damp air. We found Jane lying on the kitchen floor, blood streaming from her face. She had been hit on the head

and face with a heavy, rough stick, or something like it, and there was a great gash on her cheek and chin. She soon recovered from the effect of the blows, and the wound in her face was more bloody than dangerous. All that she would say was, "It was him, — Doc." But Doc was never seen again at the Old Place. The next day he was arrested in the city for a drunken fight. Then he disappeared forever.

I was about to start on my next oratorical educational visitations when a surprising thing happened. The old professor of history at the state university had died during the summer, and the executive committee of the Board of Trustees elected me to fill the place. This was a dignified appointment; and, since I had chosen — or drifted into — an educational career, there was every reason why I should be pleased. But the pleasure that it gave me was not keen. I could not help feeling regret that I was not to spend another year among the country-folk. I had become fond of my missionary work. In spite of the apparent hopelessness of the task of arousing them, I had come to have an increasing faith in their ultimate awakening.

A man never sincerely and humbly came close to the people in our democracy without acquiring high hope in them. At first many things discomfort him. They are rough. They are stiff. They are silent. They are immovable, stupid, — a mere mass. Dead men's hands rest on them. But, at last, gradually, and in strange and unexpected ways, hopeful and even beautiful traits show themselves. You see the young mate. You see the old die. You find the same joys and sorrows that other folk feel. Your area of kinship with them widens. They had suffered an arrested development, — that was all. They were cut off from the world, not by untraveled distances only, but by the untraveled thought that slavery had imposed.

To go among them was to go into a neglected, far-off woodland, where the undergrowth is dense. You can hardly make your way. Wretched, stunted, and twisted forms shut out sunlight that would have made many beautiful things grow. Fallen trees have deflected growing ones. All the cruelties of untamed nature have had full play. But after a while you see what could be made of such a lowland forest by even a little culture and a little care; and you plan many an enticing task in bringing it to orderliness and health. If I have learned toleration, charity, patience, I learned them in this human low ground of tangled growths; and his life in it made Professor Billy the most hopeful and inspiring personality that I have ever known, a helpful and cheerful brother to all that is human.

But my missionary work could at best last only a year longer, and it was an unorganized sort of work. Nobody could think of it as a career. The chair of history at the university was a place of permanent usefulness; and, of course, I accepted it, — all the more willingly because it was, I believe, at that time the only chair of history in any Southern college. Southern lads who could read some Latin and a little Greek knew nothing accurately about the history even of their own country. Already, too, legend and odd distortions of facts were firmly fixed, even in the minds of educated men, about many important political events in our own history.

I set about my work with pride and eagerness. At the very start I had one unexpected adventure. The religious sects saw to it, in those years, that the faculty of the university was evenly "balanced" among them. The Methodists must be represented, but they must not have more professors than the Baptists, or the Episcopalians; and so on. I was supposed to represent the Methodists. When I discovered this expectation, I thought of resigning; but the good president told me that all would be well if I maintained a decorous silence. "Go to the Methodist church once in a while,"

said he. "It is enough that you come of a Methodist family, if you will be discreet."

I did not like this seeming to be what I was not. But my associates ridiculed my state of mind. "These old tyrannies are passing, — are already passed, if we are silent," they said. "In a few years we shall have no more of them. Do not rudely disturb a dying notion, — that's all you need do."

What an eager, raw, almost aboriginal life I found among the students! They had the same patriotic ambitions that I had had at college, but less well expressed, less well organized. There was a quality of arrogance in them very like that which I had come to know at the Graham School. The sons of gentlemen of distinction assumed that they were patriotism incarnate. The raw youths who came from the rural counties on free scholarships had to adjust themselves to this arrogance. And yet it was a pretty good democracy, for youth is naturally democratic. I thought that I saw in these boys the hope of the future. All Professor Billy's articles of faith applied to them, except that they would be the fathers, instead of the mothers, of families.

The year went well. Two of my associates were men at once of learning and of good companionship, — except that they had a tinge of despair. They had been trained in Germany, and they had acquired intellectual habits that were not congenial to their present surroundings. They locked up out of sight some of their books. They assumed an air of conformity that was a sham. They had an academic maladjustment to the life about them, and they were afraid; and a man who is afraid is never quite honest. I used to laugh at their fears; for I had never had a thought of tempering my conduct or my teaching to any shorn lamb. Nor did I. I had the satisfaction, too, of seeing every youth in my classes welcome the truth, even when it knocked the props from errors that he had harbored.

But the end of the academic year brought a greater surprise then the beginning. The trustees were in session, in full board, during the Commencement week. It was a large body of distinguished Colonels and men of prominence, — one from every senatorial election district. Their meetings were usually perfunctory. But this year, it turned out, they really had something to do.

My old friend, Colonel Stover, was a member of the board, and he was there. His friend, Judge Thorne, also was present. Judge Thorne had retired from the bench, — that is, he had not been reëlected, — and he had given his time to compiling a so-called history of the state's troops in the Civil War. His compilation — chiefly of the rolls of regiments, interspersed with fulsome praise of their commanders — had been printed at the public expense; but I dare say that not a man in the state had read it. Everybody had praised it and — forgotten it. But the judge had nevertheless come into a flattering reputation as an historian.

It was he who arose in the midst of the session and moved that the board proceed to the election of a professor of history. The good president of the university suddenly recalled — he had not before thought of it — that I had been elected by the executive committee "pending the meeting of the full board." He arose and spoke most heartily of me and of my work, and nominated me for the place.

Then it was that Judge Thorne arose and nominated a broken-down old Methodist preacher who had helped him in his compilations. "A man of learning and of patriotism," he called him, "who reads our own history as it was enacted by our own heroes." In the judge's mind, "history" meant only the Confederate narrative of the Civil War; and the board was reminded by him of a fact that had been forgotten, — that, when the chair of history was established, the purpose of the board was "to teach our sons the heroism of their fathers." I had used textbooks written "in the North." In fact, I had

been trained in the North. I taught "our sons" as the sons of the enemy were taught. And there were other objections to me.

After fulsome general compliments to my family, and even to myself "as an individual," Colonel Stover felt impelled by a high sense of public duty to explain certain unfortunate facts. Then followed the same arraignment that the colonel had once before made. He was "very reluctant to speak on the subject at all," and he could speak only "in the confidence of this board," for he would not do the young man a personal injury. Yet "our institutions and traditions must be preserved."

I must record in gratitude, that the president fought bravely for me, and for free teaching as well. He, too, was a Confederate hero, but he was made of good stuff, — a man every inch of him. But he could not win. The colonels and the judges elected the old preacher, and I was again — dismissed, by the simple device of failing of election.

It was nearly midnight. My rooms were in a little detached stone house near the university yard. A dozen of my students were gathered there to tell me good-by, and two of them — great mountain giants they were — were inviting me to a mountain trip with them during the summer. The president came in. His troubled countenance took a pleasant look for a moment from the company about him. But in a moment more the boys withdrew; and then he told me all that had happened. "There is nothing to do," said he — "nothing to say. I am broken-hearted; and, if I were younger, I should be tempted to resign and to go away." Tears gathered in his eyes, he grasped my hand warmly, and almost leaped out of the door.

It was midnight, and I was alone. A yell of joy broke now and then from some student's throat, as he ran across the yard, or a song rose from a group of them who were walking home from some student gathering, this last night of their year. These noises added only to my loneliness. I, too, walked out. The moonlight cast great shadows of the oaks across the road. In an hour my pleasantly planned career had been ended.

I summed up my sorrows that night, — a foolish performance, but a natural one. My old grandfather was gone; that was in the course of nature. But my father had been murdered in his prime; my mother was dead too early, doubtless from her cares during the first years of her widowhood; my sister had missed her happiness, — I would now see what could restore her cheerfulness; perhaps we might travel, she and I; — my cousin Margaret suggested a tender recollection, now only a recollection, for we had gone far apart; even old Ephraim would not last long. The only steadfast things on my horizon were my brother and Professor Billy. They were the only wise men that I had known, after all.

As I was trying to fall asleep, it occurred to me that all these misfortunes had had a common cause; and that cause was visible in the negro. It was his presence that had brought war, stagnation, perversion. And yet the poor negro was himself innocent. It was slavery — a long time after, and in a way that could not have been foreseen or foretold — that had caused my father's murder, my mother's premature death, my cousin's estrangement.

"I will leave it all," — that was my last thought when I fell asleep, as the first shafts of daylight struck my window. Yet I knew when I spoke this resolve that it was a cowardly one. When I awoke, I said, "No, I will remain and fight." How and when I could not foresee. But the day turned my discouragement into resolution.

(*To be continued.*)

FATHER TAYLOR

BY RALPH WALDO EMERSON

[This paper shows some evidence of having been a part of a lecture called "The Poet," given by Mr. Emerson in a course called *The Times*, in 1841. A part of it was also used by him in a lecture on Eloquence, in 1867, most of which is found in the volume *Letters and Social Aims*. The sheets relating to Father Taylor — although a double system of numbering shows that they were used in two lectures — were found apart, as if used for a parlor-lecture, with the title "Improvisation — Rev. Edward Taylor."

The story of this renowned preacher's life and labors has been well told by Bishop Haven and Judge Russell in their memorial volume, *Father Taylor, the Sailor Preacher*, yet for the benefit of readers of a new generation a short sketch may not be out of place here.

Edward Thomson Taylor, a Virginian of humble parentage, was born near Richmond in 1793. He ran away at the age of seven years and followed the sea until, a privateersman on the Black Hawk, he was captured and held for a long time in British prisons. Shortly before his capture, while in the port of Boston, he strayed into the Bromfield Street Methodist Chapel and experienced conversion. In the prison at Halifax his comrades begged him to pray and preach for them in place of the English chaplain, and he thus found his calling for life. On regaining his freedom he became a peddler, approbated to preach as he traveled. Then for a short time he was a farmer in Saugus; but, filled with zeal for saving souls, and conscious of his power in prayer and preaching, — though at that time he could hardly read, — he became an itinerant preacher. His earnestness and power drew great companies to hear him in the circuits along the coasts of Massachusetts and Rhode Island.

In 1828, some members of the Methodist Church in Boston strove to organize a society for the moral and religious elevation of seamen. This led to the formation of the Boston Port Society, which established a little Seaman's Bethel, and called the young privateersman-preacher to labor for this neglected class. The funds to lease the chapel could not be raised in Boston, but the young pastor went South to plead for it and returned with the money. The Society was non-sectarian from the first.

In 1832 the merchants of Boston were aroused to help the seamen, and adopted the Boston Port Society and built the Seamen's Bethel in North Square, and, soon after, the Suffolk Savings Bank was established in their aid, and also the Mariners' House.

Until the time of Father Taylor's resignation in 1868, three years before his death, the Bethel was the scene of his earnest labor and brilliant success. His loved seamen were the main object of his work, but among the crowds that filled his church were many of the best hearts and heads of Massachusetts in that day. Though a Methodist to the core, his faith was broad enough to accept good and earnest men of other beliefs than his own. The Unitarians were among his chief helpers. Mr. Emerson and he were friends from the days when the younger minister had invited him to preach in his pulpit, close by in Hanover Street; and later, when Unitarians looked askance at him, Father Taylor was his guest when he came to preach in Concord.

Mrs. Ednah D. Cheney relates that Father Taylor once said to Governor Andrew, "Mr. Emerson is one of the sweetest creatures God ever made: there is a screw loose somewhere in the machinery, yet I cannot tell where it is, for I never heard it jar. He must go to heaven when he dies, for if he went to hell the devil would not know what to do with him. But he knows no more of the religion of the New Testament than Balaam's ass did of the principles of Hebrew Grammar." — EDWARD W. EMERSON.]

I DO not know whether any of my audience have known Father Taylor, — but this genius appeared thirty years ago in the humble church, the "Seaman's Bethel" in Boston, a man in every way remarkable, — capable of doing wonders among the neglected class to which he was devoted, — and soon awaked wonder and joy in hearers of every class, — perhaps most in the most intelligent minds.

He preached in Concord in our old

church in June, 1841, and I then noted how men are always interested in a man, and all the various extremes of our little village society were for once brought together in the church. Black and white, grocer, contractor, lumberman, Methodist, and preacher, joined with the permanent congregation in rare union. Nobody but Webster assembles the same extremes. The speaker instantly shows the reason, in the breadth of his social genius. He is mighty Nature's child, another Robert Burns, trusting entirely to her power, as he has never been deceived by it, and arriving unexpectedly every moment at new and happiest deliverances. How joyfully and manly he spreads himself abroad!

Obviously, he is one of the class of superior men, and every one associates him necessarily with Webster, and, if Fox and Burke were alive, with Fox and Burke. And yet I must say that, judged by any theologic rule and standard, his preaching is a Punch and Judy affair, the preaching quite accidental, and ludicrously copied and caricatured from the old style, as he probably found it in some New Jersey or Connecticut vestries. As well as he can he mimics and exaggerates the parade of method and logic, of text and argument: but after much threatening to exterminate all gainsayers by his syllogisms, and a punctilious and emphatic enumeration of the division of his points, he seldom remembers any of the divisions of his plan after the first, and the slips and gulfs of his logic would involve him in quick confusion, if it were not for the inexhaustible wit by which he dazzles and destroys memory, and conciliates and carries captive the dullest and the keenest hearer.

He is not expert in books, has not read Calvin or Leclerc or Eichhorn, but he is perfectly sure in his generous humanity. He says touching things, plain things, cogent things, grand things, which all men must perforce hear. He says them with hand and head and body and voice; the accompaniment is total, and ever varied. "I am half a hundred years old, and I have never seen an unfortunate day. I have been in all the four quarters of the world, and I never saw any men I could not love. We have sweet conferences and prayer-meetings; we meet every day. There are not hours enough in the day, not days enough in the year for us."

He was about embarking for Europe: he said, "To be sure, I am sorry to leave my own babes, but He who takes care for every whale, and can give him a ton of herrings for a breakfast, will find food for my babes." What affluence! There never was such activity of fancy. How wilful and despotic is his rhetoric! misusing figures, yet bettering them. "No," said he, of virtue, "not the blaze of Diogenes' lamp, added to the noonday sun, would suffice to find it." Everything dances and disappears, — changes, becomes its contrary, — in his sculpturing hands. How he played with the word *Lost* yesterday! The parent had lost his child. *Lost* became found in the twinkling of an eye. So will it always be.

[Mr. Emerson here introduced the following notes from his journal].

Father Taylor in the afternoon "wishing his sons a happy new year," "praying God for his servants of the brine, to favor commerce, to bless the bleached sail, the white foam, and through commerce to Christianize the Universe." "May every deck," he said, "be stamped by the hallowed feet of godly captains, and the first watch and the second watch be watchful for the Divine Light." He thanked God he had not been in Heaven for the last twenty-five years, then indeed he had been a dwarf in grace, but now he had his redeemed souls around him. And so he went on, — this poet of the sailor and of Ann Street, — fusing all the rude hearts of his auditory with the heat of his own love, and making the abstractions of the philosophers accessible and effectual to them also. He is a fine study to the metaphysician or the life philosopher. He is profuse of himself, he never remembers

the looking-glass. They are foolish who fear that notice will spoil him. They never made him, and such as they cannot unmake him. He is a real man of strong nature, and noblest, richest lines on his countenance. He is a work of the same hand that made Demosthenes, Shakespeare, and Burns, and is guided by instincts diviner than rules. His whole discourse is a string of audacious felicities harmonized by a spirit of joyful love. Everybody is cheered and exalted by him. He is a living man, and explains at once what Whitfield and Fox and Father Moody were to their audiences, by the total infusion of his own soul into his assembly, and consequent absolute dominion over them. How puny, how cowardly, other preachers look by the side of this preaching! He shows us what a man can do. As I sat last Sunday in my country pew, I thought this Sunday I would see two living chapels, Swedenborg's and the Seamen's; and I was not deceived.

Sept. 1835. Edward Taylor came to see us. Dr. Ripley showed him the battle-field. "Why put the monument on this bank?" he asked. "You must write on it, 'Here is the place where the Yankees made the British show the back seam of their stockings.'" He said he had been fishing at Groton, "and the fishes were as snappish as the people, so that he looked to see if the scales were not turned wrong side out, etc."

Nov. 1836. Edward Taylor is a noble work of the Divine cunning, suggesting the wealth of Nature. If he were not so strong I should call him lovely. What cheerfulness in his genius and what consciousness of strength! "My voice is thunder," he said, in telling me how well he was. And what teeth, and eyes, and brow, and aspect! I study him as a jaguar, or an Indian, for his untamed physical perfections. He is a work, a man, not to be predicted, his vision poetic and pathetic, sight of love unequalled. How can he transform all those whiskered, shaggy, untrim tarpaulins into sons of light and hope, by seeing the man within the sailor, seeing them to be sons, lovers, brothers, husbands?

But hopeless it is to make him that he is not; to try to bring him to account to you or to himself for aught of his inspiration. A creature of instinct, his colors are all opaline and dove's-neck-lustres, and can only be seen from a distance. If you see the *ignis-fatuus* in a swamp, and go to the place, the light vanishes; if you retire to the spot whereon you stood, it reappears. So with Taylor's muse. It is a panorama of images from all nature and art whereon the sun and stars shine, — but go up to it, and nothing is there. His instinct, unconscious instinct, is the nucleus or point of view, and this defies science and eludes it.

1849. F. went to Father Taylor's prayer-meeting, and an old salt told his experiences, and how intemperate he had been for many years, "but now, dear brothers, Jesus Christ is my grog-shop." Father Taylor hereupon recommended to his brethren to "be short," and "sit down when they had done."

1863. "You tell me a great deal of what the devil does, and what power he has: when did you hear from Christ last?" he asked of some Calvinist friends.

In his volley of epithets he called God "a charming Spirit." He spoke of men who "sin with ingenuity, sin with genius, sin with all the power they can draw." But you feel this inspiration, and he marches into the untried depths with the security of a grenadier. He will weep and grieve and pray and chide in a tempest of passionate speech, and never break the perfect propriety with a single false note, and, when all is done, you still ask, or I do, "what's Hecuba to him?" Indeed, a fancy of such preternatural activity — a fancy which is a living picture-gallery in perpetual movement — can hardly permit much confinement to facts; and I think all his talk with men of business, which he repeats, all his much visiting and planning for what is practical in his Mariners' House, etc., etc. cannot

amount to much. I think his guardians and overseers and treasurers must think pretty stubbornly for themselves. Not the smallest dependence is to be put on his statement of facts. Arithmetic is only one of the nimble troop of dancers he keeps. No, this free happy expression of himself, and of the deeps of human nature, and of the sunny facts of life, of things lying massed and grouped in healthy nature, — that is his power, and his teacher. His security breathes in his manners, gestures, tones, and the expressions of his face; he lies all open to men, a man, — and disarms criticism and malignity by perfect frankness. We open our arms, too, and with half-closed eyes enjoy this sunshine. A wondrous beauty swims over the panorama and touches points with an ineffable lustre.

Everything is accidental to him, his place, his education, his church, his seamen, his whole system of religion, a mere confused dust-heap of refuse and leavings of former generations. All has a comic absurdity, *except* the sentiment of the man. He is incapable of accurate thought: he cannot analyze or discriminate: he is a singing, dancing drunkard of his wit. Only he is sure of his sentiment. That is his mother's milk; and that he feels in his bones; that heaves in his lungs, throbs in his heart, walks in his feet, and gladly he yields to the sweet magnetism, and sheds it abroad on the people, in his power. Hence, he is an example — I thought, at that moment, the single example — of an inspiration: for a wisdom not his own, not to be appropriated by him, which he could not recall or even apply, sailed to him on the gale of this sympathetic communication with his auditory. There is his closet, his college, his confessional. He disclosed his secrets there, and received informations there, which his conversation with thousands of men, and his voyages to Egypt, and his journeys in Germany and in Syria, never taught him. His whole work is a sort of day's sailing out upon the sea, not to any voyage, but to take an observation of the sun, and come back again. Again and again, we have the whole wide horizon, — how rare a pleasure! That is the picture, the music, that he makes. His whole genius is in minstrelsy. He calls it religion, Methodism, Christianity, and other names. It is minstrelsy: he is a minstrel. All the rest is costume. For himself, he is no ascetic, no fanatic, in other fortunes might have been a genial companion, perhaps an admirable tragedian, at all events, though apparently of a moderate temperament, he would like the old cocks of the bar room a thousand times better than their austere monitors.

I said of Father Taylor that, if, with that abounding imagination of his, he had only known how to control it, he would have been the greatest of orators. As it is, he is its victim. Every one of this crowd of images that rush before his eyes leads him away from his point, until he quite forgets what he was to prove. What an eloquence he suggests! Ah! could he only guide those grand sea-horses of his with which he rides and caracoles on the waves of the sunny ocean of his thought! But no: he sits and is drawn up and down the ocean-currents by the strong sea-monsters, only on that condition, that he shall not guide.

He is a man with no *proprium* or *peculium*, but all social. Leave him alone, and there is no man, there is no substance, but a relation. His power is a certain mania or low inspiration that repeats for us the tripod and possession of the ancients. I think every hearer feels that something like it were possible to himself, if he could consent to a certain abandonment. One might say, he has sold his mind for his soul (using soul in a semi-animal sense, including animal spirits). Art could not compass this fluency and felicity. His sovereign security results from a certain renunciation and abandonment. He runs for luck, and by readiness to say everything, good and bad, says the best things. Then a new will and understanding organize themselves in this new sphere of no-will and no-under-

standing, and, as fishermen use a certain discretion within their luck, to find a good fishing ground, or berrywomen to gather quantities of blueberries, so he knows his topics and unwritten briefs, and where the profusion of words and images will likeliest recur.

All of us who have lived on the sea-coast, and who are old enough, have probably heard this grand improvisator, this excellent man, and enjoyed the wealth of his genius and virtues. It is no disparagement to his admirable gifts to say that the ideal orator must have somewhat more. Could we add to this marvellous richness of fancy, to this high and tender humanity, a stern control, — a wider perception of truth, that should use all these fine faculties as instruments, *it* always the master, not the victim of its own powers, — then we have the consummate orator. Such was Demosthenes, a power in the state and in history. Such was Burke; such, in our own times, not to name many too partial examples, was Kossuth.

THEOCRITUS ON AGRADINA

BY THOMAS NELSON PAGE

The spacious cities hummed with toil:
The monarch reared his towers to the skies;
Men delved the fruitful soil
And studied to be wise.
Along the highway's rocky coil
The mailèd legions rang;
Smiling unheeded mid the moil
The Poet sang.

The glittering cities long are heaps;
The starry towers lie level with the plain;
The desert serpent sleeps
Where soared the marble fane.
The stealthy, bead-eyed lizard creeps
Where gleamed the Tyrant's throne;
That grandeur dark Oblivion steeps,
The song sings on.

THE YEAR IN FRANCE

BY STODDARD DEWEY

THE political year in France is marked off, not by the change from President Loubet to President Fallières in February, but by the renewal of the Chamber of Deputies, the predominant house of Parliament, in the May elections. The Constitution of the French Republic provides it with a chief magistrate who follows and must not lead. The internal state of the country, the political temper of the people, the projects of social reform, are counted to the Parliament which has come to an end.

The main interest, both at home and abroad, has been excited by the change in the relations between the republic and the Roman Catholic Church. The inevitable future in the Republic's dealings with its Socialist workmen is more important. The exterior status of the nation has been settled, for the time being, by diplomacy and alliances under outside pressure such as the Third Republic had not yet undergone; it is the story of the Conference at Algeciras.

Apart from the political situation, the French people has kept to a dead level of unbroken prosperity, without any notably great man or work or deed in science, letters and art, commerce and industry, and society, to distinguish this from other recent years. In international finance alone a state of things peculiar to French property-holders has been made evident, going far to lift France to her old leading place among the nations of the world.

President Loubet ended his seven years' term of office in comparative popularity, contrasting with the popular odium of the Dreyfus Affair in which he began. He never drew forth the noisy welcome of the Paris crowd, as his predecessor, Félix Faure, had done; but this was perhaps a matter of physical impressiveness, as Lowell noted in the case of Daniel Webster. By the Constitution, and, for the most part, in the popular idea, President Loubet was not "responsible" for the obnoxious measures of ministers whom Parliament kept in power. On the other hand, his unvarying simplicity and good-nature, and his absolute punctuality in all the parade duties of his office, won for him the respect of all classes. He was seated beside the young King of Spain, returning from the Théâtre Français, on the night of May 31, 1905, when an anarchist bomb fell within a few inches of the carriage. The coolness of King and President excited general enthusiasm; the bomb-thrower escaped and was never discovered. In October the President returned the King's visit in Madrid, and went on to Lisbon, the King of Portugal making a return visit in Paris in November. This closed the sovereign pomps which gave note to the presidency of a lifelong republican. They began with tremendous popular demonstrations on the occasion of official visits of the Tsar and the Kings of England and Italy. The people took them as the consecration of international alliances, showing that France is not alone in the world. They have also been a sign and an effective agent of a continuous development of France as a cosmopolitan pleasure-ground,—a factor too often neglected in the estimate of her actual position in the world.

In his exercise of the presidential office M. Loubet followed with admirable scrupulousness that interpretation of the scant constitution of the French Republic for which he had voted in the beginning of his political career. It is contained in the order of the day presented by Gambetta and voted unanimously by the members

of Parliament of the Republican left, May 17, 1877, in the heat of their conflict with President MacMahon: "The preponderance of the power of Parliament exercised by ministers responsible to Parliament is the first condition of that government of the country by the country which it is the aim of our constitutional laws to establish."

This interpretation was said to be at issue in the election of a successor to President Loubet. The election of president of the republic is not left to universal suffrage; it is the result of a majority vote of the two houses of Parliament sitting as one national assembly. The choice, therefore, is limited to parliamentary rivals.

The unsuccessful candidate, M. Doumer, brought with him the reputation of having will and ideas of his own and readiness to use office to enforce them. M. Fallières was taken as a guarantee that there would be no attempt at personal government on the part of the President, and no conflict with a parliamentary majority during his term of office. It should be said that the public career of M. Fallières, in the routine of French politics, made him a peculiarly fit candidate for the presidency of the Republic. Like M. Loubet, he had been a member of Parliament since 1876, — the first year of the adoption of the republican constitution, — he had been in eight ministries, once even for a short time as prime minister, and he succeeded M. Loubet as president of the Senate when the latter was named President of the Republic. On the contrary, the election of M. Doumer to the presidency of the Chamber of Deputies, in January, 1905, was the beginning of the downfall of the Combes administration, and a blow to the extreme Radical Socialists who were in control of the majority; and, as candidate for the presidency of the Republic, M. Doumer was notoriously pushed by "dissidents" from the Radical Socialist *Bloc* and dissatisfied members of the Waldeck-Rousseau cabinet.

It is not idle to insist on this floating backward and forward among French Radicals, as the problems of the coming Parliament are likely to force them to decide whether they are finally to recede toward the Moderates and French property-holders or to take the plunge toward Collectivism. The strange inversion of political rôles is shown by the fact that M. Fallières, a *bourgeois* at one remove from the peasantry and a persistent member of ministries "concentrated" from Moderates and Radicals, should represent the exclusive and ostracizing Radical Socialist *Bloc;* and that M. Doumer, the self-educated trade-workman and member of the first purely Radical ministry of the republic (with Léon Bourgeois, 1895), and the chief originator of the Income Tax project, so obnoxious to property-holders, should suffer defeat as a suspected leader of the Radicals back toward the *bourgeois* Moderates and away from the Socialists.

The decision of the majority of Senate and Deputies has now been ratified (May, 1906) by a majority of the voters in a majority of the electoral districts of France, in their choice of members of the new Parliament; and this is as near as the system of voting adopted in France can come to that which Gambetta recognized as "the decision of the master of us all, — universal suffrage." It is the adoption by a majority of the French citizens who care to vote (there are abstentions of more than twenty per cent) of another of his formulas as the fundamental constitution of the Republic, — "Parliamentary omnipotence."

The further acceptance by the French people of its representatives in Parliament as holding proxies in blank for their constituents seems also to have been consecrated by the late elections. In 1902 only 120 of the 591 deputies elected had expressed themselves in their party platforms as favorable to the immediate separation of Church and State, — "the most important, the gravest, the most delicate of all the reforms realized in thirty-five

years," as described by M. Thomson, Minister of Marine. Now the deputies who, at the end of a session of the legislature, took it on themselves to run through so radical a reform have been reëlected.

In the United States questions of this gravity have never been left to the ordinary legislative bodies, but belong evidently to the constitution-making power; that is, they require an appeal to the people itself. This would have been still more necessary, as the new French law withdraws the right of trial by jury from the clergy in certain criminal prosecutions, just as the previous Religious Associations laws, after suppressing Catholic schools and communities, and declaring the reversion of their property to the State, exclude their former members from certain ordinary rights of citizens, such as the keeping of schools and teaching. For us such rights undoubtedly fall among those "retained by the people," and "not delegated to the United States by the Constitution," as explicitly stated in the Articles of Amendment adopted immediately after the Constitution itself (I, VI, IX, X); and the same is true of the separate state constitutions. But such is the transmitted prejudice against Roman Catholics whenever there is talk of political liberty, that these considerations have weighed little with the English, and even with a large portion of the American, liberal press in its general approbation of a law professing to "separate" Church and State in France. Some of the principles at stake come up again in connection with the present violent lurch of the Republic toward Collectivism, where their application may not seem so anodyne.

For the present, in fairness to French parliamentary action, it must be remembered that the two republics exist under fundamentally different régimes. The United States may be called a "limited representative government," whose governmental power, both legislative and executive, is limited by constitutions interposed not only between minorities and the majority of voters, but even between the whole of the citizens and the representatives whom they have themselves elected. The French Republic, developing in accordance with the logical and routine temper of the people from the initial principle enforced by Gambetta, is approximating to absolute government by a majority of members of Parliament, whose power to legislate is practically unlimited by a constitution, save only in matters concerning the form of government. The exercise of the legislative and executive powers is unchecked by any independent judiciary; the executive administration judges without appeal the complaints of citizens concerning its own measures, and it is responsible exclusively to the parliamentary majority that creates it. The possibility of change in the majority of deputies every four years by new elections, or in the meantime by the floating of groups and the incessant criticism of a free and intensely personal press, hardly seems sufficient to bring the French Republic within the American ideal of *constitutional* government. On the other hand, the American system of leaving whole regions of human activity — religion, the spontaneous association of citizens, education in great part, and family relations almost altogether — without state control seems to Frenchmen a lack of government bordering on anarchy.

The inherited use of such words as "State," "political liberty," and the like, also differs widely, so that it is not easy for the citizens of the two republics to know when they understand each other. Among our late visitors M. Paul Strauss, a French senator and an authority on Paris municipal philanthropy, is struck with admiring wonder at the "delegation" of its powers made by the city of New York to private associations and institutions of charity. Professor Langlois of the Sorbonne blames the American habit of young men working their way through college, as a piece of "university pauperism," to be remedied by the "State" as our civilization becomes completer. In the debates on the Separation

Law all parties seemed to confound religious liberty, or the freedom of citizens from interference with their religion on the part of government, with religious toleration, which supposes that the State has the right to tolerate or not to tolerate the religions of its citizens, even when their practices violate no common law. American constitutions simply remove the whole question from the law-making power (Amendment I); and American writers who use the term "religious toleration" in connection with our government cannot be alive to the meaning attached to it in countries of other traditions. It should also be noted that the formula "separation of Church and State" answers to no existing reality in the United States, while its meaning in England, where an "established" church exists, must be different from the operation which has been carried out in France, with merely subsidized churches.

In the language used by M. Ferdinand Buisson, one of the deputies who has most influenced the teaching and religious policy of the French Republic, the "liberty" which it is the duty of the State to safeguard for its citizens seems to comprise the "emancipation of the mind" from everything which is not in accordance with science, and primarily from superstition, in which he obviously comprises belief in revealed or supernatural religion: such superstition may be tolerated by the State in adults (religious liberty?); but emancipating from it is consistent with the neutrality of the State in education, the "State" being an emancipator by rights. Indeed, the right of the parent to control the education of the child is commonly denied by Radicals and Socialists, as being based on "the confusion of the liberty of professing any doctrine, which is the absolute right of adults, with the office of teaching the young, which is in no wise an individual right, but a delegation of the State's sovereignty."[1] The State is also called the natural protector of the child's right to freedom of thought as against its parents.

To those who are willing to pass over as unimportant such an evolution of the idea of liberty under a democracy on the ground that it constrains chiefly Roman Catholics, who are only getting now as good as they gave in past centuries, it is worth remarking that the idea will also govern the French democracy in its inevitable struggle toward the socialist ideal. After the church debates a first skirmish took place, during the last session of Parliament, in the effort to combine, by force of law, the proposed workmen's pensions from the State with the existing benefits from spontaneous friendly societies (December 12, 1905). The situation of such societies had already furnished Abbé Lemire, a priest-deputy elected by workmen, with an argument that separation of Church and State except in name is impossible in France. "We have, in fact, in our country a singular idea of the office of the State. It seems that nothing can be done without the State taking part in it; even the mutual aid societies, after demanding and obtaining their liberty, turned back to the State and asked for subsidies." This idea of the omnipresent State, inherited from centuries of absolute government, is accompanied, in minds which have swallowed *en bloc* the revolutions of a century, by a deeper principle, openly avowed by Mazzini: liberty, where a social ideal is to be realized, is a means; when it does not work toward the end, it is dispensed with.

Such examples of the French political mind may help to the understanding of a year which has profoundly modified, whatever may be the event, the entire social constitution of the people. The religious troubles, even if they should fulfill the worst predictions of those opposed to the Republic, have for most Americans little more than historical interest. It is not the same with the swift, sure, almost physical onrush of French democracy toward socialism.

[1] Note of M. Jules Thomas, University professor, to last edition of Renouvier's *Manuel Républicain de l' Homme et du Citoyen*, p. 146.

The "separation of the churches and the State" (the French formula refers to the four religions hitherto subsidized by the State, — Catholic, Lutheran, Reformed or Calvinist, and Jewish) was taken over by Prime Minister Rouvier from his predecessor, M. Combes; and M. Rouvier remained chief of the executive power long enough to see the project become law and to fall on its first application.[1] The parliamentary discussion lasted in the Chamber of Deputies from the presenting of the Committee report on the 4th of March to the voting of the bill as amended July 3, at eleven o'clock at night; and in the Senate from November 10 to the 5th of December, the official date of the law as finally promulgated.

From a very average level of debate and oratory, as compared with the historic days of the French Parliament, only one debater of power arose, in the person of a Socialist deputy, M. Aristide Briand, who drew up the committee report; and in the administration which took the place of the Rouvier government he was charged, as Minister of Public Worship, with the application of the law. The project was essentially modified during the debates, but M. Briand as official reporter and defender of the law showed a sincere desire to make it possible for Catholics to accept the situation which was being forced on them without their counsel or consent. At the same time he, and his party still more, disclosed a lack of personal acquaintance with the minds and habits of Catholics who practice their religion, which goes far to explain the unexpected troubles arising in the application of the law.

The question of the Concordat was considered settled before the Separation Law came up. It had been supposed to be a bilateral contract between the French State and the Pope, but the Combes government had broken off all communication or possibility of negotiation with the other party. The French clergy were consulted neither on the breaking off of the Concordat nor on the proposed new status of their Church; and the few Catholic members of the parliamentary committee were in a hopeless minority, besides being of doubtful competence. In the parliamentary majority which finally voted the law there was, of course, not one Catholic member. All this has to be taken into account in any appreciation of the working of the Separation Law. On the 28th of March the five French cardinals, who were without official competence before Parliament, presented the complaints of Catholics in a platonic letter addressed to the President of the Republic, whom the Constitution left equally incompetent in the matter.

The first complaint against the proposed law expresses what has now become the chief grievance in its application. "Not only liberty is not granted to Catholics, but there is imposed on them a new organization which is in formal contradiction with the principles of the Catholic religion."

The denial of liberty refers to the restriction of church work to a minimum of public worship and to the minute police supervision of the utterances and actions of the clergy, without defense before a jury, and of the parish accounts, extending to a yearly auditing of the books by state officials. To this first complaint M. Camille Pelletan of the Combes Ministry has replied with a summary definition of religious liberty like a lapidary inscription. "What do the Catholics want, anyway? Are they not *free to perform all the ceremonies of their religion?*"

The "new organization" of churches refers to the *associations cultuelles* (public worship associations) in the hands of lay trustees, which are to take the place of the old parochial organization within the year, under penalty of loss of church buildings and property to the State. These associations are to be without power to

[1] January 25, 1905 – March 7, 1906: for the beginnings of the Rouvier administration see Mr. Sanborn's article in *The Atlantic Monthly* for June, 1905.

receive legacies or to amass property, nor can they occupy themselves with schools or charities or other religious works or propaganda of any kind outside of church and cemetery. Associations for such particular purposes may indeed be formed under the Associations Laws, but these also exclude the convents and religious orders which form so essential a part of the Catholic Church, where it exists freely, as in the United States. In their literal application it should seem that these laws would present obstacles to the free propaganda even of the McAll, Salvation Army, and other Protestant missions in France. With Catholics the troubles feared are like those which occurred in certain of our states on the application of the trustee system, when parishes sided with an insubordinate priest against the bishop. M. Briand protested against any intention of trying to weaken the Catholic Church by favoring such local schisms, and even modified the text of the law to meet the objection. He has not succeeded in satisfying Catholics; and the Pope, in his Encyclical Letter published after the promulgation of the law, formally condemns the theory of lay associations, while reserving a decision as to whether French Catholics, to avoid greater evils, may admit them in practice. The disputes between trustees and priest or priest and bishop are to be decided by the State and not by the Church; and there is already at least one example where members of a parish have reorganized it under the new law and retained an excommunicated priest in defiance of their bishop (Lot-et-Garonne).

M. Briand very frankly declared the reasons for this new organization of parishes by force of state law: "It will henceforth be impossible for the resources of the Church to be used in electioneering business or political work without priests and associations exposing themselves to grave and disagreeable consequences. Our bill takes very precise measures in this matter, — the association will be dissolved if it goes in for politics." The thirty-first article of the law muzzles the clergy still more closely: offenses against public functionaries, committed in a place of public worship by a minister of worship, are withdrawn from trial by jury, which the common law prescribes, and subjected to the police tribunal; and another article extends this to speech or writing against the execution of laws or legal acts of public authority; the penalties are heavy fines and imprisonment. M. de Castelnau remarked that priests would be punished more severely under the *régime* of Separation than under the Concordat, and that just when they were reduced to the status of simple citizens they were refused the benefit of the common law. M. Briand, while expressing his regret, declared that the article seemed necessary, and "necessary it will remain so long as we are not assured that the priest will not abuse that exceptional moral authority which gives particular force to his words; the interest of public order demands special procedure and penalties."

These additional articles were voted by a majority of 330 deputies against 259; the entire law was voted by 341 against 233, — numbers fairly representing the majority of the Radical Socialist *Bloc*. The Opposition was made up of Moderate Republicans, who did not think the time ripe for Separation; and of members of the various groups of the Right, all swearing by the name of Catholic, although with the exception of perhaps twenty, all were politicians at the service of causes — Monarchist, Imperialist, Nationalist — which have no necessary connection with religion or the Church. The general elections of May have shown to the point of demonstration that a Catholic or clerical political party presenting the slightest danger to the Republic does not and did not exist.

The debates in the Senate, where the majority was 181 against 102, brought out a single noteworthy speech, — that of ex-Prime-Minister Méline, who is responsible for the economic policy of

France, and is not a Catholic. He ventured on a prophecy which should be realized under the present Parliament:

"You are the dupes of many illusions. The public worship associations (new parish organizations) inspire you with little distrust on account of the precautions you have taken. As for me, I believe that they will become a general staff for a Catholic party. We shall not see such a party spring up all at once. But wait four years longer, — then you will see."

An outsider can only note a fundamental fact which is deeper than all politics. Roman Catholics in France, that is, those who practice their religion and are not merely Catholics in name, by family descent and social conventionality, must be a minority of the population, and, among men, very few in number. One of the year's books — *Anti-Clericalism*, by M. Emile Faguet of the French Academy — presents this crude fact in a rather more favorable light; but fact it is. Whatever may have been the reason, clergy and laymen under the Concordat have gone steadily down in religious efficiency ever since the force of the Catholic Revival after the Revolution was spent. This can hardly be the fault of the Republic; but the republican breaking up of the mould in which the Church had become fossilized may easily prove the first step in a resurrection to new life, all the more so because of the accompaniment of seeming persecution.

In this anti-clerical legislation the deputies elected in 1902 had taken up the greater part of their four years; it was absolutely necessary to do something, before the end, for the social reforms which the members of the majority had promised their constituents.

Here was, is, and will be, the really important issue before the French Parliament, if only from the growth of the Socialist vote in number and in determination with each successive election. One leader of genuine Socialists, the first to organize them as a political party, the veteran and unvarying Jules Guesde, who now returns to Parliament and leadership, has had the courage to explain at many times and in many ways that real crisis which is in French society itself and not in merely political differences. Compared with it, he has consistently asserted, the struggle against the Church and even the effort to save the Republic, if indeed it has ever needed saving, are insignificant and unessential. This crisis no mere political *régime* can avert; it has not even an economic origin. It is purely social, indwelling in French society as a collectivity of individuals spontaneously living together quite apart from the political community organized into a state. It is the vital conflict — the struggle for life — between the "working classes," by which is meant all human beings of whatever kind whose daily life depends on wages or salaries earned by their labor, and the *bourgeois*, who are all those living on property which they hold.

It is not a question of revolution against reaction; the factory system and other organizations of capital, which have resulted in the segregation of the labor class, had no existence at the time of the French Revolution. Whatever may be the cause, the agitations which the French Republic has now to face have not political liberty for their object, but the regulation of private property by the State, and eventually Collectivism against property-holding as it now exists. To come down to round numbers, which are not farther out of the way than round numbers usually are, one quarter of the French people may be considered passively ripe for the socialist gospel, more, apparently, than the number of those ready to interest themselves in the Roman Catholic religion; 4,000,000 individuals are already more or less actively turned toward the new light; and, apart from politics and voting, at least a half million of genuine "workmen" have come to full consciousness of socialism, have united themselves in working groups, and, as in all real religions which sweep the world progressively, have the terrible activity of

first believers. Some of these we shall find, before our year's review is over, inconveniencing so extreme a Radical Socialist minister as M. Clemenceau.

It has been the puzzle of late elections how the property-holding *bourgeois*, who after all assure the Radical success, have not yet taken fright at the Socialist advance which comes from it. It was such a fright that smashed the Second French Republic of 1848, and turned the country toward the Second Empire. Doubtless there is a general feeling that Gambetta's plan will avert a catastrophe: "There is no Social Question, — there are social questions which have to be dealt with one by one, as they come up." This is the policy which the Radical Socialists, who are by no means Collectivists, have hitherto imposed on Radicals on one side and Socialists on the other, — those who under their lead have made up the majority *Bloc*. The result has been what seems to impatient Socialists an intolerable deal of anti-clericalism, — which was the particular reason of existence of the Radical party, — and one half-pennyworth of anti-capitalism. M. Jaurès, the Socialist leader who held the balance of votes in constituting the majority of Prime Minister Combes during three years of the late Parliament, delivered his ultimatum as soon as the new elections sent up seventy-five simon-pure Collectivists to the Chamber of Deputies (in his journal, *L'Humanité*, May 20, 1906):—

"There is no more time to be lost. This time we must give the finishing blow to the Reaction, to all parties of the past, to Clericalism and Cæsarism. After clearing the battleground of all its litter, the Proletariat must be able to say to the face of the Republican Democracy, the Radical Democracy which at last is master of public power: 'What are you going to do for workmen? What reforms, what guarantees, are you going to give them? How are you going to help French society out of the deep crisis in which it struggles? How, by what organization of Property and Labor, will you put an end to the exploiting of men, to the war of classes let loose by the Capitalist form of property?'"

Such words are not the mere rhetoric of a Parliamentary dictator who has just suffered a year's eclipse in the retrograde combinations given to the Radical majority by Prime Minister Rouvier. Almost physiologically, certainly socially, the millions of French workmen stand over against property-holders in a way to which there is nothing comparable in the Northern and Western United States, with all their labor difficulties. They form a separate class in society, because French property-holders form an exclusive caste. It was the middle classes, the property-holding *bourgeois* and the peasant proprietors bound up with them, who profited by the great Revolution, against the privileged classes of that day, — royalty, clergy, and nobles. During the century which has elapsed the triumphant *bourgeois* have steadily persisted in throwing around themselves a practically impenetrable wall of legal and social privilege in their turn. And now there is a spontaneous upheaval of the excluded, unprivileged, inferior class.

The workmen have caught up from the life around them aspirations to social conditions which circumstances forbid them to hope to attain. The legal difficulties of marriage protect parents and children in the transmission of property, which the workmen have not. The minute, endless expenses and complicated forms of justice between man and man are also for those who have, and not for those who have not. The freedom of higher education, of which the Republic has been so lavish, reaches this lower multitude only to aggravate a discontent which the universal spread of primary education would of itself be sufficient to stir up. The monopoly of university degrees extends to all professions beyond trade, and all demand property in the one who would enter them. One of the events of the year has been the disclosure of the progress of explicit, active, anti-Militarist

Collectivism among the primary school teachers of the French State.

It would be a sad blunder to imagine that all this is the result of skillful political agitation. To use a metaphor which is ungracious, but exact and in the scientific mood of the day, the French labor class is made up of abnormal cells of the body politic as it is now constituted, — that is, of cells for which the body makes no adequate provision, — and they are coalescing in a growth of their own. They are, however, not pathological phenomena. In our day it is impossible to keep a permanent mudsill in society, or to reconstitute it as in our Southern states.

It is curious that seventy years ago De Tocqueville should have compared a like social division of the French people with the prejudice of whites against negroes in the United States. Since then the dividing line has changed, with the result that certain members of the collectivity called France are set permanently in their habitual thoughts and feelings over against the others. All chance independence of money, all social rising of petty tradesmen and educated peasantry, the unyielding *bourgeoisie* steadily assimilates to itself. But the entrance within its walls is by a painfully narrow gate; and rarely indeed is it passed by the Frenchman born to labor, — *l'ouvrier ne s'embourgeoise pas.* The American social experiment has so far aimed at bringing every citizen, high or low, within a ceaseless circulation of classes. The workman of to-day, or at least his son, is the millionaire or professional man or prosperous business man or ward politician of to-morrow; and our workmen, in the immense majority, are proud of America and feel that they have their place in the sun.

The increasing propaganda of the Universitarian Hervé's anti-patriotism among Socialists has been one of the sore disappointments of the Radical *bourgeois*, who thought to settle the question of labor against property by throwing legislative sops to Socialists in return for votes. Now that universal suffrage has taught the workman the meaning of equality in politics, he is not likely to stop in his efforts to obtain social equality and break down the walls which herd him off from property-holders. Whether this can be done by other means than Collectivism is the gravest question of the coming years; but this is the only solution which seems to present itself to French Socialists. The past year has been taken up with urging through the Chamber of Deputies palliative measures for the day laborers who from childhood know naught but uncertainty for the morrow, with a certain prospect of want for their old age.

Like M. Briand in the Separation Law, M. Millerand has been the chief agent in putting through the Chamber of Deputies the acts for workmens' and old-age pensions. Elected to Parliament as a Socialist, and the first Socialist to sit as minister (with Waldeck-Rousseau), he has been read out of his party for joining hands with *bourgeois* governments; but he is none the less the most accredited advocate of Socialist reforms among members of Parliament who are driven by force rather than drawn by conviction. His struggle has been long, against the ill-will of ministers who promise, and refuse to fulfill once they are secure of their majority, against rhetorical Socialists who demand the moon, and against the stubborn resistance of the old order. His success in putting the measures through the Chamber of Deputies, his patience, and the moderation of his manner and policy at least point him out as a proper chief of the executive power; and it would not be surprising, in case the religious troubles become aggravated, if he should be charged with the work of pacification.

Until the workmen's pensions become practical, it is unnecessary to go into the complicated details of the bills which have been voted. A great part of the opposition is from the side of national finance, the cost to the country being variously estimated at from 150,000,000 francs in ad-

ditional taxes to ten times that amount. A few sentences were pronounced in debate that merit remembrance.

M. Aynard, a Conservative Republican and Catholic representing the old order, spoke against the essential principle of the law which "obliges" the workman, his employer, and the State to put aside, as the years go by, the money for the workman's pension when old age or invalidity overtakes him. "You should encourage the provident habit; you cannot impose it;" and "There is no doubt all Frenchmen desire a pension." M. Charles Benoist, a Catholic Conservative and eminent professor at the Ecole des Sciences Politiques, went with the tide: "Liberty may be the ideal, but you cannot teach men to be provident; it is necessary to oblige them to be so." "Liberty as it is understood by the old political economy is immobility, lethargy, death." "The orthodox political economy is bankrupt; charity and patronage are insufficient; profit-sharing, coöperation, mutual aid, stop half way: there is no escape from the intervention of the State. Only universal effort can vanquish universal want, and therefore I vote the law" (December 5, 1905). Vote after vote followed, with practical unanimity of the Chamber, showing how far all classes are persuaded of the irrepressible nature of the conflict between capital and labor and the impossibility of their doing nothing to pacify it.

While Parliament was engaged in discontenting Catholics on the one hand, and attempting to content workmen on the other, the main attention of both government and people was preoccupied with the doings and demands of the German Emperor concerning Morocco. From the tedious conference at Algeciras, which ended the imbroglio, France issued with honor safe, with her essential interests protected for the time being, and with an imposing array of alliances which had been proved by severe strain. Germany came out having doubtfully gained what she professed to seek, with allies failing her or looking askance, and with a well-earned unpopularity among the nations, — but having secured an international position to which she had no known title a year before. The French people for months had been trained to think of another war with Germany as a near possibility; and it is still persuaded that to its government alone is due the escape from actual war. The Radical Socialist *Bloc*, which Prime Minister Rouvier nominally represented, has in consequence profited at the parliamentary elections by the popular gratitude.

The situation from first to last is not difficult to explain in its great outlines. Agreements between England and France (April 8, 1904), and between Spain and France (October 3, 1904), recognized that "it belongs to France, as a frontier power of Morocco along a great stretch of territory, to watch over the tranquillity of that country and to aid it in all the administrative, economic, and military reforms of which it may stand in need." A French government mission, headed by M. Saint-René Taillandier, was accordingly despatched to Fez to treat with the Sultan, when, on the 31st of March, without official notice to the French government, Emperor William of Germany landed at Tangier. In a public speech to the representatives of the Sultan sent to meet him, he said that he was come expressly to declare that he would maintain the absolute equality of the economic and commercial rights of Germany, and that he would permit no power to obtain preferential rights; that the Sultan was the sole sovereign and the free sovereign of a free country; that Germany would insist on treating always her affairs with him directly, and would never permit any other power to act as an intermediary; that the present time is unseasonable for the introduction of reforms according to European ideas, and that all reforms should be grounded on the traditions and laws of Islam; that the only need of Morocco is peace and quiet; — and that he had just clearly expressed all these views in a

conversation with the *chargé d'affaires* of France.

This was a public schoolmastering of three such nations as England, France, and Spain, and, at the same time, it cut short the operation of the agreements they had made with one another. The direct attack was on France, and the German "officious" press soon made known to the whole world the points where their emperor's diplomacy was to strike home. The first victim was to be M. Delcassé, French foreign minister for seven years, who had been guilty of strengthening the position of his country by a patient securing of allies, and, by the same, of "isolating" Germany.

The immediate dispute turned on a question of fact. Germany denied that she had ever been "officially" notified of the international agreements concerning Morocco; M. Delcassé proved that the proper ambassadors at Paris and Berlin had been in full touch with the foreign offices during the negotiations, and asserted that nothing further was necessary. French opinion, both in and out of Parliament, under the lead of M. Jaurès, who appeared as the spokesman of Germany and peace, took sides against M. Delcassé, who at last gave his resignation (June 6, 1905). His place was taken by M. Rouvier in person, while remaining at the head of the government. The German Emperor had sent no congratulatory despatch to President Loubet after the escape from the bomb destined for the King of Spain (May 31); on the 10th of June Prince Radolin closed an interview with Foreign Minister Rouvier, in which he had insisted on an international conference, with the words: "If the conference does not take place all remains *in statu quo*, and you must know that we are behind Morocco." War or the conference was thus the alternative offered to France.

During the wearisome previous negotiations, and during the long session of the conference itself, Germany consistently maintained that the particular interests of France in Morocco did not extend beyond the common frontier. This is evidently false. The mere fact of Germany, for example, obtaining a naval foothold on the Morocco coast would compel France to garrison Algiers with 200,000 men in case of another war, unless she were to leave her colony defenseless from the start. The possibility of this case Germany naturally denied, but she has against her contentions another fact, verified for more than twenty-five years. In that Islam which Emperor William has taken under his protection all religious and political life centres more and more in the religious orders and communities, which flourish exceedingly through the entire north of Africa. It is impossible that the influence of the Moroccan *zaouïas*, or mother-houses, should not be felt decisively throughout Algiers and Tunis and into Tripoli. Again, Morocco has long proved a borderland into which the disorderly elements of the French colony escape, only to harry the Algerian territory at the next opportunity. Finally, the natural outlets of commerce of both countries extend further than a mere frontier region, and it is difficult to understand how Germany has the right to pronounce between France and her neighbor, the Sultan, "sole and free sovereign of a free country."

In fact, it is impossible to see how the international position of Germany, *before the conference*, differed by right from that of the United States. Neither of these countries is a Mediterranean power; both have moderate commercial interests already existing in Morocco, and both naturally seek to keep existing outlets open for the surplus of their industry. Each has equal reason to guard against the Protectionist policy of France; in fact, Germany in Tunis, of which she made so much, has suffered little in comparison with American trade in Madagascar since that island came under French domination. It is therefore easily understood by Americans that Germany should demand sure guarantees for an "open door" to her commerce and industry in Morocco,

no matter whether France or England or Spain should have the predominating influence.

In the Conference of Algeciras the nations have implicitly recognized, over and above this, the right of Germany to speak in Mediterranean affairs, — a distinct gain for her peculiar diplomacy. It will next be Italy's turn to hear from this diplomacy, in reference to her natural advance into Tripoli. Meanwhile it is hard to find what the practical use of the conference has been to France in Morocco itself.

In the world at large, however, France has also come to a consciousness of her real power. An English financier had already said that if the French people continue to live on the principle, "Where you have four sous spend only two," they will end by having in their possession all the coined gold in the world. The great portion of it which they already possess, and the distress caused to German finance and industry by the patriotic refusal of the united French banks to allow their gold to be drawn until peace was secure, had a great and probably decisive influence in the happy termination of this entangled affair of Morocco. The floating of the latest Russian loan has since come to show yet further the riches of France, to which tourists alone, it is estimated. add two billion francs in gold each year, This money power and money need should tend to the keeping of European peace more than all the theories of the pacifists who clamor for a disarmament impossible to obtain. In favor of France should also be added the unwieldiness of parliamentary government in case of sudden war.

On the 14th of March, 1906, the Rouvier government fell on a question of church inventories which had caused riots in various parts of the country; and a new Sarrien Cabinet was formed, in which the picturesque and leading part was taken by M. Clemenceau, who had hitherto been known only as a "ministry-smasher." The terrific mining disaster at Courrières, with its thousand victims, brought up the labor trouble in an aggravated form. The mining shares had gone from one hundred to three thousand francs, without any corresponding advance in the daily life — housing, schools, care for safety and old age — of the miners. It was just in time to aid the Confederation of Labor, which controls four hundred thousand workmen, in its general strike of May 1. To meet this the inventor of Radical Socialism, Minister Clemenceau, was obliged to place Paris under the protection of fifty thousand troops, — a practical necessity overriding all theory as to the proper use of the army in a republic. The elections which took place a week later have given the Radical Socialist *Bloc* over four hundred seats in the Chamber of Deputies, as against fewer than one hundred and eighty for the Opposition. The coming year will show how so tremendous a majority will deal with church and social questions.

THE FALL OF THE HOUSE OF JOHNS

BY WILLIAM JOHN HOPKINS

Mr. Fairleigh Johns was the last of his name. He was a bachelor of fifty-five, as I should have guessed, although it was impossible to get at his age with any accuracy. When we arrive at the mature age of fifty or thereabouts, we do not hanker for the celebration of more birthdays, and most of us are quite content to grow old unobtrusively, with as little noise on the journey as may be. Mr. Johns, I am afraid, was not so content as he should have been to grow old at all. He invoked the aid of art in simulating the appearance of youth, as nature was somewhat at fault in that respect. In this, he and his man James — a discreet person, who rarely spoke — were wonderfully successful. Any one who met Mr. Johns casually at the Club or on the street would have said, without hesitation, that he was not over forty-two or forty-three, or forty-five, at the most. To me, who remembered the time when he had been ten years my senior, and had been proud of the fact, it never ceased to be some marvel that he should be my junior by five; and that five a continually increasing difference as I grew unmistakably older. For I employed no art, having neither the time nor the inclination for its employment, for the purpose of simulating a youth which is no more; and, in consequence, my hair was well turned white, — prematurely, I like to think, — and was getting a little thin, although I brushed it with no care to conceal its thinness.

For the difference between us, or rather between our conditions in life, was this: I had to work, and Fairleigh Johns did not. To be sure, my work brought me in a reasonable income, and a certain modicum of happiness, as well; which I have reason to think was more than Mr. Johns's leisure did for him. But that is as it may be. He never complained to me that his share of happiness was overshort, and he may have found enough of it in following his daily round. For his days were much alike. Every morning he rose at nine precisely, having taken his coffee and his rolls in bed, — he, no doubt, being clad in his flowered silk dressing-gown the while. And thereafter, for two hours, he and James were busied in making him ready for the sight of men. At eleven precisely he issued from his door, which had been his father's before him, — for Mr. Johns considered that it was a distinction to live in his father's house, although it was getting to be rather far down-town, — he issued from his door and entered a hansom which, at that hour, was always waiting, and was driven a half dozen blocks, to the Bank. On very bright days in the spring or fall he dismissed the cab and walked, with that gait characteristic of your man of leisure, swinging his stick with studied grace, and jauntily withal, as befitted a man of his station.

Now it is not to be supposed that Mr. Johns had business at the Bank, or that his duties called him there. He was a man of leisure, as I have said; and he did but putter over his strong box and make sure that he had not been robbed overnight. Then he read from the morning paper the news that had interest for him, and in especial he noted the arrivals on the incoming steamers. At twelve precisely he laid the paper down, said his farewell to the amiable gentleman who permitted him to cumber his office, took up his stick, and, swinging it jauntily, as before, wended his leisurely way to the Club for his breakfast.

That breakfast was as much a matter of custom as any of Mr. Johns's move-

ments during his days. It was simple, for he had found that simple food was an aid in preserving that semblance of the youth that he seemed to covet; but his two eggs must be done just so, his toast must be just brown enough, and his little pot of tea just right, and smoking hot. To dinner, indeed, he gave his whole mind, spending the whole afternoon in sitting at the window and deciding what his next day's dinner should be. For, although Mr. Johns usually dined at the Club, on Saturday nights he entertained one friend, or at the most two, at his house, where he could dispense an overflowing hospitality with impunity.

The afternoon, as I have said, he was accustomed to spend in sitting at the window of the Club, deciding upon his dinner for the next day, and incidentally in gazing out at the prospect. The prospect would not have allured me, as it consisted of a procession of women doing their afternoon shopping; but it seemed to suffice for Mr. Johns, for there he sat, always, until nearly five o'clock. Then he was accustomed to rise from his chair briskly, get himself well brushed, go home in a hansom to change his clothes, and in that same hansom to sally forth for a call or two, or for a dish of tea with Miss Letitia. The evening he spent at the Club, except for the little dinners that I have mentioned, and except that on Monday nights he was accustomed to go to the theatre.

In such a round of habit had Fairleigh Johns lived for many years. Indeed, he seemed likely to continue to follow it until the blowing of the last trump, growing relatively younger with every year that passed, while the rest of us, perforce, followed that law of nature which leads but to the grave. So that when I found him, one Monday evening, sitting morosely in his chair at the Club, I could but marvel and hold my peace. For what, thought I, can keep Fairleigh Johns in of a Monday night, and a pleasant one at that? Has he, perchance, lost money? And in this I was more nearly right than I imagined, although not quite right, either. And I pondered upon the matter for a while, until, at last I must needs speak of it. So I drew near.

"Fairleigh," said I, pretending but slight interest, "what in the world keeps you in to-night? Have the theatres all closed, or is it a death in the family?" — for I knew well I might safely indulge in this pleasantry.

At this his morose look fled, and there came a smile upon his face, — such a smile as we assume to veil our feelings. "No, old man," he said. "You know I have no relatives. I did not feel like it to-night."

Now was there anything in this reply which should so vex me? He called me "old man," as if to draw attention to his own youth, when I knew — A most pernicious habit, that, of addressing another as "old man," — one to be discouraged. And that smile, which had become habitual with Fairleigh Johns! It repelled familiarity, to be sure; but it discouraged intimacy, too. I felt aggrieved. I always had somewhat of that feeling, except when his manner amused. One never seemed to get below the surface with Mr. Johns, never seemed to pass the barriers set by that smile. His voice was as sounding brass and tinkling cymbals. This thought comforted me in some measure, and I sat me down in the chair at the other side of the window.

"See," he said, "the lighting of that spot, there in the park. Wonderful effect! The street lights are hidden from where I sit, so that they do not mar the effect. Wonderful! Some painter should get hold of that."

I rose to see it as he saw it, and dutifully echoed him. So that was what he sat there for. Mr. Johns pretended to some skill as a connoisseur. But I had not come to talk of lighting effects.

"How is Miss Letitia?" I asked, interrupting some empty remark of his. "Have you seen her lately?"

"A wonderful woman! A wonderful woman!" he exclaimed, warming into some enthusiasm, as he always did at the

mention of her name. "A queen among women."

"Have you seen her lately?" I repeated.

"Eh?" he said, as if startled. "Yes, I dropped in to take tea the other day. She seemed well — very well. And she looked handsomer than ever. I tell you, old fellow, she grows younger with the years. She ought to be immortal."

There it was again, — "old fellow." But I forgave him readily enough. As if I did not know that he dropped in there regularly twice a week! As if all of his friends did not know that he had done the same thing for the last twenty years! But I agreed with him that she ought to be immortal.

"Yes," I said. "Her few gray hairs are very becoming, I think. There are some people who look the better for a touch of gray at the top."

He bristled at once. "Gray hairs!" he cried, — if Fairleigh Johns could ever be said to cry anything. "I don't believe there is one. Gray hairs!"

I laughed. "Peace be unto you, Fairleigh Johns, and unto Miss Letitia," said I. "I am willing to acknowledge her the handsomest woman, of any age, that I know, and the sweetest and most reasonable. But I am willing to swear I saw a gray lock on either temple when I met her last. What, man! She owns to her forty-odd years like a man, — or like a woman. It is n't every man will own to his years. Shall a woman of forty-five not have gray hairs? It is her crown."

I touched him there, I think. He knew well enough what I meant, and he winced. It was but a fair return for the "old man" and "old fellow."

"Well, well," he said; "if you are sure you saw them. But it is strange that I should not see them, too."

"No, it is not strange," I answered. "You see her often, — and you see her always with the eyes of twenty years ago. Tell me, is it not so?"

He was silent for some while. "Yes," he said then, sighing deeply. "Yes, I suppose I do." He fell again into a silence that lasted long. The smile was gone. I thought the better of him for that. "She was a very beautiful woman, then," he said gently. "I always wondered why she never married. She could have had any one — any one."

"Including Fairleigh Johns?" I asked. It was a jarring note, and I knew it; but, for the life of me, I could not have helped it. She could have had me, for one.

The smile returned, — a deprecating smile. "Such happiness is not for me," he answered. "What could I have offered a woman? No, no. I must be content with — content."

And had he found it? I did not ask. He could have offered a woman as much as most of the rest of us, except, perhaps, his heart, — a trifle, and of little value. I did not answer him, and for a long while neither of us spoke. What he was thinking of is matter for conjecture; at least, he gave no hint of it. My thoughts ran riot, but never strayed far from Miss Letitia; I named over her admirers until I came to Alan Martiss. He had recovered and married years ago. What was it in connection with his name? I had seen the headlines in my neighbor's paper that very morning.

"Fairleigh," I said. He started, as though his thoughts were far away. He had forgotten my presence. "What has Alan Martiss done? I saw his name in the headlines of another man's paper this morning, but I forgot it before I had the chance to get one."

"He has embezzled trust funds," he answered, in his even voice. "It is curious that I was just thinking of him, too." Ah, Fairleigh Johns, so you were doing what I was doing! It is not so strange, after all. "He had control of an estate — the Ellicotts', you remember — and when the trust terminated, he — well, there is nothing left."

"Nothing left!" I cried, bewildered. "Why, man, do you mean to say — Why, those Ellicott boys are just in college. They will have to give it up."

"They will have to give it up," he repeated. "But you forget. One of them is in his junior year. The other, as you say, has just entered. And they will have to give it up. For Mrs. Ellicott has nothing. It seems hard."

"Seems hard!" I cried again. Rage burned within me at his calmness. "Seems hard! And where is Alan Martiss?"

"At his house," he replied, quietly enough. Then he leaned toward me and whispered. "At his house — dead. He shot himself this noon."

"Good God!" said I.

"It is not in the papers — yet. It will be, in the morning."

"Good God!" said I. And I thought of Alan Martiss, and of his wife. There were many of us who thought he had been a better man without her. "Poor fellow!"

"Poor fellow!" he echoed in scorn. "And what of the Ellicotts? Who has had the squandering of their money?" I had never known Fairleigh Johns to speak with so much feeling.

"The admirable Mrs. Martiss," I answered; for I had recovered my mental balance, and with it my power of speech. There is nothing so upsetting as to be betrayed into the expression of feeling. "Think of his life for the last five years. Think how he must have been harassed and worried before he would touch trust funds. Think of the beginnings, — for Alan was an honest man once, — the little borrowings, that grew until there was no hope of repayment. The termination of the trust coming nearer every day" —

"He has only what he has deserved," interrupted Fairleigh Johns. Then, speaking slowly, he enunciated this: "I would have the embezzlement of trust funds punishable by hanging."

I laughed. "Well, Fairleigh, if you would hang the right person. In this case, for instance, if Mrs. Martiss" —

"Mrs. Martiss has nothing to do with it. Alan alone is responsible for funds entrusted to him."

"No extenuating circumstances?" I asked. "I guess, if we could know, we should find that Mrs. Martiss had a good deal to do with it. But if Alan alone is responsible, he is where he will answer for it, now. May the Lord be merciful unto him!"

I rose to go home, and Mr. Johns rose also. "I will walk along with you, if you don't mind, old fellow," he said.

We walked in silence through the streets, which were well-nigh deserted. It was not time for the theatres to be out. I was thinking of Alan Martiss and the Ellicotts. It was too late to do anything for Alan, but there was still time to allow my sympathies to have their way, so far as the Ellicotts were concerned. I would offer Jim Ellicott a place in my office. There was room there for another man. That was settled, and it lifted a weight off my mind.

"Fairleigh," I said, "how is Curtis getting on? Have you seen him?" For Richard Curtis had once been an admirer of Miss Letitia, too. He had remained single, like so many others. Was it because of her? I wondered. She would have an account to settle if it were. And had Fairleigh Johns remembered, too?

"Yes," he answered; "I dropped in there yesterday. I fear there is little hope for him. He grows weaker every day. The worst of it is, he seems to prefer to — er — go. But he is an old man."

Curtis an old man! He was, perhaps, two or three years older than Mr. Johns. But he had not taken the pains that Fairleigh had to maintain his youth. And Fairleigh had a curious aversion to speaking of dying. I had no reply ready, and I left him at the corner of the street where our ways parted. I went home to write my note to Mrs. Ellicott.

In the weeks that followed Mr. Johns was more and more often to be found at the Club of a Monday evening. Had he found that advancing age killed his love for the play, or had the illusion of the stage vanished, that he found life all paint and pasteboard? He always had

averred that he preserved the illusions of youth; but now he had no reason ready save that he was not in the mood. And Fairleigh Johns was always a man ready with his reasons, even if they did not convince. But as the weeks grew into months, he resumed his habits, or seemed to; for he was not in his chair by the window on Monday nights, and on Tuesdays he could tell to a nicety all the good points of the play of the evening before, and all its bad points, too. And how should we know that he had his opinions secondhand? The dramatic critic of his paper at the Bank was an excellent critic. But, one Monday evening, I wandered idly through the street where stood the house of Johns, and I saw a light in Fairleigh's study. For he must needs have a study, although he used it to little purpose. And as I stood, hesitating, half inclined to go in, I saw his shadow walking aimlessly to and fro, and I went on my way. And the next day, at the Club, he was as ready as before with his account of the play. I marveled for a while, and then forgot it.

It was soon after that that Mr. Johns began to cease favoring us with his presence. First it was on Wednesday evening that his favorite chair by the window was vacant. Then on Friday, so that he was with us only on Tuesday and Thursday. We rallied him upon it, and he answered, as he had before, that he was not in the mood. He smiled as he spoke, too, so that we were forced to take his reply for truth, though none of us believed it. And I noted that his waistcoat was frayed about the bottom. It had been carefully trimmed with scissors, but the fraying was unmistakable. Poor gentleman! He had always been most particular in paying his tailor, and one would suppose that that traditionally obliging man would have made his evening clothes on credit. His other clothes were not frayed about the edges, however, but were as perfect as we had come to expect the clothes of Fairleigh Johns to be.

Richard Curtis, after a delay that must have been hard for him to bear, died peacefully one Sunday morning. I went to his funeral, where I saw Fairleigh Johns, unobtrusively important. I saw Miss Letitia, too, and could not keep my eyes off her, try as I might. She spoke to me as we went out. "Why have you not been to see me?" she asked. "I hear of you occasionally, from Mr. Johns, but he has been able to tell me little of late. Come and see me. It is some years since you honored my poor house. It is not right that old friends should fall into such bad habits. For we *are* old friends, are we not?" And she smiled sweetly upon me.

"God knows that I am your friend, Letitia, and shall always be, I hope," I answered. "I will come."

"Come, then, and soon," she said, and passed on.

Now who but Miss Letitia could speak so frankly of my absence from her house? For I had a purpose in it, and that purpose was no less than to ease a hurt that was not eased, nor would be while I had life. She must have known it, but she ignored it, and with her smile she made as naught the settled purpose of years. Who could resist her smile, or say nay when she said yea? I would go, and soon.

Accordingly the very next evening there waited at Miss Letitia's door a man most carefully arrayed, a man whose hair was well turned white and grown a little thin, a man whose heart beat high, — for an old man. Why did my heart thump so? I knew well that there was but the welcome that there always was for me. It was rather soon, perhaps, but had she not said "soon?" And a resolve once taken, — a purpose once cast aside as futile, — we have no time to lose, we old fellows.

"You see, Letitia, I have come," I said. "A suggestion from you, and our vows are empty words. I hope it is not too soon."

"That could not be," she answered. She did not ask me what vows I meant, for she knew well. She had known these twenty years and more, — bless me, it

was nearer twenty-five. And again and again I had resolved that I would not voluntarily come into her presence, — and she had smiled upon me and bid me come. And I had come. But she was speaking. "It is good to see you," she said.

"Ah, Letitia," I replied, "you have us all well broken, — us old fellows. For I must pass as an old fellow now. Why, think of it, Fairleigh Johns calls me 'old man.' I wonder whether Richard Curtis had not the right of it, after all."

A look of pain had crossed her face as I began, a fleeting look that was gone as quickly as it had come; and she made a gesture with her hand, as if she would disclaim responsibility.

"If you are an old fellow," she said, "at least you must admit me to that class. For I am forty-five, and you are but two years older. I have not forgotten."

"And how old is Fairleigh, then?" I asked.

"He is as old as he feels," she answered. "And, to-day, I imagine that is not so young as he looks. But that is not a fair question."

"I wonder" — I began, and stopped.

"Well," said she, "go on. You wonder" —

"I wonder," I went on, "whether Curtis left him anything. They were once close friends."

"Richard Curtis must have been a rich man?" she said, questioning. "I do not know. I scarcely saw him for years." She spoke with some embarrassment. Here was one man whose purpose she could not break. Or had she tried? "I know of no reason why I should not tell you. I received from his lawyer, this morning, an envelope, containing, as he said, the name of the — beneficiary, do you call it? — of a trust. It is not to be opened for two years."

"A most curious provision," I said. Curtis usually had a reason for anything he did.

"Is n't it? I shall do my best to keep it safe. But two years is — two years."

"And who is the trustee?" I asked. "Did he tell you?"

"He did not say," she answered. "But if I were to guess, I should say it was Mr. Johns."

"I thought he seemed to feel some unusual importance yesterday. By the way, is there any chance of his coming here this evening?"

She laughed. "You have not changed, have you? I remember, twenty years ago" — Suddenly she broke off, and blushed, a burning blush that must have hurt. What did she remember, twenty years ago? There were many things to remember. And the blush faded, leaving her with a pretty pink in her cheeks — she looked wonderfully handsome, with the color in her cheeks, and the gray lock on either temple, and a mass of dark hair like a crown. And her figure — but why catalogue her beauty? She must have been taller than Fairleigh Johns. And I knew that, for me, she was the most beautiful. But the blush faded, and she gave no other sign, but went on: "I remember, twenty years ago, you used to ask the same thing."

It was true enough. Twenty years ago I had been absurdly jealous of Fairleigh. For he was then ten years older than I, and invested with the glory that comes of being older, with experience, and with the added glory of being rich. For so I accounted him, being a gentleman of leisure, while I, forsooth, was but a callow youth, recently fledged, with no leisure to speak of, — and no money to speak of, either. And so I envied him, and was jealous of him. I envied him no longer, but —

"You have a good memory, Letitia," I said. "Can you remember other things as well, I wonder? But you have not answered my question."

"Truly, I have not," she said; "and you are unchanged in more ways than one, for you will take none but a direct answer. Well, then, Mr. Johns will not come this evening. I have not seen him, of an evening, for — oh, for some months."

For some months! That might make it about the same time that he had withdrawn his presence from the Club. We never saw him, now, of an evening, although I was told that he was in his customary place every afternoon.

"He comes regularly for his tea?" I asked.

Again she laughed. "Oh, yes," she said. "I give him tea, with great regularity, on Tuesday and Friday afternoons." Then the laugh died quickly. "Do you know," she said, "that I am worried about Mr. Johns. He seems,— I am afraid his income is less than it was, — and it never was any too large, I think. He has lived so long in just that way — got his expenses so nicely adjusted — that any change would mean more to him than it would to most,— to you, for instance. I wish there was some way in which I could give him something, — make it up to him out of my abundance."

"I have thought the same thing," I replied, "thought it for some time. But I suppose you have not hinted your — very disinterested and commendable desire to Mr. Johns."

She made a gesture of horror. "Oh, never, never. I could n't. I never can. It would be fatal to his self-respect — his pride. You knew better than that, surely."

"Yes," I said, "I did."

"Is there any way," she asked.

"I do not see any way," I answered. "I fear Fairleigh will have the novel experience of standing on his own feet. It will do him no harm."

She was silent, musing. "Do you think so?" she said at last. "I am afraid it may. He is not accustomed to it."

"Moral corns?" said I, smiling rather grimly. "Pardon me, Letitia."

She gave me an answering smile, but it was not grim. "Yes, — or immoral. But will you do something for me?" She did not wait for me to acquiesce, which I was ready enough to do, although I felt it in my bones that I was to be but a burnt offering on the altar of Fairleigh Johns. The old jealousy flamed up afresh. But I would do it,— whatever it might be, — since she asked it of me. "Go around and see him."

"I will," I said, "to-morrow night."

"No, go to-night — now."

"Letitia," I observed, "you have not changed in these twenty years, any more than I. Now here am I, returned after long years, and very comfortable where I am. Yes, even happy. But I am no sooner come — at your bidding, though very willingly — than you send me forth again. And for what? To call upon Mr. Johns, forsooth, whom you see regularly twice a week. Is that reasonable?"

"A penance for your long absence," she said, and laughed a little. "But you may come again — to-morrow evening. And thereafter, as often as you like. I will not send you out, I promise you."

"To-morrow evening — to report," I said, and rose. And as I turned to her I saw that her eyes were filled with tears. "Forgive me, Letitia," I cried. "I was at my old tricks. I will not do it again — if I can help it. But you do not know how hard it is to forget — old tricks."

"I would not have you forget," she said, and smiled on me. Her smile was like the sunlight, penetrating every nook and long-closed corner of my heart, and warming those cold places. I may have held her hand a bit longer than was necessary, and then I went forth to do her errand.

And so it befell that I was ringing at the door of Mr. Johns. A light showed in his study, but no one answered my ring. I rang again and yet again. And a window opened above my head, and there came a querulous and complaining voice, asking my business.

"Why, Fairleigh," I said, "it is but to make a friendly call. But if you are occupied" —

Then the tone of the voice changed, and I could feel him smiling at me in the dark. "My dear fellow, my dear fellow," he said, "just wait a minute until I can get down there, and I will open the door. Delighted to see you, I am sure."

An uncommon long time it takes him to come down one flight of stairs, thought I, as I stood and cooled my heels without his door, and I was half of a mind to go. But I bethought me of Letitia, and waited. And presently he came, profuse in his apologies for keeping me waiting, and "dear fellow"-ing me till it turned me sick. And he would take my coat.

"For, you see," he said, "most unfortunately, I have let James go out. I did not expect any one, you see — but I am positively delighted to see you, old man. This is like old times."

Then he led me to his study. Here were papers scattered in confusion, and I noted that he pounced upon a heap of them, and got them out of sight. I noted also that he was not in evening dress.

"Have a cigar, old man?" He went to a closet as he spoke, and got out a box. There were the two stamps on the box, but I observed that the cigars fitted the box but ill. I declined, which seemed to please him. He was not smoking.

Then followed commonplaces in a flood, always with that smile. And I wanted to get behind it if I could, — if there were anything behind it. Was there? Or if one rapped him with his stick would he give forth a hollow sound, like an empty copper tank? I was almost of a mind to try it, and had gripped my stick and was about to reach forth, when he spoke.

"These papers," he said, including them all in a graceful wave of the hand, "they are left to me by poor Curtis. I was trying to put them in order when you came. But there is no sort of hurry — oh, no hurry," he quickly added, for he saw me rise to go.

I sat down again. "What are they, Fairleigh, — if you don't mind saying?" I asked.

"Oh, not at all, not at all. They seem to be almost everything — all sorts," he answered. "Poor Curtis left all his papers to me; and there are some that" — He broke off, as if he had come near to saying what he might be sorry for. "And he made me a trustee — a strange trust, I think — for I don't know whom. There is an envelope — I have put it in my safe — which contains the name. It is not to be opened for two years. Strange, don't you think?"

"It is strange," I said. I was near to revealing Miss Letitia's share in it, but I asked another question first. "Is there no one else who has this name?"

"Yes," he said eagerly; "and that's what bothers me. There is another envelope, but who has it I do not know — and I am not to know."

"Very strange!" I murmured, musing. What could Curtis have meant? "But cheer up, man. It is most likely that you are yourself the one — that you will find your own name in that envelope."

"I hope so — I hope so," he sighed. "It is twenty thousand dollars that I hold in trust. If only I might know who has the other!" It was said very low, almost to himself. I had got behind the smile, at last.

"Well, I must go," I said. "I have interrupted you long enough. Remember Alan Martiss, Fairleigh."

I did but jest, of course, and thought he would be merry at it; but he was not. His face clouded, and he spoke soberly.

"There is no need to remind me. I have not forgotten. I shall not follow his example. You remember that I had an opinion of his acts, and it has not changed."

There was none of the emphasis that was there before, and he spoke half-heartedly, I thought, to convince himself.

"Why, man," said I, "I was joking. A poor joke, no doubt you think it. And so it is. I do not expect you to embezzle. Good-night."

"Oh, must you go?" The smile was there again. "Well, good-night, old fellow. Come again."

I left him to get out again the papers I had seen him put away, and marveled a moment, and wondered what purpose Curtis could have had, and then forgot the matter. For I had certain matters

of my own that were pleasanter for me to think on,—and, pleasant or not, I must needs think on them. And I went home and went to bed and slept, and as I slept I dreamed. And in my dream I saw Letitia weeping sore, and there was Fairleigh Johns in a cell with bars across, and he stretched his hands toward her. And, with his hands stretched out to her, the cell sank gradually to immeasurable depths, and vanished from my sight. And as I would have comforted Letitia, lo, she, too, faded away, and vanished from my sight. And I woke with a start, the impress of my dream strong upon me. I could not get rid of it all day. And I went to see Letitia,—to report, as I had promised,—and I thought to rid my mind of it by telling it to her.

"Oh!" she cried, with that gesture of the hands, as though she would put the matter from her. It had become a favorite trick of hers. "Oh, horrible! I am sorry you had that dream, and sorrier yet that you told it to me. I can see him now, sinking slowly to immeasurable depths, and holding out his hands to me. But could I not help him?"

"I do not know, Letitia," I answered. "In my dream you seemed to want to, and to be sorry for something. But I know you did not."

"But I will," she said, "and nothing shall stop me." She said it under her breath, seemingly forgetting my presence.

"Certainly I will not stop you," I said. "Do not think it." I suppose that I spoke with some bitterness. I know that I felt it. For here was she, thinking only of Fairleigh Johns and a dream, while here was I, thinking only of her — in the flesh. At least, there was no dream about that.

Instantly she smiled—and her smile had a marvelous power to change the aspect of things.

"I know that you will not," she said. "You will help me—growling and grumbling, as you ever did. But how foolish we are to be so affected by a dream. Let us talk of something else."

And so we did, and we were merry and foolish and retrospective by turns. Yet the dream held us in its grip, and by the time I left I was ready to consign Fairleigh Johns to the nethermost depths. Would he never give me an evening with Letitia alone?

So time went on, and the memory of the dream faded,—to naught with me, and apparently to as slight proportions with Letitia. It had become my habit to see her at least once a week, and Mr. Johns, at last, had given me an evening without his disturbing presence. It must have been some months before I saw him, and then I came upon him at the Club. He was in his favorite chair by the window, gazing abstractedly at the spot of light in the little park. I made some exclamation of surprise, and he looked up, smiling pleasantly.

"Ah, old fellow," he said, "just look at that spot of light in the park. Wonderful effect! Some painter"—

But I interrupted him. "Yes," I said; "I know about that. It's true enough. But where have you been all this time?"

He paid no attention to my rudeness. "Why," he answered, in mild surprise, "I have been about—as usual. I think I have occupied this chair every afternoon."

"Ah, but you know that I am never here until after five. Why have you stayed away of evenings?"

And then I noted that his evening clothes were new. There was no fraying about the edges.

"Why," he said, as though it had just occurred to him, "perhaps I have been away a good deal, lately. But you see there were many things to be attended to. And I suppose I did not feel in the mood. I was here once or twice last week, and once the week before. I did not see you."

He looked up, questioning. The evenings must have been those reserved for Letitia. Had she not told him? If she had not told, certainly I would not be the one to tell. It was something to feel that I shared a secret with her.

"No?" I answered. "I do not come regularly."

I plumped me down in the chair opposite. We spoke of many things; but I avoided with great care — and some skill — the subject of his trust. He avoided it with equal care and skill, although it was uppermost in his thoughts. Soon I saw that we were beginning to approach the subject of Letitia. I would not talk of her with Fairleigh Johns, and I rose to go.

"My dear fellow!" he said. "Going? It is early, is n't it?"

It was, very. And I knew that I should have a long evening, alone in my rooms. But I pleaded weariness.

He was abominably cheerful. "Well, if you must, you must," he said. "How you men stand the eternal grind of work is beyond my comprehension. Will you do me the honor of dining with me on Saturday evening — at my house?"

So the little dinners had begun again. I assented, for I could not, at the moment, think of any reasonable excuse.

I mentioned the matter to Letitia at the first opportunity, — which was on the following evening. I was not losing any time in those days. To my surprise, it seemed to worry her.

"Oh, I am sorry," she cried. "I am certain that his income is no more than it has been for some time. I am afraid" —

I smiled, for I remembered his opinion of the deeds of Alan Martiss. I told Letitia.

"I think you need not be afraid," I said. "After all, we know nothing of his income."

But she did know, it seemed. Mr. Johns had told her, in his extremity, of the failure of some mills in which he had an interest. The mills had not recovered; at least, not sufficiently to pay a dividend, as I happened to know.

"So you see," she said, "why I am afraid. After all, any man, if he is in want, — and to Mr. Johns any change in his habits would seem like want, — I hate to think of it."

"Do not think of it," I replied. "I have a sickness that will prevent my keeping my engagement with him. This is but Wednesday. There is plenty of time."

She laughed, with little mirth. "No, no," she said. "He would come around to see you — and ask some one else. It would be of no use. It will be better for you to go. And keep a watch on him."

I promised to keep a watch on him. "It makes me feel like a private detective," I said. "Shall I need a disguise? With a black wig and a false beard, I might deceive even Fairleigh Johns."

She laughed again, and her laugh was merry enough this time. "He would not let you in. No, go as you are. You serve my purpose best as you are."

"Ah, Letitia," said I, "I serve your purpose passing well, do I not? And yet you would not have me now, any more than you would have me twenty years ago. Oh, do not be afraid, I am not going to ask you." For I saw the color mounting slowly, until her neck, her cheeks, her forehead were dyed crimson.

She did not speak, and I went quickly; only she gave me her hand for a moment at parting, and that was hot, too, as though the crimson flood had swept over her like a wave. But it meant nothing, — unless it meant Fairleigh. I hated him for it.

So I went to dine with Mr. Johns on Saturday, and I kept a watch on him, although he did not know it. James was there, silent and attentive, and Fairleigh pressed upon me dainties — of his own devising — and fairly smothered me with attentions. But his talk was of nothing but his dinner; he had given it much thought, and this was an Italian dinner.

"Have more olives, old fellow. These black olives are eaten by the dozen, you know." And he proceeded to give me the history of the olives. "This red wine, you know, is very light. You can drink it as you would water." And he gave me the history of the light wine. And James was ever at my elbow, with more olives, or ready to fill my glass with wine. I did not wish to drink the wine as I would water, for I have never succeeded in overcoming

my liking for water as a beverage; but it did not matter. And when the dinner was ended, there was a box of cigars with its two stamps, and the cigars fitted the box. Seeing this, I took one, which seemed to please Mr. Johns to a marvel; and there we sat, smoking and sipping our coffee, which was in a wonderful machine, likewise of his own devising. He explained its operation at some length, so that I knew as much about it as I had known before. And all this while he had the familiar smile on his face, the smile that always made me wonder what lay behind it. And again there came upon me the desire to rap him with my stick, that I might learn whether he would give forth the hollow sound of an empty copper tank. But I bethought me that he was well filled with dinner — and my stick was not at hand.

And at last I could take my leave, and did, none the wiser for my watching, and glad enough to go. And I went home and went to bed and slept; and as I slept I dreamed once again the dream in which Mr. Johns's part was simple, — merely to sink slowly, holding out his hands the while, to immeasurable depths. And in my dream I thought that it were easy enough to learn the part if Letitia played the other. But I did not tell the dream to Letitia, nor could I report anything of moment.

So, for more than a year, we kept watch on Mr. Johns. I would have forgotten him with pleasure, for I was come once more to feel that absurd jealousy of twenty years ago; and absurd it was, for what possible use could Letitia have for a man whose hair was well turned white, and grown a little thin on top? And Fairleigh was a pretty figure of a man. He was tall enough, — although less tall than Letitia, — and would do to prance about drawing-rooms. I had little inclination for that. But I did my part, to please her. Who would not? I dined with him a half dozen times, — always with the same sense of weariness, — and I saw him each week at the Club. And I remember that on one occasion I could no longer keep in my evil temper. I was grown sore with it.

"Fairleigh," I said, "you remember Alan Martiss?"

Now, there was some excuse for me, for Jim Ellicott was in my office, and he served as a reminder of Alan. Not that that was the reason, nor did I pretend to myself that it was; it was just jealousy and an evil temper. At least, I am no hypocrite. But no one could have imagined that it would have had the effect it did, — a mere mention of a name. Mr. Johns went white, — white as his immaculate shirt front. And then he went red, — a fiery red, — and again white. And then he burst forth in speech. I had not supposed that Fairleigh Johns had it in him.

"What do you mean," he cried, "by continually reminding me of Alan Martiss? Do you think that I, too, am incapable of carrying out a trust — honorably? Come now, yes or no."

I did what I could to pacify him. "My dear fellow!" I said, "you know that Jim Ellicott is in my office, and I am naturally reminded of the late Mr. Martiss. And I think this is but the second time, in more than a year, that I have mentioned his name to you. Besides, Fairleigh, you will recollect that you spoke somewhat vehemently of his conduct, — while I thought there was some excuse for him, poor fellow! I do not doubt that you are the soul of honor. You must not take it too seriously, old man. Richard Curtis — peace to his ashes! — would doubtless consider your administration of the trust quite satisfactory."

I had called him "old man," which comforted my soul. And he had not appeared to notice it. He changed his tone completely; even seemed to be afraid. I thought of the dream.

"You must pardon me, my dear fellow," said he, "for my absurd burst of temper. Of course I know that you did not mean anything by your reference to Martiss. But the trust is so peculiar — so strange in its provisions — that I am

sensitive about it. It wears on me — it wears on me."

It certainly did wear on him. Now that I had it brought to my attention, I could see lines which even the skill of James was unable to conceal. I was sorry for Mr. Johns.

"It will be some months before the termination of the trust," he resumed, looking out at the spot of light in the park, and avoiding my eyes. "I want to ask you to do something for me. It is not much to ask." What was this, I wondered. Would it involve Letitia? I waited. "Dine with me the day it terminates. I will remind you."

He looked at me then, a moment, and his eyes fell. I was relieved, and consented readily. I had been fearful that he might ask me to find out for him — and that I would not have done. And, for the first time, I began to have my doubts of Mr. Johns.

True to his promise, Fairleigh reminded me of the day, which I had forgotten. And that very afternoon I stopped in at my bookseller's, to browse among the books. I had been there some time, and was about to go, my one treasure, spoil of the afternoon, under my arm. I held it up for the worthy bookseller to see. He nodded, — this was our custom. We understood one another well, this bookseller and I. Then an idea seemed to strike him, and he came down to me.

"Here is something I want you to see," he said. "It will not come out until tomorrow. But it will make a sensation — it will make a sensation, or I am mistaken."

And he held up the book, which he had kept behind him. It was nothing much to see, only the perfection of the binder's craft and of the printer's. I took it in my hand, lovingly, and turned the pages, — "The Diary of a Well Known Man," — and I read a little here and there as I turned.

"Why," I said, "this is Richard Curtis's diary."

The good man was smiling broadly. "Of course," he replied, "it is. Any one who knew Curtis would guess at a glance. But the publishers are taking no chances. There will be interviews in the papers; and I happen to know that they are already written. The book will be much talked about — in the papers. It will be a good seller."

A good seller! So that was what Curtis had come to. His diary — his intimate record of his daily thoughts and feelings, never intended for publication — would be a good seller. I would see more of it. I slipped my treasure into my pocket and sat me down.

"That is right," said the good bookseller, "look it over. Perhaps I can save you time." He pointed out passage after passage, and at last stopped and hesitated. "Now this," — he said, "I confess, I have my doubts about this. I think that perhaps you will know the lady, or who she is. I do not know, nor whether she is alive or dead. But it will unquestionably be of interest; and I suppose Mr. Johns knows his own business best."

"Mr. Johns!" I cried. "Mr. Johns!"

"Why, yes," he answered. "I supposed that you knew. He got these together, — and he got a good round sum for them, too. I understood that the papers were all left to him, to use as he saw fit."

"Yes, yes," I said, more vexed than I cared to own. "I knew it."

The bookseller left me, and I plunged in at once. First should come the passage that he had his doubts about. If that passed muster, the rest would pass.

He might well have his doubts. It was all about Letitia, — thinly disguised under her initial, — and there were some thirty pages of it. I was boiling hot as I read. Every friend of Curtis's would recognize it and remember. It was all set forth, — his first meeting, the growing love for her, her refusal of him. She refused him three times, it seemed, within two years. And there he stopped, — one could see the struggle and the effort it cost him, — but he never saw her, willingly, again. And

never once did he speak of her but in the most tender way. Ah, Fairleigh Johns, it is a cruel thing that you have done, — wicked, infamous! Thou Judas!

When I was somewhat calmed I called the bookseller to me. "Now, friend," I said, "I am about to ask you to do me a great favor. Suppress this book."

He looked blank. "That will be difficult," he answered, "and will cost something. But it can be done, if you do not mind the expense. A few copies will have gotten out, but not many. Yes, it can be done."

"Do it," I said, "and I am your friend forever."

"Well," he said, "well" — He heaved a long sigh of regret. It was hard to have to smother this promising infant as soon as it was born. "I suppose I must see the publishers at once. But it seems a pity. It would be a good seller."

But this worthy bookseller of mine was not all bookseller. He was man as well, and as a man he had had his doubts. And so I left him, somewhat eased of my fear. And I walked to my rooms, for I would clear the fogs from my brain, that I might think clearly and see what was to do. For I have ever found that violent exercise helps to clear thinking, whether it be chopping wood or other. And many a time, when I might do naught else but walk, have I found myself miles from home before I had my matter thought out, for I took no heed to my feet but only to my head, and tore along at a pace that made the policemen stare. So I walked; and as I walked, I bethought me that here was Richard Curtis, and he had had three refusals within two years, while I had but one, and that one twenty years and more behind me. Was I to be outdone by a dead man? As for Fairleigh Johns, I would eat his dinner, and then be as rude as God made me.

So I went home and dressed with more than ordinary care; and in due time I was ringing at Mr. Johns's door. James let me in, silently, and ushered me into Mr. Johns's presence. He, poor fool, was more than usually cheerful, — cheerful to the verge of hilarity; and I had to endure his cheerfulness, as I might the best, through a dinner longer than common. But at last we were sipping our coffee and smoking, in his study, and James the Silent was no longer behind my chair.

"Well, Fairleigh," I said, "and who is the fortunate person? What is the name within the mysterious envelope?"

I thought that he would never speak, he was so long in doing it; and I watched the changing expressions on his face until I found them amusing. I wondered which would prevail, — which state of mind would be the last.

I should have known it. There came the smile upon his face. "I do not know," he said at last. "I have not opened it."

"Why, man," I cried, "have it out, then, and let us see."

"Well," he said slowly, "if I must, — and I suppose I must." He rose, reluctantly, I thought, and went to his safe.

"There!" he said, throwing upon the table the envelope, unopened. "You open it. I — I am afraid."

He was afraid. There was no doubt of it. His voice quivered as he spoke. I took the envelope and tore it open, although I knew well enough, by this, what name it contained. Had I not Curtis's confession in my pocket?

"Letitia," I said, and tossed it toward him.

He did not take it up. He groaned, instead, then forced himself to smile. "I hoped," he murmured, "I hoped — but it does not matter."

I watched him for some while, in pity for that which I was about to do. But what was to do must be done.

"Fairleigh," I said, with a sprightly manner, and, as I spoke, pulling forth the book, "here is an interesting production, — full of interest for the friends of Curtis."

He smiled in a pleased way, but deprecating, too. "I am glad you think so," he answered. "I tried to make it so."

"You succeeded," I went on, bent upon

my purpose, "admirably. Your industry is to be commended. You have made it interesting for Miss Letitia and her friends too."

He stammered forth his surprise. "Miss Letitia — Miss Letitia? But how — I do not see — how — What do you mean?"

"Fairleigh Johns," I said slowly, "do you mean to tell me that you have forgotten — that you did not know Richard Curtis's love story before you got these together? I do not believe it. Do you know what you have done? You have made Letitia a topic of conversation in every club in town. You have made her the subject of newspaper interviews, — already written. You may expect to hear her name cried in the street within a week. Do not say that you did not know it. What you have done is" — I hesitated for a fitting word. None other would do. "— is damnable. You have forgotten your duty to Curtis — who is dead — and to her — who is alive. Do you think she will not writhe under it?"

He tried to brazen it out. "Really, my dear fellow," he replied, "I fail to see that you have a duty in the matter. It lies between my publishers and myself. And," he added, lamely enough, "the book was not to come out until to-morrow."

"Letitia," I repeated, "who was ready to give to you of her abundance, you have sacrificed, — for a cheap notoriety. You will find it come dear, Fairleigh."

Again I was amused in watching the changing expressions on his face. Some while I watched him; then he covered his face with his hands, and groaned.

"Twice," he said at last, but not looking at me, "twice, in the past two years, you have mentioned Alan Martiss's name to me. The last time I was afraid, and made an angry reply. It was a guilty conscience that made me; for I have done as he did, — not so much," he added hastily, as if for fear that I should think nothing was left, "not so much. Not more than a quarter of the money is gone; and you do not know how I was tempted. Why, one evening, when you came, you remember James was out. I said I had let him go. So I had, and so I did each evening, — any time that he could get employment, except the mornings. I needed him, then. And I gave up the theatre; I gave up everything that I could, even the Club, and — well, there is no use in rehearsing it.

"And then this thing occurred to me. I had thought of it before, but not seriously. And I did it. Its consequences I would not think of. The sum that I receive from the publishers is nearly large enough to make up what I have — I had hoped this would be for me — a legacy from Curtis. But now, there is nothing for me but the end that Alan Martiss chose."

He was nearly sobbing as he made an end, and I was nigh to laughing. Such tragedy from Fairleigh Johns! But I sobered at the advice I was about to give him. Would Letitia — there was no telling what a woman would do.

"Cheer up, man," I said, "and talk no more nonsense. You are not going to shoot yourself. You will go, instead, to see Miss Letitia. You will explain this matter to her. Do not spare yourself. She will understand readily, — more readily than you will relish, perhaps. And see what comes of it. For the book is to be suppressed."

"Suppressed!" he cried. "So, then, I get no money from the publishers? I was to receive it to-morrow."

"You poor fool," I cried, in my turn, "did you think any friend of hers could let it issue? As to the check, I do not know. The publishers may be idiots enough to send it to you, but I should think not. Go now, at once."

So he went, and I went, too, and left him at Letitia's door. For I feared to leave him sooner, and from the dark shadows across the street — friendly shadows, from which I had more than once watched that door — I watched him until the door opened and he entered.

Ah, Fairleigh Johns, I would not stand in your shoes for the chance of happiness that is yours. And I walked about in those same shadows for half an hour and watched the door. And as I waited I could feel no pity for him,—nothing but contempt, with his last words sounding in my ears: "So, then, I get no money from my publishers?" Even then, after his confession to me, he was more concerned about the money than about Letitia's peace of mind. Suppose I had let him go on with his tragedy: he would have been missing the next day — after he had received the check. I knew it.

If ever time seemed long to man, that half hour seemed long to me. I lived my life over again; but at last it was done. The door opened once more, and Fairleigh Johns emerged, the same man I had known for years, with that everlasting smile on his face. I saw it plainly in the light from the open door. It had not been there when he went in. What did it mean? Had Letitia — I could hardly wait until Mr. Johns was out of sight.

I passed the astonished servant, and burst in upon her. She was standing by the fire, and tears were in her eyes. She looked up, startled.

"Oh," she cried softly, "I am glad you came."

She gave me both her hands as she spoke. I would not let them go.

"Letitia," I said, looking deep into her eyes, "have you promised to marry Mr. Johns?"

She looked at me with growing indignation. "Promised to marry Mr. Johns!" she cried. "Indeed I have not. What" —

She would have drawn her hands away, but I held them tight. "Then marry me," I said.

She was surprised, I know, for she began to smile, then to laugh.

"Letitia," said I, "this is not like you, to laugh at me. I might well expect a refusal, but not to be laughed at."

"I am not laughing at you," she answered. "I am nervous, and have had much to make me so. And I am not refusing you. I am glad. Oh, my dear, I will, I will. If you had not asked me soon, I should have had to ask you. It would have been a judgment on me for refusing you before."

She was weeping softly now, her head on my shoulder. And I did as I suppose I should have done twenty years and more before, and she seemed well pleased. Presently she spoke.

"Please, sir," she said, "let me have my hand — one of them — that I may wipe my eyes. The tears run down upon your coat."

I laughed and wiped them for her. And she laughed, too. We laughed at anything — or nothing.

"Letitia," said I, sobering suddenly, "could I have had you" —

"At any time in the last twenty years," she answered quickly, smiling up at me. "I was young — or not so young, either, but I was foolish and did not know my own mind. I suppose I expected to be asked again."

"Fool that I was!" I cried. "Twenty years of happiness — lost!"

"It should be a lesson to you," she said. "Never take a woman's 'no' — but you will not need that lesson now. Let us not regret. Think of the years that are to come."

"Yes," I answered, "that is my comfort. But if I had learned that lesson sooner! It did not avail poor Curtis; he seemed to have learnt it."

She was startled, and stood in front of me, holding to the lapels of my coat. I would have had her back again.

"No," she said, "not yet. Who told you — about Mr. Curtis? For I am sure that I have never told a living soul. I am glad that you know,—I should have told you when I thought of it, for I think you should know all my — experiences. He asked me three times. I was sorry to refuse. Come, tell me."

She shook me back and forth, laughing the while, though the tears stood in her eyes. And I, foolish with happiness, glad

that my Letitia had so tender a heart, — I had known it always, of course, — I fenced with fate. I had not meant that she should know about the book.

"You refused him for my sake, Letitia?" I asked softly.

"For your sake," she answered, bending toward me. "For the sake of a man who would have naught of me. Now, let me go — and tell me."

"It was Curtis himself," I said, "and not himself, either. For see, Letitia."

And I drew forth the book. For she was wide-eyed, making nothing of my riddles. We sat us down by the lamp, and I explained the matter.

"And for a wedding present for my wife," I said, "there will be a small matter of five thousand copies — ten, perhaps. What will she do with them?"

She was leaning back, looking at me. It seemed to strike her as funny. "What a library!" she said. "I will build a house for them." She sobered then. "Poor Mr. Johns!"

"What of him?" I asked. "I had forgotten him."

"He asked me to marry him," she answered, "an hour ago — or offered to marry me. I did not know about the book."

"And you?"

"Oh, I refused him, as gently as I could. I was sorry for him."

"Did he tell you" —

"He told me everything," she said, "or so I supposed."

"And no doubt you excused everything — even sympathized with him. It would be like you," said I.

She smiled faintly. "I said as little as I could," she answered. "I thought that would be easiest for him — for everybody. Then he offered to marry me, in his courtly way, — as a reparation, I suppose, — and I refused. He seemed relieved, I thought."

"Poor fool!" I said. "And then?"

"Oh, then!" She shuddered as she recalled it. "He became abject. It was terrible to see him fallen so low. I did not suppose he was a coward." She stopped, hesitated a moment. No doubt Mr. Johns had threatened self-destruction.

"You need not have been afraid, Letitia," I said. "He would not have destroyed himself."

"I did not know," she answered. "I would not have him on my conscience. So then" —

She pointed to her desk. Her checkbook lay open upon it. I had not noticed it. It had been like her, too, to give him enough to make it up.

"See," she said; and showed me the last entry. The check had been drawn for the amount of Curtis's legacy. I stared and stared, and dropped the book.

"Letitia!" I cried.

"Yes," she said. "Was n't it lucky that I had it? He needs it more than I."

We were both silent for some minutes, and I stared at the fire. When I looked up, she was crying softly.

"Oh," she cried, "he had lost all his pride — all his self-respect. Why, he thanked me for it, — with his old manner that we both know so well. And he smiled as he thanked me. He is going abroad as soon as this matter is settled. We are not likely to see him again. And I tore up the envelope. I felt as though I were at his funeral — at Fairleigh Johns's funeral. Oh, poor gentleman!"

She was in a passion of tears. I drew her gently toward me, that she might weep her fill upon my shoulder. Alas, poor gentleman!

HER SHADOW

BY ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS

Old is the body of the tale; but, told anew,
Its fair elusive spirit floats from me to you;
Sandaled with silence, moving swift as spirits do,
And faint as that dead wind which woke, and slept, and blew
Our lives together, but to lash them straight apart —
My heart aware and torn, from your unconscious heart.

CRIMEA

Never a scarlet cross then,
Protected the torment of men
(Shattered and bleeding, and rent).
Shots that had sped, and were spent,
Mowed them to curse and to cry;
Heaped them to writhe and to die.
Sweetest of women was she,
First of the mild ministry
Mercy of Heaven has sent
Into the hospital tent.
One, and a woman! — and when
There they groaned — thousands of men!
Hands that could, clutched at her dress.
Lips that could, parted to bless.
Dim eyes — all left that could stir —
Worshiping, called after her.

Gashed by the sight of that hell,
As flesh by the shot and the shell,
Spendthrift of mercy, she gave.
Men in the grip of the grave
Battled back death for awhile,
To carry away but her smile.
He went through a motherly land
Who passed with a hand in her hand.
His face was the peacefulest there,
Who died in the arms of her prayer.

But slaughtered and tortured they lie.
By hundreds she passes them by, —
Gentle, and simple, and rough.
Of tenderness who has enough
When life converges to death?
Paling, and broken of breath,

They whom she never might reach —
Touch of her, sign of her, speech,
Aught of her — what did they then —
They, the denied of the men?

Oh, dying lips have living power;
And all the world had missed
The echoing cry of that red hour: —
"*Upon our pillows then we kissed*
Her shadow as it fell.
She passed us by, and so we kissed
Her shadow where it fell."

Dearest and lost! Of every dream the eidolon;
Of every memory sweetest that I think upon;
Monarch uncrowned upon my soul's high, vacant throne;
Forever Queen of royal joys to me unknown!
One day I clasped your shadow as it passed me by.
And now, a warrior wounded and unhealed I lie;
Upon the empty pillow of my life I press
The shadow of a kiss. Trust in its sacredness.

THE NATURE-STUDENT

BY DALLAS LORE SHARP

I HAD made a nice piece of dissection, a pretty demonstration — for a junior.

"You did n't know a dog was put together so beautifully, did you?" said the professor, frankly enjoying the sight of the marvelous system of nerves laid bare by the knife. "Now, see here," he went on, eying me keenly, "does n't a revelation like that take all the moonshine about the 'beauties of nature' clean out of you?"

I looked at the lifeless lump upon my table, and answered very deliberately,

"No, it does n't. That 's a fearful piece of mechanism. I appreciate that. But what is any system of nerves or muscles, — mere dead dog, — compared with the love and affection of the dog alive?"

The professor was trying to make a biologist out of me. He had worked faithfully, but I had persisted in a very unscientific love for live dog. Not that I did n't enjoy comparative anatomy, for I did. The problem of "concrescence or differentiation" in the cod's egg was intensely interesting to me, also. And so was the sight and the suggestion of the herring as they crowded up the run on their way to the spawning pond. The professor had lost patience. I don't blame him.

"Well," he said, turning abruptly, "you had better quit. You 'll be only a biological fifth wheel."

I quit. Here on my table lies the scalpel. Since that day it has only sharpened lead pencils.

Now a somewhat extensive acquaintance with scientific folk leads me to believe that the attitude of my professor toward the out-of-doors is not exceptional. The love for nature is all moonshine, all

maudlin sentiment. Even those like my professor, who have to do with out-of-door life and conditions, — zoölogists, botanists, geologists, — look upon naturalists, and others who love birds and fields, as of a kind with those harmless but useless inanities who collect tobacco-tags, postage stamps, and picture postal cards. Sentiment is not scientific.

I have a biological friend, a professor of zoölogy, who never saw a woodchuck in the flesh. He would not know a woodchuck with the fur on from a mongoose. Not until he had skinned it and set up the skeleton could he pronounce it *Arctomys monax* with certainty. Yes, he could tell by the teeth. Dentition is a great thing. He could tell a white pine (*strobus*) from a pitch pine (*rigida*) by just a cone and a bundle of needles, — one has five, the other three, to the bundle. But he would n't recognize a columned aisle of the one from a Jersey barren of the other. That is not the worst of it: he would not see even the aisle or the barren, — only trees.

As we jogged along recently, on a soft midwinter day that followed a day of freezing, my little three-year-old threw his nose into the air and cried, —

"Oh, fader, I smell de pitch pines, de scraggly pines, — 'ou calls 'em Joisey pines!" And sure enough, around a double curve in the road we came upon a single clump of the scraggly pitch pines in a drive through miles of the common white species.

Did you ever smell them when they are thawing out? It is quite as healthful, if not so scientific, to recognize them by their resinous breath as by their needles per bundle.

Some time I want this small boy to know the difference between these needle bundles. But I want him to learn now, and to remember always, that the hard days will soften, and that then there oozes from the scraggly pitch pines a balm, piney, penetrating, purifying, — a tonic to the lungs, a healing to the soul.

All foolishness? sentiment? moonshine? — this love for woods and fields, this need I have for companionship with birds and trees, this longing for the feel of grass and the smell of earth? When I told my biological friend that these longings were real and vital, as vital as the highest problems of the stars and the deepest questions of life, he pitied me, but made no reply.

He sees clearly a difference between live and dead men, a difference between the pleasure he gets from the society of his friends, and the information, interesting as it may be, which he obtains in a dissecting-room. But he sees no such difference between live and dead nature, nature in the fields and in the laboratory. Nature is all a biological problem to him, not a quick thing, — a shape, a million shapes, informed with spirit, — a voice of gladness, a mild and healing sympathy, a companionable soul.

"But there you go!" he exclaims, "talking poetry again. Why don't you deal with facts? What do you mean by nature-study, love for the out-of-doors, anyway!"

I do not mean a sixteen weeks' course in zoölogy or botany, or in Wordsworth. I mean, rather, a gentle life course in getting acquainted with the toads and stars that sing together, for most of us, just within and above our own dooryards. It is a long life course in the deep and beautiful things of living nature, — the nature we know so well as a corpse. It is of necessity a somewhat unsystematized, incidental, vacation-time course, — the more 's the pity. The results do not often come as scientific discoveries. They are personal, rather, more after the manner of revelations, — data that the professors have little faith in. For the scientist cannot put an April dawn into a bottle, cannot cabin a Hockomock marsh, nor cage a December storm in a laboratory. And when, in such a place, did a scientist ever overturn a "wee bit heap o' weeds an' stibble?" Yet it is out of dawns and marshes and storms that the revelations come; yes, and out of mice nests, too, if

you love all the out-of-doors, and chance to be ploughing late in the fall.

But there is the trouble with my professor. He never ploughs at all. How can he understand and believe? And is n't this the trouble with many of our poets, also? Some of them spend their summers in the garden; but the true poet — and the naturalist — must stay later, and they must plough, plough the very edge of winter, if they would turn up what Burns did that November day in the field at Mossgiel.

How amazingly fortunate were the conditions of Burns's life! What if he had been professor of English literature at Edinburgh University? He might have written a life of Milton in six volumes, — a monumental work, but how unimportant compared with the lines *To a Mouse!*

We are going to live real life and write real poetry again, — when all who want to live, who want to write, draw directly upon life's first sources. To live simply, and out of the soil! To live by one's own ploughing, and to write!

Instead, how do we live? How do I live? Nine months in the year by talking bravely about books that I have not written. Between times I live on the farm, hoe and think, and write, — whenever the hoeing is done. And where is my poem to a mouse?

> Its silly wa's the win's are strewin!

With a whole farm o' foggage green, and all the year before me, I am not sure that I could build a single line of genuine poetry. But I am certain that, in living close to the fields, we are close to the source of true and great poetry, where each of us, at times, hears lines that Burns and Wordsworth left unmeasured, — lines that are only waiting to be lived into song.

Now, I have done just what my biological friend knew I would do, — made over my course of nature-study into a pleasant but idle waiting for inspiration. I have frankly turned poet! No, not unless Gilbert White and Jefferies, Thoreau, Burroughs, Gibson, Torrey, and Rowland Robinson are poets. But they are poets. We all are, — even the biologist, with half a chance, — and in some form we are all waiting for inspiration. The nature-lover who lives with his fields and skies simply puts himself in the way of the most and gentlest of such inspirations.

He may be ploughing when the spirit comes, or wandering, a mere boy, along the silent shores of a lake, and hooting at the owls. You remember the boy along the waters of Winander, how he would hoot at the owls in the twilight, and they would call back at him across the echoing lake? And when there would come a pause of baffling silence,

> Then, sometimes, in that silence, while he hung
> Listening, a gentle shock of mild surprise
> Has carried far into his heart the voice
> Of mountain-torrents; or the visible scene
> Would enter unawares into his mind
> With all its solemn imagery.

That is an inspiration, the kind of experience one has in living with the out-of-doors. It does n't come from books, from laboratories, not even from an occasional tramp afield. It is out of companionship with nature that it comes; not often, perhaps, to any one, nor only to poets who write. I have had such experiences, such moments of quiet insight and uplift, while in the very narrowest of the paths of the woods.

It was in the latter end of December, upon a gloomy day that was heavy with the oppression of a coming storm. In the heart of the maple swamp all was still and cold and dead. Suddenly, as out of a tomb, I heard the small, thin cry of a tiny tree frog. And how small and thin it sounded in the vast silences of that winter swamp! And yet how clear and ringing! A thrill of life tingling out through the numb, nerveless body of the woods that has ever since made a dead day for me impossible.

That was an inspiration. I learned something, something deep and beautiful. Had I been Burns or Wordsworth I should have written a poem to Hyla. All prose as I am, I was, nevertheless, so

quickened by that brave little voice as to write:—

A wide, dead waste, and leaden sky,
Wild winds, and dark and cold!
The river's tongue is frozen thick,
With life's sweet tale half told.

Dead! Ah, no! the white fields sleep,
The frozen rivers flow;
And summer's myriad seed-hearts beat
Within this breast of snow.

With spring's first green the holly glows
And flame of autumn late,—
The embers of the summer warm
In winter's roaring grate.

The thrush's song is silent now,
The rill no longer sings;
But loud and long the strong winds strike
Ten million singing strings.

O'er mountains high, o'er prairies far,
Hark! the wild pæan's roll!—
The lyre is strung 'twixt ocean shores,
And swept from pole to pole!

My meeting with that frog in the dead of winter was no trifling experience, nor one that the biologist ought to fail to understand. Had I been a poet, that meeting would have been of consequence to all the world; as I was, however, it meant something only to me,—a new point of view, an inspiration — a beautiful poem that I cannot write.

This attitude of the nature-lover, because it is contemplative and poetical, is not therefore mystical or purely sentimental. Hooting at the owls and hearing things in baffling silences may not be scientific. Neither is it unscientific. The attitude of the boy beside the starlit lake is not that of Charlie, the man who helps me occasionally on the farm.

We were clearing up a bit of mucky meadow recently when we found a stone just above the surface that was too large for the horse to haul out. We decided to bury it.

Charlie took the shovel and mined away under the rock until he struck a layer of rather hard sandstone. He picked awhile at this, then stopped awhile; picked again, rather feebly, then stopped and began to think about it. It was hard work,—the thinking, I mean, harder than the picking,—but Charlie, however unscientific, is an honest workman, so he thought it through.

"Well," he said finally, "'t ain't no use, nohow. You can't keep it down. You bury the darned thing, and it'll come right up. I suppose it grows. Of course it does. It must. Everything grows."

Now that is an unscientific attitude. But that is not the mind of the nature-lover, of the boy with the baffling silences along the starlit lake. He is sentimental, certainly, yet not ignorant, nor merely vapid. He does not always wander along the lake by night. He is a nature-student, as well as a nature-lover, and he does a great deal more than hoot at the owls. This, though, is as near as he comes to anything scientific and so worth while, according to the professor.

And it is as near as he ought to come to reality and facts — according to the philosopher.

"Nor can I recollect that my mind," says one of our philosophers, "in these walks, was much called away from contemplation by the petty curiosities of the herbalist or bird-lorist, for I am not one zealously addicted to scrutinizing into the minuter secrets of nature. It never seemed to me that a flower was made sweeter by knowing the construction of its ovaries. . . . The woodthrush and the veery sing as melodiously to the uninformed as to the subtly curious. Indeed, I sometimes think a little ignorance is wholesome in our communion with nature."

So it is. Certainly if ignorance, a great deal of ignorance, were unwholesome, then nature-study would be a very unhealthy course, indeed. For, when the most curious of the herbalists and bird-lorists (Mr. Burroughs, say) has made his last prying peep into the private life of a ten-acre woodlot, he will still be wholesomely ignorant of the ways of nature. Is the horizon just back of the brook that marks the terminus of our philosopher's

path? Let him leap across, walk on, on, out of his woods to the grassy knoll in the next pasture, and there look! Lo! far yonder the horizon! beyond a vaster forest than he has known, behind a range of higher rolling hills, within a shroud of wider, deeper mystery.

There is n't the slightest danger of walking off the earth; nor of unlearning our modicum of wholesome ignorance concerning the universe. The nature-lover may turn nature-student and have no fear of losing nature. The vision will not fade. Let him go softly through the May twilight and wait at the edge of the swamp.

A voice serene and pure, a hymn, a prayer, fills all the dusk with peace. Let him watch and see the singer, a brown-winged woodthrush, with full, spotted breast. Let him be glad that it is not a white-winged spirit, or disembodied voice. And let him wonder the more that so plain a singer knows so divine a song.

Our philosopher mistakes his own dominant mood for the constant mood of nature. But nature has no constant mood. No more have we. Dawn and dusk are different moods. The roll of the prairie is unlike the temper of a winding cowpath in a New England pasture. Nature is not always sublime, awful, and mysterious; and no one but a philosopher is persistently contemplative. Indeed, at four o'clock on a June morning in some old apple orchard, even the philosopher would shout, —

"Hence, loathèd melancholy!"

He is in no mind for meditation; and it is just possible, before the day is done, that the capture of a drifting flake of dandelion and the study of its fairy wings might so add to the wonder, if not to the sweetness, of the flower, as to give him thought for a sermon.

There are times when the companionship of your library is enough; there are other times when you want a single book, a chapter, a particular poem. It is good at times just to know that you are turning with the earth under the blue of the sky; and just as good again to puzzle over the size of the spots in the breasts of our several thrushes. For I believe you can hear more in the song when you know it is the veery and not the woodthrush singing. Indeed, I am acquainted with persons who had lived neighbors to the veery since childhood, and never had heard its song until the bird was pointed out to them. Then they could not help but hear.

No amount of familiarity will breed contempt for your fields. Is the summer's longest, brightest day long enough and bright enough, to dispel the brooding mystery of the briefest of her nights? And tell me, what of the vastness and terror of the sea will the deep dredges ever bring to the surface, or all the circumnavigating drive to shore? The nature-lover is a man in a particular mood; the nature-student is the same man in another mood, as the fading shadows of the morning are the same that lengthen and deepen in the afternoon. There are times when he will go apart into the desert places to pray. Most of the time, however, he will live contentedly within sound of the dinner horn, glad of the companionship of his bluebirds, chipmunks, and pine trees.

This is best. And the question most frequently asked me is, How can I come by a real love for my pine trees, chipmunks, and bluebirds? How can I know real companionship with nature?

How did the boy along the starlit lake come by it, — a companionship so real and intimate that the very cliffs knew him, that the owls answered him, that even the silences spoke to him, and the imagery of his rocks and skies became a part of the inner world in which he dwelt? Simply by living along Winander and hallooing so often to the owls that they learned to halloo in reply. You may need a second time to come a-trailing clouds of glory before you can talk the language of the owls; but if there is in you any hankering for the soil, then all you need is a Winander of your own, a range, a haunt that you can visit, walk around,

and get home from in a day's time. If this region can be the pastures, woodlots, and meadows, that make your own dooryard, then that is good; especially if you buy the land and live on it, for then Nature knows that you are not making believe. She will accept you as she does the peas you plant, and she will cherish you as she does them. This farm, or haunt, or range, you will come to know intimately; its flowers, birds, walls, streams, trees, — its features large and small, as they appear in June, and as they look in July and January.

For the first you will need the how-to-know books, — these while you are getting acquainted; but soon acquaintance grows into friendship. You are done naming things. The meanings of things now begin to come home to you. Nature is taking you slowly back to herself. Companionship has begun.

Many persons of the right mind never know this friendship, because they never realize the necessity of being friendly. They walk through a field as they walk through a crowded street; they go into the country as they go abroad. And the result is that all this talk of the herbalist and bird-lorist, to quote the philosopher again, seems "little better than cant and self-deception."

But let the philosopher cease philosophizing (he was also a hermit), and leave off hermiting; let him live at home with his wife and children, like the rest of us; let him work in the city for his living, hoe in his garden for his recreation; and then (I don't care by what prompting) let him study the lay of his neighbor fields and orchards until he knows every bird and beast, every tree-hole, earth-hole, even the times and places of the things that grow in the ground; let him do this through the seasons of the year, — for two or three years, — and he will know how to enjoy a woodchuck; he will understand many of the family affairs of his chipmunks; he will recognize and welcome back his bluebirds; he will love and often listen to the solemn talk of his pines.

All of this may be petty prying, not communion at all; it may be all moonshine and sentiment, not science. But it is not cant and self-deception, — in the hearts of thousands of simple, sufficient folk, who know a woodthrush when they hear him, and whose woodpaths are of their own wearing. And if it is not communion with nature, I know that it is real pleasure, and rest, peace, contentment, red blood, sound sleep, and, at times, it seems to me, something close akin to religion.

THE NOVELS OF MRS. WHARTON

BY HENRY DWIGHT SEDGWICK

I

When Mrs. Wharton's stories first appeared, in that early period which, as we have now learned, was merely a period of apprenticeship, everybody said, "How clever!" "How wonderfully clever!" and the criticism — to adopt a generic term for indiscriminate adjectives — was apt, for the most conspicuous trait in the stories was cleverness. They were astonishingly clever; and their cleverness, as an ostensible quality will, caught and held the attention. And yet, though undoubtedly correct, the term owes its correctness, in part at least, to its ready-to-wear quality, to its negative merit of vague amplitude, behind which the most diverse gifts and capacities may lie concealed. No readers of Mrs. Wharton, after the first shock of bewildered admiration, rest content with it, but grope about to lift the cloaking surtout of cleverness and to see as best they may how and by what methods her preternaturally nimble wits are playing their game, — for it is a game that Mrs. Wharton plays, pitting herself against a situation to see how much she can score.

To most people the point she plays most brilliantly is the episode, which in the novel is merely one of the links in the concatenation of the plot, but in the short story is the form and substance, the very thing itself; and so to be mistress of the art of the episode almost seems to leave any other species of mastery irrelevant and superfluous. In Mrs. Wharton this aptitude is not single, but a combination. It includes the sense of proportion, and markedly that elementary proportion of allotting the proper space for the introduction of the story, — so much to bring the *dramatis personæ* into the ring, so much for the preliminary bouts, so much for the climax, and, finally, the proper length for the recessional. It includes the subordination of one character to another, of one picture to another, the arrangement of details in proper hierarchy to produce the desired effect.

"The Dilettante," for instance, is a good example of craft in introducing a situation. The story is very short, the episode a mere dialogue; and, as the nature of the dialogue forbids an explanation of the situation through the mouths of the speakers, a neat prologue, in half-livery as it were, opens the door and takes your name, then the dialogue, in full livery, immediately shows you upstairs into the inner privacy of the episode, where the climax awaits you. You are met at each step by the forethought of a somewhat anxious hostess; and there is throughout a well-bred economy of effort which one expects to pass into grace, but which for some reason deflects and slips back into cleverness.

Some readers deem the dialogue the strongest point of Mrs. Wharton's game, it is so pithy and witty. Others, again, among the various excellences, prefer the author's own observations and comments. Still others like best the epigrams or the dramatic interest of the incident itself.

If the reader, after he has gone over these various points in the game, attempts to sum up his impressions, to his astonishment and dismay he finds himself again face to face with his old adjective *clever*. At first he surmises that this is a trick of his own indolence, which, lazily yielding to habit, offers him this serviceable word; but upon reflection he perceives that the adjective has a positive merit. It is a word of limitation; it fences in its own domain,

and excludes other regions beyond. Mrs. Wharton's stories are not original like Miss Wilkins's, not poetic like George Eliot's, not romantic like Bret Harte's, not rippling with muscular energy like Kipling's, nor smooth with the dogmatic determinism of Maupassant. To none of those story-tellers would one apply the word clever; and though Mrs. Wharton cannot very well monopolize the adjective, by her high level of skill, by her ready command over her own resources, by her tact, by her courage,—no situation daunts her,—and especially by her limitations, she wholly justifies the public in crying out, "Oh, clever Mrs. Wharton!"

Cleverness not only limits its own domain, but stamps a special character upon it. In the novel proper there is one fundamental rule: that the characters, once introduced, must act with the large liberty of life, and work out their own fortunes. For novelists believe that, though other arts are all artificial and do not hold up the mirror to nature, yet their art is life indeed, their business is to leave the reader uncertain whether he is really in or out of the book. Let that be so. Novels proper are not everything. There are other fields of fiction in which the author is an absolute tyrant, and need make no pretense of giving his characters any free will whatever. To these regions the short story as a rule belongs. There is no room for liberty. The characters must complete their episode in scanty pages, and they must do the most artificial things in order to make the scene effective. Mrs. Wharton makes a most excellent tyrant, and gives her subjects vastly more vivacity than they would have if left to themselves. The dialogues are far too good for life, the episodes too well modeled, the motives too well calculated, the actions too complete, to admit of any doubt concerning the immediate presence of the autocrat. Everywhere the emphasis is the emphasis of art, not of life. This literary art is, of course, not only wholly legitimate, but some people might contend that it is the only art worth having. Artificial fiction makes no pretense that it is a reflection of life; it does not profess to make a real man and a real woman living in a real house, and really talking over real toast and tea. It sets itself up as an independent art, with its own rules, its own proprieties, its own standard of success. It is akin to artificial comedy, as Sheridan, for instance, handled it. No one judges *The Rivals* as a bit of real life. The business of Mrs. Wharton's *dramatis personæ* is to portray an effective episode; and it is a business which requires *cleverness*, as distinguished from originality, poetic feeling, humour, insight, romance, energy, or power.

II

Going a step farther, the most casual investigator becomes acquainted with Mrs. Wharton's propriety, tact, nicety of craftsmanship, and that special possession which in creative art is of the first importance,—human personality. Those people who advocate the suppression of all traces of the creator in his creations are too ascetic, too marmoreal, too super- or infra-human. Our generation, not yet wholly purged of the lingering effects left by the old Romantic individualism, cannot but feel that the more fiction is interpenetrated by the author's personality the more interesting it is.

This assumption involves as a corollary the immense importance of gender; and gender is indeed a matter of fundamental interest in literature, as in life. We are born on one side or the other of the great chasm; and in whichever camp we are, on the approach of anything that awakens our real interest, we challenge at once, "Fine or Superfine?" A man's world is not a woman's world. He and she are differently endowed; they perceive differently,—that is, all except the bald, unannotated reports of the senses,—group their impressions differently, deduce differently. Traits which preserve

neutrality and straddle the chasm, serving both sides alike, are limited to the performance of the mechanical parts of fiction, and subject to rules and regulations. Where they end, begins the employment of those faculties that make individuality; and here the first rough and ready test as to whether the work has the flavor of personality is the determination of sex. Readers, male readers at least, are sometimes so blinded by prejudice, by an indefensible habit of identifying art with the male sex, that when a woman writes a novel such as *Jane Eyre* or *Adam Bede*, there is a general masculine readiness to be surprised, and a general masculine agreement that the talents and capacities which created the novel are of a peculiarly masculine order. In Mrs. Wharton's case men are debarred from any such self-complacent theory, for her talents and capacities are not only intrinsically feminine, but also, despite her cleverness, which, generally speaking, is a neutral trait, they are superficially feminine.

This fundamental fact of Mrs. Wharton's femininity is conspicuous in many ways. There was, for instance, in her early stories, a certain feminine dependence, as a girl on skates for the first time might lay the tip of her finger on a supporting arm. She showed a wish to learn, a ready docility, and the attractive simplicity of credulity, toward her first teacher, such as women, with their innate appreciation of authority, possess in a much greater degree than men. This hesitating dependence, as she took her first comparatively timid steps, following as closely as she could the sway and oscillations to which her teacher subjected his equilibrium, served her purpose. She learned her lesson, skated with ever greater ease, and, though still maintaining the rules she had learned, gradually got her own balance, and, after hard work and frequent practice, skated off, head erect, scarf, ribbons, and vesture floating free, with the speed and security of a racer. Her movements are always feminine movements, her ease, her poise, always feminine.

There is also in the stories what one might call a certain feminine capriciousness or arbitrariness, even beyond the ordinary autocracy of the story-teller, a method of deciding upon instinct rather than upon reflection. Take the union of episodes. Mrs. Wharton sees her story in episodes, or rather she sees episodes and puts them together. Sometimes they have no natural congruity, or are even rebelliously opposed to union. A man would acknowledge their independence, and leave them apart; but Mrs. Wharton, insisting on her autocratic prerogatives, forcibly unites them. In *The Sanctuary*, for example, she conceived the idea of repeating weakness of character and similarity of temptation in two generations; so she contrived two episodes, which, however, had no natural bond of union. She then put double duty on the heroine, and made her fulfill the function of joining the two episodes by the ingenious method of marrying her to the hero of the first in order to make her the mother of the hero of the second.

Her choice of plot, even, is distinctly feminine. Take *The Touchstone* for instance: given the situation, a man would have shifted the centre of gravity, and have rearranged all the effects. Her emphasis, her sense of interest, of importance, differ from a man's. Her feminine tact — that quality of unexpected control among forces so slight or so stubborn that no man can see how a woman gets her leverage; that power of steering when his rudder would be trailing in the air or stuck in the mud — is conspicuous in dialogue, in adjustment of relations, in the whole frame and finish of the story.

These characteristics are minor matters, but they point unhesitatingly to the conclusion that Mrs. Wharton is not only mentally feminine, with all the value of personality and humanity, but so much so as to belong plainly enough to the species, — the notable and justly celebrated

species, — the American woman. This interesting type has been studied with the ardor due to the rapid modification by which it has diverged from its European progenitors. Its salient traits are well known, and perhaps no one has portrayed them more effectively than Mr. John Sargent. In his portraits we see a network of nerves drawn too taut for the somewhat inadequate equipment of flesh and blood; an attention given to the business of receiving and acting upon sensations so disproportionate that there is no proper leisure for the sensations themselves; a superior, indeed, a snubbing attitude of the nervous system toward the rest of the body. In Sargent's women there is no wholesome tendency to loafing, no ease of manner, no sense of physical *bien-être:* rather they stand, or sit — in the latter case on the edge of their chairs — like discoboli, waiting for a signal to whirl and hurl anything — anywhere — direction being unimportant, the sibylline contortion everything. This fundamental nervous restlessness shows itself in all Mrs. Wharton's stories, in her rapidity of thought, of phrase, of dialogue, in her intensity, her eagerness, her rush of thought. This American dash, this cascade-like brilliancy of motion, make, no doubt, for most readers the interest of the stories. But many of us, idle and inefficient, weakly wish for repose, a little pause, a trifling indulgence. With many story-tellers the reader gets aboard an accommodation train, and during the jogging, the stopping and starting, the pleasant Trollopy leisure, he looks out of the window, reflects on what has gone before, and speculates on what is to come. None of these weaknesses are permitted to Mrs. Wharton's readers, — I speak of the stories, — we are booked express, the present is all-exacting, and the pace is American.

This nervous eagerness and intensity find their fullest and freest expression in the epigrams, metaphors, similes, and aphorisms which crack fast and furious about our ears. No sooner do we hear an epigrammatic phrase, catch a loose end of its applicability, and grasp at apprehension, than crack! crack! go another and another. There is something almost vindictive in this hailstorm. "His egoism was not of a kind to mirror its complacency in the adventure." "There was something fatuous in an attitude of sentimental apology toward a memory already classic." "He had no fancy for leaving havoc in his wake, and would have preferred to sow a quick growth of oblivion in the spaces wasted by his inconsidered inroads;" and so forth. Such quotations — one can pluck them from every page — are clearly the literary gesticulations of an American woman.

III

This American element, which gives the stories so much of their character, is also noticeable in another of Mrs. Wharton's accomplishments, — one had almost said one of her talents, so fully and freely does she use it, — her artistic and literary cultivation. That cultivation is distinctly American in the sense that it immediately displays its American acquisition and ownership, and peremptorily excludes the notion that it might be English cultivation or French.

That such a distinction may be taken is due, no doubt, to the fact that we are on this shore of the Atlantic, and not on the other. The great traditional humanities, the inheritances of literature and art, are fundamentally foreign to us. Our ancestors did not create them, did not experience the emotions that prompted their creation, nor were they in any way cognizant of the stimulating circumstances under which they were produced. Emigration from Europe broke the course of spiritual descent, and our type is so much the result of modification by new conditions, and by a natural selection adapted to such new conditions, that our inheritance of European understanding and sympathy is an almost negligible quantity. We learn the humanities as we learn

lessons; not in the way cultivated Englishmen or Frenchmen learn them, as part and parcel of their familiar experience of life.

Nevertheless, our national theory is that culture is not to be neglected, but to be assimilated rapidly in a manner becoming the busy, forward-looking, American spirit; and, accordingly, we make ourselves acquainted with the humanities, — as we might become acquainted with the British peerage in Burke, — in terms of galleries, museums, operas, scenery; whereas to Europeans the humanities, the inheritances of art and literature, constitute a collection of ideas, expressed in various modes, a study for discipline, for growth, for pleasure. Such being our attitude, we naturally look to the country where humanism, culture, art may most rapidly be *got up*, where the greatest number of names may with least effort be appended to the greatest number of things, the amplest amount *Bohned* with the least expenditure of effort. That country, beyond dispute, is Italy, and thither we betake ourselves.

It would be absurd to apply this rude generalization to Mrs. Wharton's cultivation, which is so unusual in variety, accuracy, and scholarship; but one does not wholly escape an intimation of the presence of this cis-Atlantic attitude in the evidences of cultivation so profusely scattered through Mrs. Wharton's stories, and the patriotically inclined are justified in pointing to her with pride as a product of our national civilization.

This point, otherwise unimportant, suggests the further point as to whether culture of this character is favorable for the production of fiction. Of course the most highly cultivated novelist might write fiction free from all badges of the author's culture, but that would rather be a European way of doing than an American. Take Mr. Henry James, for instance: one would search his novels in vain for any such obvious badges; or take D'Annunzio, — no writer is more imbued with the culture of Italy than he, — and though he uses that culture obviously, perhaps, yet he uses it merely as a color to emphasize the pattern of his story. We are inclined — I refer to those of us who move in the denser and stuffier strata of our national culture, and not to those who, like Mrs. Wharton, float in a purer upper air — to hold the man who uses his knowledge of literature and art for personal enjoyment only as an Epicurean egotist; we look upon his accomplishments as bad investments until he is able to exhibit dividends. And he, not daring to hoist a standard unacceptable to the community, readily succumbs to our attitude, and hurries to advertise his possessions. The European method of mere unavoidable enrichment of the matter in hand is seldom adopted.

Mrs. Wharton, though flying briskly through that purer upper air, nevertheless is unconsciously affected by the fumes which rise from below. Her cultivation declares the most appetizing dividends. She showers her references and allusions to art and letters with the ready cleverness and lavish prodigality with which she scatters her epigrams. One cannot help asking one's self, diffidently indeed, but pertinaciously, are not the ornaments too clinquant, do not the decorations assert themselves too presumptuously and mar the softer and more harmonious colors of the groundwork? And the question — or a question derived from that question — obtrudes itself most insistently in reference to *The Valley of Decision*.

When that novel was first published, the fashion was to disentangle and distinguish, — as one ruminates and speculates over the flavors of a salad, — to separate the several ingredients culled from many books, and to crow over the discovery or attribution; in blindness to the fact that the somewhat royal levy of tribute was the object of the book, open, obvious, proclaimed, and carefully planned. The story, of purpose, is subordinated to its setting. The actors are necessarily a little frigid, the hero, unwillingly perhaps, a *poseur*, the heroine willingly a *poseuse;*

but the scenery in which they carry about their rarefied and cool personalities is very attractive. Considering the book from the point of view of pageantry, one almost inclines to name it beside *Le Capitaine Fracasse*, so prodigal is it in details of information, so many-hued and high-colored in general effect, — the hero and heroine most dutifully going hither and thither wherever the calcium light will fall most effectually on the rich scenery.

Of course there were persons, devotees to the dogma that the proper material for a novel is personal experience of life, who said that a book compact of memories of other books, *souvenirs des voyages intellectuels*, was not admissible, must be frowned upon. But arbitrary positions, satisfactory though they be to the occupants, are not necessarily universally satisfactory. At present, authority in literature is of little moment, and success justifies itself. If Mrs. Wharton could gather matter, shear wool, as it were, from *Wilhelm Meister*, *La Chartreuse de Parme*, the memoirs of Goldoni, Alfieri, Casanova, sundry novels of Turgeneff, and what else besides, and make an interesting novel, one might fairly say that she had done admirably to usé whatever materials were adapted to her purpose; for Shakespeare did not hesitate to use materials ready to his hand. The success is the matter. All life is but a transmutation of materials, and novelists may use whatever they can find in books, in history, in life, in imagination; the point is to create life again. One would hardly go so far in praise of *The Valley of Decision* as to think of it as creating life out of its literary materials. It did not do that; it made a very entertaining, interesting, and agreeable book. It gave that longed-for sensation of floating down a romantic river whose banks are lined with the rich hues which only far-away distances and the irrevocable past possess. One heard, despite a forced assent to pedantic and literary fault-finding, the "tirra lirra by the river" that caught one's imagination and bore it off.

Perhaps the first after-effect of the book on the reader was to set him wondering as to Mrs. Wharton's future career. Would she confine herself to study, to scholarship, to the world of the connoisseur and amateur? would she be our cicerone to the agreeable things of art and literature? Or would she take the other road, study life, and become a novelist? It was not easy to decide one's wishes. Now, more than ever, we need critics to help us to an appreciation of the pleasures of refinement. Europe is so near, and so easily overrun, that the obvious charms of the obviously beautiful are daily rendered more and more obvious and less and less charming by scores of amiable persons, who interpose themselves and their shadows between us and the beauties of the past. We are so much more disposed to see obvious beauty, so much more disposed to *have seen* it, than to sit before one beautiful thing and incorporate it in our experience, that we need a teacher to teach us what immense differences lie huddled close to one another, how far apart are things that look to us so much alike. On the other hand, how delightful to have a real novelist, one who out of her own personal experience of life will take a part that shall stand by itself, and give us that sense of satisfaction which is, after all, the emotion which we commonly crave in novels, — the satisfaction of knowledge, of experience, of sympathy, of happiness, of sorrow, of life. And though, after reading the stories, the reader did not expect from Mrs. Wharton pathos, nor humour, nor tragedy, nor a wide range of experience, nor broad sympathies, nor raids upon the heart, one did expect wit, satire, flashes of insight, comprehension, analysis, vividness. So one stood with a divided mind.

In such a mood the volumes on *Italian Gardens* and on *Italian Backgrounds* came, with some interval between them. The name *Italian Gardens* carried with it a special aroma, and gave a fillip to expectation. At last we were to get at the

meaning of Italian gardens, which to our ignorance appeared so inferior to the English in all usual horticultural appointments, in flowers, shrubs, turf, and trees; so unsentimental in their terraces, formalities, and observances, when compared with the "wet, bird-haunted English lawn" and the brick-walled, fruit-beloved, rose-encumbered gardens of England. The book, however, was a disappointment. Whether Mrs. Wharton's hand had not complete control, or whether she was impatient of a prescribed task, or whether the translation of the inner delicacies of an Italian garden into American notions was a task unsuited to her talents, or whatever the reason, the book had a cold, perfunctory, mechanical ring. We had hoped to share the branchless sentiment of the stone pine's bole, the green thoughts of the lizards that crawl out under the Italian sun, to enter into the connubial sympathies between ilex and stucco, to understand why Mignon felt the lemon's fragrance in so peculiarly rapturous a manner; but the book leaves us with a number of names of villas and of landscape gardeners, a consciousness of emptiness, and the conviction that Mrs. Wharton has never spent an hour in a garden uprooting weeds, hunting rose-bugs, squashing caterpillars, or sealing up new-made homes of borer worms with putty and clay. One may talk with landscape gardeners by the hour about prospects, middle distances, reaches, effects, about lines of box, parallels of sweet peas, clumps of viburnum, about the values of an axis and of straight lines, about the etiquette of graveled paths and the massing of afternoon shadows; but the trowel and a broken back, the pruning hook and dazzled eyes, the vendetta with the slug, the rich, creative fragrance of manure, the heat and sweat of noon, dirty hands, — with these indispensables to the love and knowledge of any garden Mrs. Wharton betrays no acquaintance.

In *Italian Backgrounds* she is on surer footing. She is familiar with Italy, and she has a very wide knowledge of the best that has been thought and said of Italy. She is hand and glove with the critics of art. She never enters a town in Italy, no matter how small, but she has in her handbag Crowe and Cavalcaselle, Kugler, Burckhardt, Morelli, Berenson, and a half dozen more. She looks at every picture, every fresco, every bit of sculpture and carving, like a constitutional queen, and they are her responsible advisers; she judges cherubim, madonnas, portraits, choir-stalls, proportions of height and breadth, contrasts of light and shade, relations of Gothic to Romanesque, of the *quattrocento* to the *cinquecento*, of masters to pupils, all according to the laws and rules adopted by her learned advisers, to which she gives full assent and approval. Certainly she does this well. There are no errors to be subsequently corrected, no rash ventures to be regretted; but ill-regulated readers sometimes long to fling authority to the winds. Give us not what Morelli thought or Burckhardt, but what you think, Mrs. Wharton; pitch your portable library out of your *vettura*, send Berenson to Jericho, make mistakes on every page, and let's hear how beautiful Italy impresses you. It is your personal intimacy with Italy that interests us.

IV

It was at this moment, when Mrs. Wharton's devotion to culture seemed to produce less ripeness, less freshness of flavor, than our general elation with her accomplishments had led us to expect, that *The House of Mirth* made its triumphant appearance. Here Mrs. Wharton, as it were, lays down her hand (with all its trumps) on the table, and enables us to understand her play and to determine whether she is the novelist for us, whether she is able to provide us with that personal satisfaction to which as novel-readers we aspire. For our personal satisfactions are still, in America, our chief preoccupation. Elsewhere, it may be, a novelist is judged as an artist, a novel as

a work of art. This foreign method, if it exists, is due to a coincidence between the reader's personal appetite and his artistic appetite, or to the subordination of the former to the latter. In this country there is no such coincidence, no such subordination; and novelists must submit, if they wish to be read, to the democratic methods of our merit system, must run the gauntlet of our personal tastes.

With a knowledge that this system obtains in this country, Mrs. Wharton approached her present position, which one may call, out of deference to its eminence, that of the novelist-laureate. Like other laureateships, Petrarch's for instance, it is a position that lies in the public gift, and the candidate must commend himself or herself to the good opinion of the patron. The only objection to the position is that in making the appointment the patron regards its own satisfaction far more than the excellence of its appointee, and interposes the obstacle of its appetite between approval and even so admirable a candidate as Mrs. Wharton. In other arts an artist is braced and enabled to sacrifice all to his art through the support afforded by the intellectual exclusiveness of the small band before which he presents himself; but the novelist is deprived of such support by the nature of his craft, and when he addresses a pure democracy of readers, as he must to obtain the laurel, there is an immense temptation to do what may be necessary to secure the patron's ear. None would go so far as to suggest that Mrs. Wharton deliberately or even consciously sought that ear, that she entertained any covetous thoughts of the laureateship when she held up to public gaze a certain aspect of fashionable life in New York in a popular and somewhat melodramatic fashion; on the contrary, she would doubtless prefer a patrician patron of her own choosing; but being an American, it would have been unnatural had she wholly avoided the inoculation administered by her birth and education. Our universal acceptance of the patron's right to appoint makes too strong a current to be withstood, unless there be some very good reason for resistance, and there was none in this case. The point I wish to make is that Mrs. Wharton is so thoroughly American that even in *The House of Mirth* she adopts a popular method unintentionally and successfully.

But most certainly one must not suffer this idea (too grossly stated), that Mrs. Wharton is affected by the atmosphere around her, does hear the murmurs of the many-voiced public, to obscure in any way one's judgment of her excellences as an artist; on the contrary, the idea should merely remind us that there is this unconscious difficulty with which her art has to struggle, and make us appreciate the more the brilliancy of her success.

On reading *The House of Mirth*, the first sensation of everybody, included or not among those whose plebiscite granted the laurel, was one of exultation, of "I told you so," as they recognized all Mrs. Wharton's talents, but better and brighter. Her mastery of the episode is as dashing as ever, and more delicate. The chapters are a succession of tableaux, all admirably posed. And yet this mastery, by its very excess, has marred the work of its necessary companion art, the hymeneal art of uniting episodes; it will not suffer any episode to remain in a state other than that of celibate self-sufficiency. But in a novel no episode can be self-sufficient; it must proceed from the episode before and merge into the episode that follows. In this part of her craft Mrs. Wharton has always shown a certain lack of dexterity; and the general effect of *The House of Mirth* is to throw this difficulty in high relief. There are places where the junction of two episodes appears no more than as the scar of an old inadequacy; and then again there are others where the episodes seem animated by a desire to break away from the trammels of the plot and pose by themselves. They remind one of the succession of prints that constitute *The Rake's Progress*. Like the rake, Lily Bart proceeds downward from

print to print, from Trenor circle to Gormer cirçle, from the Gormers to Norma Hatch, from Norma to millinery; and so on, from morn to noon she falls, from noon to dewy eve, down to her catastrophe; each stage is a distinct episode, a scene which Hogarth — with Sir Joshua Reynolds to paint Lily's picture — might have portrayed.

The epigrams are as luminous as ever, but they are no longer firecrackers; they are brightened and softened to electric lights ensconced in Venetian glass, where they shed both illumination and color. They maintain their old electric vivacity, — Mrs. Bart sits at her husband's bedside "with the provisional air of a traveler who waits for a belated train to start," — but now they serve a purpose, they explain, they emphasize, and in no readily forgettable manner. To be sure, the temptation to use an epigram because it is an epigram has not wholly lost its sweetness. Such phrases as "her finely disseminated sentences made their chatter dull" still recall a morning notebook in which the happy thoughts of a restless night are recorded; yet, on the whole, they serve to remind us that the epigram is a mark of youth, — youth cannot bring itself to forego the glitter of any of its diamonds, — and that Mrs. Wharton is still in the opening of her summer time, before the period of her ripest harvests.

The less artistic traits, which revealed themselves at times in the stories, show a great gain in self-effacement. Mrs. Wharton's nervous American energy has become far less tense, less fitful, far more even and self-controlled. Her luxuriant artistic and literary information is never put obviously forward; nevertheless, unjustly perhaps, one cannot shake off a somewhat uncomfortable suspicion that a great deal of the book is rather the product of culture than of real human knowledge; that it has been approached by the circuitous way of the authorities, — Stendhal, Bourget, Henry James, — rather than by grubbing in life itself.

A matter of greater interest is to see whether Mrs. Wharton continues to maintain her attitude that fiction must be forced to accept its creator's arbitrary pattern, or whether she limits that view to short stories, and in the matter of novels ranges herself with those who deem objective reality alone of any value. Perhaps a safe answer to such questioning is to say that Mrs. Wharton has effected a compromise. She has undoubtedly tried to catch living traits, and from her success in that respect the book has been treated as a *roman à clef;* but she has also taken much of her color from her book-imbued imagination, possibly for fear of having drawn from life too closely. The motive for compromise, however, it is more likely, lies in a certain discord between Mrs. Wharton's talents. Her power of observation is admirably adapted to look directly at facts that lie before her; but her wit tempts her to satire, and satire is an unfortunate medium through which to study humanity. We may regard human beings as a superior or an inferior race of monkeys; but granting that they are monkeys, it would seem to be the business of the novelist not to make gibes at them, not to confront them with more elaborately evolved standards of living, but to keep the story on the plane of monkey life. Satire, perhaps, is a natural temptation to any observer of life; but human inadequacy, inconsistency, folly, may well be left, as life leaves them, to be noticed, scorned, pitied, or ignored, according to the humour of the observer. Mrs. Wharton, in her early period, acquired a habit of using men and women as butts for satire, masks for a dialogue, candelabra for epigrams, — as something other than human beings living in and for themselves; and that habit is a hindrance in her present task of studying them humanly. With her talents, with her growth in artistic feeling, — a growth that is conspicuous throughout *The House of Mirth*, — Mrs. Wharton will, no doubt, free herself from these trammels.

Even without the deflection of direct

vision caused by such a habit, it is difficult for novelists to detect the identifying traits in men and women. Those most fitted by nature for such insight require a wide range of study, a comparison of many species, an intimacy with many individuals of different education, different habits, different minds. Not that it is the business of a novelist to portray different species or diverging types; but men are so made that the finer characteristics in them, the fainter qualities, the nicer deviation of thought and action from the normal, can only be understood after studying such characteristics, qualities, or deviations where they exist with greater emphasis. And it is less easy for a woman than for a man — though nowadays sundry social exclusions and discriminations have been boldly brushed aside — to pick and choose her objects of study. She is on the whole confined to those that come voluntarily within the range of her vision. Mrs. Wharton, it would appear, has been limited to one somewhat narrow species of men and women, a species in which, perhaps, human nature does not find its freest expression. For the purpose of portraiture any species serves as well as another, — our interest in an artist's perception of our fellow beings is inexhaustible, — but to enable an artist to acquire a knowledge of humanity one species is too narrow a field of study. As soon as Mrs. Wharton leaves the Trenor set (supposing that that set is taken from life), she is forced to draw, and always more and more, upon the stores of her imagination and of her general literary information. The Gormers, though they, to be sure, are but temporary wheels to roll the plot forward, evince a disinclination to become solid and substantial. Even Simon Rosedale, with all the advantages of individuality conferred by his race, offers a by no means irrefutable argument for his verisimilitude. Mrs. Norma Hatch flutters beyond the frontier of Mrs. Wharton's experience, and the charwoman, who as a *dea ex machina* shoves the plot onward, does so very unhandily.

A statement of the fact that Mrs. Wharton does not give to her characters the illusion of reality is no explanation of her motive in not doing so. One vaguely surmises that she feels she cannot attain the flashes of revelation of the great masters, and disdains the counterfeit procured by elaborate descriptions of petty details, and therefore rests content with her own individual, if arbitrary, representation of human life. But one has also a subsidiary feeling that it is safer to suspend judgment until one has approached this matter from another point.

This failure to observe the primary tenets of realism is not the only instance of Mrs. Wharton's disregard of ordinary rules; she does not adhere to the rule of inevitability. There is no inevitable connection between the last chapter of *The House of Mirth* and the first; the bottle of chloral may be the last link of a chain of which the visit to Seldon's apartment is the first, but it does not fasten upon us a sense of necessary connection. The reader is in doubt as to the intervening links; he snuffs, as it were, traces of indecision as to the termination of Lily's career. Some law-abiding readers resent the disregard of a rule they happen to know, but the ordinary mortal is comfortably pleased to experience the sentiment of suspense, A life when lived, a novel when published, are certain enough, — why should not a novel in the making enjoy the liberty of what, even in life, appears an ample uncertainty ahead?

The reason for Mrs. Wharton's indecision must perhaps be sought in the episodical character of her vision; possibly in the difficulty of discovering the inevitable thread. A better solution, justified by the fact that it also explains her neglect of the commandment of realism, is that, as an artist, she finds neither rule of advantage to her, and therefore brushes them aside with the elegant ease of an American woman passing the customs. Certainly *The House of Mirth* shows a

marked advance in acceptance of responsibility to art, a far larger sense of the value of composition, and a great increase of power in putting that sense to use. It is her feeling for composition that causes her to disregard both literary determinism and realism; these she deliberately sacrifices for the sake of obtaining the desired emphasis upon the figure of central interest. All the minor characters in the novel are adjuncts and accessories, illustration and decoration, to display the commanding figure of Lily Bart; she stands conspicuous, and all the others derive their importance from their relations to her. What they do, say, and think, is done, said, and thought in order to explain and give a high relief to Lily Bart. This mastery of composition is the great artistic achievement of the book, and justifies its immense success.

Otherwise, except for this power of composition (which indeed will have to measure its strength with the old inadequacy of uniting episodes), Mrs. Wharton in *The House of Mirth* displays no new aptitude, no new sensitiveness, no new accomplishment. The plot, wholly apart from any question of determinism, is uninteresting, — if one may say this when so many episodes are extremely interesting. There is a monotony, due to the iteration of motive, like that in the dimly remembered figures of the Lancers at dancing-school, — "forward and back," ladies' chain, pirouetting, and so on, over and over, in interminable sequence. Lily's behavior is mechanical; she whirls round and round, fresh and glittering, like waters in the upper basin of a fountain; then tumbles into the basin beneath, whirls and eddies with breaking bubbles, and tumbles again, and so down and down, until at last her continual falls from set to set sound painfully like a neglected faucet. One might suppose that this would produce what in current criticism is called the "note of inevitableness;" but it does not; the reader is continually expecting Mrs. Wharton to get up and turn it off.

Her failure in the construction of the plot in this respect, so far as it is due neither to the episodical character of her vision nor to the imperious demands of composition, is because she lacks the talents of a story-teller; for Mrs. Wharton cannot, at least, she certainly does not, put forward any claim to be a raconteur. In the short stories this lack was concealed by her mastery of the episode, but in *The House of Mirth* it is betrayed by the mechanical monotony that, even in all the brilliancy and glamour of episodes, of epigrams, of Lily herself, oppresses us with drowsy remembrances as of a too familiar tune.

The traits of a raconteur belong to persons richly endowed with bodily life and animal spirits, persons exhilarated by mere living, who receive accession of vigor from mere physical contact with other living things; but Mrs. Wharton, as an American woman, segregates herself from all this; she looks down on life from a tower, armed indeed with a powerful glass — the very strength of her lenses limits her field; — but though she observes individuals in the crowd below as if they were close, she does not touch them, she gets none of the physical aroma of immediate juxtaposition, which is so exciting to the born raconteur.

There is another element that one misses in *The House of Mirth*, indeed, in all of Mrs. Wharton's books, — poetry. To be sure, the reader perhaps is exacting, finical, greedy, if he asks for poetry; he is no "Oliver asking for more," for he has certainly partaken of a lordly bill-of-fare; yet he is not without justification. There are modern novelists — Meredith's name alone would be authority enough — who look poetically at their subject, throw over it the haze of their own imagination. Mrs. Wharton cannot allege in defense the needs of realism; and if she did, there is poetry to be found in this real world, even in New York, — to be found, at least, by poets. Lily herself might seem to be the very subject for poetic treatment, so freely posed, so

strongly modeled, so brilliantly lighted, so exalted on her pedestal, so persuasive in her physical beauty, and yet so barren of poetic dower. The demand for poetry in a novel, however, is the idiosyncrasy of certain readers; there is no law, no plebiscite, no good reason that novels should be poetical; on the contrary, if a novel is to mirror ordinary life, especially if it is to mirror ordinary American life for American readers, it must deal in prose. The demand is, in fact, a mere subterfuge; it sneaks forward in place of an honest demand for a romantic novel. For, after all, are not novel-readers in the final allotment divided into two camps, divided by the two fundamentally diverse conceptions of fiction: the one of a world parallel to ours, rolling along with even pace, with like gestures, mimicking the wrinkles, the matter-of-factness of our old world, repeating our own doings, our own imaginings, our own yawns; the other rounding out and filling in this defective world of daily experience, conceiving fiction as young Goethe or young Hugo conceived it, catching for this poor, wrinkled, matter-of-fact earth a ray of that brightness which shone on the first day of creation?

> The world's unwithered countenance
> Is bright as on Creation's day.

If this is so, can Mrs. Wharton be said to have taken sides? No doubt the school she consciously inclines to is that of the parallels; but she has diminished the effect of this inclination by her inobservance of the regulations of realism and determinism, which she has sacrificed for the sake of creating what the other camp may fairly claim is the romantic effect of Miss Bart towering above the other figures. This uncertainty furnishes another reason for believing that Mrs. Wharton has not obtained her full stature, that her powers have not yet fully and finally expressed themselves, and that *The House of Mirth*, with all its achievement, is most interesting as a promise of more important novels yet to come.

The mere thought of another novel sets the appetite on edge; one recalls the eagerness with which readers awaited the next Thackeray or Dickens, and curiosity with difficulty restrains impatient expressions, such as encourage passengers entering or leaving a street car; but one's judgment remembers the Flaubert-Maupassant maxim, "Le talent n'est qu'une longue réflexion," and hopes that Mrs. Wharton will let the seeds of inspiration slowly ripen, and, leaving books to bookworms, patiently study the living, so that, while fulfilling the duties of her position as Laureate, she shall also completely satisfy herself.

VULGARITY

BY ARTHUR C. BENSON

It is a surprising thing how difficult it is to get a satisfactory definition of the word vulgar. In common use the word is generally used to denote those people whom, in the social scale, we consider to rank immediately below ourselves. "Such vulgar people!"—that is not a phrase as a rule applied to families whose ways of life are frankly different from our own, but rather to people whom we think socially rather beneath us, but who might be mistaken by careless observers for people on our own precise level. The mistress of the large villa applies it to the dwellers in the small villa, not to the inhabitants of the cottage. And, alas, there is no surer sign of the presence of the quality itself than a tendency to apply the term liberally to other people.

The difficulty of defining the word vulgarity precisely, arises from the fact that, like most vehement and expressive words, it covers a large variety of meanings, and is tinged with different kinds of contempt. It is sometimes applied to exterior manners, and means a certain loudness of tone, a tendency to boast of one's mental and social resources, a disagreeable familiarity, a habit of patronizing, a patent conceit and self-satisfaction. Sometimes it stands for pretentiousness, for an assumption of knowledge, or experience, or consideration, which the individual who professes to possess them does not in reality enjoy. Sometimes, in the mouth of refined people,—or at all events of people who lay claim to a certain degree of refinement,—it means a coarseness and commonness of view, a tendency to jest broadly about things like love and marriage and domestic trials, which are more appropriately veiled from public view.

But perhaps we shall best track this evasive quality to its lair if we begin by considering its opposites, and think what it certainly is not, and what qualities there are that seem to be absolutely exclusive of vulgarity.

Now there are certain nations who have the quality strongly in the blood; and, indeed, it seems to testify to a strong and full-blooded vitality, a desire for self-assertion; and thus we may expect to find vulgarity dogging, like a shadow, the footsteps of strong, capable, and pushing nationalities. But there are certain nations who have been accused of many faults, who yet have never been accused of being vulgar. The Irish are a case in point. They have been accused of levity, of undue conviviality, of frivolity, of a tendency to romance, of untrustworthiness, of irresponsibility; but they have never been accused of vulgarity. Such a character, for instance, as Captain Costigan in *Pendennis* is deplorably unsatisfactory. He is vain, irascible, undignified, fond of strong liquor, unduly rhetorical; but he is never exactly vulgar. He has a curious inner dignity of spirit, which emerges when you would least expect it. He has a fervid admiration for fine moral qualities, such as generosity, courage, and loyalty. The truth is that the Irish have the poetical quality; they are all idealists, sometimes almost inconveniently so; and it may be safely stated, without fear of contradiction, that vulgarity is inconsistent with the poetical quality. There lies deep in the Celtic temperament a rich vein of emotion, a strong relish for the melancholy side of life; it is on this that their incomparable sense of humor is based; and it may be said that no one who feels at home with melancholy, who luxuriates in the strange contrast between the possibilities and the performances of humanity, is in any danger

of vulgarity; for one of the essential components of vulgarity is a complacent self-satisfaction; and if a man is apt to dwell regretfully on what might have been, rather than cheerfully upon what is, there is but little room for complacency. In fact it may be said that the Irish race has a strong sense of the poetry of failure and disappointment; whereas to the vulgar person failure is simply an intolerable evil, to be thrust out of sight as far as possible.

Then, too, there is another quality, the quality of reverence, which is inconsistent with vulgarity. The Irish are certainly not a naturally reverent nation,—superficially; but I should hold that, though their sense of humor may sometimes create a hopelessly different impression, they have a strong sense of inner reverence for what is noble and beautiful. Deference is too often mistaken for reverence, but deference is too often only a superficial courtesy. Much, too, depends upon what the objects of reverence are. A reverence for pomp and rank and wealth is not the reverence I mean, when it is conceded to the possessors of such advantages irrespective of any personal merit. I rather mean the reverence which is evoked by fine qualities and noble actions and great principles. Men who have this quality of inner reverence have very little temptation to be vulgar.

But, if the poetical sense or the sense of reverence saves a man from vulgarity, there is another quality which rescues him once and for all from the taint. That is the quality of simplicity. The simple, sincere, straightforward person, who approaches his fellow men frankly and unsuspiciously, who expects to admire and like others, who judges people and events on their own merits, who is not uneasy about his own dignity, who has no taste for recognition,—such a person is entirely free from any possibility of being vulgar. Indeed, it may be said that one of the commonest forms of vulgarity is the fear of being thought vulgar. And one of the reasons which makes simple people slow to suspect vulgarity in others is because they are not on the lookout for it; and further, there is nothing which so generates vulgarity in others as the presence of it in one's self; so, also, there is nothing which so arouses simplicity in others as to be met with simplicity. For if one of the essential attributes of vulgarity is pretentiousness, there is nothing which so disposes of pretentiousness as the consciousness that one is dealing with a person who will not be impressed by any parade of qualities, but recognizes instinctively the true characteristics of those with whom he is brought in contact.

Vulgarity, again, is certainly commoner among men than among women; and, indeed, when a woman is vulgar, she is apt to display the quality in high perfection. The reason why it is rare among women is that the emotional nature is stronger among women than among men; and thus, where men are ambitious, fond of displaying power, anxious to carry out designs, desirous of recognition, women are sympathetic, tender, affectionate, subtle; they value relations with others more than performances; they encourage and console, because they are interested in the person who desires sympathy more than in the aims which he nourishes. A man is often more dear to a woman in failure than in success, because in success a woman can often only applaud, whereas in failure she can sustain and help. If one's main interest in life is in the personalities that surround one, if one is more attracted by the display of qualities than by the performance of undertakings, one is not likely to be tempted by vulgarity; because the essence, again, of vulgarity is that it tends to affix an altogether fictitious value to material things. A man who pursues wealth, comfort, power, position, is always in danger of vulgarity; a man whose aim is wisdom, truth, peace, is not likely to indulge in the complacent sense of attainment, because he is in pursuit of the infinite rather than of the finite.

Hitherto we have dealt with the outward and superficial manifestations of vulgarity, and in the region of manners rather than of morals. Let us now try to probe a little deeper, and to see whether vulgarity is of its essence sinful. Of course, there is a great deal of superficial vulgarity that is not at all sinful, but is simply the natural buoyancy of a rather ill-bred temperament. But this kind of vulgarity, distressing and disagreeable as it is to be brought into contact with, is rather a lack of finer consideration for the rights and tastes of others, and is not inconsistent with great kindness, generosity, affection, and loyalty, and even enthusiasm.

There is, however, a deep-seated and inner vulgarity of soul which may be certainly held to be a grave and disfiguring moral fault, and this species of vulgarity is a commoner thing than is sometimes suspected, because it may coexist with a high degree of mental and social refinement. This inner and deeper vulgarity is sometimes accompanied with an almost Satanical power of suppressing its outward manifestations. A fine typical instance of it is to be found in Mr. Henry James's wonderful novel, *The Portrait of a Lady*, where Gilbert Osmond, who marries the heroine, is slowly revealed as a man of a deep and innate vulgarity of spirit. When he first appears in the book, he comes upon the scene as a man of intense and sensitive refinement, living in great simplicity and seclusion in a villa near Florence, fond of art and artistic emotions, a collector of bric-a-brac, who appears to the romantic Isabel as one who has solemnly and deliberately eschewed the world because he cannot bring himself to strive, to desire, to fight. She marries him, and endows him with her wealth; and then, by a ghastly series of small discoveries, she finds that his one aim has been to mystify the world, and that his ambition has been to stimulate the curiosity of others about himself, and to refuse to gratify it. His one desire has been to be a personage, and as he could not achieve this by performance, he has tried to achieve it by pose. The man whom she thought a kind of gentle Quietist appears to be nothing but a mass of ignoble and snobbish traditions.

Now it may be said that this species is not a very uncommon one, and it may be seen to its perfection among wealthy aristocracies. You may meet people who are the perfection of breeding, of courtesy, of consideration, and you may then, as you penetrate deeper, discover that all this elaborate panoply is the result not of sympathy, but of a mere sense of dignity and of what is due from people of position. Such people are often so intensely secure of consideration that it is not worth their while to claim it or parade it. Then one finds that a certain status or position — it is not wealth, or even rank that they admire, so much as a certain weight of tradition — is the one thing that they value. They take themselves with an infinite seriousness. They have no respect for energy, intellect, nobleness of character, activity, capacity, except in so far as such qualities tend to make people socially important. Their attitude to all these qualities, if they are unaccompanied by social status, is that of a condescension so delicate that it is hardly observable. There was a delightful picture in *Punch*, about the time that Tennyson accepted a peerage, representing two of these graceful and attenuated aristocrats, faultlessly attired, and destitute of chin and forehead alike, standing together in a drawing-room. One of them says amiably to the other, "I hear that what's-his-name, that poet feller, is going to become one of us."

It is such deep-seated vulgarity, such ineffable and courteous complacency, that has plunged countries into civil war, and that, indeed, ultimately produced the French Revolution. Argument, rhetoric, persuasion are thrown away on these impenetrable natures; and even when their estates are confiscated and they are reduced to poverty, their sense of inner dignity is undisturbed.

Thus vulgarity, when it is seen in its

deepest and most recondite form, is undoubtedly a heinous moral fault. It results in tyranny and oppression, and is fatal to the rights of man. It was this kind of vulgarity, the sense of rightness and superiority, that our Lord assailed so fiercely and denounced so unsparingly in the Pharisees. The essence of it is to know one's place, and to despise those who have not one's own advantages. Thus it may be found also in both intellectual and even highly moral people. There is a species of intellectual vulgarity which shows itself in contemptuous derision of sentiment and emotion; which makes a certain type of reviewer trample disdainfully upon literary work with which he does not happen to be in sympathy. There is a terrible species of moral vulgarity which is to be found in great force among members of the religious middle class, which tends to suspect the morals of all other classes, and to consider its own ways of life the perfection of simplicity, rightness, and virtue.

Indeed, a very curious problem arises out of the fact that there are many undeniably effective forms of religion which are yet strongly mixed up with vulgarity. Not to travel far for instances, the preaching of the late Mr. Spurgeon was highly spiced by a kind of superficial vulgarity of treatment. Yet, if one reads the Gospel, one instinctively feels that it is in its essence opposed to every kind of vulgarity. The explanation probably is that the part of Mr. Spurgeon's religion which proved effective from a spiritual point of view was not the vulgar part of it; but that, dealing, as he was compelled to do, with people whose native refinement was not very deep, he made a practical compromise, and preached a religion which was superficially attractive to shrewd and sensible minds, in order that he might insensibly allure them past the outworks and into the inner citadel of personal holiness; and that, as Coventry Patmore writes, "the sweetness melted from the barbèd hook" as soon as the capture was made.

It seems, then, that the essence of all vulgarity is the favorable comparison of one's self, upon whatever ground, with the characters and habits of others. The duchess who considers herself a model of unimpeachable dignity is vulgar if she pities those who have not her advantages. The mechanic who has a strong sense of his own rectitude and ability is vulgar, if he despises those who are not equally endowed.

It is a subtle poison, and perhaps of all the dangerous essences of the soul the most difficult to expel, because it is so often based on a consciousness of what is really there. Rank and rectitude alike are pleasant gifts; but the moment that one derives a sense of merit from the fortuitous possession of them, that moment one crosses the border-line of vulgarity, and is daubed with its malodorous slime.

A DISSOLVING VIEW OF PUNCTUATION

BY WENDELL PHILLIPS GARRISON

A Dutch artist is said to have taken a cow grazing in a field as the "fixed point" in his landscape — with consequences to his perspective that may be imagined. The writer on the "laws" of punctuation is in much the same predicament. He must begin by admitting that no two masters of the art would punctuate the same page in the same way; that usage varies with every printing-office and with every proofreader; that as regards the author, too, his punctuation is largely determined by his style, or, in other words, is personal and individual — "singular, and to the humor of his irregular self." The same writer will tell you, further, that punctuation will vary according as one has in view rapidity and clearness of comprehension, avoidance of fatigue in reading aloud, or rhetorical expression. Worse still, coming to the conventional signs which we call points or stops, he is bound to acknowledge that they are very largely interchangeable, at the caprice of authors or printers. Well may he exclaim, with Robinson Crusoe, "These considerations really put me to a pause, and to a kind of a full stop."

It is the paradox of the art, however, that the more these difficulties are faced and examined, the fuller becomes our understanding of the principles which do actually underlie the convention that makes punctuation correct or faulty. And in so unsystematic a system the expositor has the delightful privilege of flinging order to the winds, and choosing his own manner of development. He may elect to dwell at the outset on the apparent want of rule and the undoubtedly shifting and fluctuating practice. Take, for example, the question which nearly cost Darwin the friendship of Captain Fitz-Roy on the Beagle:

"I then asked him whether he thought that the answer of slaves in the presence of their master was worth anything ?"

How Mr. Darwin printed this sentence I do not know, but in the printed volume of his Life it ends with an interrogation mark. No one can contest the propriety of this. Nevertheless, he might have chosen to follow the prevailing custom with *indirect* questions and end with a period [was worth anything.]. Or, again, he might have used an exclamation point, to indicate his surprise at Fitz-Roy's believing a slave who said he did not wish to be free; and, more than surprise, the scornful feeling that was in his tone, for he says that he put the question "perhaps with a sneer" [was worth anything !]. In this instance, the period and the interrogation mark address themselves merely to the eye, as aids to quick understanding. The inflection of the voice for one reading aloud would be the same, whichever was employed. The exclamation point, on the other hand, subtly conveys an emotional, rhetorical hint to the reader, which puts him, and enables him to put his hearers, in sympathy with the mood of the writer.

As a matter of fact, Darwin was intent simply on illustrating Fitz-Roy's temper, and had no rhetorical designs whatever upon the reader. Suppose the opposite to have been the case, and that he had preferred to suggest not his own moral indignation, but the sheer intellectual absurdity and grotesqueness of the commander's credulity. He might then, discarding the exclamation point, have chosen to end his sentence with a dash or double dash [was worth anything ——]. This stop would have had the value of a twinkle of the eye, or of a suppressed guffaw. I do not mean that ridicule is the special and

constant function of the final dash. What it does is to make an abrupt termination, leaving it to the reader's imagination to guess what lies beyond. But the imagination is really directed by what has gone before. The French use, instead of the double dash, a series of dots. Sterne is the chief English writer who has liberally adopted this rather unsavory Gallic application, and he substitutes for it on one occasion a dash which has neither a ludicrous nor an unclean signification, but one quite solemn. He interrupts the touching story of Uncle Toby's benevolence to Lefever with this finished-unfinished ejaculation:

"That kind Being who is a friend to the friendless, shall recompense thee for this ——"

where the dash has all the effect of uplifted hands and a benediction, or of tears that checked further utterance.

Already, then, from a single example of the interchangeability of points, we perceive what shades of refinement in expression are possible to the judicious. And since we have mentioned Sterne, we may ponder here what he says of the *sentence*, for its equal bearing upon punctuation:

"Just heaven! how does the *Poco più* and the *Poco meno* of the Italian artists — the insensibly more or less — determine the precise line of beauty in the sentence as well as in the statue! How do the *slight* touches of the chisel, the pen, the fiddlestick, et cetera, give the true pleasure! . . . O my countrymen! be nice; be cautious of your language; and never, O never! let it be forgotten upon what small particles your eloquence and your fame depend."

In quainter fashion, Emily Dickinson wrote to a correspondent: "What a hazard an accent is! When I think of the hearts it has scuttled or sunk, I almost fear to lift my hand to so much as a punctuation."

A British organ of the book-trade heads thus an illustration of the working of the Bankruptcy Act of 1883:

ANOTHER SATISFACTORY SETTLEMENT?

The use of "satisfactory" is here clearly satirical, as is meant to be intimated by the interrogation mark. As a jester with a sober face, the writer might have contented himself with a period [satisfactory settlement.]; or, with more feeling, he might have used the explosive exclamation point [satisfactory settlement !]; or, again, he might have ended with the period while inserting immediately after the word "satisfactory" either of the other two points, in parenthesis [satisfactory (?) settlement, satisfactory (!) settlement], or resorting to quotation marks ["satisfactory" settlement].

Next, two sentences out of Ruskin:

"You think I am going into wild hyperbole?"

"But, at least, if the Greeks do not give character, they give ideal beauty?"

Here the *form* is affirmative, but there is a suppressed inquiry — "You think, *do you?*" "They give, *do they not?*" — and this justifies the interrogation mark. The affirmative interrogation is abundantly exemplified in Jowett's translation of Plato's Dialogues, being skillfully employed to vary the monotony of the catechism; as in the case of this sentence from the *Charmides:*

"Then temperance, I said, will not be doing one's own business; at least not in this way, or not doing these sort of things?"

So Dickens writes inquiringly to Forster concerning a projected novel:

"The name is *Great Expectations.* I think a good name?"

Dr. Bradley, the Oxford Professor of Poetry, commenting on *In Memoriam*, says there are frequent instances in it and in Tennyson's other works of defective punctuation, "and, in particular, of a defective use of the note of interrogation." And shall we not here make a little digression to accuse poets in general of neglect of pointing? A stanza of Whittier's "Pæan" was thus maltreated in the

Osgood edition of 1870 — that is, in the author's lifetime:

> Troop after troop their line forsakes;
> With peace-white banners waving free,
> And from our own the glad shout breaks,
> Of Freedom and Fraternity!

Every one of the first three lines is grossly mispointed. Read:

> Troop after troop their line forsakes,
> With peace-white banners waving free;
> And from our own the glad shout breaks
> Of Freedom and Fraternity!

Better than such obstructions to the sense would it have been if these lines had been left wholly unpunctuated. In fact, a good deal of simple verse, devoid of *enjambement*, might dispense wholly with points without great loss. The opening lines of Gray's Elegy, or of Emerson's "Concord Monument," would suffer little in intelligibility if printed thus:

> The curfew tolls the knell of parting day
> The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea
> The ploughman homeward plods his weary way
> And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

> By the rude bridge that arched the flood
> Their flag to April's breeze unfurled
> Here once the embattled farmers stood
> And fired the shot heard round the world.

The early scribes, by a system known as stichometry, attained the ends of punctuation by chopping up the text into lines accommodated to the sense. And in our modern practice a stop is often omissible at the end of a line because of the break, whereas it would be essential to clearness if the final word of one line and the first of the succeeding stood close together. Macaulay, writing of Pitt, says:

"Widely as the taint of corruption had spread | his hands were clean."

Had the line broken thus —

"Widely as the taint of corruption had| spread his hands were clean,"

to omit the comma after "spread" would have made *his hands* seem the object of the verb.

Division into lines is what makes poetry in most languages easier for the beginner than prose; and another result is that the punctuation of poetry is more disregarded by writers themselves than that of prose, though nowhere are there such opportunities as in verse for elegant and subtle pointing.

The exclamation point, which disputes a place with the interrogation mark and the period, is in turn contested by other stops. It has a peculiar function in apostrophizing, and the poets avail themselves of it freely.

> O Lady! we receive but what we give,

writes Coleridge in his ode *Dejection;* yet in the same poem we encounter:

> Thou Wind, that ravest without.
> . . . . . .
> Mad Lutanist! who, in this month of showers
> . . . . . .
> Thou Actor, perfect in all tragic sounds!
> Thou mighty Poet, e'en to frenzy bold!

The comma in the last two lines is to be approved because of the exclamation point at the end and the desirability of husbanding stress. But the following quotations, from Byron, Clough, and Wordsworth respectively, show that the comma need not apologize for itself, and that the apostrophic usage is divided *ad libitum:*

> Fond hope of many generations, art thou dead?

> What voice did on my spirit fall,
> Peschiera, when thy bridge I crost?

> Ye blessèd Creatures, I have heard the call.

The approved German practice is to put an exclamation point after Dear Sir (or Friend) at the beginning of a letter, and it was not unknown to our forefathers in their private correspondence; but convention now forbids it in English, and we use either the colon or the dash — the latter chiefly when the line runs on continuously after it. In friendly expostulation, however, as, "My dear sir! consider what you are saying!" the exclamation point reasserts itself.

The colon and the dash have many functions in common. Either may be used before a quoted passage — and so may

the comma, but preferably before a short quotation. From Coleridge again:

"Up starts the democrat: 'May all fools be gulloteened, and then you will be the first!'"

"Now I know, my gentle friend, what you are murmuring to yourself — 'This is so like him!'"

Colon and dash may be indifferently used wherever "namely" or "to wit" is to be understood, or even where it is expressed; but *then* the comma is more apt to be employed than either.

"What is stupidly said of Shakspere is really true and appropriate of Chapman: mighty faults counterpoised by mighty beauties."

"The Government called you hither; the constitution thereof being limited so — a Single Person and a Parliament."

"He abandoned the proud position of the victorious general to exchange it for the most painful position which a human being can occupy, *viz.*, the management of the affairs of a great nation with insufficient mental gifts and inadequate knowledge."

In English prose the colon has rarely a parenthetical function. Dickens, however, made free use of it in this capacity, as one may see in *Dombey and Son*. Here is an extract from a review in the London *Athenæum*, in which the Latin proverb is enclosed by colons:

"In examining works which cover so vast a field, it is not difficult to detect here and there an omission or a slip of the pen: *facile est inventis addere*: but in the present case one has to resort to a powerful magnifying-glass to discover points deserving censure."

In verse, Clough's *Qua cursum ventus* furnishes a fine instance:

As ships, becalmed at eve, that lay
With canvas drooping, side by side,
Two towers of sail at dawn of day
Are scarce, long leagues apart, descried:

When fell the night, upsprung the breeze,
And all the darkling hours they plied,
Nor dreamt but each the self-same seas
By each was cleaving, side by side:

E'en so—but why the tale reveal
Of those whom, year by year unchanged,
Brief absence joined anew to feel,
Astounded, soul from soul estranged?

The second stanza is purely parenthetical, and it might equally well, if less elegantly, be pointed with parentheses, a semicolon replacing the colon:

Are scarce, long leagues apart, descried;

(When fell the night, upsprung the breeze,
. . . . . .
By each was cleaving, side by side;)

It is rather the comma and the dash which compete with the marks of parenthesis. Thus, Fenimore Cooper writes, in his *Mohicans:*

"The suddenness and the nature of the surprise had nearly proved too much for — we will not say the philosophy, but for the faith and resolution of David."

This might justifiably have been pointed as follows: [too much for (we will not say the philosophy, but for) the faith and resolution of David].

Dash, comma, and parenthesis have equal title to employment in this sentence of Thackeray's:

"If that theory be — and I have no doubt it is — the right and safe one."

"If that theory be, and I have no doubt it is,"

"If that theory be (and I have no doubt it is)"

A frequent old-fashioned usage is exemplified in Coleridge's —

"Whatever beauty (thought I) may be before the poet's eye at present, it must certainly be of his own creation."

This has pretty much given way to the comma: [Whatever beauty, thought I, may be, etc.].

The parenthesis usefully replaces the comma when greater perspicuity is thereby attainable, as in this quotation from a newspaper of the day:

"You have not undertaken any better or more important work than the defense of State politics, which, of course, includes municipal, against national."

Here the sentence is very much cut up by commas, and, in order to bring out the

antithesis of *state* and *national*, a parenthesis after "politics" and after "municipal" effects a decided change for the better: [State politics (which, of course, includes municipal) against national]. In fact, thus used, the parenthesis is only a larger and more striking comma, or a curved "virgil," as the slanting precursor of the comma was called. In the "prologge" to Tyndale's first edition of the New Testament, where the virgil is the only form of comma, the opening sentence employs parentheses where we now resort to commas:

"I have here translated (brethern and susters moost dere and tenderly beloued in Christ) the newe Testament."

The parenthesis has been decried by some literary authority, and is rather under the ban of proofreaders, but without good reason. Prejudice to the contrary notwithstanding, the sign is, in any flexible system of punctuation, of great utility in clearing up obscurity and coming to the relief of the overworked comma, as in the penultimate example above. It needs no other apology.

While the comma, semicolon, colon, dash, parenthesis, and period may be termed "pauses," and may, in a rough way, be classified as being longer or shorter, this arrangement helps but little to determine the proper occasion for the use of each. In a scientific and unimpassioned style something like a mathematical punctuation is possible; but when fervor or vivacity or personal idiosyncrasy of any kind enters in, the points become puppets to be handled almost at will. Take the line of verse —

> God never made a tyrant nor a slave.

The need in it of punctuation other than the final period is not obvious; but, in the poet's own feeling, a comma was called for, slightly checking the flow, thus

> God never made a tyrant, nor a slave.

By this refinement a little more emphasis is bestowed on the second member — "nor a slave either," as if mankind were less disposed to eliminate slaves than tyrants from the divine order: a state of mind actually witnessed in this country in 1830, when the slaveholding citizens of Charleston celebrated the overthrow of Charles X. The emphasis would, of course, have been heightened by employing a dash, as —

> God never made a tyrant — nor a slave.

So Byron, in his *Isles of Greece*:

> He served — but served Polycrates
> (A tyrant, but our masters then
> Were still at least our countrymen).

A comma [He served, but served Polycrates] would have meant, "that made a difference;" the dash implies, "that made *a great deal* of difference."

The semicolon has nowadays a much closer relation with the comma than with the colon. In the days of the scribes, it shared with the colon a function now confined to the period, *viz.*, of denoting a terminal abbreviation — sometimes standing apart, as in *undiq*; (for *undique*); sometimes closely attached to the final letter, as, *q*; for *que*. The early printers duly adopted this, with other conventions of the manuscripts. When the Gothic letter was abandoned for the Roman, a curious result ensued in the case of the abbreviation of *videlicet* (*viz.*). The semicolon was detached from the *i*, but no longer as a point. It took the shape of the letter it resembled in Gothic script, though not in Roman print, and thus really gave a twenty-seventh letter to our alphabet — a pseudo *z*. Not unnaturally, it acquired the sound of *z* or *ss*, as is exemplified in the lines from *Hudibras*:

> That which so oft by sundry writers
> Has been applied t' almost all fighters,
> More justly may b' ascribed to this
> Than any other warrior, viz.''

Naturally, too, it ceased even to signify a contraction, for our printers follow it with a period (*viz.*), for that purpose; and if the practice observed by Goetz of Cologne, of using a zed for a period, had prevailed, we might have seen the odd form *vizz* arise.

The semicolon is now become a big brother of the comma, enabling long

sentences to be subdivided with great advantage to comprehension and oral delivery. It is of marked use in categories, where the comma would tend to no little confusion. Thus:

"He has now begun the issue of two remaining classes of laws — Private Laws ; and Resolves, Orders, Addresses, etc."

— as contrasted with [Private Laws, and Resolves, Orders, Addresses, etc.].

In the following passage from Coleridge the semicolon prevents a close-knit paragraph from being cut up by periods:

"Of dramatic blank verse we have many and various specimens — for example, Shakspeare's as compared with Massinger's, both excellent in their kind ; of lyric, and of what may be called orphic or philosophic, blank verse, perfect models may be found in Wordsworth ; of colloquial blank verse there are excellent, though not perfect, examples in Cowper ; but of epic blank verse, since Milton, there is not one."

An extract from Thomas Paine will exhibit several substitutions besides the one we are considering:

"Our present condition is, legislation without law ; wisdom without a plan ; a constitution without a name ; and, what is strangely astonishing, perfect independence contending for dependence."

Here the comma in place of the semicolon would have sufficed throughout if that before "legislation" had been made either colon or dash, and if the parenthetical clause "what is strangely astonishing" had been bracketed:

"Our present condition is : legislation without law, wisdom without a plan, a constitution without a name, and (what is strangely astonishing) perfect independence contending for dependence."

Nor would any obscurity have arisen in this extract from Burke had the comma prevailed; but the semicolon answers the purpose of emphasizing the several relative clauses:

"They think there is nothing worth pursuit but that which they can handle ; which they can measure with a two-foot rule ; which they can tell upon ten fingers."

Very frequently the semicolon plays at seesaw with the dash, most familiarly in the case of the hanging participial clause, as when Clarendon writes:

"In Warwickshire the King had no footing ; the castle of Warwick, the city of Coventry, and his own castle of Killingworth being fortified against him"

— where we might point: [— the castle of Warwick . . . being fortified against him]. And again in simple opposition, as of Knickerbocker:

"He was a brisk, wiry, waspish little old gentleman ; such a one as may now and then be seen stumping about our city," etc.

— in place of which may be employed [— such a one as may now and then be seen].

In the third place, the semicolon may dispute the dash before a relative pronoun when it is desired to mark the *whole* of what precedes as the antecedent, instead of the nearest noun or phrase. Take this stately period from Sir Thomas Browne:

"We present not these as any strange sight or spectacle unknown to *your* eyes, who have beheld the best of urns and noblest variety of ashes, who are yourself no slender master of antiquities, and can daily command the view of so many imperial faces ; which raiseth your thoughts unto old things and consideration of times before you when even living men were antiquities, when the living might exceed the dead, and to depart this world could not properly be said to go unto the greater number."

But it is time to pause. Either some light has been shed on the principles of punctuation by studying the diversity of good usage, or else my readers may envy Lord Timothy Dexter's, who were bid to pepper and salt as they chose. This ignoramus, in bunching his points at the end of his book, intimated two truths — one, that punctuation is, to a large extent

at least, a personal matter; the other that punctuation may be good without being scientific. By way of illustrating the latter thesis, I will quote here a passage from Rousseau on grammar:

"Whether a given expression," he says, "be or be not what is called French or in accordance with good usage, is not the question. We talk and write solely with a view to being understood. Provided we are intelligible, our end is attained; if we are clear, it is still better attained. Speak clearly, then, to any one who understands French. Such is the rule, and be sure that if you committed five thousand barbarisms to boot, you would none the less have written well. I go further, and maintain that we must sometimes be wilfully ungrammatical for the sake of greater lucidity. In this, and not in all the pedantry of purism, consists the veritable art of composition."

So we may say broadly of punctuation that if any composition is so pointed as to convey the author's meaning, it is well pointed. If it is, in addition, free from all ambiguity, it is still better pointed. And sometimes we must be willfully ungrammatical in order to be lucid, as in the following sentence, in which the comma after "has," though it separates the subject from the verb, tells us at once that "witnesses" *is* the verb and not a noun:

"The rise of such a society to such power as it now has, witnesses to profound modifications in the prevalent religious conceptions."

Likewise when we separate the object from the verb, as in

"This, man alone can accomplish,"

to show that it *is* the object, and not a demonstrative adjective qualifying "man," as in —

"Even out of that, mischief has grown."

It still remains possible, by a skillful combination of conventional usage and natural selection, to endow the text with every aid to quick and perfect apprehension, and to the effectiveness of the rhetorical and emotional aim of the writer. The punctuation then leaves nothing to be desired; it becomes elegant, the mark of a cultivated mind. How many graduates of our colleges, of both sexes, betray in their manuscripts no evidence of their literary training! How many writers of learning and distinction need to be edited for the press in the simple matter of punctuation! Our textbooks are palpably at fault — our elementary textbooks; for the study ought never to pass beyond the grammar school.

FURTHER ADVENTURES OF A YACHTSMAN'S WIFE

BY MARY HEATON VORSE

When I was a very young girl, and inclined, like most young people, to despise the beautiful commonplace things of daily life, and to find the path of the usual a dull place for my walks abroad, an old lady said to me, —

"My dear, do not underrate the value of the usual; its highway is a convenient road which leads one to a freedom of spirit; for blazing one's own path through life is wasting one's time on hard work when we might better have made use of the labor of others."

And, indeed, I have found the path of the usual like a well-trodden road, perhaps not as interesting as cross-country traveling, but still a saver of time and trouble, and if on its even surface one has not so much joy of adventure, neither does one bark one's shins or tear one's clothes in scrambling over fences.

It is, for instance, so much against the usual for a woman to sail a boat as to seem almost against nature, and so I say no yachtsman's wife should learn to sail; for no grown woman can learn to handle a boat and not be puffed up with pride.

When Stan and I were first married, I felt my way around among the conventions of his yachtsman's world awkwardly enough. It was a long time before I learned enough so that, metaphorically speaking, I no longer ate with my knife; and though I learned to know the yachtsmen's conventions by sight, they formed no part of me; rather did they seem like the meaningless etiquette of some outlandish people. However, all the lubberly mistakes I made were not, I now realize, so great a mistake as my learning to sail; for now I am in an independent position — a woman with a bank account of her own, as it were. But while a woman may have a bank account and a humble spirit at the same time, there is no such thing as sailing a boat meekly, for the very moment one is captain of only a sneak-box one becomes as arrogant and intolerant of advice as the Old Man of any smart old-time clipper. In my own case, as you will see, much trouble came from this unfortunate and unnatural attitude of mind.

One may sin against the usual in a myriad of other ways than the one that I followed in leaving my "woman's sphere," — which on a boat is keeping one's mouth closed and seeing after the lunch; one may, for instance, like young Morris, be constantly fishing in the depth of one's being for rare emotions, and, lacking these, one may sit off by one's self and take one's mind to pieces like a watch and fit it together again. Played alone, this is as harmless a game as solitaire, but when two play at it, it becomes a dangerous game of chance.

And to show that all this is true I will tell the story of two sails; and you will see how much better off we should all have been had every one of us followed the comfortable path of every day.

This story begins with Morris and Alison James, Phil Temple, Stan, and myself starting forth for a day of sailing. It was I who was taking the boat out. We floated down the endless harbor, borne rather by the ebbing tide than the little breath of wind, toward the shining Sound where white-sailed boats glided along like stately birds. Farther out toward the Long Island shore, sails were bending to stray breaths of wind, which here and there disturbed the shining blue mirror.

Stanford at last broke the silence which held us all with —

"If you hold on that way much longer you'll have us all up on the mud!"

I tranquilly held my boat on its course, — it was I who was sailing it.

"Did you hear what I say," asked Stan, and there was a note of just anger in his voice.

"Yes," I replied tranquilly and without defiance, "I heard you." And I continued on my course with composure. One learns during a number of years of married life how to avoid annoying one's husband, — one also learns how best to annoy him.

"Suit yourself," came from Stan; and it was wonderful what a threat he made of his simple words, — weeks of lying on the mud were in them.

Outwardly unmoved, but with my heart beating a trifle faster, I continued my course toward the shallow water which hid the mud banks, concealing unplumbed depths of obstinacy under a restful, peaceful manner, — in fact, quite overdoing it, and in the end seeming hardly conscious of the tiller in my hand. But my indifference was a defiance, my tranquillity a challenge.

It was, you see, a breach of family etiquette for Stan to interfere with me; had he been at the tiller he might have deliberately wrecked the boat without my opening my mouth, so well am I drilled.

Stanford elaborately ignored me and my sailing. "Hang us up on the mud for all I care," his attitude told me. At last, "Ready about," says I, in a languid, indifferent tone, as if I had n't judged the distance of the mud bank to an inch. The little boat turned on its heel, the rudder scraped the mud, leaving a turgid yellow streak on the blue water. I allowed myself no triumph. I merely continued to zigzag the endless harbor, giving the mud bank a kick on each tack, sitting aloof and superb at my tiller.

I only tell this episode to show the dangers of a wife's learning to sail, and how exasperating, headstrong, and self-confident this perilous knowledge makes a woman. I tell it, too, because what young Morris said about it so well illustrates his attitude toward us.

He turned to Alison James and said, "Are n't they as heavenly as I said they were? Is n't it a pity that we can't in decency call in a writer and have him put them in a book?" At which Alison turned her long, narrow eyes to Morris, nodding comprehendingly. So Morris, by his question and Alison's mute answer, had turned himself into a spectator and us into a show. Phil Temple bristled like a turkey gobbler.

"Oh, don't mind the decencies," he sputtered. "Call in your writer. You can't make us any more notorious than we are, sailing in this freak boat. Was n't it ugly enough without painting it to look like a poster? I feel as if I were sailing in an advertisement for some breakfast food!"

It was an open boat, and its lines were as graceful as those of a washtub, which in many respects it resembled; it was as high-sided as one, and was prevented from being as circular mainly by a snubby bowsprit on the one hand, and an enormous rudder on the other. This rudder was so out of proportion, and was shipped so high, that the boat's name, which was painted in large yellow letters, was cut in two, with the result that on one side of the rudder one read VASE- and on the other -LINE. The boat was only sixteen feet over all, and had a jib and mainsail of a mellow golden hue such as one seldom sees this side of the Mediterranean, and it was wonderfully conspicuous among the flock of white-sailed yachts which flit over the Sound. This conspicuous canvas was only Stan's way of letting the whole Sound know that if he had to sail in a boat of so antiquated a model it was only as a joke. As a matter of fact, we had come home from Italy, as every one else does, poor, and it was for us the Vaseline or nothing.

So the poor old craft which had sedately bobbed up and down at her mooring week-days, and gone on fishing excursions Sundays quite as sedately (as if, indeed, these excursions were a sort of sailboat's church), for a matter of over

thirty years, had been done over in this extraordinary fashion.

She had been a boat much cherished by her simple-hearted owners, not one of whom had had the heart to change the name which had been given to her in her youth; for when we found her, BEA was painted on one side of the stern, and UTY on the other.

Old boats, as well as old houses, have each one its peculiar atmosphere, and Beauty spoke eloquently of the simpler yachting manners of an earlier day. She had artless tales to tell me of long fishing parties where one really caught fish, of jolly family sailing parties where one carried huge lunch baskets bursting with homely, substantial food. In short, she was as honest, simple, elderly a boat as ever you saw. There was something as indecent in snatching her out of the obscurity of her little unfrequented cove on the Connecticut shore and making her the Sound Harlequin, as there would be in pulling an old lady out of her rocker on her back piazza and setting her pirouetting in a circus ring.

Not a shade of Phil's disapproval escaped the analytical eye of Morris. The whole morning had seemed to his perverse sense of humor a delicious comedy. Stanford and I and our boats have always seemed to Morris, as he said to Alison James, "heavenly," and in all the many years he has sailed with us he has never had any one with whom he could share his esoteric chuckles. Now he looked over to Alison for a responsive gleam, but Alison was talking to me with her pretty volubility. She was saying, —

"I think it was such a picturesque idea. I've always loved boats with bright-colored sails, — in pictures, I mean; I never saw one! — And the name is so quaint: the Vaseline! How did you happen to think of that name, Mrs. Dayton?"

"It came to me," I replied, a malicious eye on Morris. Very well I knew that Morris had brought Alison James that he might experience the subtle joys of watching the effect we produced on her. He had not bargained for the effect she might produce on us. He had wanted Alison to share with him his secret knowledge of how droll we are; and now, as the wind freshened and we slipped evenly along, she burst out in exultation over the joys of sailing; her words tumbled over each other in soft eagerness. She gave the impression of bridging over some conversational gap, of trying in the face of difficulties to put every one at ease; and Morris, who thought he made "insight" a profession, had not the keenness to see that it was herself whom Alison was trying to put at ease.

I for one was sorry for her (and it is no new thing for me to feel sorry for my guests). There she was, dumped down with a hostess who, puffed up with pride, ostentatiously sailed the boat; then there was Morris, who expected some wonderful appreciation of her, but what, she did n't exactly know. So, obscurely aware that she had missed the right "tone," — and how particular Morris was about tone, — she continued to give out appreciations of the Sound. She did it charmingly, being one of the few women to whom superlatives are becoming.

Morris looked at her with sternness. This was not the way he had expected her to take either sailing or us.

"Let's go out in front of the mast, Alison," he suggested.

Poor Alison's gayety died. The bubbling flow of her enthusiasms subsided like a dying geyser, but as she stepped to the other side of the sail,

"You are quick with your blame," said she to Morris, and reproach and pride were in her dark eyes. She was the type of girl that makes other women seem colorless; but he was n't to be softened by any mere prettiness, — what he demanded was "insight;" and I heard him reply in his soft voice, —

"I have said nothing," thus metaphorically shutting the door in Alison's face. And I hastily changed the course of the boat, putting the sail between us and them.

On our side of the sail all was not harmony, nor did our lack of what Morris calls "oneness" express itself in subtleties.

Phil had preserved his gloom intact in spite of the lovely day, and he now opened fire on Stan by remarking, in his honest, outspoken way, —

"Do you know what this boat of yours makes me think of? It makes me think of a piece of antique furniture enameled white, with the claws gilded. The matter with you is you've lost your standards. You're too impressionable. Gad! I ought to be glad you did n't come back wearing a beret and a mile of red sash around your stomach."

"I don't see what there is so wrong about this boat." A first faint note of uneasiness showed itself in Stan's voice.

"*I* like its looks," said I; "and I don't see, if one wants to, why one should n't paint the mast of one's own boat like a barber's pole."

"I suppose you don't!" Phil answered wearily, looking across at Stan, who returned his look. It was evident to me that I had somehow been "just like a girl" again, and again, as often before, the sense of the inferiority of women brought together the two old friends.

There is nothing more treacherous than a little boat for giving away secrets. On one tack the people forward are shut away from their companions as if by a partition; then let the boat come about, and a whispering gallery is a better place for confidences. So from time to time Alison's voice would be wafted to me, — and I could no more help hearing than if she had been seated next me. So I caught things like, —

"I suppose this is one of the phases we must all go through. We must be patient with each other;" or, "after all, what we call 'engagements' are the results of such an artificial condition that they naturally conduce to the hypercritical state of mind you and I find ourselves in;" and again, "It's uncomfortable, but it's interesting. Oh, how all this should make us understand!"

Then Morris: "You've missed the whole point, my dear girl — forgive me if I say you *don't* understand." His voice came to me cool and superior, as superior as the voice of a husband teaching one to sail. After all, "insight" and "understanding" and the game of analysis were the boats of Alison and Morris, — a game which they played with the deadly seriousness of children, just as Stan and I used to play at sailing; and the games one plays in this whole-souled fashion often seem to one more important than the real business of life. Quarreling over such games makes very little difference after one is married, though before it often leads to trouble; and I wished that I had a church and a parson handy and could take Alison and Morris, and marry them off, and let them play the game of buying the furniture for their house, and then afterwards let them up and analyze each other's souls, and welcome.

We had got well to the middle of the Sound when the wind treacherously forsook us, the boat slid along like some gayly painted beetle, slowly and more slowly, and at last the mainsail gave a discouraged flap, as if to say, "I can do no more," and Alison's voice came clearly to the cockpit: —

"The question to me is, if we really cared, would we, do you think, pick It to pieces this way? Do you think if we *felt*, really felt, we could *talk* so much?"

Then the idle boom swung, creaking mournfully, to some little swell, and disclosed Morris, his head in his hands.

"I don't know, Alison," he said; "I don't know." It was evident that Tragedy was passing over. I might as reasonably have asked Stan in our early days, whether, if he really cared for me, he would have sailed so much; but people always give speech undue importance, and refuse to realize that certain kinds of conversation are to be classed with golf or chess or any other absorbing but insignificant pastime. However, I tried to drown Alison out by chaffing Phil Temple, but her voice had a thrilling quality

which rose above our chatter when the poor child wailed,—

"It's *you* who can't feel! It's you who've killed It for me. You've analyzed It to death, you've talked It to death!" — and I could stand it no longer, and called my two guests away from their tragic little sport.

The difference between men and women in such matters is that men down deep in their hearts know that a game is a game, while women don't. So Morris, having played his game, ignored it, which, to poor Alison, proved his heartlessness.

Meanwhile the day grew hotter and more hot, the waters gave back the reflection of the sun like a piece of polished metal, and still not a breath of wind; the Sound was dotted with the white sails of motionless boats.

There are some people whose worst natures are brought forth by the idle waiting in an idle boat. There are others whose impatience brings them to the verge of suicide. A day of calm in a small boat on a hot day can break up friendships; and people who are not congenial become homicidal when they are shut up together in so confined a space, with nothing to take their minds from one another's defects.

In this case it was Alison who suffered, and I who suffered vicariously through her. Poor child! there was no way of getting from us, no chance of a solitude where she could luxuriously nurse her disillusionment, which was, of course, what she wanted to do, as was only natural and right for one of her age and condition.

At last she asked, "How much longer do you think it will be, Mr. Temple, before the wind comes up?" which brought a swift glance of displeasure from Morris, for this is one of the questions no woman may ask when sailing; and I was glad enough of a diversion, though it caused discomfort to Stan.

From all parts of the Sound on a Sunday afternoon you may hear the throbbing of motor boats. When there is a calm there are more motors than ever. They love to run up and down, past the becalmed yachts, puff-puffing and chug-chugging insolently to call attention to the fact that *they* are not becalmed; they prattle insistently and noisily to the still, bored boats of a motor's independence of wind and tide. On the whole, I know of no more offensive being than a motor boat in a flat calm.

I had noticed that a number of launches had passed near us but as they were polite, well-bred private boats, I did not realize, until one went out of its course, made toward us, and off again, that our yellow sail had aroused the curiosity of the Sound. But this was not the end. For a long time I had been aware of a snorting and panting, of a sobbing and groaning, as of a boat in great pain, for the noise of a motor carries a great distance. Then I located the noise, the snorts grew louder, and there bore down on us a motor boat the like of which I never saw. It was a degraded old hulk of a low-lived fishing boat; it towered up shapeless and uncouth; and from what looked like the discarded stovepipe of a kitchen stove there was vomited forth smoke; and as the thing ran toward us we watched it silently, until Phil Temple said, with conviction,—

"The owner's mother made that in a bad dream. She made it of tin cans."

Aboard this indecent craft were a half dozen men; one trailed his feet, boots and all, in the water. They were all drunk, as one must needs be to trust one's self to such a nightmare motor, which shrieked and sobbed to the whole Sound that her end was near.

Yet it was from this boat that we were to learn what the Sound thought of us, and what it thought was not complimentary. It was conveyed to us by the medium of derisive whoops and yells, as the home-made motor boat circled around us, panting and strangling, getting ready for the final snort which should burst her tank, and send the dishonored hulk and all aboard to the bottom of the Sound.

We had sinned against the law of the

usual; and in the yachting world there is no greater crime; for the world of boats the world over permits no unconventionality, and the same spirit which forbids centreboards to the boats of the mistral-swept Mediterranean because there have never been centreboards there, also forbids orange sails on the Sound for the same reason; and I was heartily glad when the wind at last arose and took us home, away from a critical and inquisitive world. Phil Temple and Morris were as merry as crickets, but as we alighted at the wharf, and the setting sun turned Alison James's scorched face an even deeper crimson, Morris regarded his one-time fiancée with anxiety.

"Poor child," said he, "you're shockingly burned. I'm afraid your nose will peel, Alison. Let me see your hands; why, they're all purple and swollen!" Thus may even a man with insight say the hopelessly wrong thing.

Alison led the way, throwing over her shoulder to Morris, — and she ignored his last remark, — "We may as well look the situation in the face — I don't believe in half measures;" and that Morris replied, "What situation?" showed Alison how light-minded he was.

Between the first and second cruise of the Vaseline there was an interval of two weeks. Stan and I were preoccupied, for Stan had a boat on his hands in which nothing would have induced him to sail, while my conscience was burdened with a broken engagement, for Morris had been made to understand that there *was* a situation. When he saw that Alison had thrown him over, and for no good reason that he could see, he became touchingly miserable, and finally blurted out at me, like any ordinary boy, a despairing, "Oh, I don't understand girls, anyway;" which was for Morris an immense come-down. What made the situation poignant was that Alison told me she could never marry any one who did not understand her, which was only her way of saying that she would not stand Morris giving himself the airs of a superior male being. I do not blame any unmarried girl for feeling this way. Such actions are unnatural and unfitting for all men but brothers and husbands. She showed plenty of spirit, too, for she refused to see Morris alone. He wanted "to explain," he said, while Alison said there was nothing to explain; and so for two weeks I served as a medium of communication between them, being as it were a species of human telephone.

During these two weeks you will please fancy Stanford sneaking off to a little deserted boatyard every spare moment he had, where he with his own hands slapped three coats of white paint upon the fat black sides of the Vaseline, and painted out her name.

When a little fat white boat, with no name and white sails, gracefully and modestly bobbed and curtsied at the mooring where the bedizened Vaseline had formerly lain, I professed myself not only pleased, but surprised. I like to tell this. I do not want you to think that I am always tactless and arrogant, especially as what I now have to relate shows how out of perspective one may get if one quits the paths of every day; for if I had not learned to sail a boat, I am sure that I never should have proposed sailing to a place we had lived in two summers before, to collect certain articles that we had stored there in a barn.

"A baby carriage might be a very uncomfortable thing in a boat," Stan objected, "if there was any wind at all. "Besides, it will look so queer."

"The Vaseline," I told him, "is so fat and high-sided that no one will notice it, anyway."

Of course I see now how preposterous it was, but like most preposterous things it seemed at the moment not only reasonable, but thrifty. I was quite proud of myself for thinking of it.

I felt more vainglorious than any old skipper when we started off on the second cruise of the Vaseline, for I was not only

going to have my own way, but I was doing a kindness to others; carrying Alison along to take her mind off her unengaged state, which by this time was beginning to depress her. As we bore down on the wharf I saw young Morris, arrayed in conspicuously white clothes. Stan remarked, in tones too off-hand to be natural, —

"Morris was lunching over here, and I told him we'd pick him up." It is not women only who hasten along the hands of the matrimonial clock.

Together we set forth after the baby carriage. In the dusk of the barn it loomed larger than I thought a baby carriage could. It was covered with thick dust, as were the fly-screens, the two pails, and the box which I had not told Stan about. Spiders had found it an alluring place for the weaving of heavy webs; the hammock also was degraded, noisome, mildewed.

"See here, Meg," Stanford began sternly, "the Vaseline, after all, is n't a moving van."

But a rage for those things possessed me; they were mine, and I needed them.

"How else," I argued, "shall we get them home? I could buy them for what it would cost to cart them."

Like a man, "Buy others," he suggested.

"Buy others," I shrilled, "when I have already perfectly good ones!" By sheer force of will and obstinacy, such as the best of wives sometimes show, I overcame his better judgment. I had come for that baby carriage, for those fly-screens, those two pails, and the hammock, and even though old, dirty, and mildewed, they were mine, and I wanted them. I could not bear to go away and leave them, I had to have them, — and more than anything, I wanted my own way.

And poor Stan realized, as every husband from the first husband of all has realized, first or last, that this was a moment when the obstinacy of woman is a dynamic force; and with grumbling and muttering he gave way before it.

He seized the baby carriage and the hammock. Phil followed with two fly-screens; he held the dirty things far from him protestingly; Morris took to his white bosom the box, while Alison possessed herself of the pails. I, the skipper of the Vaseline, followed this procession, self-satisfied, clean, and unburdened.

Now, however, I quite agree with Stan that a small boat is no place for a perambulator, nor for fly-screens, for that matter, and I began to agree with him the moment we were in the boat. Unaccountably that baby carriage seemed to have grown in size by the time we got it aboard. It took up all the room there was, and the fly-screens took up the rest. Morris, with a smile of perfect content, helped Alison in, and she smiled back at him. This time Morris had no need to ask Alison if we were not "heavenly;" she could see for herself, for this time we were being heavenly with a vengeance. We arranged ourselves in the space left by my belongings; as we got under way a rude little boy in a sneak-box jeered us. I found that it made a great difference to me whose fault it was that the Vaseline was jeered. The wind had shifted and freshened; the little boat lay far over on her fat side, while little choppy waves hit her "plop" on her fat bosom, at which she would stop indignantly, like a plump old lady who is splashed by a cable car.

Meanwhile the baby carriage changed from an inanimate to an animate object. It charged down on Stan's shins, it made frantic dashes at the centreboard trunk. We hung on to it, but it got away from us. Not one of us but had a tussle with it. Boats which passed near us derided our struggles.

Finally Stan growled, "Hang on to this infernal machine, Margery, will you? You know more about such things than I do."

Silently I relinquished the tiller, and applied myself to the pacification of the ramping perambulator. I was no longer the skipper of the Vaseline. I was Stanford Dayton's wife, who had for a mo-

ment forgotten the old adage that there is a place for everything, and that everything should be in its place; who for a moment had strayed from the beaten paths, and who was now being punished for it corporally by an indignant baby carriage. I had brought about an unnatural meeting, and was reaping the fruits of it by knocks and bruises, — it is well to keep boats and baby carriages apart in this world. Meantime Morris made gentle, ineffectual efforts to pacify the fly-screens. Soon he arose, and said with decision, "Alison, come with me, this is no place for us;" and as they made their way to the damp deck, he turned and waved a graceful adieu to the screens.

"Good-by, my friends," he said to them; "I leave you in possession of the field." And I realized as never before just what it was about Morris that on occasion so irritated Stan and Phil.

Phil meantime sat apart, courteous and aloof. He could not join with his usual friendly fashion in this family quarrel; he could only feign indifference; when the baby carriage rapped him smartly he grew almost apologetic, as if by moving his legs out of the way he admitted that there was a baby carriage, and thus intruded unduly on our domestic affairs.

It was at this moment that I began to understand the meaning of the yachtsman's etiquette. When other boats smiled derisively at our abominable freight, I realized why moorings should be picked up in a certain way; why it is essential that ropes should be coiled in such and such a manner; for etiquette is merely the usual formalized, the ritual of the easiest way. And in abiding by the many rules custom lays down for us one attains, as my old friend said, a freedom of spirit, — one also avoids making one's self ridiculous. I confessed that a boat is no place for a baby carriage, and that, the world over, a man should be the skipper of his craft.

But I was not the only penitent. As I clung with aching arms to the burden I had laid on us all, and as we turned in our harbor, the shifting sail disclosed Alison and Morris on the wet deck. They held one another's hands, and there was nothing cryptic in the way Morris cried to us joyously, —

"We're engaged again! I've explained everything to Alison, — I've explained that I was wrong from the first."

LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL[1]

BY A. LAWRENCE LOWELL

A RECENT critic in the *Independent Review* has said that Mr. Winston Churchill possesses every qualification for writing the life of his father except filial reverence. The other qualifications he certainly has: a lively interest in the only subject by which Lord Randolph came into touch with the world at large, that is, politics; a thorough knowledge of the times in which Lord Randolph played his part; a sense of proportion, with an absence of excessive bias; a power of breathing life into the characters of his drama; and, finally, an uncommonly attractive style. Nor does it seem fair to say that he lacks filial reverence. The impression left on the mind of the present writer, at least, is that Mr. Churchill has a great admiration and keen sympathy for his father. He makes no attempt, it is true, to conceal qualities which most readers will

[1] *Lord Randolph Churchill.* By WINSTON SPENCER CHURCHILL, M. P. Two volumes. The Macmillan Co. 1906.

not admire; he tells of some things that will not be universally approved; and he prints specimens of what the English sometimes condone as invective, which furnish stronger evidence of wit than of the decorum proper among statesmen. These things had, no doubt, already been published; but apart from any such reason for their insertion here, it is clear that the biographer is proud of them. Their cleverness more than atones in his eyes for their faults.

Lord Randolph Churchill was essentially a politician, and in these volumes but little space is devoted to matters unconnected with public affairs. His boyhood and youth were not remarkable, and were quite unvexed by precocious signs of genius. His political career may be divided into four periods: first, a time of comparative obscurity, from 1874 to 1880; second, for five years, a period of rapid rise into the blazing light of public celebrity; next, eighteen months as one of the chief among the recognized leaders of the party; and then an eclipse. He entered Parliament in 1874, at the age of twenty-five, as the member for the old family borough of Woodstock, where the influence of his father, the Duke of Marlborough, was predominant. At this time he seems to have had no passion for public life, and, as Mr. Winston Churchill truly remarks, a private member of the House of Commons has little chance to win distinction while his party is in office. "Even in a period of political activity," he says, "there is small scope for a supporter of a Government. The Whips do not want speeches, but votes. The Ministers regard an oration in their praise or defense as only one degree less tiresome than an attack. The earnest party man becomes a silent drudge, tramping at intervals through lobbies to record his vote and wondering why he came to Westminster at all." So Lord Randolph made few speeches during this Parliament, spent much of his time in Ireland, where his father was viceroy, and learned a good deal about the country and the people that was useful to him in after life.

His chance in Parliament came after the general election of 1880 had brought Mr. Gladstone back to power with a large Liberal majority at his back. In opposition a young member may acquire fame by attacking the government as a free lance, without breach of discipline toward the leaders on his own side. But Lord Randolph Churchill went much farther, and played a bolder game. The Conservative minority in the House of Commons was led by Sir Stafford Northcote, — of a decorous rather than sanguinary temperament, an admirer of Mr. Gladstone, whose private secretary he had been in early life, and not a man to carry political contests to extremes. Many people felt, indeed, that he failed to take full advantage, for his party, of the many delicate and difficult questions which, in the course of the Parliament, the government was unexpectedly called upon to face. The conditions were favorable for a small body of members, something between knights-errant and banditti, who fought as guerrillas under the Conservative banner, but attacked on occasion their own leaders with magnanimous impartiality.

This small body, which, in contradistinction to the Liberals, Conservatives, and Irish Home Rulers, came to be known as the Fourth Party, began in one of those accidents that happen in irregular warfare. The Bradlaugh case, involving the thorny question whether a professed atheist could qualify in the House of Commons by affirmation or oath, vexed the whole life of the Parliament, and brought together in the opening days Sir Henry Wolff, Mr. (now Sir) John Gorst, Lord Randolph Churchill, and Mr. Arthur Balfour. The success with which they played upon the feelings of the House in this case made them at once conspicuous, and taught them the value of concerted action. With a short interruption, caused by a difference of opinion about the Irish Coercion Bill of 1881, the friends acted in harmony for four years. They had no

formal programme, and no one of them was recognized as the chief; but it was understood that they should defend one another when attacked, and they were in the habit of dining together to arrange a common plan of action. They took a vigorous part in all debates, criticised the government unsparingly, and, under the pretense of assisting to perfect its measures, spun out the discussions and obstructed progress. They showed great skill in baiting Mr. Gladstone, and, when delay was their object, in drawing him out by turns into long explanations in response to plausible questions about the clauses of his bills. Their aggressiveness, and the profession — especially on the part of Lord Randolph Churchill — of popular principles under the name of Tory Democracy, spread their reputation in the country, and gave them an importance out of proportion to their number or their direct influence in the House of Commons.

Throughout its career the Fourth Party assumed to be independent of the regular opposition leaders in the House. At times it went so far as to accuse them of indecision, and of an inability to lead which disorganized the party. In his private correspondence Lord Randolph commonly referred to them and their friends as Goats. After Lord Beaconsfield's death in 1881 the Conservatives had no single recognized leader until the party came to power again in 1885. Lord Salisbury had been chosen by the Tory peers their leader in the House of Lords; and Sir Stafford Northcote remained, as he had been in Lord Beaconsfield's last years, the leader in the House of Commons. The members of the Fourth Party asserted that this dual leadership, by causing uncertainty in the counsels of the party, was disastrous; and they soon settled upon Sir Stafford Northcote as the object of their censure. The attack upon him culminated in April, 1883, when his selection to unveil the statue of Lord Beaconsfield seemed to indicate that he was to be the future Conservative premier. On that occasion Lord Randolph Churchill published a couple of letters in the *Times*, in which he spoke of Sir Stafford in abusive terms and declared that Lord Salisbury was the only man capable of taking the lead. These he followed up by an article in the *Fortnightly Review* for May, entitled "Elijah's Mantle," describing the decay of the Conservative party, setting forth his ideas of Tory Democracy as a means of regeneration, designating Lord Salisbury as the proper heir to Lord Beaconsfield's mantle, but revealing at the same time his confidence in his own fitness to be a leader. His quarrel with his chief in the House of Commons did not impair his popularity in the country; while his speeches, with their vituperation of prominent Liberals, and their appeals for the support of the masses, caught the fancy of the Tory crowds. Hitherto he had decried Sir Stafford Northcote and praised Lord Salisbury, but he now embarked upon an adventure that brought him into sharp conflict with the latter. Mr. Balfour, being Lord Salisbury's nephew, could not follow in the new path, and before long opposed his former comrade; but the other two members of the Fourth Party continued to support him.

In the summer of 1883 Lord Randolph Churchill conceived the bold plan of getting control of the popular organization of the party, known as the National Union of Conservative Associations, and making it in his own hands a great political force. The attempt of a politician to capture the machine was a surprise in England, but it is not so astonishing as the means that were employed. The facts are told fully and fairly by the biographer, who prints in an appendix some of the most important documents; these, together with the rest of the correspondence, having been published at the time in the form of a report to the Association. Perhaps readers may draw different inferences from the facts according to their prejudices; but the story is so characteristic of Lord Randolph Churchill's

audacity, throws so much light on certain possibilities in English politics, and is withal so little known, that it may be worth while to tell it at some length. The National Union had been formed in 1867 as a federation of local party associations throughout the country; and it was governed by a Council, consisting of thirty-six members. Twenty-four of them were elected for a year by the Conference, or annual meeting of delegates from the local bodies, while twelve more were added, or, as the expression goes, coöpted, by the Council itself. From the beginning the Union was clearly designed as a powerful agency in winning elections, and was not intended to direct the policy of the party. As one of its founders had declared, it was "organized rather as what he might call a hand-maid to the party, than to usurp the functions of party leadership." The Council had, in fact, been managed in concert with the leaders of the party in Parliament, and the real direction of electoral matters was vested in the "Central Committee." This body, created at the instance of Lord Beaconsfield, after the defeat of 1880, to devise means of improving the party organization, was quite independent of the Union; and, working under the Whips, had exclusive charge of the large sums entrusted to them by the subscribers to the campaign funds. Complaints had long been made by members of the Union that the Council, instead of being truly representative, was practically in the hands of a small, self-elected group of men, acting under the direction of the party leaders. Lord Randolph took advantage of the opportunity offered by these complaints, and, seeing that in order to achieve any large measure of independent power the Union must have pecuniary resources, he determined to obtain for it a share of the funds in the possession of the Central Committee.

The three friends were already members of the Council. Sir Henry Wolff had been there from the beginning. Mr. Gorst had recently been given a seat as vice-chairman, and Lord Randolph Churchill had been elected a coöpted member in 1882 by the casting vote of the chairman, Lord Percy. The first scene in the drama was arranged for the Conference of the Union held at Birmingham on October 2, 1883. There, when the usual motion was made to adopt the annual report, a Mr. Hudson moved a rider directing "the Council for the ensuing year to take such steps as may be requisite for securing to the National Union its legitimate influence in the party organization." He said that the Conservative workingmen should not be led by the nose, and that the Union ought to have the management of its own policy. Lord Randolph Churchill supported the rider in a characteristic speech, in which he described how the Central Committee had drawn into its own hands all the powers and available resources of the party, and kept the Council of the Union in a state of tutelage. After intimating that the committee had used money at the last election for corrupt purposes, he ended by saying that the working classes were quite determined to govern themselves, that they would neither be driven nor hoodwinked, and that the only way to gain their confidence was to give them a real share in the government of the party. Several men spoke upon the other side, and among them Lord Percy, who repudiated the charge that the Central Committee had spent money corruptly. He said that he and others had been members both of that Committee and of the Council, and that there was a constant interchange of ideas between the two bodies. He was willing, however, to accept the rider upon the understanding that the Conference was not committed to any of the modes of carrying it out that had been suggested. The rider was then adopted unanimously.

Lord Randolph Churchill was reëlected to the Council, and so were many persons who had no sympathy with his views. The two sides were, in fact, nearly equally balanced, but he and his friends had the advantage of a definite, well-arranged

plan, while the others were unprepared. Twelve coöpted members were to be chosen, and by presenting the names of men of local influence in the large towns, to whom his opponents found it hard to object, Lord Randolph secured a small but decisive majority in the Council. At the first meeting, in December, he had a committee appointed to consider the best means of carrying out the votes passed at the Conference. It was composed mainly of himself and his friends, and at once chose him its chairman, although, according to the custom that had been followed hitherto, the chairman of the Council, Lord Percy, should have presided in all committees. Early in January, 1884, the committee had an interview with Lord Salisbury, and brought to his attention the desire of the Union to obtain its legitimate influence in the management of the party. Lord Salisbury took the matter under consideration. But meanwhile, on February 1, when the committee reported progress to the Council, Lord Percy protested against his exclusion from the chair, and motions were made to the effect that he ought to preside at meetings of committees. They were rejected by close votes, whereupon he resigned his position as chairman of the Council; and, as he refused to withdraw his resignation, Lord Randolph Churchill was, on February 19, chosen to succeed him, by seventeen votes to fifteen for Mr. Chaplin. Lord Salisbury, however, ignoring the change of chairman, still communicated with the Council through Lord Percy, which exasperated Lord Randolph's friends.

On February 29, Lord Salisbury, in a letter to Lord Randolph Churchill, replied in behalf of himself and Sir Stafford Northcote to the suggestions that had been made to him in January. He began by observing that no proposals had been put forward beyond the representation that the Council had not opportunity of concurring largely enough in the practical organization of the party. He went on to describe the work that it could properly do, and added, "The field of work seems to us large — as large as the nature of the case permits." To any one familiar with the history of the National Union it would seem clear that the letter was intended to enumerate the very functions that the Council had hitherto performed; but the committee affected to receive it with joy as a complete acceptance of their plan. Mr. Winston Churchill says of the matter, —

"The arrival of this letter was hailed by Lord Randolph and his friends with delight, and with elaborate gravity they made haste to accept it as a 'charter' establishing for ever the rights and position of the National Union. It might seem at first sight that Lord Salisbury's utterances were sufficiently vague and guarded; but this was not the view of the Organization Committee, and they forthwith proceeded to draw up a report, in which, it must be confessed, the assigned duties of the National Union seemed to be of a very responsible and definite character."

In their report the committee remarked: "The Council will, no doubt, perceive that for the proper discharge of these duties now imposed upon them by the leaders of the party the provision of considerable funds becomes a matter of first-class necessity." They proposed, therefore, to claim a part of the funds in the custody of the Central Committee, and recommended changes in the organization and activity of the Council that would have thrown great power into the hands of Lord Randolph as chairman.

Lord Salisbury was informed of the proposed report, and hastened to remove any misapprehension by a letter in which he said he had not contemplated that the Union would in any way take the place of the Central Committee, and hoped there was no chance of their paths crossing. Lord Randolph replied that he feared such a hope might be disappointed, adding, "In a struggle between a popular body and a close corporation, the latter, I am happy to say, in these days goes to the wall." Lord Salisbury wrote to Lord

Percy also, saying that the duties entrusted by the leaders to the Central Committee could not be transferred, and deprecating the adoption of the report. Lord Percy laid this before the Council; but it adopted the report, and the committee was instructed to confer with the leaders of the party about carrying out the plans foreshadowed in their letter. The temper of the leaders may be imagined, and may well excuse a step which was, nevertheless, a mistake, because it offended members of the Council of local importance, who had probably intended no disrespect to Lord Salisbury. Three days after the adoption of the report a letter came from the principal agent of the party, giving the National Union notice to quit the offices occupied jointly with the Central Committee. Lord Randolph Churchill showed no open resentment at this; but, treating the objections of the leaders as if they applied only to the details of the report, he prepared to make in it some minor changes. He held also with Lord Salisbury a conference, which was again an occasion for misunderstanding; for on April 1 his Lordship wrote that some passages in the report had been explained to him there, and it had been made clear that the National Union did not intend to trench on the province of the Central Committee, or take any course on political questions not acceptable to the leaders of the party. He went on to describe the proper functions of the Council in language evidently intended to cover the same ground as his letter of February 29. He suggested that to secure complete unity of action it was desirable to have the party Whips sit *ex officio* on the Council, and that under these conditions a separation of establishments would be unnecessary.

Lord Randolph called at once a meeting of his committee, and, although only three members beside himself were present, he sent to Lord Salisbury in its name a letter unique in English political annals. "It appeared at first," he wrote, "from a letter which we had the honour of receiving from you on February 29 that your Lordship and Sir Stafford Northcote entered fully and sympathetically into the wishes of the Council. . . . The Council, however, committed the serious error of imagining that your Lordship and Sir Stafford Northcote were in earnest in wishing them to become a real source of usefulness to the party. . . . The Council have been rudely undeceived . . . The precise language of your former letter of February 29 is totally abandoned, and refuge taken in vague, foggy and utterly intangible suggestions. Finally, in order that the Council of the National Union may be completely and forever reduced to its ancient condition of dependence upon, and servility to, certain irresponsible persons who find favour in your eyes, you demand that the Whips of the party . . . should sit *ex officio* on the Council. . . . It may be that the powerful and secret influences which have hitherto been unsuccessfully at work on the Council, with the knowledge and consent of your Lordship and Sir Stafford Northcote, may at last be effectual in reducing the National Union to its former make-believe and impotent condition; in that case we shall know what steps to take to clear ourselves of all responsibility for the failure of an attempt to avert the misfortunes and reverses which will, we are certain, under the present effete system of wire-pulling and secret organization, overtake and attend the Conservative party at a General Election."

It might be supposed that, after receiving a letter of that tenor, Lord Salisbury would have had no more to do with Lord Randolph Churchill forever, and would have refused to hold further communication with the Council; but politics make strange bedfellows, especially in a parliamentary form of government. Lord Salisbury could not afford to alienate a body which represented a considerable fraction of the Conservatives in the country; while it would have been folly for Lord Randolph to burn the bridges be-

hind him. Negotiations were, therefore, opened through a third person, and were approaching a result, when one of Lord Randolph's supporters in the Council, who had not intended to force a rupture with Lord Salisbury, and was not aware of the pending negotiations, moved on May 2 for a committee of conference to secure harmony and united action. Although letters were read showing that steps already taken would probably lead to an understanding, and although Lord Randolph said that he should regard the motion as one of want of confidence, the mover persisted, and, as several of Lord Randolph's friends were absent, carried his proposal by a vote of seventeen to thirteen. Thereupon Lord Randolph resigned as chairman of the Council. But his popularity in the country was great, and there was a widespread feeling of regret at a quarrel among the influential members of the party. The chairmen of the Conservative associations in some of the chief provincial towns acted as peacemakers: they drew up a memorandum, suggesting an arrangement, and urging that if this were accepted Lord Randolph should withdraw his resignation. The memorandum was laid before the Council on May 16, and Lord Randolph was unanimously reëlected chairman. At the same time the committee, composed mainly of his opponents, that had been appointed to confer with the party leaders, reported that it aad reached an agreement. The terms were, in fact, precisely the ones indicated in Lord Salisbury's letter of April 1, save for an allowance of £3000 a year to be made to the Union from the party funds. Naturally, Lord Randolph's friends were dissatisfied, but they failed to procure any changes, and on June 27 the plan was adopted as it stood.

Although Mr. Winston Churchill ascribes at this time a large measure of success to Lord Randolph, it is not easy to perceive that he had as yet obtained anything for the National Union, except the subsidy of £3000 a year. Personally he had become the leading figure in what purported to be the great representative organization of the party, for the chairman of the Council was the most important officer in the Union; but the position of the organization itself remained substantially unchanged. However, the agreement that had been reached was merely a truce, and both sides canvassed eagerly the delegates to the annual Conference of the Union for 1884, each hoping for a decisive victory that would give undisputed control of the body. The meeting was held at Sheffield on July 23, and in his speech on presenting the report of the Council, Lord Randolph described the dissensions that had occurred, begging the delegates to elect members who would support one side or the other. His object, he said, had been to establish a *bona-fide* popular organization, bringing its influence to bear right up to the centre of affairs, in order that the Tory party might be a self-governing party. As yet, he added, this had been successfully thwarted by those who possessed influence. The speech was followed by a fierce debate; but the real interest of the meeting lay in the ballot for councillors, and before that was taken the coöpted members were abolished, so that the result of the ballot would determine finally the complexion of the Council. A majority of the delegates sympathized with Lord Randolph, but they did not, as he had hoped, divide on a sharp line for the ticket put forward by one side or the other. He headed the poll himself with 346 votes, while the next highest received 298. When, however, the result was announced, his friends had only a small majority in the Council.

Lord Randolph Churchill had won a victory; but by no means a crushing victory. His own reëlection as chairman was assured, and for the moment he controlled the Council, yet his control would be neither undisputed nor certain to endure. He could use the Union in a way that would be highly uncomfortable

for Lord Salisbury, but he could not do with it whatever he pleased. Again it was for the interest of both sides to make peace, and the negotiations were completed in a few days. The Central Committee was in form abolished, the Primrose League, recently founded by the Fourth Party, was recognized by the leaders, Lord Randolph withdrew from the chairmanship of the Council, and mutual confidence and harmony of action were restored. These appear to have been the nominal conditions. Whether the real terms were ever definitely stated, or were merely left in the form of a tacit understanding, we do not know, and Mr. Winston Churchill tells us that no record has been preserved of what passed at the interview between Lord Randolph and Lord Salisbury. The practical upshot was that the Fourth Party was broken up. Lord Randolph abandoned the National Union to its fate, acted in concert with the Parliamentary leaders, and was given a seat in the Cabinet when the Conservatives next came to power.

The National Union was one of the three means used by Lord Randolph to thrust himself upon the chiefs of the Conservative party and climb into power. The other two were the aggressive tactics of the Fourth Party, and his appeal to the masses on the basis of Tory Democracy. Mr. Winston Churchill insists constantly that the last of these three was the expression of a genuine conviction, that a sincere belief in the need of democracy, for the welfare, both of the nation and of the party, went very deep into his father's nature, and was the cause of his final quarrel with Lord Salisbury's government in 1886. The story of the Fourth Party, on the other hand, is so told as to leave the impression that convictions were very much diluted with opportunism; while in the adventure of the National Union there is scarcely any attempt to show that Lord Randolph acted upon principle at all. If he cherished any real desire to place the party organization upon a popular basis, he sacrificed it in the compromise with Lord Salisbury; for thereafter he stood aside while the Union was effectually reduced "to its former make-believe and impotent condition," and carefully reorganized so as to prevent its capture by any one else. The biographer seeks, however, to defend Lord Randolph from the charge, made by Mr. Harold Gorst in his story of the Fourth Party,[1] that his father, Mr. John Gorst, after devoting his skill in organization to the service of his friend, was deserted by him in the hour of victory. The evidence that has been made public is hardly enough to justify a definite opinion. There is, however, no doubt that Mr. Gorst felt aggrieved at the isolated position in which he found himself; that in the following autumn Lord Randolph openly rebuked him in the House of Commons for clinging to the policy about the Reform Bill which the whole Fourth Party had pursued in May; that the intimacy between them came to an end; but that, when Lord Salisbury formed a cabinet in 1885, Lord Randolph procured the appointment of Mr. Gorst to a position, although a subordinate one, in the ministry.

The Conservatives came into power in June, 1885, and Lord Randolph Churchill was given the post of Secretary of State for India. The life of the government was not long. It lasted only seven months, but during that time came the general election, which opened rifts in the Liberal ranks, gave Mr. Parnell his long-coveted control of the balance of power in the House of Commons, and prepared the way for the Home Rule Bill. For Lord Randolph himself the period was one of triumph and of snares. Two things happened that showed his power, but might have turned any man's head. When the government was formed he refused to join it if Sir Stafford Northcote were to lead the House of Commons. Lord Salisbury submitted reluctantly, and the old leader was removed to the

[1] *Nineteenth Century.* November and December, 1902, January, 1903.

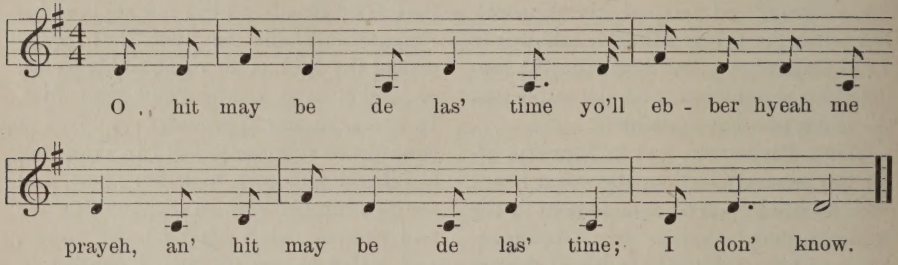
oblivion of the House of Lords. Then, while Lord Randolph was at the India office, the Queen urged the appointment of one of her sons, the Duke of Connaught, as commander-in-chief at Bombay Without consulting Lord Randolph, she made the suggestion through Lord Salisbury to the Viceroy, and secured his approval; but when the Prime Minister told this to Lord Randolph a few days later, he tendered his resignation, with the result that the duke was not appointed.

When Parliament met in January, after the general election, the government was defeated upon an amendment to the Address, and resigned. Mr. Gladstone, again in power, brought in his ill-starred Home Rule Bill, and in the debates that followed Lord Randolph, who took a very prominent part, still further increased his reputation. With the help of the Liberal Unionists the bill was rejected, and Mr. Gladstone, appealing to the people, was beaten at the general elections. The Conservatives came back, this time Lord Randolph Churchill being made the leader of the House of Commons with the office of Chancellor of the Exchequer. He was now only thirty-seven years old, and had reached the highest political place in his country except that of Prime Minister. He was on cordial and confidential terms with Lord Salisbury, extremely popular in the country, and seemed to have before him an extraordinary career; but in six months he was at odds with the rest of the cabinet, and was out of office. The true motives of his conduct will, no doubt, always remain a matter of conjecture. His enemies believed that he thought one more quarrel would leave him master of the party; his biographer maintains that the real cause of cleavage was an irreconcilable difference of opinion upon his principles of Tory Democracy, although the motives assigned do not strike one as perfectly consistent with one another. But whatever his ultimate objects might be, his battleground was unfortunately chosen, for he took his stand in the cabinet upon a reduction of the army and navy estimates, at a time when the national desire for economy was on the wane. His colleagues did not agree with him, and on December 20 he tendered his resignation to the Prime Minister. Mr. Winston Churchill makes it clear that Lord Randolph did not suppose his resignation would be final, that he expected the cabinet to come to his terms, or make some arrangement with him. In short, he was apparently confident of coming out victorious; but Mr. Goschen, a Liberal Unionist, took his place, and the government went on without him. He had overestimated his personal power, and failed to realize that a conflict in 1884 with the leaders of the Conservative party in the Houses of Parliament, — two men neither of whom had yet proved his capacity to be at the head of a cabinet, or won the full confidence of the country, — was a very different thing from a quarrel in 1886 with the government of the nation, at a time when it stood in the eyes of a majority of the people as the bulwark against disunion.

Lord Randolph soon realized that the breach was fatal; and time slipping by brought clearer and clearer proof that it would never be healed. To his credit it should be said that he did not, like many a fallen minister, turn upon his former colleagues. At times he disagreed with their policy, and even attacked them bitterly, but no more than he had always done; and as a rule he supported them, and tried to keep them in power. Although he remained in the House of Commons, his own career was at an end. He sought solace in books, and relief from the craving for excitement in foreign travel and in gambling on the turf. Mr. Winston Churchill makes the reader feel the tragedy of his father's life, — a tragedy equally dramatic whether, as he contends, it was due to a conscientious struggle for principles that could not be carried out, or whether, like the tragedies of romance, it was the fatal result of defects of character.

A REVIVAL SERMON AT LITTLE ST. JOHN'S

BY JOHN BENNETT



THE church of Little St. John's, Anderson County, stands in the hollow fork of the Foxford Ridge road, just this side Fink's Camp-Meeting Grove. The building, formerly a ginhouse, was bought by the black men of the settlement, and converted into a sanctuary, used also as a schoolhouse for the black children. The negroes bought also the plantation bell which once rang summons to the cotton-field gang, and erected it upon the roof of the church in a crude little belfry of boards. By day the church, beaten purple-gray and lichen-green by the weather, is spotted over with orange patches of sunlight, sifted through the thin-leaved branches of the oaks surrounding it. By night the whole crossroads huddle close together in the darkening brilliance of the moonlight, which is half mystery.

It was a quiet night in August. As we approached the church the passion-flowers lay in the vines by the roadside like fallen stars. The long-leaved pines sent out a hyacinthine sweetness, and the resinous perfume of rosemary pine drifted down the hill to us. In the hollow below the little church lay a little uncultivated cotton patch, idling its life away. Below the fallow cotton patch the tassels of a field of corn sent out a haunting fragrance through the night.

To the senses of primitive men these odors of the night are maddening things. The smells of the day and the perfumes of artifice belong to the cultivated races. The mist which crept along the hollow smelled of a thousand subtle things: fennel, marigold, fumitory, dogsbane, snakeroot, pipsissewa, stramonium, the Voudou conjurer's atropin. Strong on the wind came a whiff of another rankness, solanum, with its distortion and hopeless delirium, its promised satisfaction of revenge, reconciliation of lovers, and gratification of passion. The mist, heavy with odors, crept along the cotton patch, and entered the shadowy edge of the grove. The dim light of the church, faint and yellow, crept from the wide-open doors, shimmering among the pillared tree trunks, and faced the outer darkness, as the primitive church in the worn East faced the utter darkness and the void, and found there Oph and Jaldabaoth.

The little, struggling church on the hillside, the shadowy darkness in the hollow, made, to my mind, a strange picture of the conflict between the powers of good and ill, of the half-pagan, half-Christian, entirely Oriental religion which struggled with the early faith in Antioch, Ephesus, and Alexandria, and which has, to a greater or less extent, descended upon the American negro, like a Manichæism which rivals Christianity, a contest of the forces of good and evil; on one side light, life, law, order, and truth; on the

other darkness, impurity, all that is evil, and death.

The full and rising moon shone brilliantly over the Carolina wood. One bright planet, silvery-green, hung high overhead. It was past nine o'clock. A network of wandering paths, foot-worn, water-worn, dew-wet, and shimmering, came gathering in at the crossroads. A dark figure, small groups of figures, came down the slope, following the pathways across the cottonfields, or up through the dale. The road, by noon as red as a bright, brick-colored geranium bloom, lay half-lost, with all its color, in the moonshine.

Along the road members of the congregation were coming, singing, not loudly, as wild airs as ever African twilight listened to. Through the faint light and the mist we could see them in the darkness and the shadow of the woods, seeming a part of it, their bodies swaying from side to side, hands upraised, with harsh, clapping sounds, their feet scarcely clearing the sandy ruts, shuffling, scuffling along, in time to the beat of their music.

Where the preacher came, by another path, with a one-armed deacon, hymn-book and Bible in their hands, there was decorous — it were not true to call it pompous — silence.

The women had not yet come. There had been a prayer meeting, led by lay brothers, exhorters, before the evangelist, preacher, and deacons came. As we paused at the edge of the little grove a man with a wonderfully soft, deep voice was praying. He seemed almost to be singing, his voice was so melodious and so evenly modulated in its tones; a bass, not of the rasping, guttural variety common among mountain whites, but deep and suave as an organ-pipe. His prayer, in its strange, sweet, half-chanted intonations, seemed a Laus Perennis, its melodious flow going steadily and musically on without a pause, like an old Ambrosian chant; old Antioch seemed to listen with us.

Suddenly, without a pause, and *where* I could not lay my finger, the chanted prayer turned into a song. The same deep bass voice led it. The others, with scarcely a moment's hesitation, joined in its quaint refrain. The grouped voices rolled heavily and compactly together, like distant, condensed thunder in a barrel; or, rather, like a dozen sleepy trombones making music under a window at night. The voices all were bass, or baritones, of a rather sombre cast, and all possessed the same searching, melancholy tone. The blending was close, the effect rich and full, the passionate, dramatic melody (with gradations of tone which sharps and flats are inadequate to express, — persistently minor) now and then rising in a rush of sound into the harmony of some strange, chromatic, accidental chord. Individual voices could be distinguished, modulating themselves to the greater body, some a little sharp, some a little flat; all feeling, as if without knowledge or intent, for that vibrating sense which attests perfect harmony, or for the unjarring flow of perfect unison; never quite attaining either, yet, nevertheless, going on in unbroken sweep. Some were singing antiphonally, at deeper octave, some magadizing, using indifferently and irrelevantly harmonies of the third, fifth, or sixth, producing odd accidental concords of sound, strange chromatic groups of semitones, and irregular intervals such as are found in Magyar music. Yet, as they sang, dissonance and harsh intervals seemed to weed themselves away; the melody sweetened, the discordant voices fell, or wrought themselves, into a complex, unusual harmony, and ended suddenly upon a diminished chord, startling both my companion and me.

There were figures now passing through the shadows among the oak trees; they swished through the little fern brake under the pines; a black bench under the trees was filled.

The preacher, the deacons, and the evangelist had gone up the church steps; the women of the congregation had come;

the wooden flights creaked and rattled under their heavy tread. We stopped at the door to look in, not wishing to stare about the Lord's house, even if it were a shanty.

Three kitchen lamps with wrinkled tin reflectors were nailed against the wall. They shed a dim, uncertain light through the church, fading away into the darkness behind us. The doors were of unplaned, whip-sawed plank, warped and cracked. They had no locks; on one hung three rusted links of an old padlock chain. The windows were boarded up with rough plank, the congregation being too poor to purchase glass. Wide cracks in the walls everywhere let in pale streaks of the moonlight. Along the ridgepole the wind had stripped away two rows of shingles, and through the gap a line of stars peeped faintly down through the yellow lamplight. The ridgepole looked like a bare-boned spine. The lamplight, smoky at best, lost itself among the beams and shadows overhead, the room being unceiled. The wind whiffed up softly through wide cracks in the floor.

The benches were of plank and slabs, bored each with four holes into which peg-legs were driven; the seats of the benches shone, worn smooth by attrition. A small pulpit of boards with a little ledge held the dog-eared Bible; behind the pulpit, upon a rude bench, on a ruder platform, sat the preacher, the evangelist, and the one-armed deacon. In front of the pulpit and its little square platform was a small table on four uneven legs. The old cotton-bale door in the end of the building, behind the pulpit platform, was planked over: the people were poor indeed, and this was their highest chancel. The house was a mere shell of scantling and weather-boards, cheaply erected, ill-constructed, unpainted, unwhitewashed, cobwebbed, and gray. At the end opposite the pulpit the bell-rope dropped like a pendant vine through a hole in the roof, fully a yard across, and but scantly covered by the tottering belfry. A larger lamp, with a white porcelain shade, hung directly before the pulpit, above the little table, swaying slightly to and fro.

The church was well filled. The women were seated at one side, the men at the other. The congregation, both men and women, came in, sat down, arose, changed their seats, or went out again with perfect freedom, and with, apparently, no restraint whatever upon their movements.

The preacher leaned on the pulpit, one hand at either side. The worn Bible lay between them. He held in one hand a roll of "notes," to which he never referred. He was tall, and his face powerful, though grotesque, oddly akin to the grotesquery of the shopworn, shambling lions in the negro artist, Tanner's, picture of Daniel in the Lion's Den. His voice when he spoke was deep, and not unsuggestive also of power.

"Brederin," he said, in a tone so quiet that I had to fix my attention, "you will find my tex' in de sixt' chapteh er Rebelations."

The vision and the mystery of Revelation, and the dramatic darkness of the Minor Prophets, are a golden storehouse to the African.

"I hab foun' de chapteh, but I loss de vuss, an' I can't fin' hit; so I'll read yo' out'n de nex' chapteh. I t'ank de Lo'd I don' keep museff tuh one chapteh er de Scripcheh: I belieb ter read de whole er de Scripcheh an' try tuh ondehstan' hit. My tex' is in de sixteent' vuss an' de las' paht er de sebenteenth: 'An' dey shill hongry no mo', neider thusty any mo'.' Den agin hit say, 'Go'd gwine wipe away all de teahs fum dey yeyes.'"

He stood for a moment silently looking at the faces of his auditors and leaning on his hands.

"Brederin: I wan' ter talk tuh you t'night 'bout de inneh man an' de inneh woman, an' I hope hit will suit yo'! Dis revibal bin er-goin' on 'bout twelve nights; some souls is bin save; but some er you hain't took de wohd er Go'd to yo' heaht; no, not by no manner o' means!

But I'm goin' ter be gentle wid yuh, my brederin. Dere's a heap er t'ings I wants ter tell yuh, but you can't stan' 'em . . . no, suh; you can't stan' 'em.

"Now I ain' gwine have no laffin'! I'm in dat fix, ter-night, I won't stan' no foolin'. Yo'-all keep on an' yo'-all 'll git blowed up! Sometimes you kin play wid me; but you can't play wid me to-night! Some er you, I reckon, is mighty tiuhd, 'cause you bin losin' yo' night's res'; but w'ich does you t'ink orter be de mores' tiuhd, you or me? I know you has bin in de fiel' all tru de heat an' de burding er de day; but 'peahs tuh me like I orter be de mores' tiuhd; 'cause you-all kin skip erbout in de service, an' you-all kin nod; an' you don't hab ter help all thu de meetin'; but *I* can't git no res' . . . I'm erbleeged tuh be up hyeah, talkin' an' preachin' an' stan'in' up. An' 'peahs ter me ef I kin keep on er-preachin', you-all orter could keep on er-listenin'."

He spoke a little more sharply, with something like a snap in his voice: —

"An' I don' wan' no sleepin'; but I want yuh all tuh wek up one ernutheh. An' ef yo' see yo' nabuh sleepin', I want yuh ter gib um er nudge; an' ef de man buh-hine yo' gone ter sleep, I don' want yuh ter say nuttin' . . . t'un an' wek um up, an' tell um say 'I's doin' a 'commodation ter de Lo'd!' . . . An' I don' wan' no noise; I want ebbryt'ing quite.

"Now, I wan' tuh tell yo' w'at hit is ter be a Christian. An' I want yo' all tuh help me . . . tuh knit up wid me in de meetin', tuh hol' me up, tuh tek hol' er de gospel plough, an' set hit down deep; not tuh set back an' nod, an' sleep, an' laff, an' talk. . . . I wan' chuh all ter tek hol' er de plough!"

"Yes, Lo'd!" said the one-armed deacon. "Yes, Lo'd! Dat's right!"

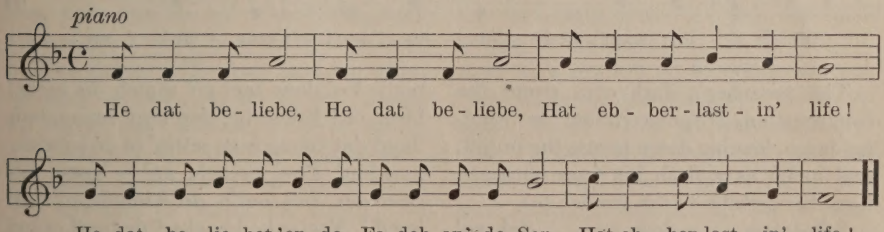
The preacher's voice seemed genuinely earnest: —

"Brederin', hit's a decent thing ter be a Christian; hit's a intelligent thing ter be a Christian; brederin, hit's de height, de very height an' de mounting-tops er deservation. Christianity have got poweh tuh sabe all de soul 'pon topper dis yeth."

"Dat's mighty right! Yes, Lo'd!" said the one-armed deacon.

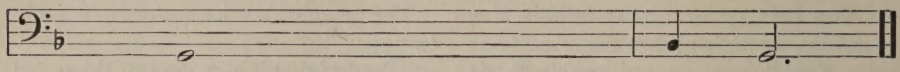
"An' dat ain't all; not by no manneh er means! Dere's vircheh in bein' er Christian: Christianity *is* vircheh. Dat's a fac'. . . . Christianity is vircheh, an' vircheh mek er good pussonal life; vircheh mek er good citizen; vircheh mek er country truly free; vircheh mek er gret nation; vircheh builds up a race. Dere's two kin's er vircheh, muh brederin, pussonal an' spiritual. . . . I hopes yo'll git 'em both! Christ, Christian, Christianity . . . dat's hit: Christianity come fum Christ; Christianity is tuh bin lak Christ. Fo' ouah Fawtheh w'ich is in hebben so berry lub de worl' dat 'e gabe 'is only begotten Son, dat whosoebber belieb in Him might hab ebberlastin' life."

"Deah Lo'd!" "Amen!" "Yes, Lo'd!" came from the body of the church. "O-oh! O-oh!" agitated voices began to cry. Some one began to sing under his breath, with just enough tone to be audible, not enough to rise above a deep hum: "He dat belieb on de Fawdeh an' de Son, hat ebberlastin' life!"



The preacher's voice rose loud and strong: —

"An' dey shill hongry no mo'; neider shill dey thusty any mo' . . . an' Go'd gwine wipe away all de teahs fum dey yeyes!



"Muh brederin, how yo'-all reckon John knowed all dese t'ing wut 'e wrote? How yo'-all reckon dis hyeah *man* foun' out all 'bout hebben an' de las' day, an' all? I don't ondehstan' hit; but hit's er fac', . . . de Lo'd showed all dese signs an' wondehs ter John.

"How yo' reckon de Lo'd let th'ee er fo' er fibe wicked mens tek John an' do 'im lak dey done um, . . . dem low-down, despitable an' desputable mens, wut bine John han' an' foot wid ropes an' fettahs an' chains an' bon's, an' tuk 'im aboa'd dat onfit ship, an' fotch 'im way down ter dat Lonesome Valley, down een de Isle er Patmos?"

His voice began to rise, and to quiver with a tense resonance exceedingly queer to hear; and his tongue had begun to drop into a faintly-marked rhythm.

"'An' 'e shill hongry no mo'!' . . . Brederin, dat ship wuz'n fit'n tuh ca'y passengehs, no-way; her timbuhs wuz all broke up, an' I reckon she wuz er-leakin' wawteh; yit de Lo'd let dem mens bine John, an' ca'y um way obeh ter dat oddeh sho', an' lan' um day on dat Islánt an' come back safe dis sider home! I dunno w'y de Lo'd leff um; but 'e leff um. Go'd done a good many t'ing I do'no w'y 'e done um; but 'e done um, — 'e hab er p'int ter make. So 'e leff 'em took John way obeh in dat Lonesome Valley, way dey wuz n't er man, ner a house, ner a village, ner a ma'shal tuh puhvent de imposination o' wicked peoples, an' dey chain um ter a tree.

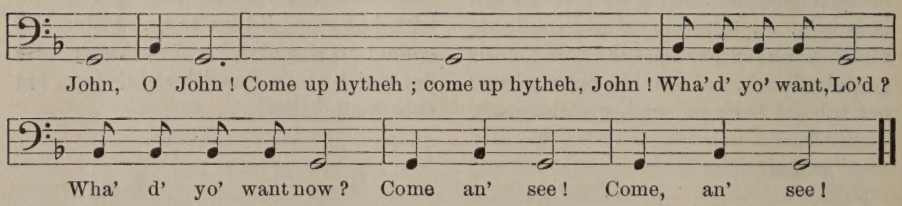
"But dough John's uthly pusson wuz chain ter a tree, er a stake, down in dat Valley, alone by 'isseff, de Lo'd leff 'is spirichil pusson mount ter hebben on er cloud. Dis wuz de Lo'd's day, min' yo', an' not jes' any week-day, dat 'e show dese t'ing tuh John; but on de Lo'd's day, muh dyin' brederin!

"Now w'ile John chain dey, dere come er voice er-callin', —

"'*John, O John! Come up hytheh; Come up hytheh, John!*'

"'Wha' d' yo' want, Lo'd? Wha' d' yo' want, now?'

"'*Come an' see! Come an' see!*'"



The preacher's dark eyes swept the congregation. He peered under the swinging lamp, leaning down across the pulpit, and quick as a flash his voice changed from the ecstatic to the ironic: —

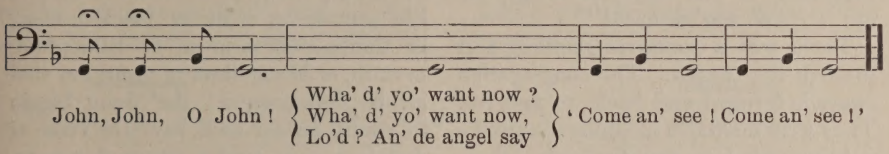
"Sleep on . . . sleep on . . . tek yo' res'! Yo' done met yo' match dis night! Sleep on! Brederin; don't yo' remembah 'bout dat young man settin' in de windeh, hyeahin' Paul preach, an' 'e gone tuh sleep an' fall out'n de windeh an' kill 'eseff? Yes, suh; knocked de breff outen

um. But de Lo'd mobe Paul conscien', an' 'e bring dat young man back out'n de daid agin, an' 'e breave inter um de breff er life once mo'. Now, dese yuh benches ain't so high as dat windeh; but ef yo' wuz tuh fall off'n one you might skin up yo' face, er mash yo' nose, er bruise yo' forehaid. So you jes' remembah de young man dat fall out'n de windeh! . . . I don't see how you-all kin come fum yo' home tuh dis yuh chu'ch, whuh bin all dis preachin' an' prayerin', an' dese brillian' lights, an' gone ter sleep! No, suh; I don't see how yo' done hit; but yo' do. Sleep on . . . tek yo' res'. . . . Yo' done met yo' match dis night!"

With an expression of righteous irony he turned back to his well-thumbed notes, which still remained, twisted up like a paper spill, in his hand: —

"John yeah er voice er-callin' 'im: —

"'*John, John, O John!*' . . . 'W'at yo' want now? W'at yo' want now, Lo'd?' An' de angel say '*Come an' see! Come an' see!*'



"An' John gone wid de angel. An' eh ca'y um ter a spring er clean, sweet wawteh runnin' down. John 'e say 'Wut is de spring?' An' de angel 'e tell um say ''T is de spring er ettunal life, an' dem wut drink er dat spring er life dey ain' gwine thusty no mo' . . . an' dey shill be no mo' sorruh, ner death, ner mo'nin'; all dem t'ing is pass' away.' Den de angel say '*John, O John!*' . . . 'W'at yo' want now? W'at yo' want now?' . . . 'Come an' drink; come an' drink!' An' John 'e drink . . . an' 'e ain' gwine thusty no mo'! . . . Anhanh! brederin! you gwine sleep hyeah; but yuh ain' gwine sleep w'en I tu'n yo' loose. I knows well dat w'en yo' leaves dis hyeah meetin', yo' ain' gwine tek yo' res', but yo' gwine prowl-l, prowl-l, an' peruse dis whole settlement. An' brederin, I tell you now, you bettah tek yo' res'; 'case, brederin, ef'n we on'y could tell jes' how long we gwine lib, an' w'en Go'd gwine summons us, hit'd be a diffrun' matteh; but we do'no. Hit may be atter w'ile; hit may be now; yit we do'no. Sleep, an' tek yo' res'! Mebbe, w'ile you res' de Lo'd call yuh, an' yo' gwine wek no mo': yo' daid. Sleep, sleep; an' tek yo' res'! Yo' hab met yo' match dis night! . . . 'An' dey shill hongry no mo'!'

"Den de angel show John er gret crowd er people. An' de angel say ter John, 'How many in dat multitude?' An' John biggin fo' count um ter 'eseff . . . but de angel say 'No man can't count 'em! . . . an' dey shill hongry no mo'! . . . fo' de Lo'd gwine sen' 'em down dem hebbenly manniehs fum on high.'

"Now I gwine tell you erbout dese hebbenly manniehs. W'en de Chillen ob Isrum-m wuz een de Wildahness-um-m, dey had nuttin' ter eat an' tuh drink-m-m-m!" His voice now rose to an ecstatic shout, half a recitative and half a chanting song, in the midst of which a deep-throated humming sound took the place of words, like some stringed instrument playing, subordinate, through a chant; and at every humming pause, he bent, and kissed the Bible lying on the altar before him: "An' de brooks wuz gone dry-m-m-m, an' de springs wuz tu'n ter dus'-m-m-m-m . . . an' dey shill hongry no mo'-m-m-m . . . an' de Lo'd-m-m-m 'e say tuh ol' Moseh-m-m-m-m, 'Mo-seh-m-m! Mo-seh-m-m!' 'W'at yo' want, Lo'd? W'at yo' want-m-m-m?' 'Go, Mo-seh-m-m-m-m, go, go; an' smote de rock-m-m-m-m!' . . . an' dey shill thusty no mo'-m-m! An' ol' Moseh-m-m, 'e gone, an' 'e smote-m-m-m

de rock-m-m-m . . .an' dey shill thusty no mo'-m-m-m-m! An' de hebbenly manniehs fell lak fall de midnight dew-m-m-m-m! An' dese manniehs bin erbout de bigness er a w'ite bean, so long, an' so big-m-m-m-m . . . an' de Lo'd say ter de Chillen ob Izrum-m-m, 'Go, go; pick 'em up fo' yo' famblies; go, git yo' breakfusses, an' yo' dinnahs, an' yo' suppahs!' An' dey gone, an' dey pick 'em up, an' dey eat dey fill . . . an' dey shill hongry no mo'! An' de angel showed John a bushel medger er dem hebbenly manniehs . . . an' dey shill hongry no mo' . . . no mo'-m-m-m!"

There was a sound of scuffling feet through the church. The congregation swayed, forward and back, to and fro. They were making a moaning sound like a heavy wind in the distance. Their voices, on certain deep, harmonious tones, now sounded incessantly along the seekers' bench and through the room, tremulous, regularly vibrating, on not more than three tones or four, with a sound like the under-drone of a monstrous bagpipe. At times this droning rose almost to a chant; at times it died away to one or two deep, resonant men's voices, a bass and a baritone. A woman's voice, as if in obligato to the strange melody, rose steadily and softly through the voices of the entire chorus, like a clear, shrill little silver bell, ringing in a chime of bronze and copper; deep-toned and heavy bells, not rung, but set into a sonorous murmur and tremulous vibration by the wind through an old gray minster tower. I did not know the air she carried; she probably improvised it as she sang. It was like one clear violin string played in an orchestra of viols, the sleepy, murmuring, bumblebee sound of a dozen viols d'amour, and the grumble of a score of huskily whispering double-basses. With one finger playing a wandering aria, *pianissimo*, on the flat keys of an organ treble, with three tones of a strangely intervaled, mediæval tetrachord held down, unchanging, in the pedal-bass, some idea of this wild-throated, droning song might be conceived, but hardly otherwise. Steadily above it the preacher went on, chanting his Ambrosian measures, his impassioned flow of crudest eloquence, grotesque, yet impressive, rushing on unchecked: —

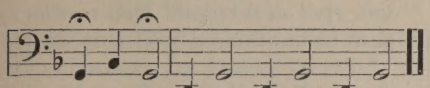
"An' torreckly de angel ca'y John ter a valley, a deep-down valley-m-m-m, an' een de valley wuz a multitude-m-m-m . . . dat no man could n't numbah-m-m-m-m! Hit wuz de Hos' er de Redeem'-m-m-m . . . wut wuz wash' een de blood er de Lamb . . . an' hit mek no diffeyunce erbout dey cullah-m-m-m-m . . . ner dey kin'-m-m-m-m, w'ite er black-m-m-m, er Caucassium-m-m-m, er Ethiopium-m-m-m, er Mungolium-m-m-m; dey shill all be dere-m-m-m! An' John biggin fo' count' em ter eseff, say 'De Tribe er Judah-m-m-m, twelve thousan'-m-m-m, an' de Tribe er Daniem-m-m-m, twelve thousan'-m-m-m-m, an' de Tribe er Jerico-m-m-m, twelve thousan'-m-m-m . . . an' dey shill hongry no mo'; neider shill dey thusty any mo'; an' Go'd gwine wipe away all de teahs fum dey yeyes! . . . an' de Tribe er Josephum-m-m-m, twelve thousan'-m-m-m, an' de Tribe er Monassum-m-m-m, twelve thousan'-m-m-m; an' John 'e count ten thousan' time ten thousan' er thousan', — but de angel say ter um, 'No man can't numbah dat multitude' . . . an' dey shill hongry no mo' . . . neider shill dey thusty" . . .

At this juncture there was a heavy crash on the bare floor; the boards rattled. A boy, overcome with sleep, had plunged head-first from his bench to the aisle, and measured his length like a bag of sand. He was now only half awake; he did not know where he was; the mourners turned, staring. With a dazed expression on his still slumber-bound face, the boy crept back to his bench. His neighbors urged him, in hoarse whispers, to withdraw; he would not. The preacher went on without ceasing, —

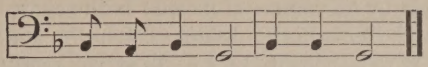
"An' de angel say, —

"'*John, O John!*' . . . W'at d' yo' want now? W'at d' yo' want now?' . . . '*Come an' see! Come an' see!*'

"An' de angel showed um er book boun' wid sebben seal, an' 'e tell um say 'e mus' fine somebuddy wuthy tuh brek dem seal-m-m-m, an' open de book-m-m-m, tuh read de salbation er man-ki'ng. An' de angel say 'Who, who-oo, is wuthy ter open dem seal?'



"Den he an' John dey gone such de yeth; but dey could n' fine nobuddy wuthy ter open de book, noway. An' John wuz erbout tuh weep, w'en de angel tell um say 'Don't yo' weep, John; don't yo' weep!



W'en de Lo'd sta'at out tuh fine somebuddy 'e don't jes' such de co'nehs; 'e such ebbrywuh!' An' den de angel gone, an' 'e such de hebbens, an' 'e such de sun, an' 'e look in de moon, an' 'e such de stahs . . . an', muh dyin' brederin, de stahs wuz er-shakin' een de element!"

Like a strange litany the voice of the congregation rose: —

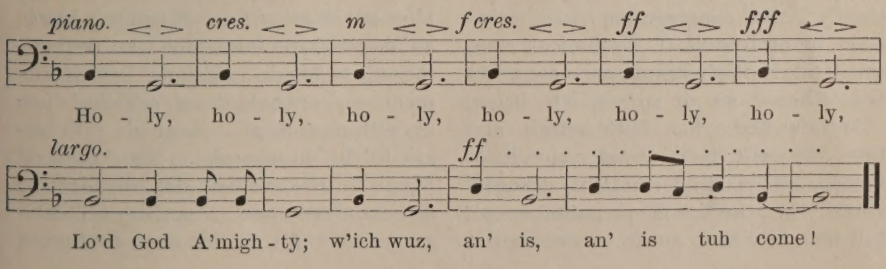
Ye - e - es, Lo'd ! O - o - oh, muh - si - ful God ! Ye - e - es, Lo'd !
O - o - oh muh - si - ful God ! Ye - e - es, Lo'd ! O - o - oh, muh - si - ful God !
Ye - e - es, Lo'd ! O - o - oh, muh - si - ful God ! M - m - m - m -
D.C. ad libitum.
m, yes, Lo'd ! O - o - oh, yes, Lo'd ! m - m - m - m - m - m - m - m !

The preacher went on: —

"Torreckly 'e come back, an' 'e tell John say 'e foun' somebuddy wuthy . . . eh bin de Lion er de Tribe er Judahm-m-m-m-m . . . an' 'e ain' gwine hongry no mo'!

"Den de Lamb 'e cut dem seal; 'e open de book, an' 'e biggin ter read de salbation er man-ki'ng! Hit thundeh an' hit lightnin', too . . . an' de beas'es an' de angels dem all biggin fo' sing: —

"'*Holy, Holy, Holy, Holy, Holy, Holy*, Lo'd Go'd A'mighty, w'ich wuz, an' is, an' is tuh come!'



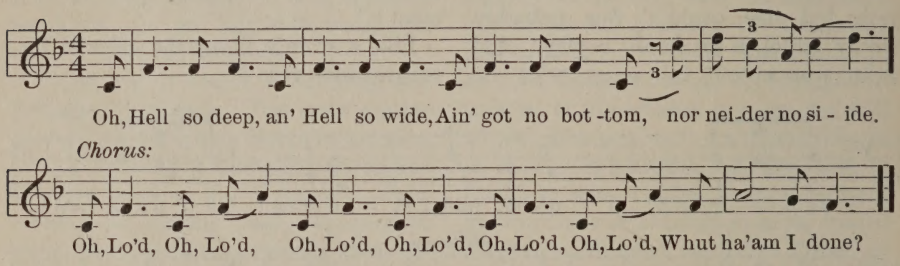
"An' muh dyin' brederin, dat ain't all! No, suh; not by no manner o' means . . . not by no manner o' means! John year a voice er-callin': 'John, O John!' . . . 'W'at yo' want, Lo'd? W'at yo' want now?' . . . 'Come an' see; come an' see!'

"Muh dyin' brederin-m-m-m-m, de bottomless pit wuz open! Deah wuz er lek er fiah . . . er lek er fiah, er-blazin' an' er-flamin' . . . an' deah wuz de akuh er de condemn' . . . O sinnah man! way yo' gwine tuh tek yo' stan'?"

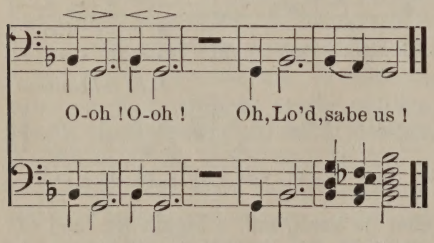
The house broke into inarticulate ejaculations: —

"Lo'd hab mussy erpon us! O-o-oh, muh-si-ful Go'd! Muh sweet Jesus, don't yuh fuhgit me! Sa-ave us, Lo'd!" And suddenly a heavy bass voice began to sing: —

"Oh, Hell so deep, an' Hell so wide,
Hit gawt no bawtum, an' neideh no si-ide!
Oh, Lo'd, O Lo'd! . . . O Lo'd! O Lo'd! . . . O Lo'd! O Lo'd! wut ha 'am I done?"


Oh, Hell so deep, an' Hell so wide, Ain' got no bot-tom, nor nei-der no si-ide.
Chorus:
Oh, Lo'd, Oh, Lo'd, Oh, Lo'd, Oh, Lo'd, Oh, Lo'd, Oh, Lo'd, Oh, Lo'd, Whut ha'am I done?

The voices of the congregation, forsaking almost instantly their individual groaning, grouped into a chanting, moaning harmony, ululating and crying,



The medley fell into an unusual swinging rhythm; the humming rose loud and louder, gathering and adding to itself accidental suggestions; one impromptu phrase of music, which fitted the passing words, was caught up instantly; the congregation was swept away by an hysterical, rhythmical, emotional tide: utterly strange and new, never before heard, an air sprang into being, — refrain first, then both refrain and line, one swift, bold, strong voice leading on. Their wild emotions strangely stirred, the primitive congregation swept, full tide, into such an air as one carries home with him, rolling for days afterward, in his ears.

"My dyin' brederin, way yo' gwine stan'?" shouted the preacher. "Way yo' gwine stan' w'en dey tek de cubbah off'n hell, an' no wawteh noway? Yo'-all gwine come er-runnin' an' er-cryin' 'Way is muh crown er glory? Way is muh long w'ite robe? Way is muh place?' But fuh dem wut ain't bin convuhted dey ain't gwine ter be no place! Oh, brederin, way will yo' stan' een dat day?

"Den de angel say ter John," shouted the preacher, "'John, O John!' 'W'at d' yo' want, Lo'd? W'at d' yo' want now?' 'Come an' see; come an' see! Dey gwine ter blow out de moon . . . an' dey shill hongry no mo'!' An' den de las' trompet hit biggin fo' soun'; an' dey blow out de moon; an' de sun tu'n black, an' de moon run intuh blood, an' de stahs-m-m-m-m biggin er-dancin' een de element, an' er-shakin' an' er-fallin' 'pon dis yeth-m-m-m-m . . . an' de yeth biggin fo' bu'-m-m-m-m . . . an' de daid biggin fo' rise, all dem dat wuz slain by de beas'-m-m-m-m . . . an' dey shill hongry no mo'! An' de rich man, dat borruh

money fum anuddah rich man, an' tell um rich lies so 'e would n't had tuh pay hit back . . . he gwine be deah; an' 'e gwine run back an' fo'th tuh de rocks an' de mountings, an' 'e gwine cry tuh de rocks an' de mountings, 'Rocks an' mountings, fall on me, an' hide me fum de face er an angry Go'd! . . . an' 'e gwine be on fiah; an' de money 'e borruh an' nebbah pay back, hit gwine be on fiah! Yes, suh, muh dyin' brederin; an' dat ain't all; not by no manner o' means! De sinnah man gwine be deah, an' 'e sins gwine be on fiah; an' de murdereh, 'e gwine be deah, wid 'e murdeh, an' wid all 'e murderin' inklements, an' 'e gwine be on fiah, too; an' 'e gwine run back an' fo'th, cryin' 'Rocks an' mountings, fall on me, an' hide me fum de face er an angry Go'd!' An'de blasphemeous man 'e gwine be deah, wid 'e blasphemin' tongue on fiah! An' de man wut cheat, 'e gwine be deah, wid all dat cheatin' money in 'is pocket-book; an' 'e gwine be on fiah, an' de pocket-book gwine be on fiah! An' dis pencil wut put down de wrong figgah, hit shill be day, an' hit gwine be on fiah; an' dem wrong accounts wut hit kep', an' dem lyin' figgah wut hit mek, dey gwine be on fiah, an de lyin' han' wut mek dem lyin' figgahs, hit gwine be on fiah, too!

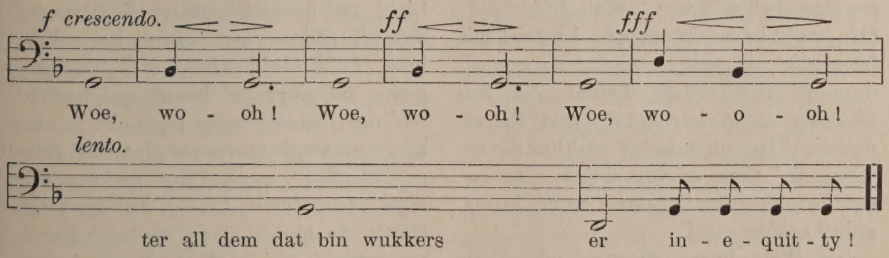
"An' de wicked mens wid dat race prejucidy dat mek de w'ite an' de black mens hate one ernurrer, dey gwine be day, an' dat wicked race prejucidy gwine be on fiah; dey all gwine be on fiah, an' er-bu'nin' an' er-poppin' on de face er dis yeth. An' de bush-whackeh 'e gwine be day, an' dem Ku-Klux dey gwine be day, an' dey shill all be on fiah!"

"Yes, Lo'd! Amen! Amen!" pealed from the congregation,

"An' de money dat you owed an' did n't pay gwine be day, an' dat money gwine be on fiah!

"An' dat ain't all, muh brederin . . . not by no manner o' means! De daid folks gwine come up out'n de sea, th'ee hunnud thousan' uv 'em, dat is bin drown' in de sea er t'ousan' yeahs, an' nobuddy knowed nuttin' 'tall erbout hit. An' dey all gwine say 'W'at's de matteh? W'at's de matteh?' An' dey gwine tell um say 'Dis yuh is de Great Day!' . . . an' dey shill hongry no mo', neider shill dey thusty no mo', an' de Lo'd gwine wipe away all de teahs fum dey yeyes! An' er angel fly acrost de yeth; 'e blow er ho'n, an' 'e cry say: —

"'*Woe, wo-oh! Woe, wo-oh! Woe, wo-o-oh!* ter all dem dat bin wukkers er in-e-quitty!'



"An' de angel wid de sebben viles, 'e gwine tu'n um loose, an' de worl' gwine peh-ish up . . . an' dem wut dwells 'pon topper dis yeth dey gwine be mighty suhprise'; dey gwine holleh say, 'W'at dis mean? W'at dis mean?' An' dis yeth gwine up een er blaze!

"Den de son gwine say ter 'e fawtheh, 'Help me now!' An' 'e fawtheh say 'e no can't help um, 'e 'pen' intiuhly 'pon Go'd . . . an' dey open er do' . . . an' out come er w'ite hoss wid er man on um . . . 'e Death . . . *'e Death!* We all gwine ter daid! We all gwine ter daid!"

"Oh, my Lo'd!" "Oh, my Go'd!" "Oh, my Lo'd A'mighty!" came from the congregation. The wild lamps flared in the wind.

"Sleep on! Sleep on! Tek yo' res'! Muh brudder, yo'll not be er-sleepin' een dat day! Go on wid yo' sleepin'¡ A-a-a-a!" his voice arose to a sardonic, nasal cry. "Yo'll all be glad ter hab er Go'd den, een dat day, w'en de stahs een de element is er-fallin'! Sleep; an' go on er-sleepin'! Yo'll not be er-sleepin' much een dat day! Oh, wut er happy time fuh dem wut is bin redeem'! De fawtheh an' de son kin gone tuh de same prayeh-meetin' an' prayeh de same prayeh; de muddah an' her daughtah kin gone tuh de same chu'ch an' hyeah de same summon! Oh, muh dyin' brederin, wut er happy day dat gwine ter bin!

"Ol' Ezekium-m-m-m, 'e shill be deah; an' Jeremium-m-m; an' David, little Davy, twelve yeahs ol', whut stood up, erlone by 'isseff, wid er sling-stone, an' fit Goliah, champeen er de Phistillions, an' puhsuv de constitootionality er de Hebrews; little baby boy Davy, jes' twelve yeahs ol', 'e gwine be deah! Yes, suh; dey all gwine be deah! Oh, whut er blessed day! . . . An' dey shill hongry no mo'; dey shill thusty no mo' . . . an' de Lo'd gwine wipe away all de teahs fum dey yeyes!"

His voice suddenly dropped to as quiet and unmoved a tone as if he were speaking only to the one-armed deacon who sat close behind him: "Muh dyin' brederin, we'll be led in prayeh. I meant tuh be gentle wid yuh ter-night; but yo'-all done got me stirred up. I want yo'-all tuh git down on yo' knees, tuh-night, flat on de flo'. Dis yuh's de las' night er dis revibal, an' none er you do'no w'en yo' call gwine come! Git down on yo' knees, ebbry one er yuh!"

To their knees dropped all, their heads buried deep in their folded arms upon the rude benches; a rustling went through the church.

"Ouah Fawtheh w'ich is in hebben; hyeah de prayeh w'at gone up to Thee fum dis yuh chu'ch! Out'n all de blessin' wut you hab in hebben sen' down one on Little Saint John's. Lo'd, write ouah name in de Lamb book o' life . . . we shill hongry no mo' . . . we is dem wut is bin in gret tribulation . . . God gwine wipe away all de teahs fum dey yeyes . . . dey gwine nebbah no mo' tuh sorruh, nebbah no mo' ter cry! De Lo'd Jesus say, w'en 'e preach een de mountings, 'Blessed is dem dat hongry, fo' dem shill be fill . . . dey shill hongry no mo'! De Sperrit tell um say 'Come! Yea, tell hit ter all de chu'ches: come runnin'! I know yo' labuh an' yo' bon's; I know dat yo' bin mean as grass wut pa'ach een de ubben; but come, an' come er-runnin', an' I gwine gib yo' a new name wut nobuddy ebbah yeah . . . 't is er name wut nobuddy knows. An' I gwine gib yo' de mo'nin' stah fo' er play-t'ing . . . ef'n yo' keep good watch."

"Watch! Oh, good Lo'd, watch!" rose the wailing moan of the congregation.

"Dey gwine feed us 'pon dem hebbenly manniehs!"

"Watch! Oh, good Lo'd, my Lo'd!"

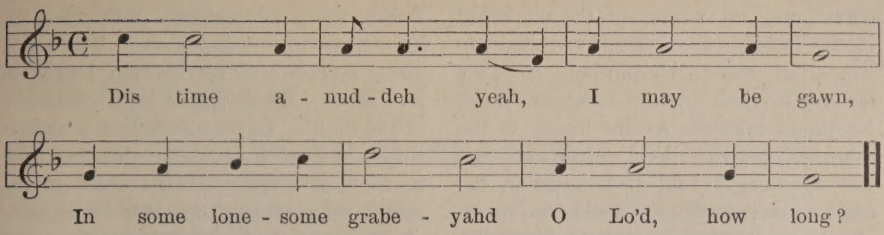
"De Lion uv Judea." . . .

"Oh, my sweet Jesus! Lamb er God'!"

"'E got poweh tuh sabe all soul 'pon topper dis yer uth, er 'pon de sout' side er de globe . . . an' dey gwine hongry no mo'! An' we gwine be w'ite, my brederin, *w'ite*, wash' in de blood ub de Lamb! An' dey gwine show us de t'ings w'ich gwine ter be . . . an' de angel, an' de beas', an' de multitude er de Redeem' dey all gwine sing, 'Holy, holy, holy, holy, Lo'd Go'd A'mighty! To Thee gwine be glory an' honuh an' poweh!' An' dey gwine hongry no mo' . . . dey all gwine weah crowns er glory an' robes er salbation . . . an' dey gwine res' er season fum dey wuk . . . an' dey gwine thusty no mo' . . . an' no mo' sorruh, ner cryin'! . . . Oh, Lo'd, we is dem wut is come outer gret tribulation. . . . How long, Lo'd? How long?"

A murmur ran through the church, rising slowly, ceasing, slowly ebbing away like the sound of a wave along a beach:—

"Dis time unaddah yeah
I may be gone,
In some lonesome grabeyahd.
. . . Oh, Lo'd, how long?"



As quietly as if no previous great emotion had stirred him, the preacher ended:

"Lo'd, we know dat the Millemium ain't gwine ter come 'til dis yuth bin convuhted. De yuth not gwine convuhted till dis wicked race prejucidy cease . . . an' Lo'd, dis race prejucidy ain't gwine cease tell some one tek 'e courage in 'e han' an' gone ter de Naytional Gubberment wut bin in Washi'ton, an' tell de gret Administratuh: 'Dis yuh race prejucidy mus' cease! Yes, suh; hit mus' cease!' An' hit ain' gwine cease ontel de Naytional Gubberment an' de gret Administratuh bin convuhted an' do right. Lo'd, we know ebbry man gwine be jedge een dat las' day 'cordin' ter 'e lib, an' dem wut's name ain' writ een de Lamb book er life gwine ride dat w'ite hoss wid dem daid mens, an' gwine cas' een er lek er fiah wid dem wut bin two time daid . . . an' nobuddy ain' gwine hide um no mo' fum de face er an angry Go'd. But, oh, Lo'd Go'd, tek *we* inter de kingdom an' de patience; fo' *we* is de bruddeh er John een 'e hahd trial!"

"Dat's so, Lo'd!" huskily added the voice of the one-armed deacon.

"Lo'd, let dem wut yeah tell dey nabuh ter come . . . tell um say 'Come er-runnin' . . . tell um say 'Come quick!' . . . dat dey all gwine be convuhted!"

"Eben so, good Lo'd; eben so!" said the voice of the one-armed man.

"An' w'en de ol' shippy er zion come er-sailin' roun' de ben', an' de angel er de Lo'd come er-flyin' down tuh put on de wings er de mo'nin', Lo'd Jesus, put 'em on fawtheh an' motheh, sistuh an' bruddah, w'ite, black, an' yelluh mens alak. Amen, Lo'd, amen!"

The meeting went on, to what end I do not know. With no desire to laugh, with no desire to mock, my companion and I arose and went out from the place, thoughtfully; with patience wondering to what end, dear Lord, Lord of white man and black, — to what end, and to what far purpose, in Thy kingdom everlasting, and here upon earth? The faint yellow light of the two doorways shone down the steps and followed us into the darkness. We looked back once. The still pines were silhouetted before the church; the night wind sang a wild refrain to the song below; the trees moved gently in the wind; green leaves with a thousand countless edges rustled sharply in the white moonlight. The mountains seemed unreal, crystalline.

Postscript. Strange and grotesque as this sketch may seem, ridicule of any sort is utterly outside the writer's purpose. The body of the sermon is absolutely as preached at Little St. John's, with simply a few elisions to obviate the incessant repetition to which the negro preacher is prone. The writer feared to condense, lest only the strikingly grotesque phrases should be the ones retained, and the sermon's crude, childlike, emotional eloquence be misrepresented. The smile seems inevitable, but it is certainly coupled with pity and wondering thoughts. As to the music: no attempt is made in the scores to give harmonies, save in one slightest instance. No score written could convey the barbaric and stirring effect of a congregation of primitive negroes singing an old-time spiritual song. Some of the airs to these spiritual songs are in the pentatonic scale, some in the compass of a tetrachord, some

correspond to various of the mediæval modes, while others are irreducible to European scales, containing, as they often do, such quarter-tones or other fractional intervals as are found in the Siamese system; their harmonies are correspondingly wild and irregular, being for the greater part accidental or instinctive, except under direct white influence. The personal reproofs directed at the congregation by the preacher were all in sharp, ironic, conversational tone; but the remainder of the sermon, after the opening passages, was chanted, from first to last, upon four tones, shown in the angel's cry of "Woe, wo-oh!" The tones employed were usually those of the address "John, O John!" used with infinite variation. To this intoning Sidney Lanier refers interestingly at the close of his *Science of English Verse*. The foregoing sermon and service may be taken as typical of the primitive negro churches of the South. In contact with the whites they are less, in remoter districts and in the low country of the coast much more, primitive and strange. Such services are always highly emotional, sometimes hysterical, almost madly corybantic, combining with a half-Christian service a half-pagan frenzy. A sermon more thoughtful, more logical, more ethical than the foregoing would be apt to receive some such discouraging reception as met "the educated nigger's" sermon on the Altamaha, in W. E. B. DuBois's sketch, "The Coming of John," in *The Souls of Black Folk*.

PAST THE DULL ROOFS — THE SKY

BY MILDRED I. McNEAL-SWEENEY

Low roofs and sordid,
And the same poor street
Climbing still
The well-known, weary hill!
But oh, the radiant gray,
The lovely, indescribable flush of day
Where hill and morning meet!

The same little beauty,
And Labor trudging by,
And the vain
Truckle to common gain:
But hour by hour,
Lovely with light — like a forgotten dower,
Past the dull roofs — the sky!

Color of hope,
Color of June and the rose,
Cool with the dew
Or great with storm — spread new
Hourly with promises
Of good days coming, — for the lonely heart it is
The unfailing book of joy that never shall close.

THE HUMOR OF THE COLORED SUPPLEMENT

BY RALPH BERGENGREN

TEN or a dozen years ago,—the exact date is here immaterial,—an enterprising newspaper publisher conceived the idea of appealing to what is known as the American "sense of humor" by printing a so-called comic supplement in colors. He chose Sunday as of all days the most lacking in popular amusements, carefully restricted himself to pictures without humor and color without beauty, and presently inaugurated a new era in American journalism. The colored supplement became an institution. No Sunday is complete without it,—not because its pages invariably delight, but because, like flies in summer, there is no screen that will altogether exclude them. A newspaper without a color press hardly considers itself a newspaper, and the smaller journals are utterly unmindful of the kindness of Providence in putting the guardian angel, Poverty, outside their portals. Sometimes, indeed, they think to outwit this kindly interference by printing a syndicated comic page without color; and mercy is thus served in a half portion, for, uncolored, the pictures are inevitably about twice as attractive. Some print them without color, but on pink paper. Others rejoice, as best they may, in a press that will reproduce at least a fraction of the original discord. One and all they unite vigorously, as if driven by a perverse and cynical intention, to prove the American sense of humor a thing of national shame and degradation. Fortunately the public has so little to say about its reading matter that one may fairly suspend judgment.

For, after all, what is the sense of humor upon which every man prides himself, as belonging only to a gifted minority? Nothing more nor less than a certain mental quickness, alert to catch the point of an anecdote or to appreciate the surprise of a new and unexpected point of view toward an old and familiar phenomenon. Add together these gifted minorities, and each nation reaches what is fallaciously termed the national sense of humor,—an English word, incidentally, for which D'Israeli was unable to find an equivalent in any other language, and which is in itself simply a natural development of the critical faculty, born of a present need of describing what earlier ages had taken for granted. The jovial porter and his charming chance acquaintances, the three ladies of Bagdad, enlivened conversation with a kind of humor, carefully removed from the translation of commerce and the public libraries, for which they needed no descriptive noun, but which may nevertheless be fairly taken as typical of that city in the day of the Caliph Haroun.

The Middle Ages rejoiced in a similar form of persiflage, and the present day in France, Germany, England, or America, for example, inherits it,—minus its too juvenile indecency,—in the kind of pleasure afforded by these comic supplements. Their kinship with the lower publications of European countries is curiously evident to whoever has examined them. Vulgarity, in fact, speaks the same tongue in all countries, talks, even in art-ruled France, with the same crude draughtsmanship, and usurps universally a province that Emerson declared "far better than wit for a poet or writer." In its expression and enjoyment no country can fairly claim the dubious superiority. All are on the dead level of that surprising moment when the savage had ceased to be dignified and man had not yet become rational. Men, indeed, speak freely and vaingloriously of their national sense

of humor; but they are usually unconscious idealists. For the comic cut that amuses the most stupid Englishman may be shifted entire into an American comic supplement; the "catastrophe joke" of the American comic weekly of the next higher grade is stolen in quantity to delight the readers of similar but more economical publications in Germany; the lower humor of France, barring the expurgations demanded by Anglo-Saxon prudery, is equally transferable; and the average American often examines on Sunday morning, without knowing it, an international loan-exhibit.

Humor, in other words, is cosmopolitan, reduced, since usage insists on reducing it, at this lowest imaginable level, to such obvious and universal elements that any intellect can grasp their combinations. And at its highest it is again cosmopolitan, like art; like art, a cultivated characteristic, no more spontaneously natural than a "love of nature." It is an insult to the whole line of English and American humorists — Sterne, Thackeray, Dickens, Meredith, Twain, Holmes, Irving, and others of a distinguished company — to include as humor what is merely the crude brutality of human nature, mocking at grief and laughing boisterously at physical deformity. And in these Sunday comics Humor, stolen by vandals from her honest, if sometimes rough-and-ready, companionship, thrusts a woe-begone visage from the painted canvas of the national sideshow, and none too poor to "shy a brick" at her.

At no period in the world's history has there been a steadier output of so-called humor, — especially in this country. The simple idea of printing a page of comic pictures has produced families. The very element of variety has been obliterated by the creation of types, — a confusing medley of impossible countrymen, mules, goats, German-Americans and their irreverent progeny, specialized children with a genius for annoying their elders, white-whiskered elders with a genius for playing practical jokes on their grandchildren, policemen, Chinamen, Irishmen, negroes, inhuman conceptions of the genus tramp, boy inventors whose inventions invariably end in causing somebody to be mirthfully spattered with paint or joyously torn to pieces by machinery, bright boys with a talent for deceit, laziness, or cruelty, and even the beasts of the jungle dehumanized to the point of practical joking. *Mirabile dictu!* — some of these things have even been dramatized.

With each type the reader is expected to become personally acquainted, — to watch for its coming on Sunday mornings, happily wondering with what form of inhumanity the author will have been able to endow his brainless manikins. And the authors are often men of intelligence, capable here and there of a bit of adequate drawing and an idea that is honestly and self-respectingly provocative of laughter. Doubtless they are often ashamed of their product; but the demand of the hour is imperative. The presses are waiting. They, too, are both quick and heavy. And the cry of the publisher is for "fun" that no intellect in all his heterogeneous public shall be too dull to appreciate. We see, indeed, the outward manifestation of a curious paradox: humor prepared and printed for the extremely dull, and — what is still more remarkable — excused by grown men, capable of editing newspapers, on the ground that it gives pleasure to children.

Reduced to first principles, therefore, it is not humor, but simply a supply created in answer to a demand, hastily produced by machine methods and hastily accepted by editors too busy with other editorial duties to examine it intelligently. Under these conditions "humor" is naturally conceived as something preëminently quick; and so quickness predominates. Somebody is always hitting somebody else with a club; somebody is always falling downstairs, or out of a balloon, or over a cliff, or into a river, a barrel of paint, a basket of eggs, a convenient cistern, or a tub of hot water. The comic

cartoonists have already exhausted every available substance into which one can fall, and are compelled to fall themselves into a veritable ocean of vain repetition. They have exhausted everything by which one can be blown up. They have exhausted everything by which one can be knocked down or run over. And if the victim is never actually killed in these mirthful experiments, it is obviously because he would then cease to be funny,— which is very much the point of view of the Spanish Inquisition, the cat with a mouse, or the American Indian with a captive. But respect for property, respect for parents, for law, for decency, for truth, for beauty, for kindliness, for dignity, or for honor, are killed, without mercy. Morality alone, in its restricted sense of sexual relations, is treated with courtesy, although we find throughout the accepted theory that marriage is a union of uncongenial spirits, and the chart of petty marital deceit is carefully laid out and marked for whoever is likely to respond to endless unconscious suggestions. Sadly must the American child sometimes be puzzled while comparing his own grandmother with the visiting mother-in law of the colored comic.

Lest this seem a harsh, even an unkind inquiry into the innocent amusements of other people, a few instances may be mentioned, drawn from the Easter Sunday output of papers otherwise both respectable and unrespectable; papers, moreover, depending largely on syndicated humor that may fairly be said to have reached a total circulation of several million readers. We have, to begin with, two rival versions of a creation that made the originator famous, and that chronicle the adventures of a small boy whose name and features are everywhere familiar. Often these adventures, in the original youngster, have been amusing, and amusingly seasoned with the salt of legitimately absurd phraseology. But the pace is too fast, even for the originator. The imitator fails invariably to catch the spirit of them, and in this instance is driven to an ancient subterfuge. To come briefly to an unpleasant point, an entire page is devoted to showing the reader how the boy was made ill by smoking his father's cigars. Incidentally he falls down stairs. Meantime, his twin is rejoicing the readers of another comic supplement by spoiling a wedding party; it is the minister who first comes to grief, and is stood on his head, the boy who later is quite properly thrashed by an angry mother,— and it is all presumably very delightful and a fine example for the imitative genius of other children. Further, we meet a mule who kicks a policeman and whose owner is led away to the lockup; a manicured vacuum who slips on a banana peel, crushes the box containing his fiancée's Easter bonnet, and is assaulted by her father (he, after the manner of comic fathers, having just paid one hundred dollars for the bonnet out of a plethoric pocketbook); a nondescript creature, presumably human, who slips on another banana peel and knocks over a citizen, who in turn knocks over a policeman, and is also marched off to undeserved punishment. We see the German-American child covering his father with water from a street gutter, another child deluging his parent with water from a hose; another teasing his younger brother and sister. To keep the humor of the banana peel in countenance we find the picture of a fat man accidentally sitting down on a tack; he exclaims, "ouch," throws a basket of eggs into the air, and they come down on the head of the boy who arranged the tacks. We see two white boys beating a little negro over the head with a plank (the hardness of the negro's skull here affording the humorous *motif*), and we see an idiot blowing up a mule with dynamite. Lunacy, in short, could go no farther than this pandemonium of undisguised coarseness and brutality,—the humor offered on Easter Sunday morning by leading American newspapers for the edification of American readers.

And every one of the countless creatures, even to the poor, maligned dumb animals,

is saying something. To the woeful extravagance of foolish acts must be added an equal extravagance of foolish words: "Out with you, intoxicated rowdy," "Shut up," "Skidoo," "They've set the dog on me," "Hee-haw," "My uncle had it tooken in Hamburg," "Dat old gentleman will slip on dem banana skins," "Little Buster got all that was coming to him," "Aw, shut up," "Y-e-e-e G-o-d-s," "Ouch," "Golly, dynamite am powerful stuff," "I am listening to vat der vild vaves is sedding," "I don't think Pa and I will ever get along together until he gets rid of his conceit," "phew." The brightness of this repartee could be continued indefinitely; profanity, of course, is indicated by dashes and exclamation points; a person who has fallen overboard says "blub;" concussion is visibly represented by stars; "biff" and "bang" are used according to taste to accompany a blow on the nose or an explosion of dynamite.

From this brief summary it may be seen how few are the fundamental conceptions that supply the bulk of almost the entire output, and in these days of syndicated ideas a comparatively small body of men produce the greater part of it. Physical pain is the most glaringly omnipresent of these *motifs;* it is counted upon invariably to amuse the average humanity of our so-called Christian civilization. The entire group of Easter Sunday pictures constitutes a saturnalia of prearranged accidents in which the artist is never hampered by the exigencies of logic; machinery in which even the presupposed poorest intellect might be expected to detect the obvious flaw accomplishes its evil purpose with inevitable accuracy; jails and lunatic asylums are crowded with new inmates; the policeman always uses his club or revolver; the parents usually thrash their offspring at the end of the performance; household furniture is demolished, clothes ruined, and unsalable eggs broken by the dozen. Deceit is another universal concept of humor, that combines easily with the physical pain *motif;* and mistaken identity, in which the juvenile idiot disguises himself and deceives his parents in various ways, is another favorite resort of the humorists. The paucity of invention is hardly less remarkable than the willingness of the inventors to sign their products, or the willingness of editors to publish them. But the age is notoriously one in which editors underrate and insult the public intelligence.

Doubtless there are some to applaud the spectacle,—the imitative spirits, for example, who recently compelled a woman to seek the protection of a police department because of the persecution of a gang of boys and young men shouting "hee-haw" whenever she appeared on the street; the rowdies whose exploits figure so frequently in metropolitan newspapers; or that class of adults who tell indecent stories at the dinner table and laugh joyously at their wives' efforts to turn the conversation. But the Sunday comic goes into other homes than these, and is handed to their children by parents whose souls would shudder at the thought of a dime novel. Alas, poor parents! That very dime novel as a rule holds up ideals of bravery and chivalry, rewards good and punishes evil, offers at the worst a temptation to golden adventuring, for which not one child in a million will ever attempt to surmount the obvious obstacles. It is no easy matter to become an Indian fighter, pirate, or detective; the dream is, after all, a daydream, tinctured with the beautiful color of old romance, and built on eternal qualities that the world has rightfully esteemed worthy of emulation. And in place of it the comic supplement, like that other brutal horror, the juvenile comic story, that goes on its immoral way unnoticed, raises no high ambition, but devotes itself to "mischief made easy." Hard as it is to become an Indian fighter, any boy has plenty of opportunity to throw stones at his neighbor's windows. And on any special occasion, such, for example, as Christmas or Washington's Birthday, almost the entire ponderous machine is set in motion to make

reverence and ideals ridiculous. Evil example is strong in proportion as it is easy to imitate. The state of mind that accepts the humor of the comic weekly is the same as that which shudders at Ibsen, and smiles complacently at the musical comedy, with its open acceptance of the wild oats theory, and its humorous exposition of a kind of wild oats that youth may harvest without going out of its own neighborhood.

In all this noisy, explosive, garrulous pandemonium one finds here and there a moment of rest and refreshment, — the work of the few pioneers of decency and decorum brave enough to bring their wares to the noisome market and lucky enough to infuse their spirit of refinement, art, and genuine humor into its otherwise hopeless atmosphere. Preëminent among them stands the inventor of "Little Nemo in Slumberland," a man of genuine pantomimic humor, charming draughtsmanship, and an excellent decorative sense of color, who has apparently studied his medium and makes the best of it. And with him come Peter Newell, Grace G. Weiderseim, and Condé, — now illustrating *Uncle Remus* for a Sunday audience, — whose pictures in some of the Sunday papers are a delightful and self-respecting proof of the possibilities of this type of journalism. Out of the noisy streets, the cheap restaurants with their unsteady-footed waiters and avalanches of soup and crockery, out of the slums, the quarreling families, the prisons and the lunatic asylums, we step for a moment into the world of childish fantasy, closing the iron door behind us and trying to shut out the clamor of hooting mobs, the laughter of imbeciles, and the crash of explosives. After all, there is no reason why children should not have their innocent amusement on Sunday morning; but there seems to be every reason why the average editor of the weekly comic supplement should be given a course in art, literature, common sense, and Christianity.

THE FORERUNNER

BY M. E. M. DAVIS

Mrs. Vane laid down her pen and leaned back in her chair with a little sigh of weariness. A restful look dawned into her eyes, — blue and tender still, though there were many lines, fine-etched, about their corners, — as they sought the vine-hung gallery which overlooked the inner courts; the glass doors giving upon it were swung wide, a breath of perfume from the climbing jessamine floated into the high-ceilinged study; the sound of a child's voice, shrill, infantine, came with it; and now and again a tiny white-clad figure fluttered into view, pursued by a turbaned *bonne*. The windows at the other end of the study were also open, and the multitudinous noises of the street — the clang of car-bells, the rattle of wagon-wheels, the cries of fruit and street venders — mounted to the accustomed ears of the chatelaine. For the Vane mansion stood in the very heart of the Old Town, — a witness to the departed grandeur of the sometime Quarter of the Aristocrats. Its fellows along the narrow street were turned into shops, or replaced by staring structures in keeping with a Progressive Age. It looked — the Vane house, with its steep roof, its balconied windows, its massive street door and marble steps — like the embodied spirit of a half-forgotten past. But "a Tom Vane never sells his birthright," said the Vanes; "a Tom Vane could neither live nor die in any

other house." And the present Vane held to the family tradition.

Mrs. Vane resumed her pen and bent again to the closely written leaf. She glanced rapidly over the unfinished paragraph. "Yes," it asserted, in small but bold chirography, "I had, as you suggest, thought — really, this time! — of slipping out of the seething whirlpool in which I have lived so long, and of dropping my wearied body down upon some grass-grown slope; there to lie, steeping soul and mind in tranquil do-nothing ease. But, somehow, I find my hands and my heart fuller than ever this summer. First and foremost — after Tom, of course — there is Ned's little boy, my grandson (he is going, 'lame and lovely,' like the child in Elia's Dream, on the inner gallery, as I write!). He is a bonnie wee thing, but he looms large in the picture of my future. I have let myself — again, somehow! — be thrust into the chairmanship of the Church Guild, — which means, to say the least, activity. I have my old pensioners, whose ranks, instead of thinning with the passing years, seem to multiply; then, there are the girls, my nieces, Lucie and 'Toinette, — you remember them? — with whose education and life-equipment I have charged myself. I have promised" — here the writer had paused; now she added, "But I will not weary you with the tale of things — duties and pleasures — which lie before me. Tom and I have planned, besides, a flying trip abroad in the early fall; and this means crowding in many things" —

The clang of the iron knocker on the street-door, echoing insistent through the house, arrested the nervous movement of the pen, and gave it a quiver which resulted in a heavy ink-blot on the white page.

The footfalls which had sounded, even and firm, along the hall, were softened suddenly by the thick rug at the study door; the colored maid, with a deprecatory glance at her mistress, was ushering in a visitor. It was an unheard-of hour for a visitor! barely seven of the clock on a July morning, when the domestic machinery of the *vieux carré* had hardly yet been put in motion.

Mrs. Vane arose. She was a tall woman, past middle age; her erect form had an emaciated look in the flowing white robe. There was a plentiful sprinkling of gray in the soft brown hair loosely coiled on her shapely head. But her face retained that curiously youthful look which women of a certain temperament keep to extreme age.

The visitor, a young man, advanced, meeting the involuntary question in her eyes with an engaging smile. "Mrs. Vane," he affirmed rather than asked. She bowed silently.

"I am the bearer of a message" —

"Pray be seated," interrupted Mrs. Vane, indicating a chair and resuming her own. He sat down, facing her with boyish confidence, one hand resting on his knee; the other, which held his straw hat, dropped to his side.

Mrs. Vane regarded him curiously — and pleasantly. He was very young, — a slender, well-knit, graceful figure, which, she told herself whimsically, fitted well into the early morning. His fine face was open and ingenuous; the limpid gray eyes, set wide apart, had an expression of buoyant frankness; the broad white brow was shaded by wavy bronze-gold locks.

"In the beginning," he began abruptly, — the tones of his voice were round and full, — "it was always thus. We who are entrusted were sent forth; and it was so that no one was called who had not first been forewarned. After a time — why, I know not, for the Wisdom sees not fit to disclose His reasons — the order was changed, and we were set to other service. Now — and again I know not wherefore — the old order is restored" —

Mrs. Vane smiled, wondering whither this garrulous flow of words was leading. But her smile was indulgent, — the rare sweetness of that tolerant smile was one of the things which had made her blessed among women! — for she loved all young

things, and the face before her was so heartsomely young. And —

What was it, this teasing half-memory which began to stir in her mind as she gazed on the boyish face? She leaned forward unconsciously, vaguely troubled, and searching her brain for the clue to a fleeting resemblance which eluded her grasp. Suddenly she knew! and the knowledge, she could not have said why, caught at her heart like an ice-cold hand. The Mercury in that little Tanagra group which she had seen but lately in a great museum, — that Messenger who has brought to Charon, standing unmoved by his bark, the young girl who hangs so pathetically limp on his arm, and upon whom he looks with a compassion so unmortal! This boy, this fair-haired stranger, was like that Mercury! It seemed to her, now, that he was regarding herself with the same compassionate unmortal eyes; and that his rambling talk was a kindly impulse to give her time — for what?

She breathed a little heavily, and pushed her chair back, as if she sought to escape. But the smile on those young lips reassured her; her own smile came back.

"And so, I come," he was saying, when she forced herself to listen once more. "If it were mine to judge, I should think it were best, thus. For there must always be somewhat which one would wish to set in order, before departing. One at least might desire a little time for" —

A light leaped into her brain; for an instant it blinded her, blotting out the Messenger, the familiar objects in the room; even the little white figure flitting past the open door on the sunlit gallery. The visitor continued to speak, but his words seemed to come from an immeasurable distance, and conveyed no meaning to her ears.

Slowly she regained possession of her faculties. "Then," she faltered, "you are —?"

"Yes," he returned gently; and now she saw that his face was not a boy's face; it had but the calm youth of immortality; "yes, I am one of the Messengers of Death."

She gazed at him with widening, incredulous eyes. He laughed, — a low, musical laugh, which steadied rather than jarred her tense nerves. "You imagined that such a messenger must needs be a fleshless horror? With grisly wings and lidless eyes? Nay, but why? Since Death himself is noble, and lovely of aspect, — one of the foremost Angels of the Highest, for love and tenderness."

She scarcely heard. "And am I to go — now?" she asked, her lips trembling, her hand vainly striving to quell the terrified beating of her heart.

"No. Oh, no," he said. "I am but a Messenger, a Forerunner. We come — like this," — he indicated by a glance the garments he wore, which differed in no wise from those familiar to the everyday life about, — "always in the guise and seeming of the time or the country whither we are sent, that our coming may excite no curiosity, or alarm. We bring the warning, — that a Mightier One has set a seal upon you, or another; and then we go on our appointed way."

"But — will it be soon — the call of that — Other?" she whispered.

"That, dear lady, is not given us to know. It may be to-morrow, to-day; or you may have time in which to come to believe that this visit of mine — and my message — were but dreams; the fancy of a summer's morning."

Again she interrupted. "I — I wonder what it will be like — my going" she murmured wistfully; "peaceful? sudden? terrible, perhaps!"

He stood up. "Nay, I know not," he declared again. "But of this I feel assured; however it be, peaceful or terrible, prolonged or sudden, you will be brave to meet it."

She covered her face with her hands, and sat for a moment, shivering like one exposed, naked, to sudden cold. When she looked up the Forerunner was gone.

"Oh, stay!" she called, stretching out impotent arms. "Do not leave me. There

is so much I would know! Oh, why did I not ask him if I might speak of it — this warning!" Even as the words left her lips the conviction came that, if she might, she would not share this secret, — not even with that dear Heart which for thirty years had beat in unison with her own, — "not even with Tom," she breathed, dreamily. She sat with hands folded in her lap, weak, as if spent with fatigue; while confused thoughts drifted in and out of her consciousness. The thought that Tom might also have received the warning startled her; but instantly and intuitively she knew that this was a vain fear — or hope. She wondered idly whether anything in the faces of those summoned, like herself, would give them understanding each of each; she pictured to herself the bright-faced Forerunner passing — perhaps even now — along the crowded street below, touching this one, or that, with a light finger, and pausing to deliver his message, in that low clear voice of his. . . . She came back, with an inarticulate cry, to herself. To leave — everything! To cease from — everything! To go away forever! Forever! Suppose it should be to-morrow, to-day! Oh, for time to do, and to undo; above all, to undo! She sprang up and stumbled blindly towards the inner gallery; then turned and fled back to the place she had quitted, and fell on her knees beside the chair. . . . When she arose, her blue eyes were wet, but tranquil; a baptism of comfort had descended upon her soul.

Her glance fell upon the letter — all but finished — lying on her desk. She took up her pen, hesitated, then wrote with a firm hand at the end of the uncompleted paragraph: "— many things which I may not be able to accomplish. But I shall keep my hand to the plough as long as God grants me the blessing of life.

"With increased love, dear Amélie,

"Yours,

"Mary Vane."

BOOKS NEW AND OLD

BY H. W. BOYNTON

The steady decrease during the past few seasons in the ratio of novels published is reassuring. One may even take courage to reflect that if the novel *is* the one literary form to reach a high development in our day, it has yet to prove itself the peer of the great established forms: we have, be it remembered, produced also the graphophone and the pianola. An unusual number of good reprints are now being made in those departments of *belles-lettres* which were least popular during the latter half of the Victorian period.

A reprint of special importance is the posthumous Birkbeck Hill edition of Johnson's *Lives of the Poets*.[1] It is a pleasure to place these three stately volumes on the shelf beside the cherished Birkbeck Hill Boswell. Here are nine books, at least, which are safe from being displaced by later acquisitions: a phalanx complete in itself, a monument to the greatest achievement of Johnsonian scholarship. Birkbeck Hill did not live to see his last work through the press; but left his material in such order as to enable his nephew to complete and present it with-

[1] *Lives of the English Poets.* By Samuel Johnson, LL.D. With brief Memoir of Dr. Birkbeck Hill, by his nephew, Harold Spencer Scott. Three volumes. Oxford: The Clarendon Press. 1905.

out recognizable breaks of workmanship. There may be persons who would say that Birkbeck Hill is overliberal with his notes and his appendixes. In these three volumes the editorial matter quite equals the text in bulk. So much the better: for there is a storehouse of lore and comment in these fine printed columns. Here is, in truth, a reference library pretty well covering two centuries of literary life and endeavor. With a knowledge of Birkbeck Hill's notes, and no other knowledge, one might engage to pass examination in the *belles-lettres* and the literary biography of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. As for the *Lives of the Poets* themselves, an assiduous rereading of them after many years does not, on the whole, reassure me as to their quality. The situation, indeed, seems to reduce itself to bald terms: a strong masculine intellect, incapable of concerning itself altogether idly with any aspect of human life or letters, undertaking to deal with that aspect in dealing with which it ran most risk of idling. With a dull eye for poetry, sand-blind for Shakespeare, and high-gravel-blind for Milton, with a grotesquely artificial style and a horrid front of prejudices, Johnson says things that are obliquely suggestive of truth more often than things that are true. In the large, his critical judgments are rather more likely to be wrong than right, as in the famous instance of his treatment of Milton. What credit could be given by a good Tory to a poet who was a democrat, even a Cromwellian? If Milton had been a royalist, his Latin verses might have been acknowledged as good as Cowley's; his attitude toward divorce might have seemed less heinous,—and our critic's hearty commendations would not have been postponed till the final sentences of his sketch. But Johnson was clearly incapable of appreciating pure poetry like Milton's under any circumstances. It was a poor sort of ear which could find the songs in *Comus* "harsh in their diction, and not very musical in their numbers;" and a false taste that could pronounce of the sonnets: "They deserve not any particular criticism; for of the best it can only be said that they are not bad, and perhaps only the eighth and the twenty-first are truly entitled to this slender commendation." A good example of his casual generalization is the following comment on the teaching of science, marked by the characteristic union of acuteness and perversity, bald common sense and orotund phraseology. Milton, it seems, was guilty of the attempt to teach the elements of physical science to certain youths. His attempt does not appear to have been of a very radical nature, as his texts were of respectable age, "such as the Georgick, and astronomical treatises of the ancients." But the Cham is pretty severe about it: "The truth is that the knowledge of external nature, and the sciences which that knowledge requires or includes, are not the great or the frequent business of the human mind. Whether we provide for action or conversation, whether we wish to be useful or pleasing, the first requisite is the religious and moral knowledge of right and wrong; the next is an acquaintance with the history of mankind, and with those examples which may be said to embody truth and prove by events the reasonableness of opinions. Prudence and Justice are virtues and excellences of all times and of all places; we are perpetually moralists, but we are geometricians only by chance. Our intercourse with intellectual nature is necessary; our speculations upon matter are voluntary and at leisure. Physiological learning is of such rare emergence that one man may know another half his life without being able to estimate his skill in hydrostaticks or astronomy, but his moral and prudential character immediately appears. . . . Those authors, therefore, are to be read at schools that supply most axioms of prudence, most principles of moral truth, and most materials for conversation; and these purposes are best served by poets, orators, and historians."

The final sentence, for stiffness and

propriety, might have been written by Johnson's great disciple, Miss Pinkerton. The substance of his contention we find apparently echoed a century later by Temple, Headmaster of Rugby: "The real defect of mathematics and physical science is that they have not any tendency to humanize. . . . That which supplies the perpetual spur to the whole human race to continue incessantly adding to our stores of knowledge, that which refines and elevates and does not educate merely the moral, nor merely the intellectual faculties, but the whole man, is our communion with each other. . . . That study will do most which most familiarizes a boy's mind with noble thoughts, with beautiful images, with the deeds and words which great men have done and said, and all others have admired and loved."

But Dr. Temple is, as the context shows, contending against the *substitution* of the sciences for literature; himself a mathematician and a student of physical science, he was incapable of the narrow contemptuousness which we can no more than tolerate in Johnson.

"I hate to meet John Wesley," [1] said Johnson to Boswell. "The dog enchants me with his conversation, and then breaks away to go and visit some old woman." It is of this Wesley, this human and companionable being, with an open and genial nature, with only not time to make a business of social enchantment, that we get the most grateful impression in studying Professor Winchester's portrait. "He is surely to be remembered not merely as the Methodist, but as the man, — a marked and striking personality, energetic, scholarly, alive to all moral, social, and political questions, and for thirty years probably exerting a greater influence than any other man in England." In pursuit of his aim to portray the man, the biographer has given brief space to the discussion of doctrinal matters. At the same time, the larger questions at issue are made very clear. Wesley was not a schismatic, or even, in the doctrinal sense, a dissenter. He desired, not to secede from the Established Church, but to fill it with new life, to restore to it something of the spiritual earnestness and practical efficiency which he felt to be inherent in it, but now, through the rationalism and spiritual lethargy of the age in which he found himself, fallen into almost complete abeyance. The development of that great body of which he was head seems to have been quite casual, or determined by unforeseen needs, and by the expedients adopted without special forethought to meet those needs. The very name Methodist was a chance nickname bestowed by an Oxford undergraduate upon the little group of serious-minded dons of which Wesley was the central figure. At first these young men were brought together rather by kindred tastes and sympathies than by any settled purpose. Gradually they began to recognize certain principles of belief and conduct which they could hold in common, and which somewhat clearly separated them from their fellows. They began to practice charity among the poor, the sick, and the imprisoned, and to deny themselves that their charity might be enlarged. Naturally they were laughed at; whereupon Wesley drew up a set of queries which his worldly critics found it hard to answer: "Whether we may not try to do good to those that are hungry, naked, or sick? . . . Whether we may not contribute what little we are able toward having the children clothed and taught to read? . . . Whether we may not try to do good to those that are in prison?" And so on. Uncomfortably direct inquiries these, when addressed to professing Christians; upon such inquiries the whole Methodist movement was founded. But in these Oxford days the tendency was "monastic rather than evangelical." It was to be years before Wesley succeeded in withdrawing his attention sufficiently from the question of

[1] *The Life of John Wesley.* With Portraits. By C. T. Winchester. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1906.

his own spiritual welfare to begin his real lifework. "The Oxford Methodist, self-denying, devout, scrupulously observant of every outward religious requirement, certainly was a Christian, and of a noble sort; but he was not yet the preacher and reformer who could renew the religious life of a nation." Nor did his experience as a missionary and pastor in Georgia give marked promise of his later success. In the New World he still took himself and his personal work too seriously. He abandons the attempt to convert the Indians because after some search he has "not found or heard of any Indian on the Continent of America who had the least desire of being instructed." He takes a parish, and is not long in getting into hopeless difficulties with his parishioners by attempting to force his own rigid methods upon them. But in truth he had gone to America with a wrong motive, — for the purpose, as he specifically put it, of saving his own soul. It was with the beginning of his practical open-air work in England, — a work begun by Whitefield, which Wesley took up with no little reluctance, — that he at last shook off his spiritual self-consciousness and became a great spiritual force. During the rest of his life, with all of its responsibilities and hard labor, he seems to have maintained a singularly even and calm temper, — not that of a saint, but of a very great human figure.

The new life of Scott[1] by that indefatigable veteran at bookmaking, Mr. Lang, is confessedly a small book written for a series. Its only excuse for being, says the author, lies in the need of an abridged Lockhart for the impatient modern reader. But of course Mr. Lang, as a Scot, familiar with Scott's own country, has had certain qualifications which the English writers of the preceding brief biographies lacked. He has had access, moreover, to Lockhart's original manuscript sources; so that the lack of fresh material here is due, not to the biographer's negligence, but to Lockhart's skill in appropriating from the Abbotsford manuscript everything of real significance.

But after all, the best excuse Mr. Lang can have for his work, if he needs any, is his love and reverence for Scott. This is not a question of race. As Pepys would have said, it is mighty pleasant to see how Mr. Lang disposes of Carlyle (who, we presently recall, attempted to dispose of Scott as a "mere Restaurateur") as a writer of "splenetic nonsense." To this critic the novels are not mere pageants, casual though brilliant entertainments; their glory is in their "crowd of characters." "The novels are *vécus:* the author has, in imagination, lived closely and long with his people, whether of his own day, or of the past, before he laid brush to canvas to execute their portraits. It is in this capacity, as a creator of a vast throng of living people of every grade, and every variety of nature, humour, and temperament, that Scott, among British writers, is least remote from Shakespeare. No changes in taste and fashion as regards matters unessential, no laxities and indolence of his own, no feather-headed folly, or leaden stupidity of new generations, can deprive Scott of these unfading laurels." Does such enthusiasm a little rouse in us the skepticism with which we hearken to the special pleader? It is, at least, an enthusiasm of which, as applied to what has proved itself stable and is not merely new, we stand just now in need.

Alfred Russel Wallace's *My Life*[2] may, in one sense, be called The Autobiography of a Crank. The writer's contributions to modern science have been of a solid kind; and it is noticeable that those parts of the present narrative which have to do with this serious achievement take on a

[1] *Sir Walter Scott.* By Andrew Lang. Literary Lives. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1906.

[2] *My Life: A Record of Events and Opinions.* By Alfred Russel Wallace. In two volumes. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1905.

simple dignity of phrase which is elsewhere lacking. The present commentator is not qualified to speak of the points in controversy between Wallace and Darwin and others, but supposes that Wallace is right in asserting that time has thrown the weight of evidence, with regard to many points so disputed, upon his side. But a comparatively small part of the book has to do with the work for which the writer will be remembered. Much of it is a record rather of his avocations and secondary enthusiasms; and here he becomes now and then a little truculent, even strident. The most striking quality of the narrative as a whole is that *naïveté*, that innocent ingenuousness of attitude toward himself and the world, which so often belongs to the philosopher and the scientist. It was marked in Darwin, as his published correspondence not long ago showed; it is even more marked in Dr. Wallace. The earlier chapters are especially amusing reading, because our scientist, in his mood of detached concentration upon the past, is content with such *trivia* as may chance to come to him out of that dark backward and abysm. Never was a remembrancer less solicitous as to the appositeness of events; never one with less imaginative power to rehabilitate and glorify, to hit upon the salient and picturesque incidents of a sufficiently varied life. Yet the narrative is not dull; the speaker is himself too sincerely interested in his tale for that; his eye does not glitter, but he holds us with it. What robs the narrative of dullness is, we have suggested, the cheerful preoccupation of the narrator: a zest which, however irrelevant, may be counted on to carry the reader over a thousand places which would otherwise have been heavy going.

But in truth the narrative has very little literary charm, ingenuous or other. The annalist's expression is often incorrect, and invariably clumsy. He has no organic mode of speech, and words are but rough counters with him. He is rather complacent over the fact that he is less crabbed and tongue-tied than Darwin, but it would not occur to him that for simplicity and strength, as well as for finish, he is infinitely inferior to Spencer and Huxley. As for his recorded taste in literary matters, his favorite author was Hood, and, failing him, he was able to put up with strange poetical bedfellows. He quotes, with an altogether innocent air of scientific scrutiny, some early doggerel of his own, containing one good line, which he evidently does not know is lifted bodily from Gray's *Elegy*. His brother, however, he tells us later, was "the only one of our family who had some natural capacity as a verse-writer." This statement we might be inclined to take on faith; but evidence is given to the contrary in the form of a considerable number of alleged poems, from one of which we quote the opening lines:—

> Well, we are here at anchor
> In the river of Para;
> We have left the rolling ocean
> Behind us and afar;
> Our weary voyage is over,
> Seasickness is no more,
> The boat has come to fetch us,
> So let us go on shore.

Apart from his services to science in the interpretation and development of the Darwinian theory, Dr. Wallace's most dignified work seems to have lain in his advocacy of socialism. In concluding his account of experiences in America, he takes occasion to point a moral in connection with a matter to which the attention of the American people has just been called very forcibly: "Not only equality before the law, but equality of opportunity, is the great fundamental principle of social justice. This is the teaching of Herbert Spencer, but he did not carry it out to its logical consequence, — the inequity, and therefore the social immorality, of wealth-inheritance. To secure equality of opportunity there must be no inequality of initial wealth. To allow one child to be born a millionaire and another a pauper is a crime against humanity and, for those who believe in a deity, a crime

against God." Dr. Wallace is not one of those who believe in a deity; he believes, however, in astrology, phrenology, and spiritualism.

In connection with spiritualism his character of crank is most fully developed. He is not, be it noted, especially interested in the scientific investigation of occult phenomena, and rather sniffs at the Society for Psychical Research as unnecessarily reluctant and skeptical. "They have worked . . . for a quarter of a century," he says, "and yet they are only now beginning to approach very carefully and skeptically even the simpler physical phenomena which hundreds of spiritualists, including Sir William Crookes and Professor Zollner, demonstrated more than thirty years ago." But what are these "physical phenomena," in detailing which our truant scientist occupies several chapters? Nothing more nor less than the usual paltry affairs of the table-rapping, the bell-ringing, the slate-writing, the apparition of Indian chiefs and other ghostly persons: all of them, let us hastily admit, sufficiently unaccountable, but none of them marvelous, because they effect nothing. If we are going to be so vapid and trifling in the Beyond, so fond of silly games, so prone to the dialect of servant girls, as these spooks of Dr. Wallace's, let us by all means pray for annihilation.

If we were seeking contrast, we could hardly name among his own generation a man of prominent achievement more opposed to Wallace in training and quality than the late Archbishop Temple.[1] Dr. Temple possessed (like Wesley in his prime) a rare union of spiritual power and common sense. He was not a mystic, but a man of unusual ability and the best learning and wisdom that England could give, applying to churchcraft (to use the word in no invidious sense) powers which, in statecraft or any more generally recognized department of affairs, would, by the testimony of all his contemporaries, have been equally effective. It is reassuring evidence against the always popular theory that it is necessary for a man to go to the dogs before he can become useful among men, that Temple in youth, again like Wesley, showed signs of a somewhat exacting seriousness. Just as Wesley while at Oxford "resolved to have only such acquaintances as could help him on the way to heaven," so Temple, a century later, deplored the Oxford Tutor's party, "for they are generally made up purposely with a view to mixing the College and preventing the formation of exclusive sets; a good object, no doubt, but the result is very disagreeable; it is by no means agreeable to find yourself in contact with men whose habits you are eager to avoid, and they on the other hand despise all those who are not like themselves. However, yesterday we were all reading men, and our conversation was not about dogs nor horses nor cock-fighting. I got involved in a conversation with Mr. Tait about the National Debt." . . . Exhilarating theme! Temple was always preoccupied with what seemed to him at the moment the more important matter; but it is a pity there was ever a time when he could not listen with patience to what seemed more important to other people. It is to be observed that the National Debt is a subject of varying significance, — sometimes even its capitals desert it, — but dogs and horses always have been, and we trust always will be, with us as subjects of imperishable moment. Temple was a prodigy in school and university; yet he actually became, as nine out of ten of your academic prodigies signally fail to become, one of the most useful men of his day. The writers who have collaborated in producing the present memoirs are, it seems to that most strayed of strayed sheep, an American "dissenter," rather overpreoccupied with the this-and-other-worldly advancement involved in the attainment of the headship of the English Establishment. No doubt it is a

[1] *Memoirs of Archbishop Temple.* By Seven Friends. Edited by E. G. Sandford. In two volumes. London: Macmillan & Co. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1906.

great thing to be an Archbishop of Canterbury; but the interesting fact is that Temple would have been worth knowing if he had never become "F. Cantuar," or even Dr. Arnold's successor at Rugby. He was a man of such liberal mind that his attainment of his first bishopric was "a near squeak;" and, a still more endearing trait, of such independence that he occasionally forgot to be merely civil.

An incumbent once applied for leave of non-residence: —

"The house in which I propose to live, my Lord, is only a mile from the boundary of the parish as the crow flies."

"You are not a crow," remarked the Bishop; "and you can't fly."

At a public luncheon: —

"May I give your Grace some of this cold chicken?"

"No, you may not; wherever I go they give me cold chicken and the 'Church's one foundation,' and I hate them both."

"Do you believe in Providential interference, my Lord?" asked another unwary one.

"That depends on what you mean by it."

"Well, my aunt was suddenly prevented from going a voyage on a ship that went down, — would you call that a case of Providential interference?"

"Can't tell; did n't know your aunt."

A fine old crusted parson he seems to have become, so far as manners are concerned; but of a character the mellowest and a service the most devoted. The difference between his religious attitude and that of a Newman is well suggested by a letter written to his mother during his young Oxford days: "There are two courses: to obey the Church as if she had final authority, as if in short she were infallible or nearly so; or carefully to cultivate all those principles in which under her guidance I have been trained, affectionately embracing her commands, but at the same time never pretending to profess on her authority what I did not believe, nay, even leaving her if I felt her commands irreconcilable with conscience."

William Henry Brookfield[1] was somewhat Temple's senior. He was a Cambridge man, of that remarkable group which included Thackeray, the Tennysons, Venables, Milnes, Spedding, and Hallam. Brookfield became a Church of England parson, and was a man of earnest purpose as well as a fashionable preacher. He had, however, nothing of the ecclesiastic about him. The impression one gets from the numerous letters now published is that he must have been, above all, a good fellow. He has the highest spirits and the readiest wit, — a fit correspondent for the merry lady who became Mrs. Brookfield. It is not to be denied that the reverend gentleman is inclined to be a little flippant in reporting himself to his lady: "My sermon was about the ups and downs of Joseph's life. . . . Knowing that they all had a double supply of Cambric, I thought it necessary to be pathetic about the Hebrew Prime Minister of Egypt yearning after the scenes of boyhood in Canaan, which called forth abundant blowing of noses." This cheerful cleric has one habit which must have greatly endeared him to his spouse, — of retailing at length his current bills of fare. His letters are full of such passages as this: "We dined together very comfortably at the Inn, 'Jack Straw's Castle,' where we dined once before: stewed eels, beefsteak, sparrow grass, potatoes, cheeses, salad, beer, and 'a comfortable glass,' five shillings each." Mrs. Brookfield's circle is on the whole a distinctly this-worldly one: a circle in which Thackeray felt himself delightfully at home, but in which Miss Brontë was altogether at a loss. Curiously enough, Carlyle was able to get on with it in his crabbed way. There is an amusing story here of Carlyle at a house party, Tennyson being booked to read *Maud* after breakfast to the company, and the Scot

[1] *Mrs. Brookfield and her Circle.* By CHARLES and FRANCIS BROOKFIELD. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1905.

dourly obstructing the ceremony, till Mr. Brookfield is detailed to go with him upon his usual morning walk. Of course Mrs. Carlyle appears frequently, and the Lady Ashburton of whom in connection with Mrs. Carlyle we have heard something too much. The work of the editors is well done, and the book is sure to take its place among remembered annals of the Victorian period.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

TRAVELING ON THE BRANCH

It is only the same journey we have all taken, from country to city, but to-day I have resolved to have new eyes and to discover things. Just a commonplace day, and I am all alone, — will you come along?

We all know the increased family tenderness incident to departure. The demonstration begins on the evening before, indeed, sometimes as early as noon. Up to that hour I am jeered and flouted like the rest, but when evening sets in, when my trunk is packed and perhaps already trundled out to the express wagon, then I begin to enjoy a specious self-importance. Even the brothers become gruffly tender, and the father and the females pleasantly solicitous. On that last night I have my favorite dishes, and eat of them with a relish of complacency; doubtless I am the favorite child, when I am going away.

But the next morning, — the impossibly early start, the family sleepy-eyed, the breakfast under-done, a key forgotten, the carriage late, everybody trying to remember not to be cross on the last morning, — for irritation is a luxury belonging only to long companionship, — a sudden great wave of homesickness engulfing me, — I won't go after all, why should I? Then a furious onslaught of embrace upon each, to have it all over as soon as possible. After all, I arrive at the station fifteen minutes too soon, and might better have been back at the house with them, — that is, with those of them who have n't come to see me off. Those who have come, after some manful pacing of the platform, put me on the car, not knowing what else to do with me. Above the rattle of the milk cans we shout to one another smiling inanities such as at any other time we could not believe ourselves capable of conceiving. When we cannot hear ourselves speak, we bob and beam brightly at one another, — will the car never start? At last it does, only to draw back with a jerk. It is the little pompadoured girl from the post-office who runs up, calling for the mailbag. We obligingly drop it out upon her, and she fishes for a letter which has changed its mind and will not go to-day. Meanwhile train and trainfull watch and wait, wondering whose the letter and what was the matter with it.

My car is divided by a partition in the middle, half a car for people, half a car for baggage, reminding us what an impersonal matter we persons are to a railroad thrusting upon us rudely man's equality with his luggage. They will treat us better when we come nearer to civilization. This is but a branch, with fewer miles than letters in its pleasant-sounding name. When we get to the Junction and swing on to the Main Line things will be different.

Out of window it is a dull, rainy day, day of days to enjoy the subtleties of green: green of bush, green of tree, green of field, green of far-away hill. Keeping close to our course, low trees mark the meandering line of a river too small to see. Thrifty farms slide one after one past my window. The farmhouses are but so-so, but the barns are proud piles, and they stand, tall and impudent, always between the farm-

house and the view. From the farm windows eyes of tired women look out at us rushing by to unknown cities. It is never work, but loneliness, that brings that dull hunger to the eyes. Do I wonder that the country throngs to the city? No, I myself should prefer the tenement, with its color and life and stir,—above all, its absorbing domestic drama playing every minute before one's eyes.

Everywhere that I look out over field and hill, there are cows, cows, cows,—black and mottled, Holsteins and brown Jerseys. At every crossroad we stop and take on milkcans. A slow progress we make, but in this region it is my Lady Cow that rules the road, her times and seasons that regulate the timetable.

Across my vision slips by one field that arrests my attention. It is of corn, and it is weeded of all but buttercups. What æsthetic vagary on the part of the farmer, I wonder? Now I turn from without the car to those within. Half the thirty passengers I know by sight and name, and have already greeted. They all know one another, and their voices, with their harsh nasal *aow*-ing, are heard in chat above the rattle of the car-wheels. As always on the Branch, one corner of the car is occupied by drummers. Why are drummers always fat? I never saw a thin one. I never observed the fare of the country hotel to be noticeably nutritious, yet these men, though spending their days among these hostelries, would appear to be the best-fed men in America.

Passengers on the Branch wear their best clothes on their backs, and carry the rest in telescopes. The women are overdressed, but they are betrayed by their finger-ends and their carriage and their belts. On other days they belong to pot and kettle, mop and broom. Whatever illusions may be preached, domestic labor is rarely becoming. Observe in noting costume that here on the Branch the belt line of ladies tips up in the front and down in the back. When we reach the Junction it will run around on the level, and when we touch the city it will have changed about, up in the back, down in the front. The women before me have hair that hangs in a straight fringe over their collars, being too straightly jerked up under their hats.

There are children aboard, of course, and babies in arms, and the children lop and flop about the seats, chew gum, and eat candy and large pale cookies. They torment their mothers as if such were their constant habit. How spoiled are the children of the rural! The babies are pudgy, dingy mites, strictly home-made from tip to toe, cap, coat, and bootlet. In cities, the babies of the poor are always ready-made.

On we rumble and rattle, slowly ever. Once we stop, so it appears, merely to allow a thirsty trainman to get out and pump himself a drink. There is no flashing by of scenery we would fain arrest; we have plenty of time to see it all. Though it is not yet August, the goldenrod is beginning to dust the fencerows with yellow, presaging September and what we country folk aptly call "the fall of the year." Sometimes a hopyard fills all my window; and I never see one without a shiver at Kipling's metaphor, where the vision of the swaths of men suddenly shot down in the ranks is compared with the opening and closing of these leafy vistas as a train passes them by.

From time to time, on far hill farms, one sees wee plots enclosed, sentinel grave-stones keeping watch. Family burial plots belong to generations before ours, when the living and the dead seemed to desire to dwell close together. In these days, when farms change hands so often, a farmer may know nothing of the dead he shelters, and in alien hands the little place of quiet falls to rapid decay. They do not care, these men and women foredone with farm toil, asleep now this long, long while in the only rest the farm has ever allowed them.

At last, after much inexplicable backing and shifting and snorting of our engine, many false stops, false starts, we come puffing into the Junction, and the car,

passengers and baggage, empties itself out on the platform. A junction is a place where you always wait, whether you expect to or not; your train and your hopes always deferred without any explanation. At the Junction it is hot and crowded and dirty and dull. Through the sultry July morning, insistent as the shrilling of a locust, tick-ticks the telegraph wire. At the Junction a curious self-consciousness has attacked my fellow-travelers. Jovial and at ease before, they now talk not at all, or in low tones, suspicious of strange listeners. Their manner has assumed that studied indifference, overlying intensity of observation, which always betrays the stay-at-home when abroad. Your much-traveled man or woman is not afraid of looking keen and curious. Among our provincial throng I note one exception, — one man actually in gloves, seated in a corner by himself, lost in a book.

Our country stations afford a good exhibition of one-man power. Anxious, perspiring, efficient, but none too civil, the porter, baggage agent, ticket agent, telegraph operator, and general dictator, five men in one, bustles about his several callings. Inevitably, if the traveler desires his services in one capacity, he is employed about some one of the other four; inevitably your particular demand will be number five on the list. You get nervous while you wait, and so does he; but somehow he always gets done in time. As my train draws out from the Junction, my last sight is the station-master shouting final directions as to freight, while he mops the brow of a mind relieved.

THE TYRANNY OF TIMELINESS

It began, as most tyrannies do, in a small and humble way; it pretended, like other tyrants, that it was working for the good of the public.

The editors did n't dream it would ever get away from them when they first began their zealous work of keeping their public what they called "abreast of the times;" and all they did to that end was very praiseworthy as long as Timeliness was secondary and the interest of the subject of first importance. But naturally, when Timeliness saw writers turn rag-pickers (for timely paragraphs can be made from cast-off shoes), it saw it had gotten the upper hand, and arrogated to itself a fictitious importance, until timeliness or nothing has become the cry of almost every magazine, — and if the public won't read, let it run. And now, when any man, great or small, becomes, through the working of a mysterious law, timely, every magazine feels it its duty to "feature" him.

His portrait "comes out" as multitudinously as the measles, until one would suppose it was catching, like a contagious disease. It makes no difference whether the public is interested or not. The clock of timeliness has struck, and Mr. This or That is haled forth from his dust, and not a detail concerning him is too humble for the scavengers of the fetich timeliness.

Take the recent case of John Paul Jones; for months there was no escaping the gallant gentleman. One met him not only in those magazines whose custom it is to take a kindly interest in historical matters, but also in the so-called popular magazines, which three years ago would n't have touched the choicest bit of Jonesiana at any price.

Three years ago this admirable sailor was not timely. He is now, and so became from the moment the cellars of Paris yielded up his cinders, — one hopes that they really are his cinders, for if they are not we may have it all to do over again.

So when he was started forth on the journey of state to the shores of the country he so nobly defended, the editorial heart of the country gave a great timely throb of patriotism, and the writers who had their fingers on the editorial pulse sped hastily to the libraries, that they might improve the golden moment by recounting every detail of the patriot's life, death, burial, and resurrection. While those who had been fortunate enough to

"view the remains" had information to give which went straight to the public heart, — details of far greater interest than accounts of historical sea fights.

Paul Jones, it seems, was a triumph of the embalmer's art; his grateful grave yielded up, not a mere handful of bones, but a perfectly good corpse, as good as, even better than, if it had been interred last week. Indeed, had not the deceased's nose unfortunately been crushed by the coffin lid, the great officer would have awaited his resurrection and ascension into public interest as "natural as life."

As to just how and why and in what way the nose came to grief no one need remain ignorant. There are even photographs to be seen of the damaged member. Into such narrow paths does timeliness lead us.

It is interesting to inquire into what makes a man timely. Even a little great man becomes timely when he dies, even though he may have passed his declining years in obscurity. When a great man has been dead a hundred years, he becomes timely; but when he has been dead only ninety years he is n't to be spoken of. We don't write about him, — he must wait his turn, which will be his centennial.

A writer of some reputation happened while abroad to come across some unedited material concerning one of the great authors of France. This material brought out the author's character from a somewhat new point of view, and shed light on the conditions under which some of his best work had been accomplished. When the article was sent to a well-known magazine its writer received answer that his work was not timely.

In eight years, wrote the editor, the author's centenary would occur. If, however, the writer did n't mind waiting eight years for the publication of his article, the magazine would be glad to accept it. The editor further pointed out that it would be an advantage to the writer to wait, as the timeliness of his article would cause it to receive much more attention than it could when the great man was dead only ninety-two years and the public consequently had no interest in him.

But no man in view needs to wait for his death, to become timely. There are other methods to accomplish this end: a scandal, for instance, or an accident, will do almost as much for him as death. Then, great public events have their anniversaries, and battles their centennials, along with the men who made them. It is rather cheerless to reflect that by consulting a history and a biographical dictionary one may foresee a certain part of one's magazine reading for the next several years.

But this is not the only way that the fetich of timeliness decides for us what we are to read. The tyranny of the calendar is even worse than the anniversary mania, which after all has its root in one of the passions of mankind.

The time of year is permitted to dictate what sort of fiction we must read, for magazines change the backgrounds of their stories to suit the seasons, with the same regularity with which their editors put on or take off their winter flannels; while the magazine covers mark the month as punctiliously as any pictorial calendar.

Take the month of July, for instance: punctually in the middle of the peaceful, temperate month of June a large proportion of the popular magazines appear ornamented with covers in which fire-crackers, rockets, and Roman candles play their part, while everywhere the country's flag unfurls itself. Now there is no intelligent man who does not dread the most unspeakable of holidays, and if he has children he fears it. It is a hideous day at its best, a day of noise and heat preceded by a night of sleeplessness and profanity; it is the day when our children blow off their fingers, get gunpowder in their eyes; the day when the eyebrows and hair of half the youth of our country are laid on the altar of a noisy patriotism. Who wants to have it rubbed in that Frankie has a bureau drawer full of cannon crackers,

and is presently going to run the danger of tetanus from his toy pistol? And yet every news-stand is a reminder of what we are soon to go through, and the irritating part of it is that the magazines act as if the country rejoiced in its day of torment. Nor does this editorial jubilation end here. Inside those firecracker-sprinkled covers we know what is waiting for us; sonnets on Our Country, ballads of Independence. Come, get ready to drop a timely tear over the old boys of the blue and the gray, for there must be in the July number patriotic fiction of all sorts.

But if we have our noses rubbed in Fourth of July, the way Christmas is flung at us is enough to make a Mahometan of Everyman.

There are few grown-ups so insincere as not to admit frankly that there are troubles enough in the world without Christmas. But the magazines, with smug jollity, remind us about Thanksgiving time that the day is coming when we again will have to face the problem of what to give Uncle William this year; and lest we forget, on every cover the Christmas chimes ring, holly and mistletoe bristle, children prance around Christmas trees, while in countless Christmas tales the progeny of Scrooge again punctually on Christmas eve open the doors of their hearts and the clasps of their purses.

We can be perfectly sure that in the next January number we shall read again about *Van Sniggin's Good Resolution.* We know there will be stories in February appropriate for Saint Valentine's day, that the same things that were said about last Decoration Day will be said this Decoration Day also, and that "fiction numbers" and "vacation numbers" — timely summer reading — will be as inevitable and as plentiful as pumpkins in October.

So let us look forward with patience to what is inevitably before us. Let us resign ourselves, remembering that the avoidance of the unexpected saves trouble, and let us plod through the eighteenth article on John Paul, — remembering that there will be a Jean Paul to follow him.

THE PERNICIOUS PICTURE POST CARD

A WHILE ago, an old friend of mine set out for a year in southern Europe; and as he is a merry old fellow, bubbling over with genial scholarship and rich experience, I felicitated myself on the juicy letters which he would send me. "Now," thought I, as the days of his absence lengthened into weeks, "now, he will be getting to Rome, — *Roma beata,* whither I am ever borne in thought, alas, how unavailingly! — now he will be getting to Rome, and now he will be pouring out his riches in fluent script for me — for me! Through his eyes, I shall see. For me too the seven hills shall rise. For me too, — bitter though this iron winter round me be, — for me too the Italian sun shall kiss the Campagna. For me too the moon shall flood the Coliseum with her mellow light." Verily, you see, I was in a proper mood.

Nor did the mood lapse as the days began again to grow to weeks. In my mind's eye I saw that letter finished, enveloped, sealed, and addressed. With it I entered the carrier's pouch. I hid with it in mail-bags; I followed its course by land and sea; I was flung forth with it from a Cunarder in New York harbor; I shared its cramped quarters over endless miles in a railway mail car; with it I reached my little wayside station and was tucked into the glass-doored post-office box, — that little orifice where, as through a magic telescope, I am wont to see my visions of the great world far away. And as I pictured the successive stages of its journey, I kept myself in a fine frenzy of receptive imagination, to which the letter was to add the reality of the experiences of my *alter ego.* Nor had I failed to calculate its progress to a nicety; for on the appointed day, I glimpsed through the glass door of the little box a bit of my address in my

old friend's familiar chirography. With itching fingers I turned the lock; and there, displayed to my disappointed gaze, was — a picture post card! Yes, a printed picture of the Acropolis — did not I have such tame *simulacra* already by the score? — and underneath, in the narrow margin left by the egregious print, my friend's "Greetings" and his signature.

"Ah," thought I, when I had recovered sufficiently to think at all; "time was when this thing could not have been. Time was, before this futile complexity of life which we call Progress had got hold upon us, when my friend could not have so neglected me, even if he would. Time was, when a journey was an epoch and a letter an experience. Time was, when no flying picture post cards ticked off the successive stops of a hasty 'run' abroad. No five-day turbines hurtled across the Atlantic, providing your traveler with the excuse that if he had no time to write more than a word to-day, he had always to-morrow and to-morrow and to-morrow. No, in those good old days my friend would have journaled his impressions day by day, and then on some fine morning he would have sat him down to a quill pen and innumerable sheets of impalpable paper, and the world could go hang while he wrote to me."

But it is not only to the traveler that the post card has come as an insidious temptation. It has invaded the courts of love as well. The time is past when one could find the lover

> "Sighing like furnace, with a woful ballad
> Made to his mistress's eyebrow."

No longer does he

> ". . . carve on every tree
> The fair, the chaste, and unexpressive she."

If he does not propose by telephone, — Query, "Will you have me?" Answer — "Yes, who is it?" — he sends a post card bearing two hearts pierced by Cupid's arrow, — and the deed is done. Blighted by the pernicious postal, how shall we renew to posterity those fragrant traditions which all the world loves best? What have we in this degenerate age to compare with that gem of love-letters which sentimental Dick Steele wrote to Mistress Scurlock?

MADAM, — It is the hardest thing to be in love, and yet attend to business. As for me, all who speak to me find me out, and I must lock myself up, or other people will do it for me.

A gentleman asked me this morning, "What news from Lisbon?" and I answered, "She is exquisitely handsome." Another desired to know, "When I had been last at Hampton-court?" I replied, "It will be Tuesday come se'nnight." Pr'ythee allow me at least to kiss your hand before that day, that my mind may be in some composure. Oh Love!

> "A thousand torments dwell about thee
> Yet who would live, to live without thee?"

Methinks I could write a volume to you; but all the language on earth would fail in saying how much and with what disinterested passion,

I am ever yours,

RICH. STEELE.

Nay, 't was only the other day that I culled this item from the "personal" column of a Chicago newspaper: "It is said that Princess Ena, who is betrothed to the King of Spain, writes daily to her ruler sweetheart on a picture post card in Spanish, and with similar regularity King Alfonso writes a few words in English upon a similar card to the princess." I used to be fond of repeating to sentimental youths a bit of cynic's doggerel:

> "Love, love, you 're such a dizziness,
> Won't let a young man 'tend to his business,"

and warning them that some day the order of things would have to be reversed; but in my most cynical moments I never dreamed that we should come to *this!*

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A MANUFACTURER'S POINT OF VIEW

BY JONATHAN THAYER LINCOLN

In modern manufacturing, economy is the dominant note. The days before the advent of steam and electricity were days of small volume of business and large profits; but to-day the reverse of this condition obtains, and we find that as a rule the ever increasing volume of business has been accompanied by an ever decreasing percentage of profits. Competition has reduced the margin of profits to a point where the cost of production must be kept at the minimum by every contrivance the manufacturer may invent.

Labor in its last analysis is a commodity, just as much as cotton, and is subject to the unalterable law of demand and supply; and the manufacturers who in these days of keen competition would keep their factories in successful operation, paying to the shareholders a just interest on their investments and at the same time furnishing thousands of workers with the means of earning a livelihood, can pay only the market price for necessary commodities, whether cotton or labor. At the beginning of the last century the workingman and his employer were to all intents associated in business; the terms of the partnership may have been unequal, but the relationship between them was practically that which exists in any partnership. With the advent of the factory system came a change, — the employer became essentially a buyer, the workingman a seller of labor.

Now while labor is a commodity, like cotton, coal, oil, reeds, harnesses, or any item entering into the cost of production, there is added to it the human element, and from this springs the problem. In our age labor is not only the necessity of the poor, but it is the ideal of the rich. A man may sell cotton at a loss and say "Never mind; to-morrow market conditions will change and my loss may return to me as a profit." He may sell coal at a loss and look confidently to the future to reimburse him, — these things are mere material possessions; but when he sells his labor, that is quite another thing; for his labor is his own life. That is what manufacturers buy and the multitude of workingmen sell, — parts of the lives of men.

How shall we overcome the conflict between labor and capital? There is but one way and that way lies in the recognition of the common humanity of the man who sells and the man who buys labor.

"Here also," says Carl Hilty, a Swiss thinker, "is the reason why factory labor, and, in short, all mechanical occupation in which one does but a part of the work, gives meagre satisfaction, and why an artisan who completes his work, or an agricultural laborer, is, as a rule, much more contented than factory operatives, among whom the social discontent of the modern world first uttered itself. The factory workman sees little of the outcome of his work. It is the machine that works, and he is a part of it. He contributes to the making of one little wheel, but he never makes a whole clock which might be to him his work of art and an achievement worthy of a man."

I recognize the truth which underlies this view; I recognize the æsthetic value of hand-made things; but I insist that indiscriminate condemnation of machinery

is the child of an immature imagination.

The machine is merely the man multiplied many times, and to it attaches a special dignity because it increases the power of the man to accomplish results. Let me illustrate what I mean from the industry with which I am most familiar. The art of making cloth is essentially the same in the great mills in Fall River to-day as it was centuries ago, when the first textile fabric was woven. Then the raw material was carded, — that is to say, it was cleaned and the fibres laid in a uniform direction by means of a comb in the hand of the carder, — thus the father of Columbus carded wool; to-day huge engines perform the work of the comb, but the carding engine is operated, as was the comb in the old days, by the human hand, only the power of that hand is multiplied many thousand times. In the old days a single spinning-wheel kept one woman employed from daylight to dark, producing less yarn than the doffers now take in an hour from any one of the thousand spindles tended by one worker; and in weaving, the power loom merely reproduces the identical movements of the hands which wove the first textile fabric before recorded history began. The great steam engine which operates the machinery in the factory is perhaps the best illustration of this idea. A double engine of the triple expansion Corliss type indicated at three thousand horse power is capable of producing the power required to raise ninety-nine million pounds to the height of one foot in one minute. How many laborers, think you, would be necessary to accomplish this tremendous task? And the machine itself is the perfection of mechanical skill; in it is the perfect adaptation of means to the end; it is the visible expression of intellectual as well as physical power, for by its means the irresistible forces of nature are controlled and directed by the will of man.

One step farther. The word machine in its first meaning is a contrivance, — a means; in its broadest meaning it is any organization by which a desired effect is produced. Thus the whole factory is itself one great machine which the manager operates, as the weaver operates his loom; and just as the weaver must understand his machine in all its parts, — the gears, the pulleys, the shafts, the cams, — so must the manager understand his men, who are the gears, the pulleys, the shafts, the cams, of his greater machine.

To return, however, to the main thought of our discussion. As we walk through the factories and observe the operatives standing by their machines, we are liable to confuse the man with the machine, to fail to make the distinction between labor and the laborer, between the commodity and the man who sells the commodity.

"I have worked on the same machine for twenty years," said an old slasher-tender one day, "until I have come to know the machine — and the machine to know me." The statement is very suggestive and the workingman who made it had the imagination of a poet. "I have come to know the machine — and the machine to know me." In a sense the man does become a part of the machine he operates: and the more he becomes a part of it, the more effective will be his day's work. He becomes a part of the machine in that his intelligence animates it, in that he makes himself the master of his instrument.

The man who had the imagination to make the statement just quoted, was not brutalized by twenty years of labor operating machinery. I know this man in his own home and I believe that in his daily life he deserves, as few of us do, the name of Christian gentleman; and his wife, although day in and day out for many years she has tended eight looms in a Fall River cotton mill, deserves, as few women I have had the honor to know, the rare title of lady.

Let us take this man and this woman as types of the brutalized working people, and in their home seek further light concerning the problem. The husband came to this country from Lancashire

in early manhood, being then by trade, as he is now, a slasher-tender. The wife came to America in childhood, attended the public schools until by law she was permitted to work, when she became an eight-loom weaver. After their marriage and their wedding journey from the church to their tenement, they returned to their work, and in the ten or twelve years following, saved enough from their wages to buy a comfortable home, costing perhaps three thousand dollars, and had in the savings-banks a balance sufficient to make it seem to them that the wife might with prudence leave her looms in the noisy weave-room and devote her time to her home and the two daughters, for whom she had the ambition that they might receive the education which would remove them beyond the walls of a factory. Her life of comparative ease was brief, for within two years another child was born, and after a time, fearing that the added expense of bringing up the newcomer endangered the fulfillment of her ambition to educate her daughters, she returned to the factory and remained there until she had made her vision a reality.

This is but one of many similar instances which have come under my personal observation. I am not familiar enough with the man with the hoe to venture an opinion, but as regards the man who operates the machine, I cannot believe that he stands bowed by the weight of centuries or that the influence of the machine in itself is brutalizing. There is much in the modern factory system that is brutalizing, and reforms are necessary. These reforms can come only when the man who buys labor learns that he who sells labor is a human being like himself, and when the employee comes to the realization that his master is not a monster whose one thought is to grind the workingman under his feet. Laws may be enacted — should be enacted; but before they can avail greatly a better social understanding must exist between the man who buys and the man who sells labor.

We have said that labor is a commodity just as any other necessity which enters into the cost of production is a commodity; but there is added to it the human element, and this makes the buying of it the most difficult task which confronts the manufacturer. The manager of a cotton mill buys cotton, and nobody is interested except himself and the broker who sells it; he buys coal, and nobody cares about the terms of the trade except himself and the dealer who sells it; but when he buys labor, not only does his trade mean much to him, much to the few hundred individuals with whom he makes his bargain, but it means much to the whole army of the dinner-pail, which daily answers to the roll-call in all the factories throughout the land.

Let it now be our purpose to inquire more specifically into the problem and see how, outside any appeal to law, a better understanding may be brought about between the man who buys and the man who sells labor. To this end we may take a concrete example. There exists to my own knowledge one factory, which for half a century has exemplified in its management the ideal for which I am contending. It is a small concern, employing at the most not more than three hundred hands. The superintendent knows each of his men personally; he talks with them about the things nearest to them, the little happenings in their home life, which are to them as dear as are the joys and sorrows which lighten or make dark his own fireside. In event of an accident to any of them, the doctor's bills are paid and their places held for them until their recovery. In the fifty years of this corporation's history, it has been called upon to defend in the courts but one tort case, and that brought by a miserable fellow with an illustrious criminal record, who tempted Providence to crown it by perjuring himself to obtain a few dollars from those who for twenty years had befriended him. In the fifty years of the history of this corporation there has occurred but one strike, brought

about by walking delegates who knew nothing of the conditions which obtained there; and that strike lasted but seven days, when the men returned in a body under the conditions which had previously existed.

The method here employed may be called utopian, but the results prove it to be practical. At the same time the two incidents cited illustrate the difficulties which the manufacturer encounters in establishing a better social understanding with the workingman. The man who sells labor, as a rule, misunderstands his employer quite as often as the manufacturer misunderstands him. He fails to realize that his employer is a human being, endowed with an immortal soul, who has the welfare of his employees at heart; he fears the Greeks bearing gifts, and cannot understand that the man who buys labor may act from an altruistic motive. He often assumes the same attitude toward his employer which he fancies that his employer holds toward him, and he makes the meanest, the most selfish motives the basis of his trade. In my personal experience, the man who is most thoroughly hated by his employees is the man who has the physical, mental, and spiritual welfare of his workingmen most at heart.

I can imagine some will say that, granting all I have claimed for the corporation referred to, nevertheless it employs but a handful of men, and when we attempt to apply the same methods in a great corporation, employing thousands, we face a different problem. Here neither the manager, the superintendent, nor the overseers can know personally each man in his employ. This is indeed true; but the manager can claim from all the men in his employ the same loyalty, the same devotion, which the great general commands from his troops. There is in Fall River a man who employs as many thousand operatives as the corporation we have referred to employs hundreds; yet with him the same conditions obtain, and the explanation is the one I have suggested, — this man possesses the essential qualities of a great general.

If the factory be a small one, giving work to a hundred men, the manager may know each personally; but if it be a large one, so that such personal acquaintance is impracticable, he may know them as a general knows his army, — he may inspire them, if he be a great man, with his own spirit. But, says the doubtful one, this off-scouring of the world, these men akin only to brutes, will not respond to leadership. Said Emerson, "What a force was coiled up in the skull of Napoleon! Of the sixty thousand men making his army at Eylau, it seems some thirty thousand were thieves and burglars. The men whom in peaceful communities we hold with iron at their legs, in prisons, under the muskets of sentinels, — this man dealt with hand to hand, dragged them to their duty, and won his victories by their bayonets." Do you believe, after the victory, those thirty thousand men thought as thieves and burglars or needed to be held in irons? And again, bowed as low by the weight of centuries as the pessimist would have us believe these men to be, still are they men capable of infinite development, animated with the mighty impulse which compels the race to rise from worst to better, from better to best.

The relation of the man of business to the thousands in his employ is in a measure comparable with the relation which existed in another time between the feudal lord and his retainers. The retainers served their master in the great game of war; to-day the workingman serves his master in the great game of business; but with this difference — loyalty was the ideal of service in the one; in hatred does the other serve. To accomplish the highest results in the commercial régime, loyalty must be engendered in the soul of the operative. This cannot be accomplished in a day, it must be the result of slow but certain growth based on a recognition of the common humanity of the man who buys and the man who sells

labor. The feudal lord and his retainers understood one another because they fought in the same cause, faced side by side the same physical peril, used the same weapons. At the end of the battle master and man sought the gift of sleep in the same camp. They were comrades. It is not so to-day; the master fights for power, the man for his daily bread; the master fights with his mind, the man with his body; one sleeps in restless misery in his mansion, the other sleeps in discontent in his tenement.

Thus far we have approached our subject from a comprehensive point of view, treating it, I fear, in a manner more academic than practical. Let us now take a purely practical standpoint and look at some of the facts concerning a great strike in the textile world, which for five months prostrated an industry representing a capitalization of fifty million dollars, condemned to idleness twenty-seven thousand operatives, and filled with misery and discontent a city of one hundred and twenty thousand persons.

The strike was brought on by a cut-down in wages of twelve and one half per cent. At the time, the manufacturers were at their wits' end in an attempt to operate the factories without a loss of profit in competition with Southern mills, which then enjoyed a temporary advantage in cheapness of labor, then, as now, unorganized. It is due to the secretaries of the textile unions to say that they opposed a strike, as the conditions pointed to certain victory for the manufacturers. In the excitement of the moment, hatred, resentment, prejudice, prevailed, and the unions voted to quit work unless the old schedule of wages was restored. The condition was impossible, the manufacturers justly made no concession, and the long strike ensued.

A suggestive fact should here be noted: — the labor leaders opposed the strike, the sentiment of the majority of workers was against resistance, for but twenty-five hundred out of twenty-seven thousand operatives voted at the meetings of the unions; yet a handful of enthusiasts, self-willed, unmindful of the common welfare, brought about by their votes a calamity from the evil results of which, after nearly two years, neither the corporations nor the operatives have recovered.

The question may rightly be asked, how did it happen, when the strike did not meet with the approval of the labor leaders and was unpopular with the mass of the workers, that it endured through so many months of bitter hardship? Why did men and women whose better judgment rebelled against an unavailing strike accept its conditions and make no concerted effort to terminate it? There are many reasons, but the main motive, I believe, was an unreasoning loyalty to the unions as embodying the ideal of the rights of the workingman. The authorities at Washington may declare what we deem an unrighteous war; but when the drum beats and the call comes for volunteers, we are ready to offer our lives in the service of our country, — the individual sacrifices himself to the common cause. The strike was declared by a small majority of votes cast by twenty-five hundred men and women assembled at the meetings of the unions; yet twenty-seven thousand acquiesced in the result.

This fact illustrates the power of the unions both for good and evil, and enforces the value of that ideal of loyalty to which I have alluded. The power of labor unions rests in the loyalty not only of the members, but of all working people, to the ideal which underlies the unions — the dignity of labor — the sacredness of the day's work. The fact that every workingman may not realize that he is loyal to an ideal, does not alter the fact — he is loyal, and his loyalty underlies his every act. This loyalty gives a power to the unions which cannot be computed in terms of the commercial world; it is the motive, however, animating a force which the commercial world must recognize and direct with judgment.

The power of unions is unlimited and may be used to the physical, mental, and moral advancement of the workingman, or it may be directed to his destruction; it may serve the advancement of mankind, or it may retard the increasing purpose of the ages. The need of labor unions, as the need of a nation, is for intelligent leadership. The power is there, — who shall direct it? Steam existed countless ages before Watts, electricity before Marconi flashed his first message through miles of unresisting space; yet ages of men and women watched the steam pouring from countless teapots, and rubbed amber for an evening's amusement, before the master came to make these forces the willing servants of mankind.

Allow me to intrude myself to the extent of presenting my personal impressions of the great strike in question, first explaining my individual relation to the employers and employees. In a small way I am directly an employer of labor, — the machine-shops to which I give my daily attention employ perhaps two hundred hands; the cotton factories in the management of which I am indirectly associated, several thousand. From a purely commercial standpoint, then, my bias should have been toward the welfare of the manufacturers. For fifteen years, however, I have been associated with St. John's parish, composed of Lancashire working people and their American children. My association with them has been as intimate as my association with the manufacturers; perhaps more intimate because the less highly organized the social development, the greater the possibility of intimate relations. I have had the honor of officiating as best man at a wedding of an employee, of serving, in the absence of a clergyman, at the burial of a workingman's child, of holding the hand of a laborer in his last hour of life; and if I have any message relating to the labor problem, it is this, — the values of life are relative, and be the man born to wealth or poverty, his instincts and emotions are the same.

The great strike was declared; labor faced capital in open battle; market conditions proclaimed that the cause of labor was lost; capital would suffer greatly, but in the end would be victorious because in this instance its cause was just. Twenty-seven thousand men and women were out on a strike; this number included the people of all nations, — English and French, Irish, Portuguese, Italians, Poles, and Jews; men and women whom the smug and comfortable term the off-scouring of Europe. You might have expected a demonstration of force from this army; but when at daylight the engines turned over in the deserted factories, and the few workers, either without loyalty to an ideal or possessed with keener vision than their fellows, answered the summons of the bells, beyond a few broken windows, there were no evidences of violence. Later in the day the streets of the city presented no unusual sights, except that they were more crowded, as on a holiday. Men and women, who under normal conditions would have been standing by their machines increasing the wealth of a nation, stood gazing into shop windows enjoying a leisure unknown for years. Here and there little groups gathered about one more earnest than his fellows, who harangued a listless audience concerning the rights of man. At nightfall the crowd dispersed and a stranger could have found no evidences that a great battle was being waged in the city.

In a few days mass-meetings were held in the theatre, at which speeches were made by men conspicuous in the labor movement, urging the workers to be true to the cause, — but still no violence. The workers were self-contained, confident of victory. Only once was there an occurrence suggesting public disorder. This happened after weeks of resistance, when the hardships of the battle had become well-nigh unendurable. At the close of a mass-meeting a weaver, braver than his fellows, spoke the truth, his motive being the common good. He had the intelligence to understand the situation, the

vision to see that the existing conditions pointed to certain defeat for the labor cause; he had the courage of his convictions and spoke his mind. In a moment the meeting was in an uproar and a mob followed the man of convictions through the main street. The man was rescued by the police and the crowd dispersed. The next day he returned to his looms and a few followed him. To-day his name is a name of reproach in the City of the Dinner-Pail; but his little service to the cause of labor will live always.

While the workers were holding mass-meetings, striving by every ingenuity to maintain a lost cause, the representatives of capital were immersed in the endeavor to start the factories, to supplant in a thousand homes want with plenty, despair with hope. They fancied the workingman to be their enemy, they fought selfishly as did their opponents; but in this instance they fought in the cause of right. Physical suffering was the lot of the laborer, — cold, hunger, pain. Mental stress was the lot of the manufacturer, — the determination to achieve, regardless of bodily comforts, the terror of defeated hope, defeated ambition. Recognition of one fundamental fact would have relieved in a moment all this bodily suffering and mental stress, — the fact that whatever conditions benefit capital must benefit labor as well, and that any measure which, adopted, would be of lasting benefit to the one, must of necessity be of permanent advantage to the other. The forces of labor and the forces of capital waged a fierce battle, yet their interests were identical. Each side suffered hardships, springing from a common cause; the battle fought by capital, rightly analyzed, was not against labor, but against market conditions, and the battle of labor was against the same conditions. If, instead of contending with one another, these two forces had united in the common cause, untold suffering might have been avoided.

In the end a conference was arranged to be held at the State House, the governor of the commonwealth acting within certain limits as arbitrator. The governor was a manufacturer and a large employer of labor, who, in spite of the fact, was elected to his high office by the enthusiastic support of the labor vote. He exemplified in his relation to his employees an ideal previously suggested. He could not know personally each man and woman in his employ; but his spirit of fair play animated his workers as the spirit of a great general animates his army, and they were ready with their enthusiasm, when the opportunity came, to place him in a position of influence and opportunity. They had for him that loyalty which should exist on the part of all working people toward their employers, and he inspired their loyalty only because his humane attitude toward them compelled their devotion.

The conference was held in the State House and the strike was ended. The solution was a simple matter. The margin between the cost of the amount of cotton required to make a cut of cloth and the market price of the same cut of cloth under the old schedule of wages was to be taken as a basis, and wages in the future were to be computed on that basis; a four per cent advance, representing the margin then existing, was to be made at once, and wages were to vary weekly with the fluctuations of the market. No plan could be devised of greater advantage to the man who bought and the man who sold labor; each would share alike in the advance or depression of market conditions. A few days after the conference, smoke again poured from the factory chimneys, the whirr of the spindles and the ceaseless clatter of shuttles were again joyful sounds within the factory walls; at the bell hour the army of the dinner-pail again responded to roll-call, — the long strike was ended.

HYACINTHE AND HONORINE

BY EDEN PHILLPOTTS

I

UNDER Le Berceau, upon her own terraced hill of vine and olive, lies the little mountain village of Castellar, nigh Menton. In the midst extends an open space about an elm; to the south and north stand houses, and their fretted stucco of many faint and blended colors, their green and blue shutters, dark windows, and mellow roofs mingle in a color harmony as proper to its environment of hills and orchards and crags as the nest of the bird to the lichened bough, or the coat of the sand-colored lion to his lair. A street opens out of the Place de la Mairie, and here shadows merge deliciously, and the little windows aloft stare into each other's eyes. Sunshine breaks through and burns where some scarlet or yellow rag flutters from a casement. Dark stairways wind on either side. Sometimes they ascend and sometimes abruptly fall through arch on arch, until at the end, under low, dim halos of darkness, light and leaves appear, and the silver-gray of the eternal olives shines wanly and whispers like rain. The street seems marked with sharp parallel lines that drop abruptly from tiles to cobblestones. The walls are broken, and the plaster has fallen in patches upon which seeds have found foothold. Pellitory-of-the-wall prospers in every niche and breaks the lines of the buildings with bosses and traceries of dull green. Silence reigns here, and faint, evil scents haunt the gloom; but the end of the street lies open, shines full of light, and abounds with life and sound. A fountain spouts one glittering thread into a stone basin at this point, and the water purrs gently with a pleasant sound. Above the trough archways leap and carry sunshine across great shadows; between the houses Le Berceau's enormous bulk slopes upward and springs out of the terraced hills in planes of snow-capped stone. The sky is very blue, and far beneath rolls out, like watered silk, the sea.

Beside the fountain of Castellar there ascended a hot and pleasant smell of roasting coffee. Here sat a woman at her door, and cooked the fragrant berries, until their scent saturated the air and passers-by sniffed approval. The fire in a little brazier spluttered, and upon it Laure Vilhon twisted a metal globe that contained the coffee. She was a woman of sixty, with a brown face, firm mouth, and small black eyes that shone out from under a wrinkled forehead. She wore a white cap on her head and a purple shawl wrapped about her. The shawl made a beautiful patch of light at the end of the dark alley, and its color, modified into the gentler hue of remote mountains, was repeated mistily where the earth loomed and the hills rose far off through the screen of the trees.

The church clock rang out the hour, and Madame Vilhon rose from her stool, stamped her foot, and showed annoyance and impatience.

"It is too bad — lazy, worthless thing! If he come not instantly, I will refuse him the work and give it to another," she said, in a high-pitched, unpleasing voice.

No visible person heard the remark, but it had fallen on small, quick ears. Honorine Vilhon came out of the house to answer her mother.

"He will surely come. It is far from Grimaldi, and he has to carry his brushes and paints."

Madame Vilhon regarded her child without sympathy, yet Honorine softened most eyes that gazed upon her frail and

flowerlike charms. She was very slight, and the beauty of her lips and eyes both haunted and saddened. Every-day folk said she must be delicate; understanding spirits admired and mourned; for the soul that looked out of this girl's dainty, thin body was a hungry and a melancholy soul, a soul that dumbly asked and craved, a sort of soul that seldom finds a mate, yet cannot live happily without one. Honorine wore black, and her hair, uncovered, rose in a dark aureole upon her head. In the midst was a tortoise-shell comb, silver-fretted.

"He is here!" she cried suddenly; and as she spoke a man hastened down the street.

Hyacinthe Corbetta had come that he might renew a legend set forth on the wall of Laure Vilhon's home. Time had defaced the information, and it became necessary to remind the world that here was a grocer's shop.

"Bonjour! Bonjour, madame; bonjour, mademoiselle! I am late — I am always late; but you must forgive me. Last night I did not sleep for thinking of the best colors; and just at daylight I thought of them. They came with the sun out of the sea. Then I went to sleep. I shall paint in scarlet, like the pomegranate flower, and in black, — deep, shining black, like your eyes, Madame Vilhon!"

"A lot of fuss about nothing! I want none of your flourishes and nonsense, — just big letters, like it was before, that you can see from the end of the street; and be quick about it, too."

Laure rose from her stool, shook the charcoal from her brazier into the gutter, and then entered the house, while the man prepared his colors and set about retracing certain letters upon the wall. Honorine stood and talked to him. Her face had changed since his arrival. The furtive sadness was gone; her sallow skin had flushed; she looked healthier, and her eyes shone. A curious likeness existed between Hyacinthe and the girl. He was half an Italian, and lived with his father at the village of Grimaldi over the border. Feebleness of disposition and love of beauty were his characteristics. He had a handsome face, with moist, mournful eyes. His beard was dressed into two little points that separated like the prongs of a hayfork, and he was very careful of it. Honorine called him an artist, and he claimed that proud name for himself. But few granted it to him. His business was painting of signs and the little wooden memorials of the dead. Sometimes he painted pictures, also. He had a great, untutored zest for color; but he could not draw, and futile sentimentality marked his efforts. Only his Italian mother had liked them, and he buried three of his best pictures in her coffin when she died.

If ever by blissful chance kindred souls were thrown together, it was when Hyacinthe found Honorine. Like the twin shoots of a bryony, they were built by nature to wind together and struggle on life's brief journey, locked, linked, supported in each other's arms.

Honorine loved the weak man with her whole heart, and thought him strong. He made sad little rhymes for her, and read them aloud. In secret they sat sometimes with their long, brown fingers laced together, and sighed tenderly at their beautiful world. He was very ill-informed, but he loved to talk, and she loved to listen. She believed in him, and nobody else did.

"Is the mother out of earshot?" he asked presently, under his breath.

Honorine nodded.

He proceeded with his work, and black letters began to stare crudely upon the rich tones of the wall.

"How horrid it looks!" he said; "but when I have lifted it up with scarlet behind you will like it better."

"It is the things, not the words I hate," she answered. "To live with the smell of food in the nostrils; the eternal scent of oil and wine, and tobacco and dried fish!"

"When you talk so, you want a holiday. To-morrow at the old tryst under Le

Berceau? Say yes; say yes; and I will make a rhyme out of the noise of the men in the trees. They are hard at work now, knocking down the olives. Every tree rustles as though a giant *sauterelle* sat in it and made merry music."

"What a poet you are! My mother goes to Menton to-morrow, and I must be in the shop."

"On Friday, then?"

"Very well; on Friday."

Hyacinthe soon made an end of his work when Honorine left him. Presently the full advertisement —

COMESTIBLES, VINS ET TABAC,

thrown up with scarlet paint, flamed upon the wall, and Madame Vilhon was invited to come out of the house and criticise.

She nodded ungraciously.

"You can read it," she said. "Give Corbetta a drink of wine, Honorine, and let him go."

After he had eaten and drunk, set some tall arundo stems before the fresh paint, to keep off passers-by, and whispered the word "Friday" to Honorine, Hyacinthe departed. He did not sing until out of earshot of Castellar; but as soon as he found himself on a mountain track, alone, Hyacinthe lifted up a fine voice and caroled a Neapolitan love song with many an operatic gesture and sentimental shake.

II

Hyacinthe and Honorine were mountain children both, and best they loved to meet on the high ground where olive and lemon yielded to a hardier vegetation; where the juniper flourished; where the oak and the Aleppo pine prospered, and lavender and lentiscus spread a fragrant mantle upon the middle slopes of the hills. Hither climbed Honorine to the familiar meeting-place, and sat with her back against a little empty sheep-fold that stood perched above the pine woods.

Dawn feasted on this scene, and twilight lingeringly left it. Far beneath, in gentle undulations like gray smoke, the olive orchards spread, and the lemons made a brighter green in the glades where they grew; but the terraces of the vine were still naked, and stretched bare in patches and streaks amid the evergreen trees. Winding roads threaded the orchards and forests; a red roof sometimes stood beside them above white walls; and the air bathed everything with sunny mist and softened detail, so that this vision of minor hills melted into itself. Though far nearer, it appeared less distinct and clear-cut of outline than the mountains, that sprang and towered and jutted jaggedly in peaks and turrets of scorched stone above it to the sky.

Honorine's sharp eyes could count the windows of Castellar far below, where the hamlet clustered at the apex of a cone of green. Then she turned to the shimmering sea, outspread like cloth of gold, and watched the wake of a steamer, and thought of those that traveled in the ship. Menton shrank to its just proportions and significance, thus seen. At least, so thought the girl. The town dazed and bewildered her when she sought it, passed through the streets and pleasure gardens, heard the blare of the music and the babble of strange languages. But from this uplifted spot, where she sat enthroned in myrtle and wild thyme, the place assumed an aspect very agreeable to her mind. Its stress and tribulation were hidden by distance; its noise was still; she could think of all the sorrow there without sighing; she could look at the cemetery — Menton's crown of human graves — and feel that those tombs all scooped out of yellow sand were properly placed upon the very forehead of the town, since death is the end of grief and joy alike, and the inevitable terminus and goal of every earthly road.

"Hyacinthe," said she, as he appeared and flung himself beside her, "here in this mountain nest I am like God, and look down at all things, and judge all, and forgive all. When God's eye falls upon Menton, He must see the poor little graves first; so He forgives."

"When you say these mournful things I feel — I feel; — but remember what I have told you. You must look up at the mountains, not down upon the graves. A grave is a small thing; a mountain is a big one. I get my beautiful thoughts from the blue shadows that fall off the shoulders of the hills after noon. See how they sweep along! — like a king passing, and his purple fluttering after him."

"And the sea is bigger still," she answered, "bigger still and more wonderful to me. In sunshine or mistral, when she shows her teeth, it is all one. When she is smooth I know she will be cruel again; and when she is wicked I say, 'to-morrow — to-morrow she will go to sleep and smile like a baby.'"

"All ours — all this great earth," he said, "our very own to the last ray of sunlight."

"And love and contentment with it?"

"No," he answered. "Love — not contentment. Not contentment while there is love and we are apart. What is all the world to me if you are not in my arms?"

Honorine was silent, and he spoke again.

"Why does your mother not like me?"

"Because you are a man. She hates them all. She was very unhappy. My father did not love her much."

"No, — one can easily understand why he died young."

"When I am up here, I am brave, and I say, 'to-night she shall know.' Then I go down the hill again, and the fire in my mother's eyes soon withers up my poor heart, and I run before her like a mouse."

"Shall I come and tell her?"

"That would be to kill the last hope."

"Then do you. Carnival begins next week. You must ask to go with me, and tell her that we mean to be married."

"She will rage horribly. I cannot think what awful fury would fall upon her."

"I am going in black, with orange stars splashed about me, and an orange mask. It will be a wonderful dress. My fat cousin, Giacinta, has made it for me."

"I had it on my lips to say that we were engaged when you went away last week; but I am a coward, Hyacinthe. I am horribly frightened of my mother."

"And an orange hat with a black ball at the top. If I could but think of a dress for you!"

"I should love to wear it; only my mother would not let me go. She has no room for laughter or happiness in her days."

"Happiness is the poetry of life. Your mother is all prose to her flat, ugly feet, and I hate her."

"You must not hate her."

"I love her for bringing you into the world. I forgive everything else for that. But we shall have to run away, Honorine. It will end so."

She liked to hear him hint at such an adventure, but knew, as well as he knew himself, that Hyacinthe could no more run away with her than he could run away with the last granite pinnacle of Le Berceau.

"Brave lover!" she said.

"All the same, I wish you would tell your mother. You never know how a woman will take the matter of love."

"You never know; but if you are a woman yourself, you always feel how she will. But she shall hear to-night."

"Tell her that I am a man of iron, and will take no denial. Tell her that I shall fall into a terrible rage if I am denied. And pray about it with all your might. Break the news to your mother at six o'clock, and when you are telling her, think of me on my knees in our little church at Grimaldi. I will pray as I have never prayed before."

She nodded through tears.

"And you like the thought of my black and orange?"

She nodded again, and spoke.

"It will stand for death and gold, — the things that will part us; because I shall die if I may not marry you, and it is because you are so poor that my mother will say no."

"An artist is never poor."

"And never rich; but I promise that I will speak to-night at six o'clock."

They made love then, and built castles higher than the clouds. He would some day paint such pictures as the world had seldom seen; she would inspire them, her spirit would make his painted seas bluer than the sapphire, and set his mountains and valleys and forests throbbing with the very pulse of nature and of life.

At last, after futile farewells, which only found them again and again in each other's arms, Honorine set bravely off, ran down into the pine woods, and vanished. He sang to her while she went; then, when he knew that she was beyond sound of his voice, he ceased and turned along the hill terraces and passed eastward to Grimaldi.

Two hours later he knelt and prayed with his whole soul, and endured an ecstasy of devotion. But at Castellar, in the shop that smelt of *comestibles* mingled, Honorine, having confessed the truth, stared terrified at her parent's wrath, and presently fled before it.

"That thing! That half-baked, fork-bearded Italian! Go to the lunatic asylum for your husband! I would rather see you buried than married to Corbetta. Never — never — never mention his name again. If I catch him here, I will beat him!"

"Oh, Mother of God, soften her woman's heart; make it young again; teach her to remember the first kiss of her husband, so that she may understand and be kind to Honorine," implored Hyacinthe. He prayed till he moved himself to tears; then he rose hopefully and went to his cottage.

III

Three days later Laure Vilhon saddled her mule and solemnly rode by a rocky path to Grimaldi. She arrived in time to meet Hyacinthe just setting forth for Carnival. He wore the black and orange, and walked up and down for a while in the tiny street, that his neighbors might admire him before he started for Menton.

"Come into the house and drop this foolery for a few minutes," said Laure. "Take off your mask and listen to me. If I see you in Castellar again, I shall set the men upon you."

"On me — on me! What have I done? Never have I hurt man, woman, or child. I am a harmless artist, Madame Vilhon. I am only busy with beautiful things."

"You are busy with my daughter, and that is why I am angry."

"Well, she is a beautiful thing, is she not?"

"You to dare! I have spoken, and the matter is ended. Honorine understands that you cannot marry her, because, first, you are as poor as a cricket, and because also you are an Italian."

"You are very cruel to say these things to me."

"I am a sensible woman. Do what your father wants you to do, and marry your cousin Giacinta."

"Giacinta has no soul, Laure Vilhon."

"So much the better for you — if it was so. A poor wife wants a strong body and patience — not soul."

"She is as round and as strong and as hard as a donkey."

"A very good girl, and her sense may help to balance your nonsense. Now I promise you that Honorine is not for you — never. If she marries you, she will have not a penny. Therefore give her up for good. Here is your money for painting my sign. And here is a note for a hundred francs. I will give you that note if you will be a good man and promise faithfully to make no more love to Honorine."

"I implore you to let me marry Honorine, madame!"

"I am a stone in the matter. It is enough that I will never consent."

"You have told her so?"

"I have."

"Does she resign herself to fate, madame?"

"She is obedient. She will not marry anybody, I hope. It is a vile state for a woman."

"An artist ought to be married."

"Will you take these hundred francs? You can forget this passing disappointment in the joy of making a good picture. Women are all alike, and one 's as good or bad as another."

"You will never change?"

"Never!"

The sound of a brass band came up from below faintly.

"They have started from the fountain. I shall have to run to overtake them. My heart will break."

She held out the note, and he took it.

"My life is ruined, but I have my art," he said. Then he leaped up, caught his hat and mask, and prepared to hurry down through the olive terraces to the road beneath.

Chance, however, changed his enterprise. Among the trees a woman crouched, and she was picking up the purple olive-fruit with both hands as fast as she could do so.

Hyacinthe recognized his cousin, and she stood up and clapped her hands to see her work of black and orange flashing through the shadows and flaming as the sun touched it.

"You have come that I may see you before you go. How good of you! Who would have been so kind as that but you?" she asked.

Hyacinthe did not undeceive her. He stood before her, and looked at her with new eyes. Until that day she had been as a sister; now he regarded her as a possible wife, and the point of view was so novel that he felt quite shy.

Giacinta was a broad and deep-bosomed woman, with round cheeks, a pretty nose, and a big, laughing mouth. She was never angry, never weary, never unduly elated or cast down. She had a fine physical presence, and lacked much imagination.

"You are a very kind and nice girl, Giacinta," said Hyacinthe. "I have come to you to pity me. Madame Vilhon has been here, and she will not let me marry her daughter. She is made of iron."

"The French do not care for us to marry their daughters, or their sons either. Besides, you are dreadfully poor, Hyacinthe. If you were rich, Madame Vilhon might have felt differently."

"My heart, of course, is broken. I have only my art. I am going to paint a great picture. It will be painted with my life's blood. And Honorine will suffer, too. I know that."

He sat down and began to pick up the olives and put them into her basket.

"Don't!" she said. "I don't like to see you. It is woman's work."

"An artist is man, woman, and child, rolled up in one skin."

"Then he does n't want a wife and children so much as other men, perhaps?"

"More — more. He must have them. They are necessary to him — part of his education. Come and sit here and let me hold your hand, Giacinta. How shall I live without her — Honorine?"

"There are other women."

"What do you think of me, Giacinta?"

"You are a wonderful man, Hyacinthe. I look up to you, and am proud to be your relation."

"I am wonderful, as you say, but an artist never knows how wonderful he is."

"Your pictures are so splendid! They dazzle people with their brightness."

"I believe they are splendid, Giacinta."

"You know very well they are, Hyacinthe."

"I cannot tell. A butterfly never sees its own wings. Yet I 'm glad you like my pictures. You may have a sleeping soul, Giacinta."

"We all have souls, Hyacinthe."

"Yes, but the immortal spark is often no more than a red-hot cinder that never breaks into flame. Your soul smoulders; it is nothing. Honorine's spirit burnt with a clear and radiant light."

"I am not clever — only a lump of a girl. I have no ideas like Honorine."

"I knew something was going to happen to me to-day," he said gloomily. "There was a thunderstorm last night. Le Berceau cradled the lightning. Poets are born at such moments. Giacinta, I

can only bring you a broken heart, but such as it is — Will you marry me, Giacinta? I am not a common man. I may be rather a bore sometimes when I am rapt in thoughts. But such as I am" —

"You are far, far too good for me, Hyacinthe. Such a thing is better than any dream I ever dreamt. But I might help in the house, and take care of your money, and feed you well."

"My money will not give you much anxiety, Giacinta." He kissed her and stroked her plump shoulder, and noticed that there existed much more of Giacinta to put his arm round than there was of Honorine. He was rather glad that Giacinta wept at this sudden and amazing fortune.

"I cannot forget her — I never shall. Our souls burned into one beautiful pure blaze as often as we met," he said. "But she will only be a memory, Giacinta — a poem — the smell of flowers — the moon on the sea — you understand."

"I only understand you want to marry me, Hyacinthe. I don't want to understand anything else."

"I will not go to the Carnival. I will come home with you and talk to your mother. I may make some verses to-night. I feel them coming. Your lips are good, Giacinta."

"It is too much happiness. It has got into my head like wine," she said. "I am quite drunk."

"Take it calmly, Giacinta, as I do. Don't cry, my poor girl. These are times when it is good to live. But they soon pass by. Happiness does n't last like misery. We shall be old and aching in a few years. To-morrow is always a failure. Still — there is to-day. I must tell Honorine myself. Nobody else shall tell her. Lent is a very proper time. We shall mingle our tears. You cannot understand all this, because you are not an artist; but you must try to understand presently. I should like to kill Laure Vilhon slowly with torments."

"If you love me, it is enough for me, Hyacinthe."

"I hope it always will be, dear Giacinta. Your eyes are like the olive berries that are bright and have had their bloom rubbed off. But the bloom will not be rubbed off our love. Whatever happens, I shall continue to love you — so long as you love me."

"And that will be always," she said.

IV

Twice Hyacinthe tried to see Honorine, and failed to do so. Then, upon the last day of Carnival, he donned his black and orange once more, and took Giacinta to the procession and confetti battle. She tortured him by appearing in a light green domino trimmed with dark purple. It was exceedingly ugly, and spoiled his pleasure. As soon as possible he made her return home with friends from Grimaldi, and himself sought the wine-shops. He sang and drank and played games all night; and dawn found him in Garavan Bay, still singing. A whim now took him to seek the familiar tryst above the Aleppo pines.

"I can climb higher than the olives or lemons can climb," he said to himself, and laughed at the thought. He passed up beside the cemetery, and nodded to the tombs that peeped over the walls.

"Good-morning, good-morning to you all!" he said. "But don't wake up — you are better as you are. The Last Day has not come yet. I wish it had!"

Dawn rested upon the hills, and the olive orchards blushed with the soft and rosy gray of a dove's bosom. As Hyacinthe climbed upward the trees thinned about sharp bluffs and sandy scapes that broke and jutted through the green. There was a waving and whispering of the giant reed where waters ran. Already the unnumbered rivulets that stole out of the hills to the sea shone with a purple stain; for the wheels of the olive mills were rolling busily. Oaks, with russet foliage still clinging hung here against the cliff faces; the ravines deepened, and pines began to fledge the great wings of

the mountains. Panting now, Hyacinthe struggled on; then he reached the empty sheepcote and saw the morning radiance of remote snows. Completely exhausted, he crept into the hut, flung himself down, and almost instantly fell into sleep.

Three hours later, Honorine found him there, and they met again. Some instinct brought her, for in her heart had wakened an assurance that he would come. She had endured much since their last meeting. Laure's description of her conversation with the sign-painter was merely true, but Honorine refused to believe it. She had now given him up, but she wanted to tell him so and hear him comfort her. Sometimes she thought that he was playing a part and would tell her of a romantic plot presently to bring them together forever. Of Giacinta she had heard nothing. She was thinner than ever now, and her face seemed to be all eyes.

Honorine stood and watched Hyacinthe asleep. Then she plucked mastic and lavender to make him a pillow, for he slept uneasily. She guessed at his weariness, and waited an hour before she woke him. When the man came to his senses and sat up, he saw her and uttered a cry of joy. He was going to embrace her; then memory suddenly arrested him.

"I must not — it would be wicked; I am going to marry my cousin, Giacinta Corbetta."

She gasped and drew away from him.

"Is it news to you? What could I do? Don't look at me so, Honorine. Do you think that you are the only one who has suffered? I am in hell."

"My mother" —

"*Janicot*[1] fly away with your mother! She has crushed two hearts — like the press crushes the olives. All that was good in me is killed. I shall do nothing now but just live till I die — like a pig."

"I had dreamed dreams — I had half hoped you might" —

"An artist cannot do such things. I am not a brigand. I am thin and weak of body, — all spirit and soul. I cannot take you from her and speed away into the mountains. Such tricks belong to plays on the stage. They want capital. Even artists cannot live like birds, on berries. And I am going to marry Giacinta. I will not fight a coarse woman like your mother. This is the most terrible Ash Wednesday of my life. If it were not that I am what I am, I should leap off a precipice and kill myself. Then they would find my black and orange all spattered with red."

"I cannot live any more, Hyacinthe. You were made for me. I cannot live without you. I shall be a vine without a trellis."

"I know how you feel. I have grown old thinking about you and your grief. I may yet kill myself. There is only one thing that stands between me and death."

"Giacinta?"

"No. Giacinta is a good enough girl, — a very useful, skillful thing, and warm-hearted and kind, and most religious. She has cushions all round — like a billiard table. But I live for one picture: a masterpiece, Honorine!"

"My price, Hyacinthe, — the hundred francs you took? I fainted away when I heard it."

"And well you might, Honorine. I have never understood my own action. The soul is a great mystery, even to itself. Something said, 'Take it; you must paint — it is your destiny.' So I took it. The picture will be painted with my life's blood, — and perhaps yours, too, Honorine, — with the very colors of our united souls."

"I may see it some day. What is it?"

"A figure — a single figure."

"Mine, Hyacinthe?"

"No, Honorine. As a matter of fact, it is mine, — mine in my black and orange. Giacinta lent me her looking-glass. I have painted my own eyes very wonderfully. I am standing looking out of the picture — thinking of you. If the right people see it, some notice will be taken."

"You were never very good at figures, Hyacinthe."

[1] *Janicot*, the devil.

"I have succeeded this time. I shall always feel kindly to this Carnival, since it has produced my masterpiece. And now I must go home and get out of my black and orange for the last time. It is so sad, Honorine, to do anything for the last time."

"Everything we do is done for the last time, Hyacinthe."

"No, no — we eat breakfast; we say our prayers."

"Each for the last time. Each breakfast is one less; each prayer is one fewer. Every time that you kissed me, there was one less kiss for me. If I had known that the last was the last " —

"How horribly sad; you break my heart; you kill me anew. Oh, if I was different, — but then you would not love me. After all, there is heaven coming, Honorine. It is only a question of years. We shall kiss forever then."

"No, we shall not, Hyacinthe. There is no kissing in heaven. Only men and women understand that. Angels are cold, sexless things, — like pretty caterpillars. It is wrong to say that butterflies are a picture of the soul. They know how to love. Souls are caterpillars that never turn into anything else."

"Giacinta never says things like that, and never will."

"I must see Giacinta, Hyacinthe. I ought to hate her; I ought to hunger to stab her and kill her. But I am like you, — I cannot hate anybody, or fight anybody. My heart pants to struggle for you and win you; my lonely soul yearns for you; but" —

"We must do what we must, Honorine. It will very likely kill us both; but we must go on."

"You have got your pictures; I have got nothing."

He did not answer.

Beside them where they sat grew a trailing branch of rough smilax with scarlet berries. Now the man picked it and wove a wreath of it.

"There — that is my fate — a crown of thorns," he said.

"Give it to me rather. The thorns are mine; the loveliness and the red berries shall be yours. I will try to live still. I have thoughts. I must see Giacinta. She shall be my friend, not my enemy. My heart was strong to love; but it is weak to hate."

"We are not haters. If I was a hater, it would be a grander thing. But I only hate your mother."

A little longer with fine futility they prattled; then, upon the understanding that they must often meet in pure friendship, they prepared to part.

"If we had been two little mice," said Honorine, "we should have been happy; but now we shall never know how happy live things can be."

"Only how miserable they can be," answered Hyacinthe.

Then he went homeward, and she watched the loosely built, grotesque figure swing away until his orange and black were swallowed up amid the tawny colors of the terraces below. Still she could not believe that he had really gone out of her life, and had given her up for a hundred francs.

V

Honorine reclined in the sun and waited for Giacinta. Hyacinthe, with some fear, arranged that they should meet by the olive mill under Grimaldi, and here Laure Vilhon's daughter sat on a day in February. She was silent and motionless as the lizards that basked upon the wall beside her. Over the terraces hung sprays loaded with ripe lemons. The sun warmed them and they made a delicate pale golden light against the deep shadows that spread beneath the trees. At the points of the branches sprouted little purple buds, where a feast of flowers would soon open again. White pigeons fluttered in the glittering haze of the olive-trees, and close at hand a water-wheel turned slowly. Here great honey-colored mounds of crushed olive stones dried in the sun, and from the side of the mill spouted a wine-red stream that sank away

amid wild flowers and vanished down the hillside.

Giacinta came shyly and nervously, and Honorine rose and kissed her.

They talked long together until the Italian girl gained confidence. Then she expressed her gratitude.

"You are very wonderful. I thought you would never forgive me for taking him away," she said.

"You did not take him away from me, Giacinta. My mother took him away. You must understand. He cannot marry me because God has not willed it and has not made him to be a savage lover. He cannot fight and do desperate things. He is an artist. There is no room in his beautiful life for plots and quarrels and intrigues. He is a flower that must open according to nature, and make his own color and scent, and be lovely and ripen sweet fruit."

"He is too good for me — I know that," confessed Giacinta.

"He is; but you must not be afraid. Let the great thought of being his wife make you very wise and brave. He has no time to be wise and brave, so you must be that for him. You must learn how to please him, and be very gentle with him, and never interfere if he is silent and full of thoughts. If you destroy an artist's thoughts, it may be worse than shattering a beautiful vase or destroying a picture. You break something that can never be mended, perhaps."

"Yes; he told me that. I try not to anger him, but it is not always easy, because I am a very simple girl and don't understand. We go to Monte Bellinda sometimes to make our holidays."

Honorine nodded. She knew that Hyacinthe would never take Giacinta to the old trysts. They were sacred to her.

"And we looked into the huge scene spread out there, — mountains, forests, and farms, and the Roya River just peeping behind the hills. Far away under the sky was the snow scattered all along, and Hyacinthe said to me, 'What is that like, Giacinta?' And I said, 'Like washing spread out to dry.' He was very angry then. He leapt up and cried out harsh words, and stamped his foot in a great passion, and said that a mule would have had a prettier thought. Then he told me that if I had said such a vile thing three weeks ago, he would not have married me. And at last he went off and cried out, 'I will not see you again to-day! I will leave you to weep for that!' But I did not weep. I only thought that it will be difficult sometimes when we marry."

Honorine was much interested.

"That is very like him. I hear him speaking. He told me once that we can judge people by their power of making likenesses. Some people who have lovely hearts make lovely likenesses; and people with coarse hearts make coarse likenesses; and artists find likenesses that make you draw your breath with a sudden gasp and stare and wonder, because they are so perfect."

"It *was* like washing, all the same; but I 'm a very homely girl, who has never been taught anything; and I never had great thoughts, or any other thoughts, except how to keep myself honest and not too hungry."

"You will soon learn from Hyacinthe."

"Yes; he is never tired of teaching me. He is very patient as a rule. How I wish I had something to bring him, — some money or some little bit of ground! I am so poor. I have nothing, — even my clothes are wretched. I long to be married; then I can give him myself. I am a fine girl out of my rags."

"You have no beautiful things to put on?"

"None. But I have a soft skin, and good teeth and black eyes."

Honorine nodded thoughtfully.

"Yes," she said. "You are a very fine girl, and your eyes are very bright, and your skin is soft. But you must look pretty for him. That is very important with an artist like Hyacinthe. He must have only beautiful things about him. Your feet are spoiled by your shoes."

Giacinta looked uneasy.

"I have some better things for feast days; but they are not very much better," she confessed.

"You must look pretty for him. It can easily be done. No ugly girl can be made pretty; but a pretty girl can be made prettier. I will make you some pretty things. It will be good for me to do it. Meet me here again next week on Sunday."

"Why should you love me? You are worth a thousand girls like me. You are lovely and clever both; your eyes blaze. I should like to give him up to you, for you deserve him better than I do."

"No, he will not come back. He loves you and you must fight for him, and make him a good wife, and be both gentle and strong for him. Come on Sunday, then. How dark you are; there is down on your lip —as if a tiny stain of wine had dried there."

"My lips are red; but my hair is not as thick as yours, and it has no lovely blue at the edge of the plait where the sun falls, like yours, Honorine."

"I wish I could give you mine, Giacinta. It is no use to me now. But you shall be pretty and perfect for him, all the same. You are rounder than I am. It is good to be round. Now go and let me think a little by myself."

"I will bless you as long as I live, Honorine Vilhon."

"Nay, bless me as long as I live, Giacinta, and pray for my soul afterwards. That will be better."

The Italian girl climbed homeward and Honorine sat on with her eyes upon the Mediterranean. In shape like a Cupid's bow, the blue sea beat deliciously upon Menton's shores, and out of it rose the glittering town. Upward the houses scattered and shone singly out of the green, like pearls upon a field of chrysoprase. The bright foliage of the orange and the aigrettes of shore-loving palms fretted the streets; church towers arose and faint bells murmured from them. Above, to the blue pallor of heaven, towered the mountains, and mighty shadows already rested upon their northern faces as the sun sank westerly in a golden haze toward the Esterels.

"She must have a nightgown with pink bows upon it," thought Honorine.

VI

Unknown to her mother, Honorine saw much of Giacinta, and was as skillful as a lover in making clever excuses for meeting with her. The French girl took a lively interest in Hyacinthe's bride and wrought many pretty things in secret for her. But at times her feeble spirit rebelled, and she suffered burning tortures through sleepless nights.

Hyacinthe finished his masterpiece and took it to Menton. There certain art-dealers gazed coldly upon it and refused even to exhibit the painting in their windows; so the artist took his rejected work back to Grimaldi and said that he was glad, after all, that it had not left Italy. Once he thought of giving it to Honorine, who had seen it in private on the mountains. But when the time came to bring the picture to her, Hyacinthe found that he could not part from it.

The day for the marriage was decided, and Honorine's mother had accepted an invitation to be present with her daughter.

But upon the night before the wedding evil chance put a period to the existence of Laure Vilhon. One moment she was a woman of sixty — tough, busy, bustling, prosperous. Then she turned out of the Place de la Mairie upon a flight of dark steps, where small doors opened and archways yawned. While descending, her iron-shod shoe slipped upon half a lemon, and she fell down eight stone steps and broke her neck. They brought the rags and bones to Honorine; and then they wept and wailed for her, because she could neither weep nor wail for herself.

Upon the following morning she had already arranged to meet Hyacinthe at the old tryst by the sheepcote, and scarcely mistress of herself when the next day

dawned, she rose, left neighbors to tend the candles that stood and burnt where lay her mother's corpse, and went up into the hills alone.

But Hyacinthe found much to do on the day before his nuptials. He did not forget his appointment, but he did not keep it.

"I shall see her at the wedding to-morrow," he remembered, "and it will be good for her to dwell to-day in the hills."

So Honorine kept vigil with her thoughts, and for once the woman in her cried and wrestled mightily. Here was life offered at last. The obstacle had been removed in time. Her mother had vanished. Nothing stood between her and her twin soul any longer. She waited and believed that each movement on the hillside was Hyacinthe coming to her. At last she determined to go on to Grimaldi; and then the memory of Giacinta made her stay. But she felt no fear or remorse concerning Giacinta.

"I need not reproach myself with dreams of her," reflected Honorine. "I have been a loving and a true friend. Now it is different. Giacinta many men might love and understand; none will ever love or understand me but Hyacinthe. And yet — and yet. To think that I send her back to loneliness and black bread and dandelions — and no love. For her — for any woman — to lose him — I know what that means. Shall another suffer as I have suffered?"

Purple night rolled up out of the sea while she struggled with herself. The stars shone in heaven, and the fireflies danced among the lemon trees on earth. She grew very faint and hungry. There was a cottage where a goatherd lived not very far away, and Honorine went and begged for bread and fruit and a drink of milk there. Then, refreshed by these things, she returned to the sheepcote.

Her mother's death hardly touched her, excepting in the light of its immense significance as another name for liberty. She remembered that the news of it could not have reached Grimaldi, and again she determined to go there. She argued that it was only just to Hyacinthe that he should know. Hers was the power to make or mar his life. Then she told herself that Giacinta might, after all, serve him better than she could. She thought of the future and of her money. She pictured herself again and again as a friend to both. She saw herself teaching their children to read and pray. She spent her francs for them and was their good angel. Then her blood cried out against that frosty picture. She was no angel, but a woman created to make a man happy — fashioned, above all other women, to make this man happy. And she was free for him; her future depended upon him; without him now there was nothing to live for but a grocer's shop. Giacinta's future depended upon no union with Hyacinthe. A dozen fine fellows would be proud to marry her. And Giacinta loved Honorine so well, that she would give up Hyacinthe to her without a murmur. She had offered to do so. Giacinta had even feared sometimes that she would not be wholly happy with Hyacinthe. Very likely that impression was justified.

Honorine began to suspect that the earthly happiness of three people depended entirely upon her action.

Night hid her frenzy and spread a mantle of dew upon the hills. Until dawn she could do nothing, for the way to Grimaldi was difficult under darkness. She trembled to be doing while yet the mood held. Her infirmity of disposition was not hidden from her. The fight between natural longing of heart and natural feebleness of spirit raged under darkness. She lay where Hyacinthe had lain after the Carnival. The mastic and rosemary that he had pulled to make a couch were long since dead, but they crackled fragrantly beneath her as she tossed and turned.

Honorine could not sleep. She was physically cold, and her head ached with much battle and torment and turmoil of

thought. At earliest dawn she found herself moving toward Grimaldi. Then, after a fierce fight, she turned her back upon it and went down swiftly into the pine woods homeward. But her feet lagged; she went slower; she stood still. When the sun rose he found her on her knees praying with many tears to be guided rightly. No answering message throbbed into her heart; but she sat and looked long to heaven for it and waited very patiently. Then nature spoke, and wholesome, sane, and sweet desire fired Honorine to fight again. As a bird for her mate, as the bud for the rain, as the hart for the water-brook, she longed.

Now she struggled steadily toward Grimaldi, and the thin sweetness of a little bell already pulsed up where a twinkle of white wall and red roof peeped over the olives. Hot, trembling, and weary, she stopped again. Her heart shouted to her to hasten and stand at the door; her soul said, "Too late; you cannot part them now."

At that moment Honorine's spiritual essence rose strong in the hour of physical weakness; she shrunk away among the olive-trees and peeped and watched a little company of bright-clad folk creep into the church. Then the bell stopped. Eternity rolled by, yet she knew that only a few moments had passed. She leaped up and hurried into the sunny place before the church door. A tortoise-shell cat sat all alone there. It chattered and snapped at the flies that came and settled upon it. Down in the woods a donkey brayed.

Honorine went to the door, lifted her hand to the latch, stood a moment, then reeled like a woman suddenly caught in the wind, and fainted away.

Hyacinthe came out first with Giacinta on his arm, and found her there. In a moment he released himself from his wife and knelt down and shouted for water. The wedding party crowded round about and expressed pity and concern. But soon Honorine recovered and stood up among them. She saw Giacinta wearing the pretty things that she had made; and she took her to her breast and kissed her.

"What is it? What has happened? We waited until we dared not wait longer. Where is madame?" asked Hyacinthe.

"She is dead, — my mother is dead."

"Dead — Laure Vilhon dead!"

He screamed the words, and gripped Honorine's arm so hard that she saw the mark at night.

"She fell down the steps and killed herself yesterday."

The man stared slowly round and round him. Then his gaze fell upon Honorine. Nobody spoke, but Giacinta made an inarticulate sound and pulled Hyacinthe's sleeve. Suddenly and passionately he cursed the world, and the sky, and the things behind the sky. He swore and gesticulated for a full minute; then he gave his arm to Giacinta and hastened away, stumbling over the uneven pavement of the street. The folk chattered and waved their hands and shook their heads. The relations of the bride and bridegroom followed them, while others stopped and ministered to Honorine.

Later in the day, before the evening feast and revel, Hyacinthe borrowed a mule and a saddle and took Honorine home. Her mother's sister had arrived from Sospel, and Hyacinthe soon left the girl with her aunt and returned to his wife.

At the bridge of St. Louis he stood and looked into the gulf below and thought of leaping down. But soon he hurried on again.

"Art is above God in future," he said to himself.

VII

Summer's fire and glare scorched the hills again, and the thousand growing things that nature has blessed with hairy leaves and down and silver-white foliage, fought once more for life against the terrific heat. By day they lingered and languished and parched; by night they drank the dew and so made shift to live.

Honorine Vilhon still dwelt at Castel-

lar, and her old aunt came to live with her and tend the shop and watch her niece slowly pass out of life. Like a flower, she faded gradually, and her days narrowed to the thought of Hyacinthe and his home.

Often the sign-writer and his wife came to see her; sometimes, when she felt strong enough, she rode to see them. Giacinta made a very good partner, and her husband had sense to perceive it.

The fact that he was to be a father in springtime interested him enormously. He felt in his heart that he was the sort of man who must produce works of genius in some shape, if only in the shape of offspring.

Honorine's heart centred upon the coming child also. She was to be its godmother. Passion died in her as her fire of life waned away. She could think of Hyacinthe now without any quickening of pulse. He always kissed her when they met, and he knew as well as she did that she must presently pass from him.

There came a day when spring rain had cooled the air suddenly. Rain upon an olive-tree alters the color of the young wood that bears the leaves and fruit. Each twig takes a tone of delicate amber and adds a new and fleeting loveliness of contrast to the gray-green foliage, until sunshine dries all again.

From his cottage door Hyacinthe noted this circumstance, and smiled approval upon himself for such observation.

"Nobody else in Italy has ever seen that, perhaps," he thought.

Suddenly his wife's voice called him. There was fear and pain in it. He rushed indoors to find Giacinta bent and shivering. Her hand was pressed into her side.

"It has come," she said.

The man hurried out and bawled with all his might down the street.

"My wife, good people, — anybody — everybody! Run for her mother and for the doctor as quick as you can! Fly — fly instantly!"

A few lazy loafers, sunning themselves after the rain, rose up to do his bidding; then Hyacinthe returned indoors and piled great ruddy fir-cones upon the hearth. Upon these he placed wood, but the mass would not kindle and the iron screen to draw it into a blaze stuck fast and refused to act. There was nothing in the room to serve his purpose and he stared about him wildly and used strong words.

Giacinta shivered and rocked and moaned to the Virgin. Suddenly he saw his masterpiece and dragged it down off the wall. The crude irony of the circumstance much impressed him as he drew up the fire with his picture.

"I had thought to make a furore of a different sort with this," he said to Giacinta. "But you are going to bring my child into the world. It is important. Some day this may be told again in history."

Next morning Hyacinthe sent a friend to Castellar with the intelligence that all was well, and that Honorine would be the godmother of a fine baby called Honorine.

The boy who took the good news returned with bad. Honorine Vilhon had become much worse suddenly, and it was feared that she could not live. But Hyacinthe visited her thrice more before she died, and she heard all about the baby though she never saw it.

The end came by night, and next day Hyacinthe was sitting by his wife when the news arrived. They wept together, and she mourned bitterly until he feared for her. Then when she grew calmer, he went into the hills, and Giacinta cried alone and talked gently to her child. The little thing woke and wailed, and she lifted it to her flowing breast.

"Hush, tiny Honorine; you must be as good as your godmother, who has gone back to God. Happy little Honorine, to have a godmother to watch and love you in heaven. A guardian angel and godmother both."

Hyacinthe rambled hither and thither. Then he came home to his workshop and drew out one of the boards he often

painted for the graves of the humbler dead. Honorine would have a white stone cross presently: she was rich; but this might do for the present.

He worked very carefully, and told her name, and how that she was nineteen, and the day whereon she died. Then he wrote *Priez pour elle;* and there was still space. So he added *Regrets eternels.* Next he took his best gold and painted the semblance of tears that had fallen here and there irregularly.

Habit ruled his mind as he made an end. He always called for Honorine to judge the things he fashioned. Now, forgetting, he found himself considering what she would think of this.

Presently, as night darkened, he went out into a lonely place above the cliffs. The moon arose from behind Italy, and Sirius ascended out of the sea. Beneath there rolled great waves, that murmured as they bent to the contour of the land and advanced upon the shore in silvery semicircles of light and foam.

The glitter of the water made Hyacinthe think of his golden tears. He sighed and wondered at himself that he could weep no more. Then he went home to his wife and his baby.

THE MOON OF GOLDENROD

BY MARIAN WARNER WILDMAN

In the Moon of Goldenrod,
All the land with languor fills.
Dreamily the cricket chirrs;
Drowsily the locust whirrs;
Ceaselessly the katydid,
In the dusky branches hid,
All the night long shrills and shrills,
In the Moon of Goldenrod.

In the Moon of Goldenrod,
Every grass-blade on the lawns
Bears its cobweb streamer fine,
Shimmering in the hazy shine;
Fairy hammocks, spider-spun,
Lightly swaying in the sun,
Dewdrop-jeweled, grace the dawns
Of the Moon of Goldenrod.

In the Moon of Goldenrod,
Orchard branches, laden all,
Droop to touch the orchard grass,
And the harvest winds that pass
Pluck the fruits that mellow there,
Purple plum and yellow pear,
Fling them to the lap of Fall,
In the Moon of Goldenrod.

In the Moon of Goldenrod,
  Palely blue the asters blow;
    Here and there, amid the green
    Of the sumac-thicket seen,
    Autumn's crimson banner tells
    That the Summer's citadels
  Weaken to their overthrow,
In the Moon of Goldenrod.

Ah, the Moon of Goldenrod!
  Butterflies go drifting by
    On their gorgeous-painted wings,
    Lovely, idle, aimless things;
    Careless they that Summer goes;
    Heedless of impending snows;
  Lovers of To-day — as I,
In the Moon of Goldenrod!

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A SOUTHERNER SINCE THE CIVIL WAR

BY "NICHOLAS WORTH"

IX

THE "SCRUB" PARTY

DURING the winter that I taught at the university many things had happened in the state. The country folk had become dissatisfied with the management of the political bosses. A farmers' movement, which had had for its purpose the then impossible task of improving the farmers' condition, had been diverted into a political movement. There was a blind feeling, which grew stronger under formulation and agitation, that the Colonels and the town lawyers who were dominant in politics were in some way to blame for the hard times. Without clear reasoning, but instinctively, the country folk were beginning to rise.

One incident of the legislative session gave an interesting glimpse of the popular mood. Professor Billy, who never yet put his hand to a plough and turned back, again came bravely forward with his plan to establish a free state college for women. The committees expected to pigeonhole the bill, as they had done before. But the forces in favor of the plan had received noteworthy reinforcement. A public hearing was so loudly demanded of the committee that a day was set when the committeemen would hear discussion of it. The committee room was overcrowded before the hour. More and more people came, women as well as men. The majority of the members of the legislature were there.

The committee was obliged to conduct its hearing in the House of Representatives. First a Colonel spoke against the measure. Then a leader of the new Farmers' party spoke in favor of it. Next came a woman, a country school-teacher, whose earnestness made a profound impression. "The lonely and neglected

women of our remote counties," she said, — "what does the state do for them? What has it ever done for them?"

I heard her speech. It was a strange sight to see a woman speak there at all; but for that reason it was the more impressive. And I have never heard a more pathetic appeal. It stirred many men to tears.

Professor Billy's ruddy, manly, huge cheeks were damp when he arose. With a thunder of indignation he turned on the suave lawyer who had declared that any girl who wished to be educated could now go to some of the "female seminaries;" and he had the eloquence of a prophet.

"Here is the proof of your error, — your hindering and cruel error, your stifling and deadly mistake, — proof of the suffocating lie that the young women of the commonwealth have a fair chance." He read figures of the illiteracy of women in the counties where he had traveled. "Are we sunk so low that we deny the very beginnings of civilization to our women, — we, who boast of our chivalry? Consider these country girls of whom I have told you. Are they not comely? Are they not capable? Yet we leave every one of them to become the mother of ignorant children, who in turn will have ignorant children.

"I appeal to the state, to every man and woman in it, in their behalf; and, when every man and woman hears their appeal, the horrid lie that we have cherished can no longer prevail. Too poor to educate these young women? We are too poor to neglect them. Neglect of them has made us poor; and it is a measure and a badge of the poverty of our thought, of our sympathy, of human brotherhood, of our civilization."

The school was won.

A governor was to be elected in the fall, and the Farmers' party had gained courage. They threatened to make an alliance with the Republicans; and the dominant politicians became anxious. If the coalition should find good leaders, it would have a fair chance of success. Into the midst of this unusual political stir I awoke from my academic dream. It was really a social revolt against the Confederate Colonels and the Daughters, but it was never expressed in social terms. I became more and more interested, — at first as a spectator. But a man cannot long be a mere spectator in a general struggle.

The Democratic "ring" learned no wisdom. They made cut-and-dried nominations of the most objectionable sort. There were quick rumblings of dissent. The Farmers had waked up. But they were not willing to become Republicans. That meant something disreputable to them.

About that time there was a meeting of the Sunrise Club to congratulate Professor Billy on his election as the president of the new college for women that was to be built immediately. The half-dozen of us went to the rendezvous in a congratulatory mood. We had no other thought than to make a hero of Professor Billy that night, and to pledge him our help.

But the talk turned on the political situation, and one man's thought fired another's. By midnight we had written a call for an educational convention; and the people were asked to send delegates to consider what was the wisest course to pursue with reference to the building up of schools for the whole people.

The dissatisfied were waiting for a rallying cry, — any rallying cry. There was a surprising response, in spite of the ridicule that most of the newspapers heaped on the call. We were obliged to make a definite programme, — to make a "slate," in fact; and we made it. We were unwilling to "bolt" the Democratic party; but we were determined to make an educational protest. When the little convention assembled, it was a hard task to prevent the aroused and indignant countrymen from putting forth a long declaration of belligerent "principles." No doubt they were right, and we were cowardly. But they were at last satisfied with demanding some economic nonsense

for the farmers, and we were satisfied with demanding the election of a man as Superintendent of Public Instruction who favored free education for all the people.

Professor Billy was the man to nominate — clearly. He had been born for this very part. He could win. He could bring things to pass after he had won; he was the natural leader. But he was inflexible. He was now a servant of the state — the president of a state institution which he had called into existence after years of hard work. If he should give up this task, it would fail, even yet. The upshot was that, after a deal of talk, I was selected as the candidate to be presented to the convention; and the convention nominated me.

I felt dazed and uncertain. The educational platform of this protesting party, which was at once nicknamed the "Scrub," was a sound one. But the rest of the platform was nonsense. It was the countrymen's ignorant protest against the townsmen, expressed in economic fallacies. I contented myself with the part of the platform that concerned me; and, although I still had grave doubts of the wisdom of the movement, I accepted the nomination. The purpose — my purpose — was clear and right. The education of all the people and the establishment of an agricultural and mechanical school, — for these measures I was willing to stand in any company and to fight any battle. The plan to lend public money to farmers who should store their cotton as security, — that was a crazy notion; yet probably more men would vote for me because of this project than because of any interest in schools. In doing the rough work of a democracy we cannot choose our tools.

And there was no other tool than this rump party. The Republican leaders were wholly disreputable. They kept their organization for the sole purpose of trading (for profit) in Federal offices. A Republican leader would secure the appointment of a postmaster — for a part of the postmaster's salary. Delegates (most of them negroes) would go to national conventions to sell their votes. There was no hope of a party with such leaders or such followers. The party of the Colonels and the Daughters was better than that.

But the Republican state convention met the next week; and, after nominating Republicans for every other office, they endorsed me as the candidate for Superintendent of Public Instruction. I did not formally accept the nomination. I said simply that I was an independent candidate for an office that had nothing to do with national party doctrines; that I stood for a clear-cut plan of building up our own people, and that I should be glad to receive the votes of men of any party. But I was regarded as the candidate of the "Scrubs" and of the Republicans. This brought a certain social penalty. I had been cast out of good political society, and the Colonels and the Daughters were confirmed in their opinion that I was a "traitor to our people." My political conduct had justified my dismissal from the university. My brother said that I was right and brave, but foolish. I had thrown away all my chances in the future, academic or political. "You will do good, be beaten, and finally, I am afraid, will have to leave the state to find a career."

My youthful dream had been to "serve my country." But the chance had come to me not by my planning, but by the very kicks of fortune. I had been kicked by my enemies into the position in which I found myself. But, beside my friends of the Sunrise Club, especially Professor Billy and my brother, I had now found another counselor.

It is impossible to explain the complex life of the South at this time; and I know not what incidents to select to illustrate it. But at least this story inside my own story must be told.

Ten years before, in the turbulent times in Virginia, a man of many accomplishments, who had served as a Confederate soldier and come out of the war with

one leg, had bravely taken up his profession as a lawyer, which he had been about to enter upon when the war began. He had then just married a lady in Philadelphia, and both families were reasonably wealthy. The young wife lived through the suspense and the excitement of the war; but when peace came both she and her husband, though still young in years, were old. He decided that his duty was to take up his career where war had interrupted it, — not to change the plan of his life at all. They had two children, a boy of four and a girl who was born on the very day that General Lee surrendered to General Grant. This baby — they named her Lee — came with the coming of peace and of poverty.

Helped by his wife's kinspeople, this heroic man — for he had stern stuff in him — fitted up his home comfortably. (It had been turned into a hospital for a year.) He began life again bravely. The struggle of the next few years was just beginning to show hope of a modest living, when his wound began to give him trouble. Bad surgery made it worse; and within a year it resulted in his death.

His wife, now cared for by her kinspeople, went to Philadelphia; but so strange and strong is the comradeship of sorrow that she never felt at home there. In the course of time she inherited a small fortune and returned to Virginia; for she wished her children to be educated there, — this in loyalty to their father. Such a wearing loyalty — for life was as hard as it was sorrowfully sweet — made her gray; and after a few more years she died.

So far there had been tragedy enough. But the bitterest tragedy was just beginning. The boy was at college. There he must remain. The girl was put to school near by. These two came very close together in their orphaned sorrow. He fell under the influence of one of the few really thorough scholars in the South; and this man's influence turned him to an academic career. He must go to one of the German universities to complete his linguistic studies. His serious academic purpose was shared and caught by his sister, and she was sent to one of the best colleges for women "in the North."

Both came back to Virginia to decide where they should live. He was offered an appointment in the faculty of the university where I taught history; and I found him there, struggling between loyalty and freedom.

His sister had taught for a year in a school for girls in Philadelphia. "But why," she asked, "should I teach girls in Philadelphia? There are thousands of women who can do that as well as I. But in the South, where there is a pathetic need of teachers, none can do it so well as we who were born here."

In this mood she came to visit her brother. He felt suppressed, smothered, yet eager to clear the atmosphere; and they found such support in each other's companionship that she spent most of the year with him. Could they ever work to complete freedom of thought and speech and action in that atmosphere? Or must they go away? Which was their first duty, — their duty to themselves and their own growth, or their duty to "the South"?

Many a man and woman of their generation led that same life of exhausting self-examination and debate. Some went away, and were never quite happy, feeling that they had shirked a duty. Some remained, and lost their intellectual ambitions in the surrounding inertia. Some rebelled and sacrificed themselves. The majority compromised their ambitions with the homely good qualities of Southern life, and lived at peace with their neighbors. For to them that are of it there has always been a charm in Southern life, a charm that those who are not born to it probably never understand. It is "home." The call of duty to build up this home was the strongest impulse that could be felt by any Southern man or woman of that generation.

Thus it happened that I came to know Miss Lee Talcott. She was a part of the revolt in which I was now engaged; and she became my best counselor.

"With all my heart I congratulate you, us all, and the State," she had telegraphed me as soon as she heard of my nomination; and afterwards she had said: "Fight it out. Win? We are sure to win. Have you not said a thousand times that you believe that the people's instincts are right, that some day they will push their way upward? This is the day. They have needed leadership. They now have a leader. All that we have longed for is coming to pass."

X

A WOBBLING PLANET

Well, the contest promptly began. In a land that never tires of oratory, and where all men are orators, leadership must be won by public speaking. I spent four months making speeches. I went to every part of the State. Sometimes I made three speeches a day, six days a week. How I enjoyed it! You may say what you will, there are few sensations more pleasant than the sensation of delivering an earnest and apparently a convincing speech; nor is there any other instrument of persuasion so direct or so powerful. Those who think that the day of the orator is past know nothing of our democracy, and live far from the people.

My disappointment was great, during the early days of the summer, to discover that most of my audiences were negroes. I was regarded by them as the nominee of their party; and the Democratic leaders had sent out requests to discourage the whites from hearing me. "Let him train with radicals and niggers, — that 's where he belongs." I was waited upon by negro delegations and asked what I proposed to do "for the race."

Now I had no false sentiment about the negro. I am sure of that. It seemed to me that the "problem" was far less difficult than it had been represented. Here was a mass of ignorant folk. O God! if they had never been brought here! Their unwilling coming was the cause of all our woes. It was the one structural error made by the fathers when they laid the wide arches of our freedom. But our duty seemed to me plain. They are here. They must be trained to usefulness.

"You, too," I said to them, "must have agricultural and trade schools; and I will do my best to provide them for you. The public schools for your children must be made as good and as practical as possible. The public-school money must be spent fairly on your schools, spent in proportion to the children of school age, without regard to race."

This was no new doctrine. Many a Colonel had said the same thing to many an audience of negroes before. But there was this difference: the Colonels had not meant what they said; I meant it every word, and everybody knew that I meant it. The Democratic press and the Democratic speakers at once let loose a flood of personal abuse. "The nigger professor" they called me, "with a plan to educate the blacks and put them above the whites." Everywhere these formulas were repeated — "to put the blacks above the whites;" "to put the bottom rail on top;" "to subvert Anglo-Saxon civilization." One caricature represented me teaching history to a class of negro boys. It was labeled, "What our university would become." Another represented me as building a fence. As the bottom rail I had put down a white man, a one-armed Confederate veteran; and the top rail was a grinning negro.

Nevertheless, in spite of this ridicule and of bitter misrepresentations, the white country people did not forget that I stood for the education of their neglected sons and daughters. Some of them thought, too, that I would in some way bring about the building of public warehouses where they could receive cash for their cotton. Whatever their reasons were, they came in increasing numbers to hear my speeches. During the last month, my campaign was beginning to have effect. Frequent predictions were made that I should be elected; and the Democratic managers became alarmed.

One day there appeared this inquiry in one of the religious weekly papers, published at the capital, in the form of a letter from a distant town: —

"To the Editor of The Reflector:

"There is a rumor here that one of the nigger-loving candidates on the state ticket has put into practice already his social equality creed. Give us the facts."

The editor published the note under this headline: —

"to whom does this refer?"

The letter and the headline were copied the next day in the daily paper, and for three or four successive days. Then an editorial appeared saying that the inquiry ought to be followed further. That was all.

But by this time all the Democratic papers in the state had published paragraphs about it; and gossip had been very active. Almost every man in the state had learned the story which had been set going, by word of mouth, from the Democratic headquarters. It was this: —

Colonel Doak, the chairman of the Democratic committee, had said in his drawling way to his fellows, "Gentlemen, we 've got to look after this young Worth — Niggerlas Worth. Old Johnson whom we are runnin' against him is more 'n half fool an' he ain't holdin' up his en' o' the campaign. Reckon it 's about time we were fixin' Niggerlas."

"What can we do?" they asked.

"I have n't spent much thought on it," said the Colonel. "But I 'll throw out an idea and see if you catch it. His grandfather's old place, you know, is just out of town here a few miles. Now they tell me that there 's a mighty likely yaller woman there who has a still yallerer baby; and young Niggerlas has been known to spend the night there — the night there in the house with niggers, mind you. An' if you want to work up the public feelin' a little more, you can get a tassel to the story. The last night he stayed there, they tell me, he quarreled with the woman and beat her over the head so that her beauty is gone. My authority for this part of the story is Pompey, the barber. Pompey says this is what the niggers in Egypt say."

"Oh, Colonel!" protested one member of the committee, "I don't think we want to bring the campaign down to this level. Do spare us this."

"And get beat?" replied Colonel Doak. "What are we here for, to conduct a ladylike campaign, or to win?"

The committee discouraged it. But the Colonel became more and more alarmed; and mysterious letters of inquiry about the candidate who had the habit of spending nights in negro houses appeared more often in the newspapers. At last the Colonel gave the word. He had a long conference with Captain Locke, the editor of the principal paper. The story was to be written as hearsay. I was not to be directly accused; but I was to be called on to explain the rumor.

The editor and the Colonel worked on the story for a day or two; and at last they had it in proof sheets to their satisfaction. "It 'll put all the women against him," said the Colonel, "and no man can win in the state with that handicap."

I then knew nothing of all this. But a rumor of the campaign bomb that was about to be exploded spread through political circles. It reached Professor Billy. Instantly — for he acted while other men took time to think — he telegraphed Captain Locke to hold that story till he could see him; and he took the first train to the capital. He told the editor that he knew it to be a lie.

"We 'll merely print a rumor. He can defend himself, if he has a defense."

"But such a lie as this always sticks."

Professor Billy was not content with his interview with the editor. He drove to the Old Place and saw Uncle Ephraim. He told the old man the whole story.

"Dey lie 'bout Mars' Nick," he said. "Dat young Tom Warren what used to come here to shoot — he 's de daddy o' dat chile."

Professor Billy drove back to the city and just at night found Tom Warren.

"Warren," he said, "I 've an unpleasant story to tell you. The *News* in the morning will accuse Nick Worth of being the father of the child of a woman who lives at his grandfather's place. You, and you alone, can stop the story."

Tom paced the floor and said, "O God! Billy, Nick Worth always fought fair — did n't he?"

"Yes."

"Well, then, this is n't fair. Come with me."

They went to see Captain Locke.

"Captain," said Tom, "I am told that you will accuse Nick Worth of the paternity of a colored child."

"I shall not accuse him. I shall simply publish the rumor."

"The lie, you mean."

"He can defend himself. Besides, why make such a fuss about it? I 'll tell you, gentlemen," the captain went on after a moment's pause, "we 're too squeamish in this campaign. We deserve to get beaten. I care nothing about Worth's living with niggers or doing what he pleases. What 's that to me? But I 'm here to win this campaign; and what 's the nigger for but to make campaign use of? Why do you come to inquire about this?"

"Because it 's a lie."

"Prove it."

"I will prove it. I will stand up and swear that I am the father of that child, and clear Worth. Now if you wish to deal *me* this blow, I suppose I can't help it. That 's all I have to say."

Tom fought fair. As soon as I heard this story, I went to him and told him so. The story was never published.

When I next saw Professor Billy he had a new epigram. "A gentleman is a man who fights fair."

The election day came and I was elected. Nobody had any doubt of that. But riots at the polls were provoked in several negro counties; the count of the ballots was confused; they were thrown out; and some of the boxes were destroyed. My opponent took the office.

Some months afterwards when I met Colonel Doak, he was in a very good humor. "Worth," said he, "I 'm afraid our boys ran you pretty hard on that nigger business. Don't take it to heart. Now you 're beat, stay in the fold. Nobody cares a damn about the nigger — except for campaign purposes. But you can't ever buck against the Anglo-Saxon — see? That 'll down the Radicals every time. You 'd better come back to the party where you belong. This is the advice of an old campaigner."

"The nigger," said the Colonel on another occasion, — "I 'm sorry for him. The Democrat in the South uses him to hold on to his political power, and the Republican in the North uses him for the same purpose. He is used to fire the heart of the North and to fire the heart of the South; and he never gets paid for being a bogy."

When all the wrangle about the ballots had passed and the election that had been won had been snatched from us, I was at the home of my friend and of his sister, now my betrothed.

"What 's the use?" we asked one another. "We won it and we have nothing but the humiliation of having been cheated. The suffrage is a fraud as long as such a thing can happen." Armed revolution, if that were possible, seemed the only remedy for wrongs like these.

We decided, on that despondent evening — all three of us — to go away — to seek careers (it was not yet too late) in the West. There was no hope if the very ballot-boxes were stolen. We would at once set about making inquiries and plan quietly to go away. I was weary — wearier than I had ever been, weary for the first time with despair. A man can fight and be beaten and fight again with good courage, if he keep hope. But when all hope is gone, he cannot fight on. For my part, I had done my duty. I would now give it up.

Yet, at that very time, the cotton bolls

were white. Ill as men cultivated it, ill as they picked and packed and sent it to mill or market, its bolls were opening in the autumn sunlight, white with a harvest richer than any other land can yield. And the little river that turned our mills flowed on. These two forces of nature — the maturing of the cotton and the flow of the falling water — meant more than the changing game of politics and the crime of stealing ballot-boxes.

It soon came to me that my brother, after an outburst of indignation, thought little of the whole adventure of my political summer. That was a mere episode. It had come; it had passed; it had failed. The mill never failed — its activity was incessant. The demand for cotton cloth would never cease. Here was the difference between a babbling battle of effort and slander and the productive work of a man who had to do with a fundamental task of civilization.

It came to me, too, that Professor Billy had not had an interruption in the building of his college for women. He had planned the buildings; he had seen them rise; he had selected his faculty; he had made ready for the coming of the young women for whom he had worked and talked all these years; and there they were — hundreds of them, — glad, as he had said they would be, to be taught. He, too, had gone down deep — far beneath the babble of a campaign — and had laid the foundation of permanently useful work. These men were doing the real work of the commonwealth, and they felt no discouragement. I had, at best, been talking. I seemed to have done nothing.

It was the coming back to the soil, — the soil that would forever grow cotton, — and to the people, the women of the country, who would ever look upward for help and who would through endless generations become the mothers of children, — it was the coming back to these that restored a right view of the problem. But, so far, my efforts to serve my country still found my country without apparent wish for my service. The world, true as it swung on its axis, still wobbled under my feet.

XI

WITH AGAMEMNON BY THE SEA

But I was tired, and there was no reason why I should not rest. I needed to go away for a time. Old Uncle Ephraim sent me word that he was "mighty poo'ly." Aunt Martha had died this fall. I must go and see the old man, perhaps for the last time. I found him feeble, but still "game." He kept his spirits well. He talked of "ol' Marser." He reminded me that I was the head of the family and that I ought to marry. When I told him that I should soon do so, he said reverently, "May de good Lord save me to see de young missus!"

Nor did *he* seem to lay much stress on my defeat. He did not clearly understand how I had been cheated. He knew simply that I had not won. "Did n' Mars' Henry Clay git beat sometimes?" he asked. Such illustrious companionship in defeat ought to take the sting away. The trouble with me was, I reflected that night as I went to bed again in the old parlor, that I had n't a cotton mill, nor a school for women, nor an old man's wisdom; and I fell to sleep thinking of Professor Billy's definition of a gentleman. Tom Warren fought fair. But was he playing fair with his own child? When the old man should die, what would become of this "family"?

The next morning the thought came to me to go to the seashore at Valtona, and to take Uncle Ephraim with me on a vacation. Valtona was a quiet place of pine forest that sloped down to the sea, in an adjacent state. There was a hotel there and about it in the forest a number of huts called cottages. The well-to-do old ladies and gentlemen of these states went there for a peaceful period before they died.

The old man was willing to go. He had never seen the ocean. He had never been on so long a journey. The idea quite

took possession of me — to go off on a vacation with Uncle Ephraim. He asked many profound questions while he was getting ready. That afternoon we drove to the city and in another day we were at Valtona.

"How I gwine ter live dar?" Uncle Ephraim had asked.

"You are my servant, Uncle Ephraim."

"'Cose I is. Dat 's what I allers been, Mars' Nick, and de servant o' your pa afore you and o' *his* pa afore him. But dat ain't er answerin' my question. I means what sort o' place dey got fer ol' niggers lak me ter sleep?"

"Uncle Ephraim, I 'm going to tell you now. You are going to sleep in the room next to my room. A waiter is going to bring your meals to you, and I am going to wait on you myself. I am bringing you down here to rest. When you feel like it, you can go out and walk under the pines; or you and I will go and look at the ocean. We 'll have nothing to do. *You* 'll have nothing to do. They shall wait on you as they wait on any other old gentleman, and you shall have what you want, and do as you please."

"Now dat 'll be a fine come-off," said the old man, "a ol' broke-down nigger and his young marster a-waitin' on him. Mars' Nick, you 'se gittin' frolicsome, you is — thinking 'bout dat young missus, I be bound."

"But, don't you forget, you 've got to be my old servant — my venerable family servant."

"I ain't gwine to forgit nothin'," said the old man with a chuckle.

I engaged a cottage, one in a row. On the left and on the right were old men and old ladies, come to get the early winter air, still soft and full of the resin and of the sea. There were two rooms, — one for me, one for the old man; and I explained that my venerable family servant would perhaps not be able to go out the next day. His meals must be brought to him.

I made him stay in bed the next morning till I went to breakfast. But, when I came back, he was up. An officious negro boy presently brought his breakfast. The old man looked at him and said, "You ain't use' to waitin' on ol' niggers, is yer?" When the boy had gone, he said, "Dat 's a town nigger, all starch' up — no 'count."

I spread the table and put the breakfast on it and served him, much to his amusement. He regarded it as a great joke, but it gave him pleasure to humor me. "Mars' Nick, you sho' is frolicsome."

The old times — the old times — over and over again he told me of my grandfather — of his marriage, of his adventures, of good fortune and bad. Old Ephraim had never seen the problem of which he was a part. Again I saw how my own activity was only superficial.

But another pleasure awaited me at Valtona. Professor Murphy, my old teacher in Greek, now growing old, was there. I had not seen him since I had left college. He hardly knew that I had been engaged in a great campaign. He made a passing and jocular allusion to it one day; but we habitually talked of more serious things. Of course we came back to our Greek authors. He had a Homer with him. I found, to my great delight, that with a little practice I could read it.

I told Uncle Ephraim the story of the Iliad. I saw that parts of it were confused in his mind with stories that he had heard of the civil war. But most of it he regarded as an invention of my own. Professor Murphy had not seen the old man, till one day I walked with Uncle Ephraim to the professor's cottage. Both were old, gray, and venerable. Both had seen and suffered much. The professor was the more learned, of course, but Ephraim was the wiser. Both were gentle now — both gentlemen too. Finer manners no men ever had.

"Professor Murphy," said I, bowing low, "I introduce to you mighty Agamemnon."

"Yo' humble sarvant, sah," said Ephraim.

"I am glad to welcome your shade to these shades," gravely answered the professor. Ephraim bowed low, very low, as if he were performing a religious ceremony, and said nothing.

"Now, professor," said I, "I propose that you make a plan here in the sand with your cane of the windy plain of Troy, of the seacoast, and of the city; and Agamemnon will tell us whether we have a correct notion of that mighty struggle."

Well, we played there half the day — these two old men and I; and Uncle Ephraim remarked as we came away, "Mars' Nick, you sho' is frolicsome today. But what 's dat ar 'Memnon you tell de gem'man I was? You ought n't ter mislead a ol' man lak dat. You know I 'se allers been a Baptis'."

I think that nobody now complained that I was "practicing social equality." The campaign had passed. Besides, we were in another state. But I wondered whether a correspondent of Captain Locke's paper might not amuse himself or herself by writing a letter about me. And sure enough, this very thing happened. But the letter was a surprise and a joy. I was discovered after a turbulent and misdirected and fortunately unsuccessful campaign — so the letter ran — in this quiet place, in the company of my old teacher, the learned and venerable Professor Murphy; and Professor Murphy and I were spending our time reading the Greek authors! Then followed half a column of feminine eulogy of the scholarship of the Southern Gentleman. In his relaxation, he did not go to Saratoga or Newport and lead a frivolous life, but sought quiet, and communed with the eternal youths of the ancient world. Then came another half column in praise of my own scholarly habits. Not a word about Agamemnon or old Ephraim or our living in the same house.

I feared these Greeks, bringing gifts. But that was because I had for a moment forgotten the oratorical habit of mind — of either sex. It was only a pretty piece of newspaper oratory in praise of the Southern people and their scholarly habits!

This insincerity of the oratorical mind — I do not know whether it, too, be a product of slavery — this it is that makes me hopeless. The newspaper opposition to me during the campaign was not sincere. It was professional. Everybody knew that I had never thought for a moment of proposing or of practicing "the social equality of the races;" yet men (thousands of men) voted against me and thousands of women regarded me as a sort of social ogre, because these oratorical phrases about "social equality," "white supremacy," the "bottom rail on top" and the like, were repeated thousands of times. As soon as I was defeated, by fair means or foul, my "social equality" was no longer subversive of society, even though, perhaps, I was not quite forgiven. And now a casual remark, made no doubt by Professor Murphy, about our reading Homer, provoked an equally insincere eulogy of me for accomplishments that I did not have. A month ago I was a vile enemy of social order. Now I was a scholarly ornament of society!

And it became plainer and plainer to me that there was nothing real in the oratorical zone of Southern life. The real things were these pines and the sea, these two old men, my brother's work and the cotton fields, Professor Billy and his college for girls, — a college that was to be outside the oratorical zone of life.

Weeks passed. Uncle Ephraim was becoming stronger, and I was becoming wiser. One day a letter came that made me wiser still, and sadder too, — and yet glad. My cousin Margaret was soon to marry the young clergyman of eloquent prayers for the Daughters. He had lately been chosen as bishop coadjutor. Nothing could be more fit. He was of the level of the Daughters and the Daughters were his flock. I wrote them both a congratulatory letter, wondering whether good Dr. Denson saw far enough beyond the cases of individual suffering that he gave his life to relieving, to understand the soft

decline that awaited his family; for he was a very real man.

I was vain enough to say to my old philosopher, "Uncle Ephraim, I once came near marrying a young lady who was too soft."

" 'Fore God, Mars' Nick, 't ain't de bony ones you likes best, is it?"

And another letter came that was wholly sad. Why was so much news from home sent by letter that might have been told me? Was I drifting away from my own people, so that they preferred to write to me rather than to talk to me? This letter was from my sister, giving her final decision to go to China as a missionary.

Again the ancient trail of the Negro! But for slavery and its moral blight, lingering long after, she might have been happily married to a man who, whatever his shortcomings, was a gentleman, for he always fought fair. Now she was banished, by her conscience and her piety, from a woman's right life to a career that was to me infinitely sad because it was futile, and she had been brought to it by the theologically oratorical view of living. My protest had come too late; but I would at least go home.

Agamemnon and I left the good professor, who was not growing stronger. We left him to die, and we came back to the real world, — I to make my decision whither I should go, and old Ephraim to spend a little while longer above ground at the Old Place, now become very lonesome even to him.

XII

IN THE ORATORICAL ZONE

I spent one day in the city, and every one I met spoke about my scholarly diversion. You might have thought that I was a distinguished Hellenist in a community where scholarship gave one supreme distinction. The unreality of the whole incident saddened me, not only because of the oratorical absurdity of the praise, but also because not a man who spoke to me could read a word of Greek or cared a fig that he could n't. Yet for some strange reason the silly newspaper letter about me had become the talk of the whole town.

Though I had made up my mind to emigrate, I could not easily decide whither. It seemed to me necessary to escape this overwhelming unreality — the oratorical insincerity that met me at every turn. Yet I had no profession. I was not a teacher. I was not a public servant. I was fitted for — what? That was the real puzzle. Suppose I should go to some community where things were what they seemed, what should I do?

While I was pondering my own deficiencies as well as the deficiencies of the community, several surprising things happened. The whole Democratic state ticket had been declared elected; but a majority of the Legislature had been won by the "Scrubs" and the Republicans. In many counties the countrymen who wanted governmental cotton warehouses and better schools for their children had elected men of their own kind to the Legislature. We were to have a rump, "scrub" Legislature. What on earth would it do? It could not build cotton warehouses. But would it build schools? My brother laughed and said: "It does n't matter much. They can't do worse than the regulars have done."

I wrote to Professor Billy: "Now, are you willing to take your chances with this crew?" His answer was an unhesitating "Yes, I 'm satisfied and hopeful."

But the Legislature was a tame surprise in comparison with a letter that I read in the *News*, Captain Thorne's paper, over this long signature, "Let us be True to the South." This letter was provoked by the death of an important American consular officer in Greece, a Southern man. The writer went on to say that, of course, no Democrat could hope to receive the appointment to succeed the dead man; that a Southern man ought to have it; that our State had a most distinguished Greek scholar who would per-

haps be acceptable to the Republican administration at Washington, and so on and so on. My name was not called in the letter, but the writer used the same silly phrases that I had heard ever since I came home from Valtona. The next day the editor formally nominated me. In a few days came a letter from Professor Murphy, advising me to seek the appointment and saying that he had written to both United States senators from my state. One of them was then in Washington. The next surprise was a telegram from him saying that he had made an appointment with the President for me.

In a dazed mood I went to Washington. I discovered that within a week I had been recommended to the vacant place by the Republican leaders of the state and by both Democratic senators, the like of which had never happened before. I could not explain it. The senators' cordiality was as fluent as their abuse of me had been a few months before.

I was a novice in politics; and it was not till I had gone to bed after I had found out all these surprising things that a rational explanation of them occurred to me. I had myself been living in a rhetorical atmosphere. These political gentlemen, of course, wished me to leave my country for — their own good. This was a pleasant way to give me a political vacation. Yet this view of their sudden fondness for me seemed absurd, for I was not dangerous: I was going away of my own will. But they did not know that.

My perplexity increased until I got up from bed and wrote two telegrams — one to Miss Talcott and the other to Professor Billy. I asked their advice, and I requested immediate answers, for I should see the President at noon the next day.

The telegrams were no sooner gone than I wished that I had not sent them. To go to Greece — with her. Why should I spurn such a gift of the gods as this, even if it came from men who imagined that they were punishing me? Why should I care for their motives? Why should I not read Greek literature in fact, in days of happiness by the Ægean itself? And I was tired — infinitely and endlessly tired of the insincerity of the life about me. I could yet become a scholar; and, many as are the ways in which man has found joy in a world that is tolerable despite disappointments, in none has he found a keener joy than in living with the great Greeks. And to go with her!

I rang the bell for a boy. "Yes, sir," he said, "dem telegrams done gone long ago."

"No matter," I said as I fell asleep with a double dream of happiness, "I 'll go, whatever they say."

But I awoke in doubt. Go away of my own accord, I might. But was it not cowardly to be driven by one's enemies? Might I not save the state yet?

Lee's answer came first: — "Greece is a glorious dream. But more glorious is your duty at home. Refuse."

And Professor Billy: "I wrote you yesterday by no means go away now. Never do what the enemy wishes. Besides, we need you. A thousand times, No."

It was an odd brief interview that I had with the President; for, of course, the appointment had to be kept. The senator was disappointed and angry. He asked me, with an oath, what *he* could say to the President in such a predicament. It was plain that he thought that I had made a fool of him, and perhaps I had. I tried to explain to him that I had been obliged, since I had seen him the day before, to change my plans.

He told the President, in an awkward way, that I had received "important business information that very morning" which made my "presence at home imperative for the next year." He went on with his pompous lie: "Mr. Worth belongs, Mr. President, to one of our most important manufacturing families, a family of large interests." I recovered my breath, made a lame apology (the senator had already withdrawn what he called my application), and we came away. It was very awkward. I felt guilty of a sort of discourtesy. For a moment, I wished

again to change my mind. But the senator's glib lie (to which he never alluded afterwards) came into my mind, and I felt that I had done wisely by not doing what he wished, no matter what that might be. With another apology I left him, to continue to be, as Colonel Doak afterwards expressed it, "an ungrateful fool in spite of forgiving friends."

Gradually my vision became clearer. If I had accepted a consular appointment, I should have been regarded as having committed myself to the local Republican machine; and that I was not willing to do.

All the while I was obliged to observe the successful career of my brother. He did not bother himself about politics or learning. For the river ever ran, and every year the cotton ripened and was gathered for his spindles and looms. The river and the white fields made a world as real as my world of futile effort had been artificial. But that was his career, not mine; that was his happy temperament, not mine. The more unfortunate all this was for me. But I was sometimes cheered and sometimes amused by the real deference that he paid me, as if he would say by his manner, "You can fight and win a great battle for us all. I only spin and weave and make money to be spent for higher things." And all the while he (and perhaps he only) was safely anchored to definite usefulness. For Cotton was king, and was every year taking a more surely royal place in the world. And the South had a practical monopoly of it.

XIII

IN IGNORANCE OF OURSELVES

My own pitiful indecision — was it the result of a misdirected education, of heredity, of temperament, or of the times? — for men, when they cannot curse other things, have always cursed the times they lived in. Was it, in fact, not a part of the Southern miseducation? Had I not been guilty myself of acting a sort of "oratorical" part? A teacher, twice dismissed; a political rider — for a fall; an undecided "applicant" for an office which I would not have; and now what? But for the cotton and the river and my brother, how should I even have had a modest living?

But there *was* a great task for somebody to do. I knew that, clouded as my vision was. I had had glimpses of it everywhere, — in my early school experience, in my short college experience, in my "bishop's" work, — surely I was clear-sighted then, — and again in my political effort. But it was hard to formulate, — this high duty, — in terms of my own activity, when there was nothing to do.

Light came in the end. After I was married (for why should I miss or postpone this happiness, which was certain? and we were married and went to live in the little university village) — after I was married, that very winter, I took up the task of writing a short history of the state; and I at once began to make almost startling discoveries.

First, I found out that I knew nothing about the history of the state. Secondly, I found out that nobody else knew more than I did. Traditions had long been accepted as facts. The condition of society "before the war" was thought, even by men whose lives ran back into that period, to be very different from what it really was. A few phrases about "cavaliers" and "great planters" had made a picture in the popular mind that, so far as this state was concerned, was wholly untrue. The prevalent notion of the civil war, fostered by the Daughters, was erroneous. The real character even of General Lee was misrepresented. His name was worshiped; but his opinions were misunderstood and had been curiously distorted.

What I discovered was that the people did not know their own history; that they had accepted certain oft-repeated expressions about it as facts; and that the practical denial of free discussion of certain subjects had deadened research and even curiosity to know the truth. Yet the

story of the state and of the people was as interesting as the story of the people in any other part of the Union.

Then it was that I saw clearly. I was sure that, if I could write this story forcibly and well, they would read it. I should again bring the people to themselves; for slavery, by forbidding free inquiry and free discussion on certain subjects, had deadened intellectual inquiry into all great subjects. All the other harm that slavery had done was as nothing compared with this intellectual harm. The loss of men, the loss of property, the stagnation of industry — all these could and would be repaired or replaced by time. But a free intellectual life, and only this, could bring us into our real heritage and break down the bars that still separated us from our kinspeople in the Northern States. The oratorical habit of mind, the false basis of opinion, the traditions that had taken the place of facts — in a word dead men's hands — must be put aside if we would once look straight even into the simple story of our state life. I went about this task with a joy that I praise Heaven for.

Meantime many interesting things were happening in the little circle of acquaintances that the reader has made in this narrative.

Old Ephraim had died and he was buried in the garden by his old master. The Old Place was much on my mind. The land was poor. Generations of unscientific culture had left it almost a waste. The house was gone to decay. Strange Negroes lived in the cabins, and in the neighborhood there were few white people. My brother and I bought the groves, the fields, and the forests near by, as well as the old homestead. We had the "old" house torn down, and the "new" house, which also was dilapidated, rebuilt; my grandmother's garden was put in order, the graves were cared for, the grove of oaks cleaned up, the cabins removed. The old cotton-press, which had been built after a model familiar to the Pharaohs, we allowed to stand. We would save ourselves the reproach of permitting the family homestead to go to decay. The estate could hardly become more than a shooting place for quail; but we could at least think of it without reproach.

The only member of Uncle Ephraim's family left — for "Doc" was never heard of again — was Jane, the very light mulatto whom Aunt Martha had in a way adopted. She was a daughter of an acquaintance of Aunt Martha's, who had lived on a plantation adjacent to the Old Place, and she came to Aunt Martha and "took up" in the first wandering days of freedom. Jane went to the city — to "Egypt" as the negro portion of the town was called. There her little daughter could attend school, she said.

Professor Billy's college for women, in one hastily constructed, hideous brick building, opened its doors to a still larger attendance. Never was there a less attractive place to train young women, as it appeared in the newly broken, almost treeless ground outside the village of Centralia. It had been built there for two reasons — the town had given the site and a few thousand dollars, and it was near the centre of the state. There were five members of the faculty. In their enthusiasm for their work — they were fired with an apostolic zeal — the repulsive barren newness of the house, of the rooms, of the flimsy furniture, was forgotten.

Two hundred young women appeared. There was no possible way to keep more than one hundred of them. But there was no difference between "possible" and "impossible" in Professor Billy's mind. The little bedrooms had been meant each to accommodate two girls. Professor Billy at once bought fifty more beds and put four girls in every room. Still another hundred applied during the next few weeks. They were sent home; but their applications were used to advantage. The Scrub Legislature soon assembled. It turned out that almost every country member of it had sent his daugh-

ter or his niece or his granddaughter to Professor Billy's college. An appropriation, therefore, was easily passed to put up another building and to increase the faculty.

The Scrub Legislature did more than that. It demanded better public schools and changed the tax laws so as to double the sum that had been spent on public education. The people were rising. We had won a great victory toward their awakening. The beginning had come.

Professor Billy wished me to take a place on his faculty, — "any place you please." I was more eager than he. The pathetic earnestness of these ill-prepared young women — thousands of them would soon come — presented the most interesting aspect of the problem of building up the neglected people of this rural state. But twice I had run foul of the Mighty Dead, and it seemed wise at least to wait.

Moreover, the conviction was already clear that perfect freedom of opinion and of speech could not yet be used by any man who held a public post. Since I was fortunate enough to have a modest income from the mill, was it not my duty to use this financial independence to maintain my intellectual independence, — in a word, to carry out my plan of writing the history of the state, and to tell the whole truth without fear? It so seemed to me. Thus we worked the winter through in the quiet life of the little university village, — the very scene of my dismissal. I had lost no friends at the university itself. In fact, I had the gratification to know that both the faculty and the students wished very much that I were again at work with them.

(*To be continued.*)

THREE AMERICAN POETS OF TO-DAY

BY MAY SINCLAIR

WHERE are the spiritual descendants of Walt Whitman? A younger poet, Edwin Arlington Robinson, tells us that

> We do not read him very much to-day,
> His piercing and eternal cadence rings
> Too pure for us — too powerfully pure,
> Too lovingly triumphant and too large:
> But there are some that hear him, and they know
> That he shall sing to-morrow for all men,
> And that all time shall listen.

And yet that to-morrow seems to be farther off than ever. The generation has passed that proclaimed Whitman the forerunner of a new poetic age, the age of democracy, of individuality, and individuality's charming freedom from restraints, the age of "ME imperturb." To escape tradition; to clear the mind of cant, the cant of iambics; to cast off the tinkling golden fetters of rhyme; to cast off clothing and wallow naked and unashamed in the open sunshine, as did Whitman in the primeval woods he loved; to escape modernity; to find a soul of beauty in things hideous; to put aside the hampering obligation to select which is laid upon artists for their sins; and to welcome with open arms everything that exists, simply because it exists, extracting from the baldest prose the divine essence of poetry, — this was the way broken open by the Master. What Whitman hath cleansed, that call thou not common.

If ever a man had a message to the youth of his country that man was Whitman. If America was ever to bring forth American poets, of that temper they were

to be. First of all, they were to create a new form for the new spirit; new rhythms and no rhymes.

But to substitute harmony for melody, to find the cadence which should be the cadence of his own soul, and of none other, was a task of infinite difficulty, even for Whitman with his colossal spirit, — a spirit like his own continent, uncircumscribed, multitudinous, immense. Over and over again he falls from grace and slides with a sweet facility into the abhorred iambic. Some people have maintained that it is only through these lapses into the ancient consecrated ways that Whitman's verse attains poetic dignity. His own cry was: "No more rhymes, no more old rhythms."

Think what such a gospel must have meant to the young aspirant who heard it for the first time! The blessed relief of it! Never again in your life to have to think of a rhyme to God. And yet to be a poet, a great poet. And never to have to bother about your subject, but to plunge your arms elbow deep into the bran-pie of the universe, and whatever you drew you drew a prize, for you could make a poem out of it. For the poetry was there, staring you quite rudely in the face till you recognized it, here, there, everywhere. There was no top or bottom to that subject; whichever end it chose to sit on, it was always right side up. Never in the history of literature was such a rich prospect offered to the tyro on such easy terms. No renunciation required of him, unless it were to abandon his absurd affectation of idealism. What in Heaven's name had the ideal done for him that he should trouble his head about it? Let him open his eyes and he would find the Real waiting for him, — a young person with no nonsense about her, absolutely devoid of flirtatious intention, and unspoiled by the demoralizing adoration of the other poets. A trifle plain, perhaps, but dowered with the wealth of a thousand multi-millionaires, a spouse fruitful in possibilities diviner than herself. And all this as yet unwedded opulence his for the asking. The connection insured to him a unique position in the universe.

How is it then that Walt Whitman has no following among the young poets of America to-day? — that with one accord they have flung up their gorgeous prospects and gone back to the old allegiance and the old fetters? The young American poets of to-day are, as far as form goes, anything but revolutionary; they are the born aristocrats of literature, careful of form, and fastidious to a fault in their choice of language. So far from being "Sansculottes," they are most particular about the arrangement of their draperies, many of them preferring the classic mode to any other. They refuse to be hail fellow well met with every subject, and are aware of the imperishable value of selection.

Three young poets stand out among them: William Vaughn Moody, Edwin Arlington Robinson, and Ridgely Torrence. They are all three rich in imagination, but Mr. Moody is distinguished by his mastery of technique; Mr. Robinson by his psychological vision, his powerful human quality; Mr. Torrence by his immense, if as yet somewhat indefinite, promise. The three are so different in kind that it would have been hard to find any standard of comparison but for this happy idea of Walt Whitman. They are alike in their difference from him, in their care for the things he scorned, their scorn of his indiscriminate ransacking of creation. They find that, after all, existence needs a deal of editing. For existence is not life, any more than fact is truth. "Beauty is truth, truth beauty," — that is all they ever knew or that they care to know. They are one, too, in their detachment, — an attitude remarkable in poets like Mr. Moody and Mr. Torrence, so plastic to the lyric impulse. They have avoided personal pathos, and in all their works you will not find the slightest suggestion of the imperturb and indestructible ME. How different from Walt Whitman! Walt Whitman made himself a vessel for the living joy of the universe,

and you felt that the vessel was the really solid and important item; that the universe was less than the colossal spirit that contained it. These three are the pure and unapparent mediums of the soul of things. They may depend on this impersonality of theirs to lift them out of the ranks of those sublime egoists, the minor poets.

Of the three Mr. Moody has accomplished most; he has published one volume of Poems, and two lyrical dramas. It is an interesting question how far such a poet is a national product. The poet is born not made, but he is not always spiritually born in his own country. Mr. Moody has written one great national poem, the "Ode in Time of Hesitation;" it reveals him as the austere lover of his country, passionately critical of her behavior and her mood. For the rest he is an exile in New York, hungering for the beautiful and spiritual lands. He seems the hero of his own "Jetsam," —

> "beauty's votarist,
> Long recreant, often foiled and led astray,
> But resolute at last to seek her there
> Where most she does abide."

His poems are

> "That flower of mystical yearning song:
> Sad as a hermit thrush, as a lark
> Uplifted, glad and strong."

He has gone on his own "Golden Journey" —

> Through the pale scattered asphodels,
> Down mote-hung dusk of olive dells,
> To where the ancient basins throw
> Fleet threads of blue and trembling zones
> Of gold upon the temple stones.
> There noon keeps just a twilight trace;
> 'Twixt love and hate and death and birth,
> No man may choose; nor sobs nor mirth
> May enter in that haunted place,
> All day the fountain sphynx lets drip
> Slow drops of silence from her lip.

His ballad "The Ride Back" is of the Old World in color and in form; it has the gorgeous glamour of mediæval legend:—

> When he rode past the pallid lake,
> The withered yellow stems of flags
> Stood breast-high for his horse to break;
> Lewd as the palsied lips of hags,
> The petals in the moon did shake.
>
> When he came by the mountain wall,
> The snow upon the heights looked down
> And said, "The sight is pitiful.
> The nostrils of his steed are brown
> With frozen blood; and he will fall."

The Knight comes out "in a better place:"

> Right on the panting charger swung
> Through the bright depths of quiet grass;
> The knight's lips moved as if they sung,
> And through the peace there came to pass
> The flattery of lute and tongue.
>
> From the mid-flowering of the mead
> There swelled a sob of minstrelsy,
> Faint sackbuts and the dreamy reed,
> And plaintive lips of maids thereby,
> And songs blown out like thistle seed.
>
> Forth from her maidens came the bride,
> And as his loosened rein fell slack
> He muttered, "In their throats they lied
> Who said that I should ne'er win back
> To kiss her lips before I died."

Mr. Moody has the cosmic imagination, the spiritual vision to which all solid-seeming things become transparent and transitory. The poem "Gloucester Moors" is typical of this attitude. He stays but a moment to mark the flight of sea-gull and scarlet tanager, and the fishing boats coming back to Gloucester town. He is held by the spectacle of the round world sailing through space.

> This earth is not the steadfast place
> We landsmen build upon;
> From deep to deep she varies pace,
> And while she comes is gone.
> Beneath my feet I feel
> Her smooth bulk heave and dip;
> With velvet plunge and soft upreel
> She swings and steadies to her keel
> Like a gallant, gallant ship.
>
> These summer clouds she sets for sail,
> The sun is her masthead light,
> She tows the moon like a pinnace frail
> Where her phosphor wake churns bright.
> Now hid, now looming clear,
> On the face of the dangerous blue
> The star fleets tack and wheel and veer,
> But on, but on does the old earth steer
> As if her port she knew.

No poet has ever united so sustained

a vision of vague immensities with so vivid and poignant a sense of concrete things. Take the same poem, where he dashes off a broad landscape in nine lines, and in nine lines paints a minute and delicate foreground: —

A mile behind is Gloucester town
Where the fishing fleets put in,
A mile ahead the land dips down
And the woods and farms begin.
Here, where the moors stretch free
In the high blue afternoon,
Are the marching sun and talking sea,
And the racing winds that wheel and flee
On the flying heels of June.

Jill-o'er-the-ground is purple blue,
Blue is the quaker-maid,
The wild geranium holds its dew
Long in the boulder's shade.
Wax-red hangs the cup
From the huckleberry boughs,
In barberry bells the gray moths sup,
Or where the choke-cherry lifts high up
Sweet bowls for their carouse.

His quality is opulence, a certain gorgeousness that is never barbaric, owing to his power of classic restraint. His sweetness is crystal, never luscious or impure. He has "ransacked the ages, spoiled the climes" for imagery and vocabulary, — a vocabulary not always quite so pure. He should have shunned such strange words as "bataillous," "vesperine," "energic," "margent," "blooth," and "windelstrae." His faults are the faults of youth, as his strength is the strength of manhood. There is a passage in the long blank-verse poem "Jetsam" which lifts it to a place beside "Alastor" and the "Lines on Tintern Abbey." (The poet sees the Moon as the symbol of Divine Beauty):

O, who will shield me from her? Who will place
A veil between me and the fierce in-throng
Of her inexorable benedicite?
See, I have loved her well and been with her!
Through tragic twilights when the stricken sea
Groveled with fear; or when she made her throne
In imminent cities built of gorgeous winds
And paved with lightnings; or when the sobering stars
Would lead her home 'mid wealth of plundered May
Along the violet slopes of evensong.
Of all the sights that starred the dreamy year,
For me one sight stood peerless and apart:
Bright rivers tacit; low hills prone and dumb;
Forests that hushed their tiniest voice to hear;
Skies for the unutterable advent robed
In purple like the opening iris buds;
And by some lone expectant pool, one tree
Whose gray boughs shivered with excess of awe, —
As with preluding gush of amber light,
And herald trumpets softly lifted through,
Across the palpitant horizon marge
Crocus-filleted came the singing moon.
Out of her changing lights I wove my youth
A place to dwell in, sweet and spiritual,
And all the bitter years of my exile
My heart has called afar off unto her.
Lo, after many days love finds its own!
The futile adorations, the waste tears,
The hymns that fluttered low in the false dawn,
She has uptreasured as a lover's gifts;
They are the mystic garment that she wears
Against the bridal, and the crocus flowers
She twined her brow with at the going forth;
They are the burden of the song she made
In coming through the quiet fields of space,
And breathe between her passion-parted lips
Calling me out along the flowering road
Which summers through the dimness of the sea.

In one sense Mr. Moody's genius is not dramatic, not impersonal; he sees all things, all persons, suffused with his own imagination, as in that powerful dramatic poem "The Troubling of the Waters." In this the imagination is superb, the psychology audacious and on the whole overstrained. And yet we get the sharp vibrating human note in this poem and in one other, "The Daguerreotype," in which imagination and emotion are fused. In all the others we listen waiting for the *cri du cœur*, which is drowned by the music of an over-full orchestra.

But the highest place must be given to his lyrical dramas, *The Fire-Bringer* and *The Masque of Judgment*, two of a trilogy of which the last member has not yet appeared. *The Fire-Bringer* is the more classic in form and spirit, the *Masque of Judgment* is neo-classic, with a modern exuberance, a tumultuous splendor of things pagan and spiritual. In both dramas Mr. Moody riots in old religions

and in magnificent new metaphysics of his own. He deals with ideas as the Titans dealt with Ossa and Pelion. He begins, in *The Fire-Bringer*, with the destruction by Zeus of the men of the brazen age, and the repeopling of the world by Deucalion and Pyrrha. It is a world where good and evil, as such, do not exist, where men and women are non-moral, a world that triumphs in the coming of the younger gods, the Trinity — Dionysus, Eros, Apollo (Mr. Moody follows the trend of the idea, rather than of strict tradition). He ends, in *The Masque of Judgment*, with the defeat of human passion and will by the implacable divinity of pure spirit. But the Last Judgment is the Second Passion of God. It is the tragedy of pure spirit that, in destroying evil, it has destroyed good with it. The defeat of "unredeemed" humanity leads on the triumph of the Worm, the

> darkest creature of God's shaping thought,
> Shamefullest born, in that unsacred hour
> When, pining for the pools of ancient sloth,
> His soul repenteth Him that he had made
> Man, and had put that passion out to use!

It would be impossible within the limits of a single article to give an adequate idea of the great qualities of Mr. Moody's verse. It is at its greatest in these lyrical dramas. He has found, like Mr. Swinburne, his masters in the Greek tragedians. The comparison is obvious, but no poet since Shelley has united such masterly metrical plasticity, such exuberance of sensuous imagery with so vast a sweep of metaphysical imagination. *The Fire-Bringer* naturally suggests comparison with *Prometheus Unbound;* but, where Shelley's imagination soars forever in the colorless and radiant air, Mr. Moody's has a profound fellowship with flesh and blood. His style is stately, a pageantry of phrases, embroidery upon purple. Shelley himself had not a more unerring sense of the grand air imparted to blank verse by well-placed and sonorous geographical names (a secret that Shelley learnt from Milton, and Milton from Euripides). We get such lines as

> "Past the walls
> Rhipean, and the Arimaspian caves,
> I sought the far hyperborean day" —
>
> "By Indian Nysa and the Edonian fount
> Of Hæmus long I lurked" —
>
> "Wends to the sacred old Uranian field."

But it is in his Choruses that Mr. Moody has achieved his highest triumph. His apparent audacities of rhythm presuppose an intimate acquaintance with the spirit and the structure of Greek verse. Take the Chorus of Young Women from the last Act of *The Fire-Bringer:* —

> Ere our mothers gave us birth,
> Or in the morning of the earth
> The high gods walked with the daughters and found them fair,
> Ere ever the hills were piled or the seas were spread,
> His arm was over our necks, my sisters, his breath was under our hair!
> Their spirits withered and died who then
> Found not the thing that his whisper said,
> But we are the living, the chosen of life, who found it and found it again.
> Where, walking secret in the flame,
> Unbearably the Titan came,
> Eros, Eros, yet we knew thee,
> Yet we saw and cried unto thee!
> Where thy face amid exceeding day more excellently shone,
> There our still hearts laughed upon thee, thou divine despaired-of one!
> Though o'er and o'er our eyes and ears the heavy hair was wound,
> Yet we saw thee, yet we heard thy pinions beat!
> Though our fore-arms hid our faces and our brows were on the ground,
> Yet, O Eros, we declare
> That with flutes and timbrels meet,
> Whirling garments, drunken feet,
> With tears and throes our souls arose and danced before thee there!

It is clear that Mr. Moody's most honored master is Euripides. He has the Euripidean color and mobility, the Euripidean sweetness, the Euripidean pathos. He has also some of the defects of his master's qualities, — the Euripidean reiteration, effective enough till it becomes a trick, the Euripidean weakness born of

too great facility, the Euripidean over-emphasis: —

"But oh how sweetest and how most burning it is
To drink of the wine of thy lightsome chalices."

It is a pity that there should be any fault in the last Chorus which ends this magnificent drama, and a thousand pities that Mr. Moody should have permitted himself the lapse of such lines as these: —

"She stands
With startled eyes and outstretched hands,
Looking where other suns rise over other lands,
And rends the lonely skies with her prophetic scream."

Here the strength which should have marked the close of so great a drama is striven for by the mechanical device of an increase of two beats in each successive line, culminating in an Alexandrine. At the best an Alexandrine is a dangerous thing; it has dragged many a noble ode to perdition.

But these are details. Mr. Moody is not only a poet but a philosopher; and his philosophy, so far from hanging a weight on his imagination, has given it wings. We can only vaguely guess what form the third drama in his trilogy will take. The puzzle is: given two numbers of a trilogy, to find the third. Possibly there is a hint in two poems, "Good Friday Night," and "Second Coming," — a hint that the Christ has

"yet more to say that men
Have heard not and must hear;"

and the dramas of birth and of destruction may be followed by the drama of regeneration.

In all this where does the American come in? Mr. Moody suggests, inevitably, comparison with the poets of the Old World rather than with the kindred of his blood. And yet, perhaps, no country but his own could have produced him. America is the continent of unredeemed material immensities. And Mr. Moody is the poet of reaction and revolt; of reaction against the tendencies of his time, of revolt against the dominion of material immensities.

But he is not only the poet of reaction and revolt; he is the poet of reconciliation and reconstruction. He looks for the day when nature and spirit, divided now and in torment through their separation, shall be one. "How long," he asks, —

How long, old builder Time, wilt bide
Till at thy thrilling word
Life's crimson pride shall have to bride
The spirit's white accord,
Within that gate of good estate
Which thou must build us soon or late,
Hoar workman of the Lord.

For this most spiritual of poets the veil of separation is rent asunder. He knows that spirit does not maintain its purity by mere divorce from Nature; but that Nature herself participates in that divine act of transubstantiation by which the wine and bread of earth are made wine and bread of heaven. It is the same divine thing which is housed in the flesh and shrined in the spirit of man, and the process of the world is the process of its unfolding. This poet's message to his country is that she should set about the rebuilding and cleansing of the earthly temple. He sees her sometimes as the nation where brute force is omnipotent; but he believes in brute force tamed and "chained to labor." It is "the Brute" that "must bring the good time on:" —

"He must make the temples clean for the gods to come again."

Mr. Robinson is a poet of another world and another spirit. His poems fall into three groups: lyrics, — including ballads and old ballade forms, — character sketches, and psychological dramas, poems dramatic in everything except form. It is, in fact, difficult to name these dramas that cannot be played, these songs that cannot possibly be sung. But the point of view is dramatic, the emotion lyric. In his songs (since songs they must be called) he has reduced simplicity to its last expression. Take this one, "The House on the Hill:" —

They are all gone away,
The house is shut and still,
There is nothing more to say.

Through broken walls and gray
The winds blow bleak and shrill:
They are all gone away.

Nor is there one to-day
To speak them good or ill:
There is nothing more to say.

Why is it then we stray
Around that sunken sill?
They are all gone away,

And our poor fancy-play
For them is wasted skill:
There is nothing more to say.

There is ruin and decay
In the House on the Hill:
They are all gone away,
There is nothing more to say.

Or "Cortège:" —

Four o'clock this afternoon,
Fifteen hundred miles away:
So it goes, the crazy tune,
So it pounds and hums all day.

Four o'clock this afternoon,
Earth will hide them far away:
Best they go to go so soon,
Best for them the grave to-day.

Had she gone but half so soon,
Half the world had passed away,
Four o'clock this afternoon,
Best for them they go to-day.

Four o'clock this afternoon
Love will hide them deep, they say;
Love that made the grave so soon,
Fifteen hundred miles away.

Four o'clock this afternoon —
Ah, but they go slow to-day:
Slow to suit my crazy tune,
Past the need of all we say.

Best it came to come so soon,
Best for them they go to-day:
Four o'clock this afternoon,
Fifteen hundred miles away.

He has given us characters drawn to the life in the fourteen lines of a sonnet: —

Withal a meagre man was Aaron Stark, —
Cursed and unkempt, shrewd, shrivelled, and morose.
A miser was he, with a miser's nose,
And eyes like little dollars in the dark.
His thin, pinched mouth was nothing but a mark,
And when he spoke there came like sullen blows
Through scattered fangs a few snarled words and close,
As if a cur were chary of its bark.

Glad for the murmur of his hard renown,
Year after year he shambled through the town, —
A loveless exile moving with a staff;
And oftentimes there crept into his ears
A sound of alien pity, touched with tears, —
And then (and only then) did Aaron laugh.

He tells a story in four stanzas: —

Whenever Richard Cory went down town,
We people on the pavement looked at him:
He was a gentleman from sole to crown,
Clean favored, and imperially slim.

And he was always quietly arrayed,
And he was always human when he talked;
But still he fluttered pulses when he said,
"Good-morning," and he glittered when he walked.

And he was rich, — yes, richer than a king, —
And admirably schooled in every grace:
In fine, we thought that he was everything
To make us wish that we were in his place.

So on we worked and waited for the light,
And went without the meat, and cursed the bread;
And Richard Cory, one calm summer night,
Went home and put a bullet through his head.

In some of his shorter poems ("Sainte-Nitouche," and "As a World would have It") he has pressed allusiveness and simplicity to the verge of vagueness. In his longer psychological dramas — for they are dramas in all save form — he is a little too analytically diffuse. In all he has rendered human thought and human emotion with a force and delicacy which proves him a master of this form. For imaginative insight, subtlety, and emotional volume, "The Night Before" may stand beside Browning's "A Soul's Tragedy" and Meredith's "Modern Love;"

and "The Book of Annandale" will stand alone, though in a lower place, in its burning analysis of the conflict between scruple and desire. Quotation would give no idea of the spirit of this poem. It is woven all of one piece, and its strength lies in its profound human quality rather than in the force of single passages. Mr. Robinson has few purple patches; he works solidly and sombrely, often in gray on gray.

He has the great gift of spiritual imagination, and an unerring skill in disentangling the slender threads of thought and motive and emotion. All these qualities are conspicuous in the long blank-verse poem "Captain Craig," which gives its title to Mr. Robinson's first volume, published in 1903. At a first glance there is little charm about this severely undecorated poem, written in unmusical and often monotonous blank verse, shot with darts of intellectual brilliance, but unrelieved by any sensuous coloring. The charm grows in the reading. "Captain Craig" is a philosophy of life, taught through the humorous lips of a social derelict, a beggared Socrates, disreputable as the world counts reputation. It is a drama of the Unapparent, revealing the divine soul hidden in the starved body of that "sequestered parasite;" a soul that had the courage to be itself, abiding in its dream, facing the world as a superb failure: —

> He had lived his life,
> And he had shared with all of humankind
> Inveterate leave to fashion of himself,
> By some resplendent metamorphosis,
> Whatever he was not.

He finds, at last, his audience: —

> The Captain had one chair;
> And on the bottom of it, like a king,
> For longer time than I dare chronicle,
> Sat with an ancient ease and eulogized
> His opportunity. My friends got out,
> Like brokers out of Arcady; but I —
> Maybe for fascination of the thing,
> Or maybe for the larger humor of it —
> Stayed listening, unwearied and unstung.

The Captain's religion is a protest against the sin of "accidia." He, ragged, old, and starved, challenges his friends to have courage and to rejoice in the sun: —

> "There is no servitude so fraudulent
> As of a sun-shut mind."

He tells a story of a man he once knew; his fellow in failure, who dreamed that he was Æschylus, reborn

> To clutch, combine, compensate, and adjust
> The plunging and unfathomable chorus
> Wherein we catch, like a bacchanale through thunder,
> The chanting of the new Eumenides,
> Implacable, renascent, farcical,
> Triumphant, and American. He did it,
> But he did it in a dream. When he awoke
> One phrase of it remained; one verse of it
> Went singing through the remnant of his life
> Like a bag-pipe through a mad-house. — He died young,
> And the more I ponder the small history
> That I have gleaned of him by scattered roads,
> The more do I rejoice that he died young.
> That measure would have chased him all his days,
> Defeated him, deposed him, wasted him,
> And shrewdly ruined him — though in that ruin
> There would have lived, as always it has lived,
> In ruin as in failure, the supreme
> Fulfilment unexpressed, the rhythm of God
> That beats unheard through songs of shattered men
> Who dream but cannot sound it. — He declined,
> From all that I have ever learned of him,
> With absolute good-humor. No complaint,
> No groaning at the burden which is light,
> No brain-waste of impatience — "Never mind,"
> He whispered, "for I might have written Odes."

This poem is now a challenge to the fight of faith in the unseen, now a sequence of austere moralizings, now a blaze of epigrams, and again it drops into the plainest prose. Here and there are concrete touches that paint the man: —

> I stood before him and held out my hand,
> He took it, pressed it; and I felt again
> The sick soft closing on it. He would not
> Let go, but lay there, looking up to me
> With eyes that had a sheen of water on them
> And a faint wet spark within them. So he clung,
> Tenaciously, with fingers icy warm,
> And eyes too full to keep the sheen unbroken.
> I looked at him. The fingers closed hard once,
> And then fell down. — I should have left him then.

Captain Craig is portrayed in all the shining paraphernalia of the inner life. His sustained flight of philosophy is broken by scraps of literary reminiscence, scriptural and classic, fragments, as it were, of gold or marble, showing in what quarries his brilliant youth once dug. There is an immense pathos in the closing scene. The Captain, having made so good a fight, desired to be buried with military honors, and requested that trombones should be played at his funeral, as a tribute to the triumph and majesty of the inner life. The day comes,—

A windy, dreary day with a cold white shine
That only gummed the tumbled frozen ruts
We tramped upon. The road was hard and long,
But we had what we knew to comfort us,
And we had the large humor of the thing
To make it advantageous; for men stopped
And eyed us on that road from time to time,
And on that road the children followed us;
And all along that road the Tilbury Band
Blared indiscreetly the Dead March in Saul.

The message of this poet is: Be true to the truth that lies nearest to you; true to God, if you have found him; true to man; true to yourself; true, if you know no better truth, to your primal instincts; but at any cost, be true. "Captain Craig" is one prolonged and glorious wantoning and wallowing in truth.

What Mr. Robinson's work will be in the future it is as yet impossible to say. What he has done speaks for itself. His genius has no sense of action, brutal and direct; but he has it in him to write a great human drama, a drama of the soul from which all action proceeds and to which its results return.

Nobody who comes fresh from *El Dorado* and "The Lesser Children" (a poem published in *The Atlantic Monthly*) can say that Mr. Ridgely Torrence has not achieved, and achieved excellently; but he has not yet found himself and his place in literature. He has as yet put forth little. His first published work, *The House of the Hundred Lights* (his Rubáiyát), a slender volume of quatrains written in frank imitation of Omar Khayyám, has no note of his originality, but displays a certain aptitude in assimilating style. Each verse has the neatness of an epigram:—

Yes, he that wove the skein of Stars
and poured out all the seas that are
Is Wheel and Spinner and the Flax,
and Boat and Steersman and the Star.

What! doubt the Master Workman's hand
because my fleshly ills increase?
No; for there still remains one chance
that I am not His Masterpiece.

. . . . . .

Though man or angel judge my life
and read it like an open scroll,
And weigh my heart, I have a judge
more just than any — my own soul.

Mr. Torrence has definitely essayed the poetic drama. His *El Dorado* has much in it besides the mere facile exuberance of youth; there is color and vision and the sweep of action. The characters are nobly planned, and there is one fine tragic figure, Perth, the prisoner released after thirty years in a dungeon. He desires to recapture his lost youth, as the adventurer Coronado desires to capture the Seven Cities of Gold. Over the whole drama there is the golden light and rosy mist of youth; it is the drama of youth and of youth's disillusionment. There is a fine scene where Coronado and his host come within sight of the enchanted cities:—

Perth. The veil seems slowly to withdraw.
Cor. I see it!
A Voice. What?
Cor. (To Perth) Look — far down!
Perth. The mist seems coloured there.
Cor. It glows! It is no mist! Can you not see
The gem which is the mother of all dawn?
Perth. There is some gleam.
Cor. It waits one moment yet
Before it thunders upon our blinded sight!
(*To Soldiers*) Choose what you will, O you whose blood has bought it!
Out of all that which waits our famished eyes!
Bright, barren sands of gold, which shall be fertile!
Jewels that welter like great fallen suns!
The living heat that smoulders in deep rubies,
The endless April of cool emeralds
And chrysoprase within whose heart the sky

Kisses the sea! The sullen mystery
Of opals holding captive sunsets past!
And diamonds fashioned from the frozen souls
Of lilies once alive!

The structure of the verse is sonorous and correct; there is the promise of that gift of phrasing which Mr. Torrence has developed so admirably in "The Lesser Children:" —

"And now, in that far edge, as though a seed
Were sown, there is a hint of budding grey,
A bud not wholly innocent of night
And yet a colour."

"And now
With sleep and all old dreams and visions dead
Day takes all Heaven's citadels."

"Never the moon nor any drifting star
Brought you so hallowed and white."

El Dorado has the charm of youth; it has also the amiable faults of youth, youth's fluency, youth's feverishness, youth's audacity. The effect of the drama is, on the whole, spectacular rather than orchestral; it leaves an impression of clever grouping, of the vast movements of masses on a splendid background. But the psychology is mainly a thing of general terms. The characters conceal their souls under a wreath of imagery, under phrases that are like flung flowers, till we long for the simple half-articulate utterance of human passion. The ravings of Perth, conceived with absolute truth, are not conveyed in the language of genuine delirium. This falsification through fancy is the snare that Poetic Drama lays for her votaries. Their temptation is to be too "poetic," and it is Mr. Torrence's special danger, for the worst enemy of his imagination is his fancy. It is always lying in wait for him in those weaker moments when imagination fails.

Mr. Torrence was greatly daring when he chose for his next essay the ode. The structure of the ode makes more exhausting demands upon the poet than any other form. It absolutely requires a long and sustained flight of imagination; it is the superior test of metrical plasticity. Mr. Torrence was daring, too, in choosing for his ode ("The Lesser Children") so slight a subject as the slaughter of the birds. But he has grasped his subject with so superb a sweep of imagination that it becomes great in his hands. His verse beats with the palpitating life of the winged and lyric creatures of the woods and of the air: —

What saw I then, what heard?
Multitudes, multitudes, under the moon they stirred!
The weaker brothers of our earthly breed;
Watchmen of whom our safety takes no heed;
Swift helpers of the wind that sowed the seed
Before the first field was or any fruit;
Warriors against the bivouac of the weed;
Earth's earliest ploughmen for the tender root,
All came about my head and at my feet
A thousand, thousand sweet,
With starry eyes not even raised to plead;
Bewildered, driven, hiding, fluttering, mute!

And I beheld and saw them one by one
Pass and become as nothing in the night.
Clothed on with red they were who once were white;
Drooping, who once led armies to the sun,
Of whom the lowly grass now topped the flight:
In scarlet faint who once were brave in brown;
Climbers and builders of the silent town,
Creepers and burrowers all in crimson dye,
Winged mysteries of song that from the sky
Once dashed long music down.

. . . . . .

Who has not seen in the high gulf of light
What, lower, was a bird, but now
Is moored and altered quite
Into an island of unshaded joy?
To whom the mate below upon the bough
Shouts once and brings him from his high employ.
Yet speeding he forgot not of the cloud
Where he from glory sprang and burned aloud.
But took a little of the day,
A little of the coloured sky,
And of the joy that would not stay
He wove a song that cannot die.

. . . . . .

O little lovers,
If you would still have nests beneath the sun
Gather your broods about you and depart,
Before the stony forward-pressing faces
Into the lands bereft of any sound;
The solemn and compassionate desert places.

There are signs in this poem of the chastening and purging of the poet's imagination by the critical spirit, a spirit that here and there hangs a weight upon the mounting lyric. There are moments when imagination and emotion are not fused at white heat, moments when Mr. Torrence deliberates and is lost, wavers and strives to recover himself by snatching at some straw of a conceit. But the flaws are slight and few. The influence of the critical spirit has worked wholly for good. Mr. Torrence has exchanged his youthful infatuation with the first fair phrase for the unresting pursuit of the ideally fit.

Once more, it is hard to say how far these young poets of America are American. The influence of the Old World is felt in the very fibre of their verse; their music is broken by echoes and airs from the music of the Old World's masters. They are standing at the parting of the ways, listening to the voices of the old and new, uncertain of themselves for very youth. Sometimes the spirit of Swinburne breathes in Mr. Moody and the spirit of Browning in Mr. Robinson. Swinburne is a good master for a man who has strong intellectual stuff in him; his influence makes for music. This cannot be said of Browning.

But Mr. Robinson is outliving this influence, if influence it be. In his ballads, in the lyrics which are the most personal utterance we have yet had from him, his verse flows pure, with no alien strain. His style is putting out the sharp vital shoot, taking on its own sober personal color. Its one fault is a trick (the peril of all style-makers in their crystallizing stage) of repetition, as he fondly practices the new-made sequence, the new-found cadence. He is still waiting for the generative impulse which will break up these sequences and cadences into other combinations, other and more living forms.

Mr. Torrence, having left Omar Khayyám far behind him, is inspired by no spirit but his own, and he is forming, a little too deliberately, a style of his own. With all his reverence for old traditions, he is in his own way an iconoclast, a breaker of revered metrical forms. The old rhythms, made malleable by the touch of many masters, become yet more plastic in his hands. He is happy if he can find a new cæsura; he delights in the rippling of the old smooth measure, in feet that patter in delicate triplets to one beat. He loves to wed words according to their spiritual affinities, regardless of custom and of law. There is no doubt that he has before him a brilliant future. He works in the spirit which great art inexorably demands, the spirit of reverence and of sacrificial patience. But because his art is precious, let him beware of preciosity.

THE SOUL OF PARIS

BY VERNER Z. REED

In looking down upon any great city one is impressed with the truth of Belloc's belief that cities have souls. He comes to realize that each city has an individuality peculiar to itself, — an identity, a spirit, and an attitude of mind belonging to itself alone. This is not only true of cities, it is true of nations; and if we look deeply into the characteristics of any of the nations we know, or of those whose tales are preserved in true histories, we find the soul that dominated the nation. Cities, too, are like men and nations in other ways; they have their periods of ascension, of maturity, and of decay; their seedtimes and their harvests; their youth and their old age.

Of the ancient cities, — for it has an age of almost twenty centuries, — Paris seems to be the phœnix, the one city that has the power of rising young and virile from its own dead ashes. It is not sunken in sleep, as Florence; it is not dying, as Venice; it has not fallen into playing with masks in which itself does not believe, as Rome; it is not suffering from arrested spiritual and mental development, as London; it has not resigned itself to the stupor of sensuality, as Tunis, but it has kept pace with the march of the centuries, it has itself often led the march, and it stands to-day, despite its hoary age and its ancient traditions, as the most modern city in the modern world, as the newest city in the new century. And its thought is new and modern, and its philosophy — drawn from the old — becomes new again in modern applications. It scans well the pages of history, so that, knowing the pitfalls that have been, it can avoid those to be. It scans well the future, and moves forward with great caution, — but it always moves.

Nevertheless, it is not the past nor the future that Paris loves best. It knows that the past has gone, and that the future is not yet; and without grieving for the one or fearing the advent of the other, it enjoys to the full the priceless Now. It enjoys it tranquilly, sanely, and soberly, and in many ways. To develop in all ways is to be able to enjoy all things; so love, money, art, science, philosophy, literature, nature, beauty, and work are all revered by this wise city, which believes that each in its proper place is good.

Paris itself, as a whole, as an entity, has an indescribable fascination for its own people and for travelers as well. Whole libraries have been written of it, but the story of Paris has never been told, because no one knows or has known its story. Whatever one seeks in the world, Paris contains. Whatever men have done in the world, the effect, or expression, is in Paris. And so in attempting to view this wonder among cities it will be found to reward being studied in its inner nature, as well as from the bird's-eye view of the lover of panoramas, — and that, too, will repay the effort it costs.

If one stands upon any of the heights about Paris and gazes down upon it, he sees one of the most fascinating pictures that are spread upon the face of the earth, — a great city stretching away in orderly proportions almost to the limit of vision, marked here and there by the great architectural monuments the ages have bequeathed to it, and lying busy and alert under the light mists that its multitudinous lives cause ever to hang over it, humming with its noises of toiling or playing millions, — as instinct with life as though it itself were human, as beautiful itself as any of the countless treasures of art it contains. The view of Paris is

unique among the views in the world, as it itself is unique among the cities of the world. Why need we pore over the archæologists' tales of the dead cities of Asia Minor, of Egypt, or of Mauritania? Great Babylon or storied Thebes was never so great as Paris is. Herculaneum would not have made an arrondissement in Paris, and Pompeii and Timgad united would not have made it a suburb. It is worth while to study Paris both from within and from without, in its body and in its soul. We may find that all the giants did not live in the older days, and that the ancients did not know all the wonders of the world.

Victor Hugo liked to gaze upon Paris from the towers of old Notre Dame, and to send his imagination back to the time when it was a Gothic city, inclosed within walls, and forming what he believed to be "a homogeneous city, — an architectural and historical production of the Middle Ages, — a chronicle in stone." He grieved for Gothic Paris and offered us picturesque but squalid Vitré as a consolation. But we require no consolation, for the world and humanity outgrew the Middle Ages, and why should Paris have been expected to lag behind? Belloc loves Paris best as seen from the historic Hill of Valerian; and it seems to have been the Parises of St. Genevieve and of St. Louis that he deemed the best; but the destroying ages that demolished the Paris of the saints have builded a better Paris, and one more deserving of love.

Paris is well seen from the Eiffel Tower, — not the least of the advantages being that then one does not need to see the unlovely tower itself. From St. Cloud one sees the city over its great wood, — its magnificent garden built for pleasure-seekers and which seems to border a pleasure-city. But from St. Germain-en-Laye the farther view is more in keeping with the real soul of the great city, — the soul that began to unfold two thousand years ago, and is still unfolding. One sees the city across the green valley of the winding Seine as he sees its history across the dim outlines of twenty vanished centuries. The view is bounded by heights on either side; it extends, crossing and recrossing the tortuous river, on over tree-embowered villages, past old Valerian, — and there, shimmering on the horizon like a mirage, crowned with its dome-crested hill of Montmartre, shines Paris, — a great white city, a great white vision floating in the translucent atmosphere. From this point one does not see all of the city; indeed only a small part of it is within view; but one sees enough. The picture that lies before one is softened by the distance until it seems perfect; and the same distance hides all the city's crudenesses and imperfections as the centuries that have gone hide the cruelties of its history. The harsher shades are all toned down, and one seems to be looking upon a city that is perfect, that is finished. And that great indistinct picture is Paris, — Paris the ancient, Paris the new, Paris the superstitious, Paris the free-minded, Paris the player, Paris the toiler, Paris the philosopher, Paris the mad, Paris the saint, Paris the beast! For Paris has been — and is — all of these things, and more.

As one approaches this "great human sea" he comes upon busy suburbs, dominated by tall chimneys belching forth forever the smoke that is emitted by busy factories, and which emblemize the busy iron age that Paris, with the rest of the world, has entered upon. And beyond the factories, rising like a beacon, the new and unlovely basilica lifts its high head, as though to proclaim that the spirit of the Middle Ages also lives and remains a part of the great city's life. And, as the approach becomes nearer, one may look upon the Louvre, treasury of the best and most beautiful work that the hands of men have wrought since the beginning of history; he may see the outlines of the great colleges from which, since the time of ill-starred Abélard, the essence of human thought has gone forth to leaven the minds of men. And as one passes through the city he may gaze upon crumbling old Notre Dame, mother of

French Gothic churches, and one of the most imposing and beautiful structures that men have reared since the chisels fell from the hands of the old Greek builders. One may go on, and look upon the beautiful and the unsightly churches as well; upon the Tower of St. Jacques whose beauty has outlasted generations and dynasties; upon the great galleries and museums; upon the few remains of the old civilizations and old architectures, at the great schools and laboratories, the stately homes of the government, the splendid system of boulevards and avenues and parks that have served to bring the country into the city and to make of Paris the airiest and roomiest city in the world, then at the statues and sculptures which are the stone poems bequeathed to the city by the passing ages, at the monuments which have been raised to do honor to the city's great sons, — and yet one has not seen Paris. He has seen but its framework, the outlines of its great monuments of history and of accomplishment, the shells of its great institutions, — but a part of the body that holds its great soul. For Paris, above all cities, has a soul. It, above all cities, is an entity, and individual. It is a city, but it is more than a city: it is a true microcosm. It is essentially French, but it is more than French. It is the great World City, more cosmopolitan than ever was Rome, great in more diversified ways than any city has ever been, and more beautiful than any other city that men have yet reared upon the earth, — for the Lost City of Is, its only rival in beauty, is but a myth. It is Paris the unique, Paris the intellectual capital of the Western world, Paris the greatest city in existence.

But that last statement will be challenged, for the pride of more than one great metropolis is concerned. Let us examine slightly a few other cities. London is very great, ponderous in its mighty bulk, mighty with its millions of humans and of gold pieces, the capital and metropolis of the English people. But after all, it is but an English city; it is English in its every feature, and English in its soul. It is bound by the same inflexible laws of caste that are choking the people whose capital it is; it is fettered by the same iron traditions that at first upbuilded and are now smothering its nation; and above all it is forbidding, and gloomy, and unlovely, and its treasures of architecture and its lovely places are not enough in number to offset the sombreness of its dreary miles upon miles of dreary red brick houses inhabited by dreary people who live out their dreary lives under its leaden and dreary skies. Yet under its grim exterior it hides a genial nature, and to those who know the way to its heart it is a city to love. But all the time, if one will enjoy London, he must close his eyes to the human misery that hedges him about in almost every quarter, to the human wrecks that litter its streets, and to the great gloomy districts — populous cities in themselves — where only poverty and vice and ignorance and misery have their abodes.

New York is a great city, a very great city indeed, standing as it does as the flower of a new civilization, the work of a new race. It has an undaunted soul, strong arms, great riches in its coffers, and high aspirations for its future. But the new race that builded it had, in times that are yet recent, to hew down the forests, and blaze new trails in trackless lands, and conquer wildernesses, and reclaim deserts, and establish new institutions, and light new beacon fires to guide the steps of men. New York and the nation of which it is the metropolis have been too busy, and are too young, to have equaled ancient Paris in the race for superiority. And it was not long ago that it could also have been said that America was too poor to enter the competition. It is now a nation grown rich, a nation rejoicing in its newly achieved wealth and power. But the memory of its days of poverty still abides with it, and the utilitarianism born of that poverty — of those old prime needs for houses to live in and food to eat — is still visible in its body

and in its soul. As the metropolis of a great new nation — a nation so great that it does not know its own strength, so rich that the tale of its wealth is like an Eastern fairy tale — New York may in time also become a great World City. If it does there will be two, for eternal Paris will continue. But even now New York, in being the greatest city of the Americans, has achieved enough glory for a city whose site was the camping-ground of savages when Paris was hoary with age.

Berlin is a great German city, but it is nothing more. It is the tongue and the hand of Germany, — hardly its brain and heart, — but its influence is not great beyond the German Empire. It is in all things German, and a little provincial in being only North German, — staid, rather stolid, not so beautiful as it is substantial, not so cultured as it is rich, still bound by tradition, dreaming of war, and knowing more of science than of art, more of utility than of beauty. It is ambitious, very well content with itself, and progressive after its own fashion. Vienna is typically Austrian, which is to say South German. It does not even typify the various races whose capital it is. It is the fit seat of a feudal empire that has endured after the close of the epoch to which it belonged. It is held in lines of caste, which are gilded by gentility and culture, but which are none the less potent to limit its progress and stifle its advancement. It enjoys itself in pleasing manners of gayety that have come down from an older age; it is finished, accomplished, refined, — and it is decaying and giving way in the world, according to the inevitable law, to more progressive rivals. It has not the adaptability nor the philosophy of Paris; it continues more Catholic than Rome, more conservative than Brittany, more feudal than remotest Silesia. It does not change as the world and the times change, and its chief interest is that it remains as a living embodiment of a civilization that in other lands has died. It is a greater sister to Toledo and Venice, but it is in no sense a great World City. And so, after viewing the cities, it might be said that he who does not dwell in Paris is a village dweller.

It is Paris alone of the ancient cities that has kept step with the march of the ages. It retains some of the walls and towers of the ancient architectures that existed coeval with its ancient systems, yet it has gone from their epochs as it has gone from the systems they contained. And the monuments that stand from the older ages serve as reminders to the great city of the glories it has achieved, of the evils it has endured and conquered, of the sins it has done, and of the penances it has done for its sins. For Paris has sinned mightily, and it has done mighty penance. It might be likened to a great man, marvelous in ability, incredible in strength both of sinew and spirit, who is yet erratic and sometimes uncontrolled, who inherits from the past not only the polish of all education and refinement, but also old savage strains of barbarity that sometimes rise above his erudition and philosophy and cause him to return to the savagery in which his race was born. Paris has risen like a demon; it has reveled in blood like a fiend; it has gyrated in madness like a maniac. And yet even in its madnesses and its excesses it has been ever dominated by the great soul that sits enthroned within it, and that has always been potent to extract good from the evils it has done. It has risen in blind rage, but when it has done so an evil throne has been overturned or an iniquitous system has been removed from among the shackles that bind humanity. Upon the ashes of its evils it has always builded new structures of good. Except the invention of printing and the discovery of America, the French Revolution has been the most potent event for human advancement of which history tells; and its madnesses and its mighty beneficent after-results are typical of the fierceness and the wisdom of Paris.

Certain esoteric schools believe that

the destiny and progress of the world is guided by certain good and wise beings called Mahatmas, who, from silent places of peace, send forth the thoughts and inspirations that cause humanity's progress. If one might draw a comparison from this belief, he might say that below the great Soul of Paris there exists and functions a band of lesser spirits who guide and direct the individual things that the great city stands for, — as progress, freedom, science, art, and literature. And in order to come closer to the soul that guides all, it may be well to observe what these lesser divinities of the city are accomplishing. The Spirit of Architecture in Paris, in times past, wrote as beautiful messages in stone as have been given to humanity since the decadence of Greece. It builded in the forms of Rome as well as did Rome itself. It inspired the Crusaders to carry the pointed arch of the Arabs home from the wars, and from that arch it created an architecture in which could be expressed all the passions of the human soul. It joined with Italy and produced the Renaissance. And then it slept. And it sleeps to-day, and in its seat sits a false Spirit of Architecture, that is cold, and hollow, and untrue, and arrogant, and pitiful, and wholly unlovely. The Eiffel Tower is one of its fruits, — a thing of strength and might, but with no softness in its soul, no grace in its spirit, and no beauty on its face. The Grand Palace is another of its fruits, — and is a fit emblem of brazen self-assertion, of mock gentility, and of the flaunting of vulgar riches in the abashed face of Taste; it is worse than the Trocadero only in that it lays claim to being better. The new Hôtel de Ville of Tours emanated from the false spirit that has usurped this throne in Paris, — and it, like the cold and soulless basilica of Montmartre, is so hideous as to be sinful. Archæologists have grieved because they could find no traces of the private homes of Egypt. If they were as unlovely as the new villas that are springing up, like excrescences, in the suburbs of Paris, fate was kind to hide all trace and memory of them. All this makes one incline to Hugo's belief that books have killed architecture, as they are cheaper and easier mediums through which souls can express their passions. But in times past the Spirit of Architecture in Paris has slumbered through generations only to awaken refreshed and go forward to the accomplishment of truer and more beautiful things; and in time it may cast off the false forms that are created in its name and again build in truth and beauty. For a really rich mankind needs both books and architecture.

To make again the esoteric comparison, one might say that the Spirit of Painting is drunk. It is sending forth myriads of ill-formed things that can be the product only of a jaundiced eye and a hand unsteady from debauchery. And like any drunken thing, it takes itself most seriously. It produces weak things in discordant colors, paltry things without beauty of soul, trivial things without meaning or value, and then it blames the age because its work is not hailed as the emanation and product of genius. Painting in Paris has become puerile, and almost imbecile. But this now drunken Spirit of Painting was very sober and very sane through generations, and even in not olden times it inspired the eyes and hands of Greuze, and then of Millet and Diaz and Rousseau and Corot. It nodded and dozed before Puvis de Chavannes had learned all the message it tried to speak to him in sobriety; it was able to deliver its message almost intact to Lhermitte, — and then it maundered off into the drunken jargon that has been accepted as the code and the creed of almost all of those who came after.

And so with all who sit in the thrones of the artistic section of this brotherhood; all slumber, or are mad, or have sunk into dotage, or are drunken. A very little good sculpture is done, — more literary, if such an expression may be used, than artistic; and wholly impotent to stand against the armies of mediocre things that

rise up, like dragon's teeth, to contend the ground with it. The lustres and harmonies that once dwelt there have escaped from the tapestries that are now woven; the geometrical lines of the great iron tower have also invaded the potter's wheel; Boule is almost a forgotten name, and is wholly a forgotten influence; and since Hugo and Renan — and with the exception of Maeterlinck — the Spirit of Letters has for the most of the time sulked in its tent. But such vagaries and lapses have occurred before, yet have always been followed by periods of renewed excellence. And there are earnest things still at work in Paris, — earnest and potent members of its Inner Brotherhood who are still striving and bringing forth. The Spirit of Science sleeps not nor rests. It works with patience, and it produces progress and aids evolution. All the sciences are progressive in Paris, from the humanitarian science of the physicians to the sciences that penetrate the heavens and the molecules. Philosophy — also awake and alert — guides the hand of Science, and gives it counsels, so it offers to the world only what it can demonstrate and prove. And the spirits of the more homely and more necessary arts of Government, Commerce, Finance, and Industry, — and it must still be added, War, — are alert, keen, progressive, and successful.

And over all of these things there reigns that mystic, intangible Soul of Paris, that soul that permeates the great city and its people and its nation, that soul which has expressed itself in the people's history, literature, art, science, and progress. And if we are able to approach closely to this soul, and to discern what is the inmost thing that dominates it and for which it stands, I believe we shall find that thing to be defined in the words Human Advancement, — the betterment of the condition of mankind. It was Paris that first killed the dragon of feudalism; it was Paris that overturned the despotic and cruel throne that had reared itself upon the quivering hearts of the masses; it was Paris that first dared to claim for humanity the rights of free thought and free speech, — and Paris was the teacher of Paine and Franklin and Jefferson. And it is from this Soul of Paris that to-day are going forth the words that direct a battle against older servitudes of humanity, — that battle being waged to enforce the edict of "Thou shalt not bind the fetters of dogma and forced belief upon infancy and youth!" Not only is freedom promised and given to men and women, to classes and divisions of society, but it is being claimed for defenseless children, and for generations yet unborn. This Soul of Paris cares not what men believe, and it denies them no freedom of belief or of right action; but it does deny the right of men to deprive the new generations of freedom of belief by arbitrarily fixing their own in the minds of others before maturity. The Soul of Paris has spoken on this matter; and who will predict that its edict will not be obeyed? It may not always be wise in the weapons it chooses for its warfare, or fortunate in the instruments selected to perform its work; but its work will be done, and — to borrow the motto of its antagonist — "The end will justify the means." And in France — the first of the Western nations — it will not be long until men may really and actually search for, and live in accordance with, beliefs that will truthfully harmonize with the dictates of their own consciences, — and not meet with ostracism therefor.

It is from this mythical and yet existent Soul of Paris that much of the progress known in the Western world has emanated. And as we study the mandates it has given forth, and as we analyze the effects that have followed its teachings, we find them to be good, and to stand always for the betterment of the condition of the human race, for the advancement and enlightenment of human society, for the progress of human institutions toward good, and, above all, for the evolution of the individual. And if there may be said to be a text to the inner and most

sacred creed of this Soul of Paris, if there may be said to be one right which above all others it esteems as being founded upon an eternal verity, and which it considers to be its chiefest mission to promulgate and enforce, I think that it would not read, "Be content with the station and the class in which fate has placed you," nor "All men are born free and equal," but that it would be the definition of the goal of all true progress and the aim of all true civilization, and that it would read, "Equality of opportunity shall be free to all." And in this, its inmost word, not yet fully enunciated, it is speaking anew the thought differently spoken but with the same meaning by Plato, by Napoleon, by the founders of the American Republic, — and by philosophy and science.

Will you analyze this promise that the future is uttering through the Soul of Paris? I do not think that its realization would have the definition of anarchy, or of any form of socialism now advocated, but that it is the definition and description of the chiefest birthright of all men. If it is ever realized it will harmonize with the law of the Survival of the Fittest, — and it will not burden the capable with the weak.

And so one turns from his contemplation of the dominating Soul of this great World City with a renewed conviction that humanity is advancing, with a renewed confidence in the saneness of the purpose of things, — with a renewed belief that God's world was made for the world's people and for all of its people.

IN A SANDY GARDEN

BY ARTHUR COLTON

A WHITE squall broke from the eastward, and ripped loose the canvas that had been dropped but not secured. The air was full of spray and slanting rain. The little yacht, no larger than a catboat, drove helplessly on the breakers.

When the firmament comes down with a shout, and the sea rises to meet it, and the sands are hidden by the breakers, on which one's boat drives helplessly, the world looks somewhat less indifferently predestined. It occurred to the solitary navigator that, while life might be a heavy and an unintelligible thing, he did not wish to let it go.

He tied a towline around his waist, plunged into the surf and undertow, came at last to the sands, then shook the water from his eyes, and laughed. The little yacht filled and foundered behind him. It took some hours of labor to work her into the foam beyond the crash of the surf. He keeled, emptied, and heaved her, on rollers of driftwood and spar, above the tide line.

Past noon, and seaward toward Nantucket the low clouds were driving level, but the sun was now hot overhead. He spread wet properties to dry among the sand dunes, which lay in low menacing line, like forts for defense of the inland country from the sea. The flat yellow beach ran east and west, curbing away from sight. The dunes ran parallel to the beach, and, parallel to the dunes, a forest of evergreens and stunted pines hid behind it whatever habitations there might be on the seaboard. He climbed from dune to dune, looking for signs of them, and came upon a path. It led through scant growths in warm hollows, and he followed it to the wood's edge. There began a straight gravel and sand walk laid neatly with bordering stones. It shimmered and led away into the green gloom. With the glare of the sunlight on the sands, the

woods for some time were in deep twilight to his eyes; but even if the walk had not been visible by its whiteness against the bed of needles, he could still have followed it by the bordering stones and by the feeling of the gravel under his feet. It was wide and straight, such as might be in a tended garden of clipped boxwood borders and trim beds, rather than astray in a forest of wind-stunted pines.

"It looks like a path with intentions," he thought. "I don't mind following one that leads somewhere; this one looks as if it led somewhere. An irresponsible squall blew me at it with some accuracy. That looks like a gate ahead."

Was his, after all, he thought, perhaps only the common experience of a man when his first youth is over? One comes upon a place of negations. Friends have fallen away each to his separate plodding path. The zest of the morning is gone; the eager questions are weary of their no answers; there is little honor that is unstained in the market-place. *Cui bono?* he asks, — grows restless of his restless ways. He goes seeking companionship of sand and sea and firmament, trying to shake off the memory of men furious in the market-place, of women whose delight was in their empty hours, of all his own days behind him half furious and half empty. Sand and sea and firmament there are around, but of life, that unintelligible thing, they offer no interpretation. "What shapest thou in the world?" they seem to say. "It was shaped long ago, huge, indifferent, and predestined." It seems an omen to consider, however idly, if one is storm-driven, and in a wild wind-stunted forest comes on an ordered walk, so laid that one can follow it even with eyes closed, and leading to a visible gate with brick pillars.

He drew nearer the pillared gateway. At that moment he heard a voice calling distantly in the woods aside. He stopped and listened.

"Stephen!" it called.

He turned toward it into the woods, and listened again.

"Stephen!"

The evergreen trunks grew thickly with low branches, and the ground was carpeted deep with their needles. He went on, thinking, "There 's another perturbed spirit abroad. It 's not calling me."

A young girl sat on the needles under a low pine, where thin threads of sunlight came through. Her face was turned toward him, and her eyes were closed.

"Why, you are not Stephen!" she said.

"I'm just as much at your service."

She hesitated.

"Do you see the gate?"

"I saw one a moment ago."

"Please take my hand."

She stood up; her eyes remained closed; she smiled brightly and explained, —

"You see, I am blind."

They went slowly through the thick woods toward the path.

"Sometimes when I leave the path I forget where it is, and have to wait till they miss me. They've been a long time missing me to-day." She laughed, and added, "Perhaps it was n't so long, but it seemed so. Once it blew and rained on the trees, then I wondered why they did n't come. How long ago was it when it rained?"

"I've been in the surf and my watch has stopped. It must have been some hours," he said; and thought, "Four or five at least," and wondered.

She spoke again. "You have had trouble, have n't you?"

"My boat went ashore in the squall."

"But you liked that!" she cried. "I don't mean that. It must have been before. There is something in your voice that remembers, but it does n't remember being frightened. It remembers being sad."

They came to the gravel walk while he spoke of the sudden squall that had overcome his careless seamanship, and of the plunge through the surf that had saved the boat.

"I'm so glad you came!" she cried, stopping and stretching out her other hand. "Are n't you glad?"

As to such quaint trustfulness of motion and question, he thought them explained by her misfortune and the experiences that go with it. When chance is cruel, one's fellow men turn kind. But it seemed as well to make haste to give himself an identity.

"My name is Philip Arbiter. I'm a harmless person of no consequence," he said, "whom you don't know."

"Oh, but I think I do!" she said. Then with hesitation, "I think so."

Here they came to the brick gateway. Within was a garden with sandy paths, boxwood borders, neat beds of geraniums, and lilac bushes along the walks. It was full of the scent of lilacs. A large house of warm red brick stood beyond it, and on the porch was an old man with the sunlight on his head, which had fallen forward as he sat sunken in his armchair.

"Do you see any one?" she asked.

"There is some one who seems asleep in a chair on the porch."

"That is my grandfather. Stephen is the gardener and coachman, and all the rest that he can be," she explained. "He must have gone to the village, and Annette has forgotten. She is Stephen's wife, and they take care of us. Grandfather is General Cope, and I'm Lydia Cope. He is very old and not well. We two are all that belong to each other now. We 'll let him sleep, poor grandfather, won't we, if you don't mind waiting? Do you, now you know about us? He is so old, he sleeps a great deal."

She led the way accurately to a bench overhung by the wall lilacs, and he sat on the sandy gravel in the sun, and looked at her face, which was healthy with open air, sea wind, and pine woods. Her forehead was low and wide, her hair a quiet brown; her mouth was thin-lipped and delicate, now smiling and now changing swiftly its expression, as if, the eyes being darkened, those shadows of mood and thought that glimmer and flash and sleep in the eyes of the seeing had fled thither with their tremulous confessions and reserves. She seemed eager to talk and listen, happy with relief from solitude and fear, and with the excitement of a visitor brought by the wind and sea.

"Oh, I knew by your voice that you would be kind, just as I knew you had been sad, and were not Stephen. Stephen's voice is soft but not true, because he is a servant and can't be cross when he wants to, perhaps, poor Stephen! He steps as if some one were watching him, and you step as if you did n't care if there were. One can't tell how Annette steps, because she starches her skirts so noisily. Just after the storm something came toward me in the woods stepping like Stephen, and I called, but it went away. So it could n't have been Stephen. It could n't have been any person. It must have been a dog from the village. You see I have to know things by listening."

Two sounds would seem to be forever abroad in the sandy garden, — where the flowers only grew on the lilac bushes and in the watered and fertilized beds, — two sounds, the beat of the sea on the resonant shore, like the sound of a low drum or the groaning of stringed instruments, and the wind continually in the pines.

The old general still sat motionless with head hung forward. Arbiter looked at him narrowly.

General Cope's had been a familiar name to him in years past. Arbiter tried to remember in what battles of the Civil War the name had appeared, and recalled them dimly. He remembered better some fifteen years back, when he was a boy in his father's house, seeing there one Captain Morris Cope, with his daughter, a little wisp of a child in a black frock. This was just before Captain Cope went to his regiment in the West, and was killed among the mountains. He seemed to remember, too, hearing later that the child had become blind, and that no one else was left of the general's family; but even these things he remembered somewhat dimly.

So that was old General Cope. He seemed very motionless and pale in the glare of the sunlight, some hundreds of

yards away across the geraniums and box-wood. And this was Morris's daughter Lydia, who was saying, —

— "To listen and listen. When you listen so long in the dark, you hear sounds inside of sounds. There are the sea, and the wind in the pines. Sometimes I think that the sea is the sound of all the people in the world complaining, and I pick out the different voices; and then I think the wind is the voices of messengers saying it will be better by and by, and I wonder how it is that the sea is never comforted and the wind never discouraged. Tell me, — your voice sounds as if you remembered — remembered something, — did I hear it once when I could see you? Do you remember?"

"I remember Captain Cope and his little daughter. They came to my father's house, and she rode my big dog in Washington Square. Then they went away. I never saw them but once. You are that little Lydia?"

She drew a breath of relief.

"Yes. Then I was right. But I was wrong about Stephen."

She seemed to puzzle over the last, and fell silent.

"So we are old friends," he said.

"Are n't you glad?"

"Yes. Partly because when we were friends before, it was a time when I was glad of a variety of things, and sure of them."

"I remember your voice, somehow, better than the name. Was I very little?"

"Rather, to remember it at all now."

"It was pleasanter then, and one remembers all one can, when there is n't so much since."

"Pleasanter! Yes, it was pleasanter then;" he went on after some silence, "because now it seems to me that every one is blind in a way, and walks with the feet of the blind, and has only the instincts of the blind to guide him. Sometimes he discovers this, and finds himself all astray in very bewildering woods. He hears mysterious steps that come near and go away without helping him. I think it was I who was lost in the woods to-day. You discovered that I was foolish enough to be depressed, did n't you? Perhaps, after all, you were leading me when I seemed to be leading you. Would you be glad if that were so?"

"Yes."

"Would you? Why?"

"I don't know. It is n't living to have everything done for you. Does n't to live mean doing things?"

"Doing things! That 's what I 've been about this long time, doing business, doing pastime, doing everything. I did n't find it so. But where would you lead me, if you undertook it? To listen to old Nature's voices, to feel one's self answering in the same language, to brood and dream, to build a world within and people it with shadows? Is that to live?"

"No."

"What is it, then?"

"I don't know."

"Perhaps General Cope could tell us. He 'had his world as in his time.' In his time men heard oracles and acted too. We 're busy enough now, but we don't generally notice it 's for nothing in particular. Some people say, 'Turn in on yourself and you 'll find what you look for;' and other people say, 'Go out of yourself, and keep busy, and you 'll find it.' But if neither is true what shall we do?"

"I don't know."

"Why, we 've come by as different roads as possible. We 've explored them to the limit, and we are reporting that neither of them is living at all. What do we want?"

"I don't know."

He glanced up, noticing the break in her voice. She seemed to droop, as if under too heavy a weight, and stretched out her hand. The unconscious appeal of the habitual motion moved him to compunction for his half idle talk, the chance overflow of his melancholy, which melancholy was perhaps after all but a passing phase of his period of life, the normal phenomenon of a transition stage. If life was un-

fair to us, we might be fair to each other. The situation was unfair.

In the silence following he turned back again to look at the old general, who seemed to sleep in an odd posture, so sunken, his white head hung forward. Arbiter got to his feet suddenly. A suspicion and a conviction came over him, with two distinct shocks.

"I 'm hungry enough for casual piracy," he said. "Are you?"

"We 'll find Annette. Oh, feel where the sun is! It must be past noon!"

"Let me do it. Will you wait here?"

"Yes."

He walked quickly up the sandy path to the porch, and there bent over, looked into the fine bowed-down face, lifted the large hand white and bony, and laid it down. He looked about him, and listened, and heard only the vague sounds of the surf, and the wind that blew sea scents into the lilac-scented garden. He saw only the sandy paths, the boxwood and geraniums, and Lydia sitting with closed eyes and folded hands under the hedge of purple lilacs. The general had died in his sleep, it would seem, by the peace on his face, and that many hours since, — some time during the morning. The body was quite cold.

He closed the general's eyelids, and stood looking back and forth between him and Lydia.

"I don't know about this soft-footed Stephen and starched Annette," he thought. He went into the house softly. In the hall was an old standing clock. A stair with carved banisters mounted from the hall. He went on from empty room to empty room of the large quiet house. Parlor, dining-room, and library were immaculate and ordered. The sunlight sifted through their stiff white curtains, hanging motionless, for the windows were closed. A driveway in the shadow of the farther side of the house was still wet with the late rain. The bedrooms were bright and fresh, with open windows. The third floor seemed to have been occupied by Stephen and Annette.

In all the bedrooms were signs of hasty ransacking. Something had been hurriedly searched for. On the driveway were marks of hoof and wheel made since the rain. In the library was a small steel safe. Arbiter pulled on the combination knob. The door came smoothly open, and the drawers were empty.

"Careless of Stephen," he thought, and went exploring in the kitchen. "I wonder if he got enough to pay for expatriation. Annette seems to have been an irreproachable housekeeper."

He pictured them to himself, the prim respectful couple; he fancied this secretive Stephen coming on the porch, respectfully observing the old soldier sleeping his last placid sleep, and being struck with the advantage of the circumstances. He withdraws respectfully, the discreet Stephen, consults with Annette, who comes out and observes for herself, respectfully but starchily. Into the woods by the stone-bordered walk then goes Stephen, soft-footed; sees Lydia forlorn under her dripping pine. "Stephen!" she calls. Tiptoes out again Stephen, and finds Annette busy. Away with them then, whither is no particular matter. To the devil in course of time. *Bon voyage* then, Stephen and Annette! A low-lived world, toward which one had to be blind in order to be innocent, or some hard-fighting soldier in order to die honorably, with the sunlight on a white head. At least something of this kind appeared to have been the case with Stephen and Annette.

Arbiter came out again on the porch, carrying a pitcher and glasses. The sun hung southwestward over the woods. Their shadow fell over the lilac hedge and brick gate, over the geranium beds, and nearly to the steps of the porch. Yellow butterflies fluttered over the geraniums. Lydia sat with her hands folded on her knees, quiet like the lilac blossoms that hung above her head. There were more things hanging over her head than seemed right. When they fell, they would knock the foundations from under her

life, and bring it down with a crash, unless one built something under it first to take the place.

"I suppose that's my business," he thought. Seeing that the squall had blown him at the wood walk with such accuracy, likely it was some gray fate, or the spirits of Lydia's dead friends looking after her still, watching her as they had done in their lives, — Captain Cope, for instance, or the dead general, who in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, had become a restless spirit blown around the pendent, huge, predestined, indifferent world, and so become able to use personal influence with an irresponsible squall blowing over Nantucket; who was quiet and peaceful enough now in the flesh, but in the spirit must be anxious as to what was going to be done about it. What was going to be done about it?

He set the pitcher softly on the gravel, sat down on the steps, and stared down the path which ran undeviating out of the brick gate, and through the woods, to where in due distance it would cease among the sand dunes, where his scattered properties must be well dried by this time, where the little yacht lay side over on the beach, and the sea beat its summoning drum, and seaward the little waves danced on the long swells, and the islands were far away, hazy, and anchored in the rocking sea. There the steamers went by from city to city.

Love, one supposed, might be a plant that would grow if one tended it, like geraniums, watered, and set about with boxwood borders; if one put pine woods between it and reckless sea winds, and insisted on its growing. She was very sweet and gentle, saintly perhaps as people sometimes become who are set apart by misfortune, very full of mysterious instincts, undiscoverable things. One must build around her first, or else the sea would break over the geranium beds, instead of being but a melancholy sound, an endless and inconclusive debate.

One must choose. Choices were brief, and endless too, like the ridges of watersheds, where fallen rains are split, and go splashing away to different eternities. Why, perhaps, not so different. They might all come to one in the end. But they travel different countries the meanwhile. One could n't debate this thing long now. One must put up that bulwark without delay.

"I take it there's only one kind that would do the work," he thought.

He took up the pitcher and went down the sandy path, and came to the lilacs.

"Your Stephen and Annette seem to have gone out, both of them; but I found the pantry and took liberties with it, — one pitcher of milk, some remarkable biscuits, four apples, — very nice liberties. The general — looks as if his dreams were pleasant."

By the sudden change in her face he saw that he had not allowed well for that sensitive ear, to which all voices and sounds were composite and revealing.

"What is it?" she asked quickly. "What has happened?"

"Why, this has happened to me. It comes in the shape of a question. Do you think, if happiness does n't lie either within us or without us, it might lie between us? There are people who say love is a great medicine between men and women, a kind of traveler's *vade mecum* for a journey in the world. They say, too, it's a plant that grows to a wonder, if one tends to it, morning and noon and night. If I lend you my eyes for the rest of time, will you lend me yours? They see where mine don't. If I promise to tend the plant morning and noon and night, will you promise to help? We won't be alone then. We'll have each other whatever happens."

"What do you — But I'm blind! I shall always be blind!"

"If you were n't, you would n't need me. Or would you? Your need is my salvation. That's a cryptic saying. I'll explain by and by. Oh well, by and by will look after itself, I dare say. Just now there's milk in our pitcher and bread in our hands. Are you glad I came?"

"Yes."

"Why, so am I. This road looks as if it led somewhere."

He watched her lips, wondering what undiscovered things were veiled by the single word she had spoken quietly, what secret altars lay behind the veil, with choirs and smoking censers, a whole religion with its own peculiar faith and ritual.

"You are like one of the Beatitudes, Lydia. Do you know, it's half past four by the clock in the hall."

THE MISSIONARY ENTERPRISE IN CHINA

BY CHESTER HOLCOMBE

With the rising tide of American interest in China, the unsatisfactory condition of our relations with that great and ancient nation, with the general unrest there, which is the inevitable consequence of movements toward a new and modern life, and the local and sporadic outbreaks of violence incident to such unrest, one hears again the old and familiar cry that the missionaries are responsible for at least the larger portion of the varied forms of hostility exhibited toward foreigners. Their persistent and impertinent attempts to force an alien and undesired religion upon the Chinese are, so it is confidently asserted, peculiarly offensive to officials and people alike, a hindrance to trade, and a menace to peaceful relations. The Boxer movement, it is pointed out, was an attempt, vain in result, to throw off the hateful missionary incubus, to rid the Chinese of a body of unwelcome interlopers who defamed their ancient and cherished forms of belief, — which are as good as ours, some will add, — and who sought to supplant them with another, wholly unsuited to their mental and spiritual conformation. The loss of life in that Boxer movement, confined almost wholly to missionaries and native converts, together with several more recent exhibitions of violence in which missionaries alone have suffered, are cited as full evidence of the correctness of this conclusion.

It might be pointed out that the Boxer uprising was an abortive attempt to drive all foreigners of every class from China, and thus to save the Empire from partition and distribution among the great cormorant Powers of Europe, — which was believed to be the distinct purpose and inevitable result of the continued presence of foreigners there; that, in fact, missionaries formed the only class of alien residents who had no part in the development of such a fear and frenzy; that they suffered most because they alone of all alien classes had established themselves at remote parts of the interior, in close touch with the people, and out of reach of battleship, cruiser, or any other means of defense or place of refuge. In a general raid against all foreigners, the missionary was first attacked because he was first at hand, and, to put it frankly and truthfully, he suffered because he was in or part of bad company; not because he was a missionary, but for the crime, in Chinese eyes, of being a foreigner.

So too, in response to the charge of attempting to force an alien and inappropriate form of belief upon a people well suited to and with their own, it might be said that, in the entire history of missionary effort in China, or in other parts of the Far East, nothing even remotely approaching the exercise of force has been attempted. To talk to persons who choose to listen, to throw wide the doors of chapels where natives who desire may hear the Christian faith explained and urged

upon their attention, to sell at half cost or to give the Bible and Christian literature freely to those who may care to read them, to heal the sick, without cost, who come for medical treatment, to instruct children whose parents are desirous that they should receive education, — surely none or all of these constitute methods or practices to which the word *force* may be applied under any allowable use of the English language. And this, thus briefly summarized, constitutes the entire body of missionary effort in China. To put it in another form, there is no difference between the work of pioneer preachers in the far West, that of laborers or "settlement workers" in the slums of great cities, or of eloquent pastors of wealthy and fashionable churches in the Back Bay district of Boston or Fifth Avenue in New York, and that done by missionaries in China. If the last-named force the acceptance of Christianity upon their hearers, then so do all the others. The work is absolutely identical in character and method, differentiated from the others only by simple forms of presentation in order to reach the more effectively minds wholly unfamiliar with the truths presented. Those who assert that Christianity is wholly unsuited to the Chinese character, that the Chinese will not and cannot become sincere and loyal Christians, are most respectfully referred to the long list of native martyrs, of both sexes and all ages, who readily and gladly gave up their lives in the Boxer movement, rather than abjure the Christian faith.

It might further be added that unselfish men and devoted women, enthusiastic in what appears, to them at least, to be a great cause, who are ready to expatriate themselves and to abandon all their ambitions and their lives to its promotion in foreign lands, have as good a right to carry out their self-sacrificing wishes, to enter China and do their chosen work there by all proper methods, as have their fellow citizens who seek the same Empire in order to win a fortune by dealing in cotton goods, kerosene, silk, tea, or possibly in opium. They have precisely the same right, no greater and no less, to the protection and sympathetic assistance of their own government as any other class of citizens. To more than this, American missionaries have never made claim.

Beyond these brief and general statements, intended to correct certain widely prevalent misconceptions of fact, and to clear the ground for what is to follow, it is not the purpose of this article to denounce or defend evangelistic work in China or the presence of missionaries there. With the quality of the work done, the doctrines taught, or the agencies employed, this paper has nothing to do. After all, it is a matter of comparatively trifling importance what fellow foreigners may think of missionaries or missionary work on the other side of the world. Their approval or condemnation counts for little. What the Chinese themselves think, what is their attitude and that of their government toward the enterprise, are questions of vastly greater moment. To answer these questions from a purely secular standpoint, to deal with the missionary enterprise as a factor in the modernization of China, to explain the exact attitude and policy of the Imperial government toward it and the causes of friction, constantly growing more rare, between its promoters and Chinese officials and people, these together constitute the motive of this article. Neither conjecture nor hearsay will form the basis of conclusions reached, but facts gained through a long and necessarily close study of the missionary question in China, innumerable discussions, and much practical experience in the adjustment of so-called "missionary cases."

In any effort to gain a correct understanding of this or other questions which affect our relations with the Chinese, certain characteristics of the race should be kept carefully in mind. They are an intellectual people, and possessed of fully the average amount of shrewd common sense, intermingled with some ancient and crude superstitions, which serve as a

variant. With the single exception of the Emperor, their officials of all grades, from the highest to the lowest, are of and chosen from the people themselves, and local self-government exists there to an extent not seen elsewhere. In China the people are, in fact, masters of the situation, and a spirit of sturdy democracy is everywhere evident. They judge men or nations, much as we do, by what they do rather than what they say. Hence in any given conditions or circumstances, if we infer Chinese feelings or conduct from what our own would be in the same situation, we shall not go far wrong, always, however, bearing the fact in mind that they are more patient than we.

Then it is necessary to keep certain facts of Chinese history in plain sight. The first knowledge which the Chinese had of the Western world, by which is meant Western Europe and America, came through buccaneering expeditions, or piratical attacks, as they would now be called, upon the Chinese coasts by the Dutch, Portuguese, French, and Spaniards. In more modern times, barely seventy years ago in fact, the entering wedge to break open the barred doors of Chinese seclusion was driven home by the military power of Great Britain mainly in order to force a market for Indian opium, of which that Christian government held a monopoly. From that day to this every form of foreign enterprise in China, irrespective of character or nationality, has been tainted with opium and hindered by the hatred, suspicion, and contempt engendered by the eventual success of this monstrous scheme to despoil China in brain, body, and pocket, for the sake of gain to the exchequer of Great Britain. To this must be added more than sixty years of unjust and inexcusable diplomacy, the exploitation of China to suit the rival ambitions and satisfy the ever growing greed of the great European Powers, robberies of its territory upon every border, and a consistent disregard of every claim which the Chinese might put forward to the ownership of their own territory and the management of their own affairs. Most clearly it must be understood that, not the missionary in the cabin, but the opium and gunpowder in the hold, has fixed the hatred and established a permanent opposition among the Chinese toward all things foreign. Once for all, it must be most emphatically declared that, not Christian propagandism, but most unchristian policies and practices of aggression, dominance, and spoliation upon the part of certain governments of Europe brought about the horrors of the Boxer uprising.

The earlier general treaties between China and foreign governments make no special concessions to any particular class of alien residents within the Empire. They are not recognized as merchants, missionaries, students, or travelers, but provided for *en masse*, as citizens or subjects of the government with which the treaty is negotiated. Our own government is particularly careful upon this point, asking special favors for none, and exerting its efforts, when occasion arises, for its people as American citizens only. It is not permitted even to state the calling or avocation of the bearer of a passport, and though the request has often been made by Chinese officials that this be done in the case of missionaries in order that special protection and assistance be afforded them, it has been necessary to refuse the request as contrary to statute or regulation. The missionary possesses only such privileges, exemptions, and immunities under treaty, as are granted to his fellow alien of every other class and occupation. The right to reside, acquire property, and to pursue his calling at certain specified centres of population, mostly upon the sea-coast, and to travel freely under passport, throughout the interior, covers all to which he is entitled under the official pledge and seal of the Imperial government of China.

Yet, from the inception of what may be termed modern missionary enterprise in China, the missionaries have gone beyond this narrow limit of favor, gone

beyond the treaty ports, until now they can be found in every province and in nearly every large city. Even in many mud-walled villages and rural hamlets missionary families are now to be found quietly and permanently established in homes, in close touch and intimate association with the native residents. This special favor, unobtainable by any other alien class in the Empire, has assuredly not been won either through any exercise of governmental force or diplomatic pressure. It has been slowly gained by the exercise of patience, tact, and discretion upon the part of the missionaries themselves, under the open eyes and with the tacit, though unspoken, consent of the Imperial authorities. In rare cases, missionaries have been driven out of interior points by local hostility; but in no instance has the Peking government demanded their withdrawal, or our own government urged their right of residence there. This successful missionary expansion, as it may be called, speaks volumes for the wisdom and patient zeal of those who have accomplished it. It does more than this. It shows clearly a line of policy and procedure, which has now been consistently followed by the Imperial authorities for more than forty years, and which may here be stated. The Emperor will neither force nor forbid the residence and labors of missionaries at any points beyond the treaty ports. But recognizing and appreciating the self-denying and philanthropic character of missionary effort, he will gladly permit those engaged in it to establish themselves throughout the interior, wherever they may be able to do so with the consent and good will of the people of the locality. It is not known that this well-established line of policy has been formulated and officially communicated to any foreign power. But it has been verbally declared to the writer by members of the Cabinet and other high authorities of the Empire, upon many occasions.

It would not have been surprising if the Chinese authorities, while conceding so great an advantage to missionaries, should have coupled with it a disclaimer of all responsibility for any mishaps, including mob violence, to which they might be subjected in seeking residence where they had no treaty right to be. But it has done nothing of the sort. It has never, within the knowledge of the writer, attempted to shirk full responsibility for the lives and property of American citizens in any part of the Empire, or to claim that missionaries, in establishing themselves in the interior, ran their own risks, took their lives into their own keeping, and must themselves bear any financial losses which local opposition to their presence might entail upon them. The utmost in the nature of criticism or complaint that can justly be made upon Imperial action in such cases, is that the Peking government would perhaps be more dilatory in making reparation in such a case than in one similar which might occur within the limits of a treaty port; that it appeared to regard the trouble somewhat in the light of a local quarrel between missionaries and populace which should be adjusted by the local authorities. And advice, rather than orders, for punishment of offenders and indemnity for losses, often appeared to be the limit to which the officials at the capital were willing to go. At the same time it must in justice be admitted that if the authorities of the Legation saw fit themselves to take the affair before the local officials, they never failed to secure ample reparation. Can as much be said regarding anti-Chinese mobs in the United States?

Aside from this most practical evidence of the appreciation and favor with which the government of China regards the missionary enterprise, there is a great mass of testimony from individuals high in rank and authority throughout the Empire, all serving to show that this unselfish effort for the good of Chinese humanity has gained for itself an honored place in influential minds once suspicious of or openly hostile to it. Large donations

to mission hospitals and schools from official or wealthy Chinese, a great and rapidly increasing demand for Christian literature and educational works, special and unsolicited courtesy and assistance shown to missionaries, all these indicate that the day of Chinese opposition to missionary work among them has passed, and that, whatever may be the opinion of foreigners either resident in China or in their native lands, China itself, as represented by the leaders of thought and public opinion in it, has recognized and accepted the missionary enterprise as one of the most important and useful factors in the creation and development of new life in that ancient and antique Empire.

Not to mention other evidence to this fact, take one incident of recent occurrence in the good city of Boston. The Chinese Imperial government has recently dispatched two commissions, composed of officials of high rank and a numerous staff, to visit and study various important subjects in America and Europe. When arrangements were being made for the visit of the first of these commissions to Boston, and a long list of points in or near the city which they might wish to see was submitted to them, among the first selected were the offices of the American Board, the parent of all foreign missionary organizations in the United States, and having large interests in that work in China. The selection of this active centre of foreign evangelistic effort was unguided and entirely spontaneous. In their addresses and informal remarks during the visit to those offices, the commissioners expressed in unqualified terms their appreciation and strong approval of the missionary enterprise in China, and their gratitude for what had been and was being done there. "We know who are our friends," said they again and again. Yet neither of the Chinese commissioners was a convert to Christianity, they were under no obligation to visit one of the headquarters of American missionary effort in China, or, being there, to go beyond polite and noncommittal remarks. Hence, and all the more, their declarations must in all fairness be taken as strong official endorsement and approval.

With much the same feelings they expressed their delight at what they saw at Wellesley College, and recognized in it the grander development of what American women were attempting to do for the women of China. Speaking by the way, the treatment of the female sex is the darkest blot upon the civilization of China. A revolt against the earlier practices in this direction has already begun there, and probably nothing in the entire journey of this commission into foreign parts will work such immediate and lasting change for the better, as the visit to Wellesley. To cite one other proof of Chinese official approval of the missionary enterprise: in the later commercial treaties, rendered necessary by the Boxer uprising, foreign missionary organizations are permitted to acquire real estate in all parts of the Empire, and "to erect such suitable buildings as may be required for carrying on their good work." No similar concession has been made to any other class of alien residents. Thus the voluntary and unwritten policy long followed by the Emperor has been formulated and shaped into a solemn engagement and pledge.

To speak quite frankly and to the fact, for many years more unfriendly criticism and complaint of the presence of missionaries and their work in China has been heard from foreigners, either like them alien residents in the Far East, or at home, than from Chinese officials or people. It has even been customary and the fashion with a certain class, which need not be more particularly described, in speaking of the missionary to prefix an offensive and condemnatory adjective to the word. Regarding the opinions and judgments of such with all possible charity, they have been far more fearful of the evil results of all attempts to do good in far Cathay than have the Chinese

themselves. Upon the other hand, in many years of intimate official and friendly intercourse with all classes of Chinese in every part of the Empire, the writer has never heard even one complaint of or objection to the presence of American missionaries in China, or the character of their work. He has heard himself, and all other foreigners of every nationality and calling, cursed in most violent terms for having fastened the opium horror upon the Chinese race, and the suggestion made, in a paroxysm of anger and hate by some human wreck wrought by the drug, that foreigners "would do well to take away that awful curse before they had the impudence to talk to the Chinese about their Jesus." But, aside from crazed and mistaken denunciation, no Chinaman within his hearing has had anything but pleasant words to speak regarding the missionary enterprise, as conducted by Americans, in his land.

In the discussion of particular "missionary cases," as they are called, and by which is meant cases of complaints made by missionaries of interference with them in their work,—interference which sometimes took the form of mob violence,—Chinese officials have complained, in most courteous language, of the indiscreet methods or conduct of particular missionaries. Yet this complaint has never been so strong as the writer would himself have used, and has been invariably coupled with a hearty approval and high appreciation of the work of the missionary body as a whole.

It would be idle to deny or ignore the fact that cases of serious friction between the natives and foreign missionaries have arisen in the past and are still of less frequent occurrence. By far the largest percentage of such most unfortunate conflicts has been caused by the unwise and improper interference of missionaries between their native converts and the Chinese authorities, or by the assumption of civil rank and authority by missionaries. Since, in the sixty years of modern missionary enterprise in China, no single charge or complaint of that nature has been made against an American missionary, such causes of trouble need not be discussed here. The conduct of European governments toward China, their greed, aggression, and general attitude of domination, long prejudiced both officials and people against missionaries, who were popularly believed to make use of their professedly philanthropic work only as a cloak, and to be, in fact, spies of their own governments whose aim was the seizure of the Empire and subjugation of its people. But, with greater mutual intelligence and less frequent occasions of misunderstanding, these causes of friction and conflict have, in great measure, disappeared. The true character and great value of the missionary enterprise as a factor in the modernization of China, and in bringing it into line with the great nations of the world, is almost universally recognized and appreciated, at least by those who are being most radically affected by it. And it should be realized and freely admitted that, in a nation where popular opinion and sentiment to an almost unprecedented extent guide and limit governmental policy,—for all the nominally autocratic authority of the Emperor,—the presence of such a force at work quietly among the people, is of the utmost value in the establishment and maintenance of good relations and the development to their full limit of all mutual interests. The missionary has won his way, found his work in China, which, while primarily religious in character, is greatly helpful in all worthy secular affairs. No other foreigner comes in such close and intimate touch with the native as he. And he is the unrecognized and uncommissioned representative of what is best in every phase and department of American life.

In these days of intense commercialism, when trade appears, at least, to have relegated all other concerns and interests to the background, when not only men but governments are bending every energy to the enlargement of existing

fields of commerce and the development of new lines and centres of trade, one most important result, one valuable by-product, as it may be called, of missionary enterprise in China deserves to receive more serious consideration than has hitherto been accorded to it. In it is to be found an agency, unequaled by any other, for the development of our commerce with that vast population. Every missionary is, whether willingly or unwillingly, an agent for the display and recommendation of American fabrics and wares of every conceivable sort. Each missionary home, whether established in great Chinese cities or rural hamlets, serves as an object lesson, an exposition of the practical comfort, convenience, and value of the thousand and one items in the long catalogue of articles which complete the equipment of an American home. Idle curiosity upon the part of the natives grows into personal interest which in turn develops the desire to possess. Did space permit, an overwhelming array of facts and figures could be set forth to prove the inestimable, though unrecognized, value of the missionary as an agent for the development of American commerce in every part of the globe. The manufacturing and commercial interests in the United States, even though indifferent or actively hostile to the direct purpose of the missionary enterprise, could well afford to bear the entire cost of all American missionary effort in China for the sake of the large increase in trade which results from such effort.

When the government and people of the United States are ready, and determined, to return to a dignified and decent policy in the treatment of the Chinese who are within our borders or may seek to come here; when we realize that now is always the time to apologize for an insult or to right a wrong; when, in short, we resume our earlier attitude and practice of fair play and genuine, helpful friendliness toward the Chinese race and nation, we shall easily secure a renewal of their confidence in us and win back all and more than all that now, thanks to our own folly, appears to have been lost. And the American missionary enterprise in China will play a part in our relations with that great Empire of even greater value in years to come than it has in the past.

THE NOVELS OF THOMAS HARDY

BY MARY MOSS

In a certain book on Japan the traveler asks his guide why all the little Japanese birds on a telegraph wire face the same way. He even noted it as a characteristic national trait. On learning that they were more comfortable beak to the wind, the author artlessly observes that American birds probably follow the same custom, for the dignity of their tail feathers, only at home such trifles escaped his notice. That man was an accomplished art critic, and to such small purpose had he learned to use his eyes!

Now Thomas Hardy, on the contrary, has so seen and felt the world about him, that whether his particular country be as unfamiliar as the mountains of the moon, whether your range of vision be as urban as my Japanese traveler's, you nevertheless recognize and ratify the truth of every word that Hardy utters. Grass grows on the same impulse, birds mate and nest, cattle ruminate under shade trees, sap rises in the spring, women are of two minds, men act under strange promptings, the mills of the gods grind inscrutably,

whether the scene be laid in "Wessex," Asia, or central Pennsylvania. For this reason, interesting as it may be to investigate Hardy's country as a matter of sentiment and amiable gossip, to the real student of Hardy the facts that Casterbridge is Dorchester, that Loveday's mill can still be pointed out to pilgrims, that Eustacia waited on that barrow, that Bathsheba sold corn in this market-place, should be of the most superficial consequence. Indeed, this local aspect of his work has been dwelt on rather to the damage of larger and deeper appreciation. The quite external fact that his books cover a small geographical field, that he is a trustworthy antiquarian, historian, and naturalist, has somewhat obscured the greater field illumined by his genius. Thus, whimsically, the most universal English writer since Shakespeare is often treated as a limited specialist, because every one of his rare and delightful products comes from the tender, sympathetic cultivation of one small garden plot.

Although he may leave whole sides of life untouched, this in no way detracts from his universal quality, since his appeal is never made to any special class. Superficial people read him for the story, lovers of beauty for delight of the eye and ear, humorists for the quaintness of his comedy; while no thoughtful human being can fail to gain from him flashes of self-knowledge and understanding of the world at large. Not that he, at his best, explains; but when, in descriptions of another's emotions, sensations are found that each of us has tingled with, our own understanding and sympathy are at once enlarged, and we have momentarily responded, be it ever so little, to that universal vibration of life, to know and feel which is the only true knowledge.

Hardy's first novel, *Desperate Remedies*, was published in 1870, when, after coming to London as a country student of ecclesiastical architecture, he had won his spurs by writings on professional subjects.

The plot is enormously complicated, fatiguingly intricate. It is worked out to the smallest point, prepared, dovetailed. Each trifling event leads on to the next, but the machinery obtrudes itself. Such mazes are too complicated; too great demand is made upon the attention; there are too many involutions, too many coincidences; also, in the effort toward brevity, he dates his narrative like a diary, breaking continuity, giving the effect of disjointed scenes. The people talk alike. His young country architect, Owen Grey, Edward Springgrove, Manston the gentlemanly villain, Anne Seavey fresh from the London pavements, and Cytherea Grey, use much the same language. The rustics, of course, speak their own humorous, salty dialect. But even here, in spite of this outward sameness, the characters do not in the least resemble one another.

In Cytherea, Hardy's first girl, we at once have a true Shakespearean heroine. At a stroke he gives the beautiful creature, gentle and spirited, neither clever nor stupid, instinctive, unable to resist love or a lover. Like Trollope's Lily Dale, Cytherea is of one mind, faithful. She is unconventional, without coquetry, imprudent, and — you believe that she is charming.

It is curious that in a first book Hardy's fundamental structure should appear complete; it is almost his formula, what might come after he had at first written unconsciously, then grown aware of his own method, then formalized to baldness. In this he reverses the usual process. To take random instances, Mr. Crawford and Mr. W. E. Norris began with interesting novels, but their later works have become merely examples of how these accomplished gentlemen write, quite ceasing to be stories of live men and women. In *Desperate Remedies*, on the contrary, you see how Hardy got at things, before he gained ease in concealing his processes.

Although his first manuscript (*The Poor Man and the Lady*), by Mr. George Meredith's advice, was suppressed as too

revolutionary for public endurance, his early attitude toward bourgeois and philistine seems rather remote than antagonistic, less conscious revolt than instinctive avoidance. Flaubert's malicious *Dictionnaire des Idées reçues* would not appeal to him; neither irritable nor nervous, he appears simply observant and truthful.

At once you feel a touch new to English fiction. Here is a colorist. Not in the school of Gautier! He is not occupied with the hue of words, or with their harmonies. He makes no jeweled mosaic of cunningly chosen vowels and consonants, no musical alliterations, but rather evokes your visual imagination by the intensity with which he sees, an intensity cleaving its own way to the apt word. In 1870 this young provincial Englishman saw with the eyes of a Monet. Inventing no phrases to announce his discoveries, he seems to arrive by instinct at the purest impressionist vision, joined to an ability to transmit, with the greatest directness, every impression, whether of comedy, external loveliness, or emotion.

While lacking some quality of selection not yet developed, *Desperate Remedies* abounds in treasures of beauty and observation, flung out unheralded, with small stress; and here, in a flash, is one of his elements of greatness. Never do you feel his eye upon the audience. Whatever struggles he may have gone through, they surely were struggles to seize his idea, to realize his vision, never to impress you. Hence, when he is prolix, you pardon it; careless, you ignore it; feeling that only pettiness could stoop to pick up a split infinitive, a needless repetition. In fact, at the beginning, a critic must concede these occasional faults once for all, as facts to be acknowledged and forgotten.

In his next book, published in 1872, Hardy passed from promising amateur to accomplished story-teller. *Under the Greenwood Tree* is as simple as its predecessor was intricate. Plot dwindles to the slightest thread, along which are strung a series of rural scenes. Dick Dewey, a young "tranter," coming home on Christmas Eve, is invited to join the Waits on their usual rounds. The vicar thanks them from under warm bedclothes, a rich, churlish farmer curses them. They are disappointed at having no response from the new schoolmistress, when her window opens for a second, showing a radiant, gracious young girl.

Between this Fancy Day and Dick, for the ensuing months, a mild courtship goes on. Her father favors the rich farmer, but is easily managed, when Fancy feigns illness. The vicar struggles against a desire to mate below his station, but breaks down and addresses her. Tempted for an hour, she plans throwing Dick over, thinks better of it, and marries her sweetheart. From this trite situation Hardy extracts a minute of enchantment, set among trees and cottages, relieved by the absurd talk of villagers. The drollery of his style banishes dullness, the pervading beauty lifts it above the commonplace. Whether a branch drop across the road, whether it be an atmospheric change, a gliding from dusk to darkness, from autumn to winter, there is the same absolute freshness in seeing and describing. The used phrase does not exist, yet you have no impression of a fastidious, conscious search for originality. "A Rural Painting of the Dutch School" he calls it, ignoring English descendants of the Dutch, although there is hardly a page without its glimpse of Constable or Crome, its spreading oak, a band of villagers, or one bent figure with "no distinctive appearance beyond that of a human being."

Showery skies, darkening woods, rushing little rivers, and comfortable domestic animals are clear in solid English fashion. Food and drink play a hearty part without their material presence ever blemishing the poetry of conception. In Fancy we have the real creation. No fresh charm of young girlhood has ever been more delicately conveyed. Her prettiness, caprice, coquetry, untruthfulness, adaptability, —you see perfectly that she is a little

baggage, but also you know that, being young and vigorous, she will have many babies, and that, being entirely a creature of instinct, she will by these babies be kept out of mischief. By the workings of that very instinct which makes Fancy an unreliable maid, Dick's home will be safe in the hands of Fancy the mother. Hardy strikes his key unerringly, and never leaves it, dealing in cheerfulness, good smells, wholesome sun, warm fires, ringing frost.

Descriptions of appearance, whether of place or people, are so blended with interpretation of character, that in one brief sentence Hardy not only makes you see how Reuben Dewey's cottage looked, but incidentally conveys the genial and social nature of its inhabitants. He has gained power of elimination. What is needful for you to know is made quite plain, but irrelevant detail drops out of sight. When Fancy takes a day off for sweethearting, you are merely told that "for some reason connected with cleaning the school, the children had given them this Friday afternoon for pastime." The earlier Hardy would have complicated his movement by patiently going into the reason. But from this time on he knows exactly when to condense, when to linger. The manner may occasionally be wordy, but superfluous matter has vanished, with the result that in long leisurely books you positively feel as if the author had done your skipping for you. Your pudding is all plums; Wagner has made his own cuts.

Take the first paragraph. It being night, he appeals to the sense which thrives on darkness. You *hear* the symphonic utterance of trees, then a step, a youth whistling, and with a short half page he is in full swing of his story. There is no harking back, no picking up of lost threads. The entire chapter is a model of brevity. By some gift of heaven, the very turn of the words fills you with gay expectancy; yet for all its directness, the wonderful use of analogy sometimes shows that only through knowing other worlds is Hardy able to see this rustic one so engagingly.

A Pair of Blue Eyes (1873) has often been rated as inferior, possibly from its somewhat trashy title. Yet in it Hardy strikes a far deeper note than in *Under the Greenwood Tree*. There is the poetic rapture of an early love, a neglected, lonely girl and a beautiful youth flowing together as naturally as two drops on a window pane. Had Hardy rested here, he would have pleased those critics who already had him shelved and labeled as a master of poetic *genre*. But instead of stopping, he goes on to show how Elfride Swancourt's love for Stephen Smith develops her into the woman who promptly outgrows her boyish admirer. Inevitably, she then falls prey to the next man who presents himself. Her disturbed emotions seek a goal. That Henry Knight should be a nineteen-carat prig is one of those ironic chances which may lead to tragedy or comedy. That the development should be serious gave fresh offense to the critics who had not grasped the writer's fundamental and realistic treatment of character under his misleadingly romantic manner. Elfride belongs in his category of innocent, unformed girls; but, unlike those of Scott, these young creatures are never in the least conventionalized. Each one shows individual variation. Elfride is as completely an almost rustic lady as Fancy is a lady-like rustic. While Cytherea Grey is born to steadfastness, Elfride only attains it by a process of growth superficially indistinguishable from fickleness. Fancy Day's waverings arise from sheer coquetry, with a tinge of worldly ambition. Fancy might be called a "bright" girl. Cytherea is neither clever nor dull, — that issue does not come in; her point is character. But Elfride, while deficient in character, distinctly possesses intellect. To look below the surface of these easily blushing, delicate-bodied young creatures seems as ruthless as stripping the petals from a flower, — a process of which their author is never guilty. He simply presents them, but if you choose to look deeper,

you will find no inconsistencies, no mistakes.

What a sense he gives of Elfride's bodily presence: "Appearing in her riding habit, as she always did in a change of dress, like a new edition of a delightful volume." And how tender a humor plays about her early troubles, when "All her flowers seemed dull of hue, her pets seemed to look wistfully into her eyes, as if they no longer stood in the same friendly relation to her as formerly. She wore melancholy jewelry, gazed at sunsets, and talked to old men and women."

The humor which points Mr. Swancourt is of quite different flavor: "A firm-standing, perpendicular man whose fall would have been backward in direction, if ever he lost his balance;" a pompous being who put "on his countenance a higher class look than customary, as became a poor gentleman who was going to read a letter from a lord." But this humor never deepens to outright mirth. The minor key may admit of a few discreet modulations, but a note of apprehension dominates every page. The pathetic end comes with appropriate quiet, finding you fully prepared, like Stephen, whose "hopes for the best had been but periodic interruptions of a chronic fear of the worst."

In *Far from the Madding Crowd* (1874) the progressive movement is toward a larger scale. It is solider, more robust; that word applies alike to characters, situation, and treatment.

Gabriel Oak, a young yeoman, sees a handsome girl sitting on top of a cartload of household goods, disputing her toll with the gatekeeper. He pays her toll. Vexed at losing her point with the gatekeeper, she barely thanks him. This gives the broad rusticity of the pair. Gabriel makes her acquaintance through the agency of a milch cow which she visits daily. "By making inquiries he found that the girl's name was Bathsheba Everdene, and that the cow would go dry in seven days. He dreaded the eighth day." The development of the story simply is that Bathsheba fails to appreciate Oak, experiments with a rich neighbor, Farmer Boldwood, to her own sorrow, and marries for love a faithless Sergeant Troy. She grows more and more to rely upon Oak's disinterested help in all matters of farming; but on her husband's supposed death, half unwillingly commits herself to Boldwood. Troy reappears on the eve of her marriage, and Boldwood, in a fit of madness, shoots him dead. Stripped of its clothing, this sounds like rank melodrama; but after all, since life may at any moment furnish melodrama, there seems no reason why the serious novelist need boycott that field, if only he has the power to avoid cheapness.

And throughout this story there is such a marvel of lyrical prose, expressing such tender and perfect vision, that not Maeterlinck himself has cast more beauty upon simple and common things. Not a leaf falls, not a bird chirps, but Hardy's word recalls your own closest and happiest observation; through his magic you realize for the first time the meaning of many an unconsciously stored impression of life and nature. Nor is he merely the accomplished *paysagiste*. Character never ceases to be as important as visions of sky and pasture. The lives of his people are never a mere vehicle for poetized bits of natural history. You see Bathsheba in the foreground, with fields and sheep in perspective, — a rustic Diana, full of unspent sex, a queer blending of unbridled impulse and middle-class decorum. Her physical beauty stands proved, also an honesty which is quite compatible with wavering. "A censor's opinion on seeing an actual flirt would have been a feeling of surprise that Bathsheba could be so different from such a one, yet so like what a flirt is supposed to be."

If Thackeray had been minded to make an attractive man of Major Dobbin, or to show George Osborne as a beguiling specimen of his class, the results would not have been unlike Gabriel Oak and Sergeant Troy. Of the latter, Mr. Barrie

goes so far as to say: "Never till Troy was shown at work, had we learned from fiction how such a being may mesmerize a bewitching and clever woman into his arms. Many writers say their Troys did it, but Mr. Hardy shows it being done." Tito Melema is of Troy's family, except that the ethical George Eliot, by compelling the reader to dislike Tito, at once diminishes the sense of his charm. In Troy's case, while cherishing no illusions, you never outgrow a wholly indefensible liking for this agreeable scamp, who "never passed the line which divides the spruce vices from the ugly; and hence, though his morals had never been applauded, disapproval of them had frequently been tempered with a smile."

And here, in this, is another trait of Hardy's genius. He can put man or woman in difficult situations without deflecting what theatre people call "the sympathy." The wife abandoned by a young and gallant husband usually appears unattractive; it is almost inherent in her position. Not so Bathsheba; you see exactly how it came about, without immediately losing the sense of her dash and beauty.

Specialists in "local color" should make a profound study of this book. Although Gabriel's sheep form the picturesque *motif* of the whole, and seldom are more than a field or so away, they never steal the curtain. You never suspect that Bathsheba is wooed and won for the sake of an eclogue upon shearing. The most celebrated passages are known to all students of English literature; yet every rereading will discover new bits illustrating not only Hardy's lyric beauty, but the piercing truth of expression which makes for brevity and humor. There are marvelous analogies, unstrained but original, and true as proverbs: "He would as soon have thought of carrying an odor in a net, as of attempting to convey the intangibility of his feelings in the coarse meshes of language." Or take the old master who "seemed to approach the grave as a hyperbolic curve approaches a line, — sheering off as he got nearer, till it was doubtful if he ever got there at all." Whether it be heat, cold, a sweep of the heavens, an ingle-nook, the regular change of seasons, or a storm, through this same direct method Hardy reaches his highest effects; and here his storms are no longer gentle disturbances of Constable or Gainsborough, but, like Turner's, they breathe excitement. More sinister than those showers which merely threaten the wayfarer's comfort, these menace life and happiness. You feel danger in their approach. "The same evening the sheep had trailed home, head to tail, the behavior of rooks had been confused, and the horses had moved with timidity and caution . . . time went on and the moon vanished not to reappear. It was the farewell of the ambassador previous to war."

In another season: "It was a time in cottages when the breath of sleepers freezes to the sheets, when round the drawing-room fire of a thick-walled mansion the sitters' backs are cold even while their faces are all aglow. Many a small bird went to bed supperless that night among the bare boughs." A passage as perfect in its way as the opening lines of "The Eve of St. Agnes." And yet another mood of nature, when " to persons standing alone on a hill during a clear midnight such as this, the roll of the world eastward is almost a palpable movement."

As for his chorus of rustics, one critic cries to Heaven to witness their travesty of daily speech, another finds pure Thomas Hardy the only current tongue in "Wessex." Who can tell? The point is that you believe the mental attitude of his boors to be spirit perfect. Perhaps they do talk too much like Launcelot Gobbo for Victorian England. Granted! But does this matter, since they give you a complete sense of country life, since they are amusing, and adequately fill their space? If their tongues be too archaic (and many visitors to Wessex declare them to be literally true), the medium, right or wrong, never clogs the workings of their minds. There is an atmosphere of such just values that

even when Farmer Boldwood talks suspiciously like Hamlet his flights never seem far-fetched.

Hardy changes the angle of his narrative to please himself. He avoids explanation. He expects you to take mere detail for granted. No preparatory chapter exhausts Bathsheba's past life. You are vaguely told that she studied to be a governess, but was too wild. Only Parson Adams would feel bound to ask — what her parents did — if she were an only child. Toward the end, the whole movement visibly slackens, — not weakly, but suitably, as in the last pages of a Beethoven finale. It is the slow resolution of dominant into tonic, soothing to mind and spirit, so that you reach the end with a great sense of completion, of Hardy's power to evoke the beauty of homely things. Take the whole question of breeding, lambing, shearing, and — indigestion! Remember the distended bellies of the "blasted" sheep, how he treats this episode! Your sympathy is wrought on for the animals' pain, the farmer's loss; but the unpleasant side, though never shirked, is given no undue prominence. The entire passage might be quoted as one more proof how little beauty or refinement depends upon theme. When Ferdinand hears of his father's death, when Ariel sings the changes taking place in a submerged and decomposing body, how is it told? "Full fathom five thy father lies," and so forth, — the most poetic lyric human fancy ever produced! Yet think of that same morbid process even touched upon by the hands of Caliban! So Hardy gives a clear picture of the lambs' gas-tormented bellies; but he also never loses sight of blue sky, kindly sunshine, fresh brooks, and fecund meadows.

The Hand of Ethelberta (1876) is to Hardy what *Evan Harrington* was to George Meredith. Nature plays a minor part, as discreet and deftly used background. It is satiric comedy, but satire which, in the deep old sense, appreciates instead of despises the thing satirized. The rustic is almost eliminated. *Ethelberta* deals with more or less civilized human beings. A scant page of quick retrospect, and you are posted in Ethelberta's history up to the very moment when she steps out of an ancient Wessex inn. Then, following afoot a mid-air battle between a wild duck and a hawk, she loses her way, meets an old lover, and, without effort or weariness, you are started with her along her devious and perilous career as a lady in society whose father is, and always has been, a respectable butler. With all of this, you never feel that Ethelberta is a snob. She is never ridiculous in an impossible situation; she never ceases to be charming. She is born superior to her class, — why? You are given a hint of an ambitious mother. Old Mrs. Chickerel calls her girls by romantic names, educates this promising one to be a nursery governess, is always cautious, always ambitious. Ethelberta obviously inherits this, but you are never told so. Although contemporary criticism deeply resented Hardy's meddling with town life, the *mot juste* seems really his, whether in London or Wessex. In treating people of more or less "good society," while unaffectedly taking the tone of an outsider, Hardy never gives the impression of making mistakes. It is as if a person learned in dogs and horses should suddenly have occasion to describe elephants and giraffes. He almost says, "Creatures of this species are not my speciality, but this is how they appear." Beyond its charm and interest, *Ethelberta* has the indefinable quality of being a real book, not a tissue of clever scenes and acute observations.

If criticism resented Hardy's venturing upon satire, still deeper annoyance was caused by his next move. The position is three-sided, and very curious. His stories are almost entirely limited to the dealings of one locality. That small area is seen by one pair of eyes, through the medium of one definite temperament. But within these limits, the author finds *genre*, comedy, satire, tragedy, history, monograph, problem, and allegory. His critics, moreover, so confused the man

with the theme that each of these developments affected them as a new (and for the most part blamable) departure from his own field, and only in retrospect has it become plain that he has never ceased to be entirely and consistently himself.

The Return of the Native (1878) caused indignant outcry. What business had he with sheer pagan tragedy? Sir David Wilkie putting on the airs of Æschylus or Euripides! Yet no genuine element of tragedy is lacking.

Eustacia Vye and Clym Yeobright meet by chance on Egdon Heath at the moment of his having attained "that stage in a young man's life when the grimness of the general human situation first becomes clear to him, and the realization of this causes ambition to halt awhile." Eustacia was merely lonely, unoccupied, and had reached a point when her former sweetheart, Wildeve, had faded to "the rayless outline of the sun through smoked glass." Clym was a dreamer, philosopher, and lover of mankind; the eternal visionary, with obstinacy for passion, reason for impulse, resignation in place of ambition. This luckless man casts his lot with Eustacia, and tries to instill the domestic virtues into a creature who is the incarnation of all that men rhapsodize in women. She is the eternal, triumphant mistress, yet the type which invariably ends by losing, always going down at last before such women as Thomasin, the eternal mother.

Nowhere in English prose is there such inexpressible beauty of description. Ever modulating and changing as the theme grows gay or sad, it plays over the whole like music. Song and accompaniment are not more closely welded. And with this sense of sound, you never lose a sense of acute vision. You see not only the great moor through recurrent seasons, but cottages, thresholds, angles of chimneys, the pools, those bonfires illumining many hilltops above the dark basin of heath, till the heathmen seem to be standing "in some radiant upper story of the world." And the heath at night! "Then it became the home of strange phantoms; and was found to be the hitherto unrecognized original of those wild regions of obscurity which are vaguely felt to be compassing us about in midnight dreams of flights and disaster, and are never thought of after the dream, till revived by scenes like this." The whole first chapter is like the opening *adagio* of a great symphony. Read this passage at midday in a landscape of vernal efflorescence, and the still relentless gloom of Egdon will darken your very soul. How to accomplish this is Mr. Hardy's secret. *The Return of the Native* is too close-knit for the stitch to reveal itself. Read and re-read it; each time you are so swept along that you fail to pause and scrutinize the method. You are possessed by its beauty and sadness; you lose all wish to know through what mechanism such effects are produced. You see that he is steeped with classic drama. Long before he refers to Hauff, or drops a quotation from Börne, you realize that he has be through his German philosophers and poets; only, unlike Carlyle, he has not stayed with them, but has come out on the far side,—enriched with all they could give, developed, but not changed.

Although many younger writers, quite fairly and without plagiarism, suggest Hardy, he never by any chance reminds you of any one else,—always, and with due reverence, excepting Shakespeare. In the deepest sense he is original, not by eccentricity, not by revolt. If he revolts, it is only by noting the irony of life. He is so far from seeking novelty that at times he seems reverently and sadly to end a chapter of the world's history, as if he stood among the departing good things of past time, as if roadside wanderings with Lavengro, the tender observation of Richard Jefferies, the whole rural life of ancient England, here had its beautiful and mournful valedictory. Then suddenly a word, a phrase, and he binds you to the future. You remember that the moon waxes and wanes, even over smoke-enshrouded cities; that flood tides still lap

even the esplanades of vulgar watering places; that the seasons march on, heedless of human artifice. In fact, he leaves you comforted with a sense of the abiding strength of nature.

The Trumpet Major (1880) modulates at once into a cheerful key. Granted a maid be desirable, naturally she will have more than one admirer. Therefore, in making herself and the chosen one happy, she must of necessity leave a broken heart or so in her wake. Granted the fact of war, a soldier or two must fall. Hence, though the figures in *The Trumpet Major*, seen on a cloudy day through fog and rain, might appear sombre enough, in the glow of genial sun and comfortable firesides they give the effect of gayety and content. While in *Ethelberta* and *The Native*, Hardy untwists every strand that goes to make his characters, in this he gives the cheerfullest of external *genre* pictures. Examine his figures, and you find no faulty drawing; but throughout he is occupied rather with their exteriors than with their souls. The mill, the flowers, the modest young girl perplexed among her lovers, the middle-aged courtship of Mrs. Garland and the miller, are perfectly solid, without any painstaking dissection.

Though so unlike Scott that comparison at first glance seems forced, Hardy in this historic novel has one great quality in common with him. Upon both writers, whether by accident of surroundings or disposition, the past has kept a warm personal hold. Hence their stories suggest a genuine narrative of events in process of merging into legend, yet almost within the reach of living memories. It is noticeable that Hardy gets his effect of remoteness without doing violence to fact. In historic novels it is a customary trick to antedate the style from one to two hundred years, by way of artificially producing an air of "quaintness." Hardy's people speak as rustics, and his own style is no more archaic than Thackeray's in describing Waterloo, or Moore's, Byron's, and Haydon's comments on the same period. The result of this is *The Trumpet Major* is not a loss of distance, but a gain in naturalness, affording a pregnant example to those strugglers after atmosphere who set Waterloo in a dialect of Preston Pans, the Boyne in the language of Flodden Field, and tales of the Armada in a tongue worthy the battle of Hastings.

A Laodicean (1881) may be explained and dismissed in a few words. The preface tells that it was dictated during a period of tedious illness, and carried through to a predetermined good end. Of this it bears the mark, in lack of vitality. Moreover, it may be suspected that Hardy is here passing from the fiery period of early production to the broader and less personal plane of a man in the forties. This is a perilous moment for any creative genius. Those who fail to meet it frankly stay forever in a state of atrophied youth, where each succeeding story must be a mere *réchauffé* of already used impressions.

In *Two on a Tower* (1882), however, he has taken a fresh start, and there could be no better example of the subtle change to which I allude than the difference between this book and the earlier Hardy. He is still busy with the loves of young people, — Viviette is only twenty-six, — but, in a fashion which defies analysis, you feel that he has ceased to be any one of his own characters. He looks at Swithin St. Cleeve, seeing every shade of thought passing through the boy's mind; the same with Viviette. He is no longer in the thick of the struggle, yet loses nothing. The scene is bitten into your memory. The fir-clad mound rising like an island out of ploughed land is a more real feature in your mind than mountains you have actually climbed and forgotten.

If Egdon Heath presided over Clym and Eustacia, the whole dome of heaven, no less, is setting for the episode of Swithin and Viviette. In this story Hardy boldly invades debatable ground. The critics are talking of it still! Many worthy ladies and gentlemen seem to be in sympathy with a priceless argument recently brought against the works of a certain

great Frenchman. "*Living writers*," the censor impressively declared, "must remember that they take certain liberties at their peril."

To the *Westminster* reviewer *Two on a Tower* recalled — Beyle! True, both in *La Chartreuse de Parme* and *Rouge et Noir*, the young men have a penchant for older ladies; but the analogy seems superficial. In the eighties certain episodes in *Two on a Tower* raised a general outcry on the score of propriety. To-day we should rather take exception to an occasional prolixity and carelessness, probably attributable to traces of that same illness. Whenever Hardy's vitality flags, the outpourings of genius are temporarily moderated, and then his lack of interest in mere craft becomes apparent. In the main, however, he is quite unchanged. Fate rules the world. People stumble into joy or sorrow, not through deserving either, but simply because the wind blew, the mail was late! He sees the injustice, but confines himself to chronicling it. Yet he is never unkind to his creatures. If he thinks Viviette foolish, he at least convinces you that folly was thrust upon her, and deals tenderly with her shortcomings.

In *The Mayor of Casterbridge* (1886) Hardy marks another stage. It is the drama of middle life. Strange to say, austerity is the note of this book, which opens with a drunken laborer's selling his young wife and child to a wandering sailor. This austerity, moreover, deepens, though wives prove not to be wives, or maids to be maids, and children have unexpected fathers. Yet the whole is steeped in puritanical, middle-class morality. The tragic figure of Michael Henchard, a rebellious, inarticulate Job, stands out from a sober, unemotional background. Restraint prevails, though, here as elsewhere, Hardy delights in "nature's jaunty readiness to support unorthodox social principles." He revels in showing the accepted conventions of morality in contrast with actual human passion. Not Mr. Bernard Shaw himself was ever more edified by the truly British point of view that certain things are *not*, at war with the actual fact that they *are*. Indeed, many people have hailed Shaw as the exponent of doctrines which are to be found full grown in the pages of Hardy, with three differences. Hardy loves his people, he clothes his theories in quivering flesh and blood, — they are never disembodied intellects, — and he, so far, is guiltless of propaganda.

In *The Mayor of Casterbridge* he obtains a great effect by using so humdrum a background that every flicker of passion flames out like a bonfire. Apart from Michael Henchard, the characters are only saved from commonplace by the sheer charm of narrative; and in this book the mere craft has made strides. There are no slipshod sentences, no lapses into wordiness, and this without loss of wit or beauty. The description of a country town is as fresh as if he never before had taken his readers to Casterbridge.

The Woodlanders (1887) is a grave study of purely rustic character. Little Hintock suffers from over-shading by many trees. Trees cast gloom and sombreness upon the lives of its inhabitants. There is base intrigue, weakness, and failure. But the point brought out by this book, in spite of the sacrifice of Giles Winterbourne, opens your eyes to an unsuspected quality in Hardy's philosophy. Whether externally beaten by Fate, or successful, the solid characters invariably have the reward of winning affection; while inferiority, one way or another, is always worsted. This seems invariable, and, underlying Hardy's fatalism, it prevents his ever degenerating into bitter pessimism. It is his point of reconciliation with the cruelties and injustices of life, the spring of his steadfast endurance. Under all his observation of Fate's ironies, he is convinced that character tells. Perhaps not at a glance, but somewhere, somehow, it does meet with a reward, usually intangible, satisfying only to your soul; and with this, even in the sombreness of *The Woodlanders*, his tenderness never fails; and, as Brandes says of Goethe: —

"His love for every living thing, his feeling of kinship with animals and plants, his persuasion that the human being is one with all other beings, his intuition of the unity that underlies perpetual change of form, — this power of resolving all nature into feeling, was his earliest gift."

Of the three volumes of short stories, *Wessex Tales* (1888), *A Group of Noble Dames* (1891), and *Life's Little Ironies* (1894), there is only space to say that they show still further gain in purity and condensation of style. Each story ends with a queer turn, leaving you half laughing, half gasping. The humor is whimsical, a consciously artificial atmosphere pervades these curious scenes. You imagine careful parents hurrying them from drawing-room tables, serious, middle-aged spinsters protesting at them as libels upon their sex. What do they represent? Possibly the moment in his life when the irony of things became too oppressive, when he at last fell into the throes of belated revolt, and was spurred on, by cumulative indignation, to an attempt at bettering matters.

In *Tess of the D'Urbervilles* (1891), Hardy for the first time has a thesis to maintain, a text, — no less a one than that opposed by Richardson in *Clarissa*, and preached by Gissing in *The Unclassed*, and by Eugène Sue. But, unlike Tess, Fleur-de-Marie herself is hopeless of reinstatement. The thing has happened. Had she lost an eye or an arm through no fault of her own, she would still be blemished. That is Eugène Sue's view of it.

Aiming at quite an opposite conclusion, Hardy seems constantly thwarted by forces beyond his control. He contends that, but for society's prejudice, as expressed in Angel Clare, Tess's purity would be uncontested. The trouble is that, by taking a text, the novelist stands bound to prove it. A less candid man than Hardy would suppress enough of the truth to leave his teaching consistent. But, while Hardy the moralist lays disaster to unnatural human laws, Hardy the incorruptible observer constantly remembers the cruelty of Nature herself. Consequently his record is the perfection of beauty and truth; but his comments, with their visible effort to wrest logic from an insoluble problem, merely hamper him. He is too unpartisan for the problem novel, in contrast to those writers who can only get up steam with the irritation of a question to argue; he who sails by tides, breezes, and tempests is merely thwarted by a determination to instruct. Consequently the warring elements in *Tess* place it on a lower plane than *The Return of the Native*, in spite of a faultlessly told story, moving through absorbing beauty to an inevitable tragedy. That the very end falls below the level of the whole, that it verges perilously upon cheapness, is a small matter, since the larger logic of events is never tampered with to the extent of shirking an unavoidable catastrophe. The real flaw lies in our pagan chronicler's effort to suggest remedies for what he with the same breath proves irremediable. At the time of its publication, — problems held full sway over fiction in the early nineties, — this very element introduced Hardy to the large general public which had hitherto paid him comparatively slight attention. By a queer paradox, its weakness gave it tremendous vogue, but no one could ever imagine *Tess* as a conscious bid for popular favor. Rather it seems that Hardy's extraordinary impressionability suddenly laid him open to a contemporary influence, and that, too, at an age when men usually become slower in response to outward conditions, less sympathetically alive to the world about them; when the conservative "Better not try" of middle age is wont to check the generous iconoclasm of youth.

His mental attitude is much the same in *Jude the Obscure* (1895). It is as if the spectacle of the world's injustice had so wrought upon him that he was finally trying to hammer some sense out of it. The gropings for a path which usually mark early works, the violence of con-

trast which generally belongs to hot young blood, have come to him now, — the desire to reconcile actual conditions with some respectable fundamental scheme of the universe. If the beauty of vision is of necessity less, — since he never lugs in irrelevant ornament, — the style itself is of measured perfection. But — he preaches, and without absolute conviction. At times he seems to be pointing out that those who even appear to infringe upon established social order shall be ground small and cast to the winds. He, in fact, insists upon this. But, having arraigned society as guilty, he also proves that Jude and Sue were temperamentally unfit for existence; and by way of further confusion, he gives Jude a complete inability to resist the — flesh! He depicts two natures so warring that under any conditions they must have suffered; and then blames their troubles upon an uncharitable world.

Jude is the poor boy aspiring to high scholarship, baffled quite as much by his own baser appetites as by outward obstacles. Sue is a sprite of a creature, clever, speculative, granting nothing to the flesh, yet tender-hearted, — one of those abnormal women who appear sexless to themselves, and fill men with baffled desire; an independent little pagan of quick moods, warm affection, no overmastering passions.

An unjust, pursuing fate is the genuine note of the book. Here again Hardy's conscious attempt to put his hand to the rudder and steer a course is perpetually thwarted by his invincible truthfulness. Jude is another variation of the irresolute Hardy man, with taste, feeling, strong but spasmodic will. Whereas Christopher Julian, Clym Yeobright, and Angel Clare are purely intellectual (*radiance without warmth* is the wonderful description of Angel's love for Tess), Jude, for every day in the year but one, is a creature of intellect, and just for a day falls victim to his senses, never his passions. He is eternally governed by a woman, betrayed into coarse excess by Arabella, cribbed and confined into abnormal restraint by Sue. These three stand out in high relief. There is no middle distance, only shadowy figures in remote perspective. The achievement here is that, at his age, Hardy should have added a new type to his collection of women. Sue is the modern girl, self-tormenting, frank, one of those unhappy halfway creatures who lose their hearts but never their heads; women whose actions often seem dictated by sheer caprice, because the voice of Nature calls them in uncertain tones, and they have the will to let that summons pass unheeded. Such women suffer most, accomplish least. They are elements of disturbance, because they arouse feelings which they can never satisfy. They subdue men without giving a fair equivalent; yet they are entirely without calculation, recklessly disinterested. They should never be confounded with the French heroine who suffers from *sêcheresse de cœur*, and experiments to ease her consuming curiosity of life. If in *Tess*, without losing his romantic manner, Hardy shows sympathy with ultra-modern views, in *Jude* he creates the absolutely modern woman, a creature as distinctively the manifestation of her own day as Pamela, Dorothea Brooke, or Mrs. Ward's Marcella. Hardy, in fact, has kept in touch. Like Verdi, he has lived along with his time. Some of us may prefer *Trovatore* and *Aïda* to *Otello*, but no people in their senses could fail even to prefer *Falstaff* to what Verdi would have produced had his development stopped at *Trovatore*, making all subsequent work the mere remodeling of early thoughts and impressions.

After four books of deepening tragedy, we are suddenly delighted by a recrudescence of Hardy the ironic comedian. *The Well-Beloved* (1897) is an embodiment of certain mature reflections in a set of figures, conventionalized, if you will, the story being merely stated without apparent didacticism of purpose. Our pagan again, but in a mood of whimsical tolerance. The hero is no vulgar Don Juan,

Never was man more solicitous for the welfare of his lady loves. The French, of course, perpetually discuss the theme of reluctant fickleness, but with them it is always an affair of the senses. Hardy is far more subtle. Jocelyn Pierston lives and loves with his imagination; never had the baser part of man less to do with his troubles. His adventures are an allegory of the human being who fails to develop normally, whose spirit remains young in an aging body, constantly upset by the painful astonishment known to all of us when some outward proof suddenly jars our inward conviction of perpetual youth. The rustic analogy is always in Hardy's mind. He amuses himself by seeing these city people in relation to country folk, as he sees the countryman in relation to his cattle.

As a masterpiece of ironic analysis, *The Well-Beloved* belongs to the same class as *Sentimental Tommy*, but with far higher qualities of force, restraint, and proportion.

Although we stand perilously near for an attempt at placing this great novelist, it is safe even now to suggest that his chief original service to English fiction has been the same as Tennyson's to English verse. He bridges over the gulf between poetry and science. He holds fast to romance without slurring or ignoring the facts of actual life.

If art be the conscious power of using the raw material of genius, the power not only of bringing down fire from heaven but of curbing and directing it, then as an artist Hardy, in many places, falls short. Nor is his genius at its best when he attempts subjecting it to guidance; but the genius itself — except in *A Laodicean* — never flags in quality and abundance. Had his craft been equal to his inspiration, then Shakespeare would have come to life in our midst. It is such genius as at times to give the effect of highest art, as opposed to Thackeray, whose art is so unapproachable as to be at times quite indistinguishable from genius. Hardy more nearly resembles Dickens, in this unstudied quality; but Dickens never shows his ravishing sense of loveliness. Hardy can see beauty anywhere. He can love anything, a sty-fed pig! And make you love it, and as a pig, too, not idealizing it, never forgetting that it is merely the winter's store of lard, sausage, and blood-pudding. Where M. René Bazin polishes his tales of peasant life till their smooth surfaces present never a flaw or inequality, careless of means as Nature herself, Hardy is busy only with his matter. He is forever occupied with his idea, yet at times his intensity burns away all dross, purifies and refines, leaving only an incomparable beauty. The unfretted energy, never consumed in mere attention to craft, in its finest outbursts achieves results undreamed of by more accomplished artisans. This method, or lack of it, however unsafe for smaller men, is obviously the only possible one for Hardy.

For all his melancholy, he is far kinder to man and beast than Mr. Phillpotts. His sun shines oftener: there are more genial draughts of mead and metheglin, his beer is a generous fluid, his cider has mellowed in the cask. Thirsty lips are not always sodden ones. I have purposely omitted his rustics, as the aspect of him least needing emphasis. Their humor and quaintness have been so insisted upon that there is danger of his being classed as a "clever" portrayer of dialect and quaint corners. When, as a fact, if he be happiest in Wessex, if he create his neighborhood till it is more familiar to eyes which have never seen it than the country at their doors, — if this be true, we may also be very sure that, had Hardy been born at Whitechapel, India, or Iowa, he would still have written imperishable records of men and women.

Although Hardy's very latest work is of an importance to demand separate and lengthy appreciation, — as well sum up in a paragraph the second part of *Faust* and a few Greek tragedies, — no study of his novels is complete without at least a

reference to *The Dynasts* (Part One, 1904, Part Two, 1906).

This inchoate and disturbing production contains his garnered observation upon the whole of life, no less! It is his final comment, recorded with a scrupulous love of truth which rejects anything so empirical as a conclusion.

In fact, so far from arriving anywhere, *The Dynasts* gains its chief interest from unraveling the strands which go to make up the dual nature of Thomas Hardy. Aiming at complete freedom from the restrictions of form, he casts it in the shape of a huge panoramic drama of Europe under Napoleon. This immense field is commented upon from middle air by a spirit chorus, each member of which personifies an unchanging point of view. Whatever the practical defects of this form, or lack of form, it at least has the merit of giving elbow room. The author swings individuals, armies, nations, with complete disregard of any limit. His saturation with his period, in feeling and detail, is so thorough as to give *The Dynasts* weight as a mere historical summary, a tracing of motive and design by a hand strong enough to grasp the situation at its largest.

Beyond this, his spirit chorus continues an ever baffled attempt "to prove there is any rhyme or reason in the Universe." At times the lines are full of a sonorous beauty, with a sweep which makes the same demand upon the attention as the long phrasing of modern music. The Spirit of the Pities forever deplores the cruelty and sadness of life. The Spirit Sinister frankly exults in mischief. The Spirit of Irony impersonally comments; the Spirit of Years counsels tolerance.

Indeed, if these debates fail to contain a satisfactory theory of the universe, they do afford a key to the apparent inconsistencies of Thomas Hardy. While all his reasonings sooner or later abut upon an "unmaliced, unimpassioned, nescient Will," something deeper than reason forever denies so chill and meaningless a law of existence. He is like those biologists who, having pushed research to the remotest forms, are still bound to confess that just beyond there lies something which they can neither explain nor ignore.

Re-read in the light of *The Dynasts*, every one of Hardy's novels represents a phase of mental struggle. Hardy has the mind of an ironic pessimist. Taken from this angle, almost every book is an invective against the wanton cruelty of "The Immanent Will." If this were all, we should merely have an arraignment of the entire scheme of creation. But in this lifelong debate, the intellect is constantly opposed by an instinct which steadily rejects a philosophy of logical despair.

As was wisely said of Anatole France, his intellectual irony would finally grow unbearable, if it were not for his sentient, human heart. Different as they are in every other respect, Hardy and Anatole France have this in common. Each in his way views the spectacle with an inward vibration which irrationally persists, and in consequence of which each is saddened but unembittered by the worst that life can show.

And in the end, as emotion must always prevail over reason, as love is eternally constructive, to the great gain of Hardy's readers, the discouragement wrought by his pitiless logic is forever canceled by his indestructible human sympathy.

CONFESSIONS OF AN OBSCURE TEACHER

I AM ready to forgive whatever faults that charming rascal, Rousseau, may have had, because of the frankness with which he fulfills his introduction to the *Confessions*. He is going to do something without a precedent, something that will never have an imitator, — "Je veux montrer à mes semblables un homme dans toute la vérité de la nature, et cet homme, ce sera moi." Perhaps his partial attainment of this rare feat is what led George Eliot to tell Emerson that her favorite book was the *Confessions* of the inimitable Jean Jacques. I should enjoy writing confessions with the same abandon that characterizes Rousseau, but I have too much of Teutonic reserve, nor would an Anglo-Saxon public forgive me if I did. And yet we do want frankness. Franklin's autobiography is as good art as Rousseau's, and has the additional merit of wholesomeness; it has the charming simplicity of a frank and noble nature.

I am now giving the straightforward confessions of a college professor who has been teaching for twenty years, and has had a good time, too. I want to express my complacency without any strutting, to tell the Wahrheit of a contented life without the addition of an extraneous Dichtung. I have no quarrel with the public, strange though it may seem. So lugubrious are some of the accounts of the life of a professor that the public would be justified in supposing his lot pitiable. And after the public has read what I have to record concerning my experience, this sombreness of view may be unaltered, but I must still insist that I have found joy in my work. Perhaps that is a matter of temperament. Lowell has suggested that it is well for a poet to burn his own smoke. This might apply also to the teacher. But then it may be that a prosaic professor, like many a poet to whom the same adjective may be applied, has not heat enough to consume his smoke.

I graduated from one of the best small colleges of the East, and in September of that year I began to teach. I became a teacher because I had no taste for law, medicine, or theology. It was either teaching or journalism. In answer to an advertisement in a New York daily for a weekly correspondent for a commercial or trade paper published in Boston, I went to New York and there met the business manager. I was somewhat flattered upon being told that out of forty letters mine had won his attention and favor. I could have the place. I asked a week's time for consideration. I declined the offer, and turned the opportunity into the hands of a classmate, who during the next three years, while writing his weekly letter, went through the law school of one of the New York universities. He is now a metropolitan lawyer, but I doubt whether he has enjoyed life more than I, who began that fall to teach in a denominational academy located on a quiet hill four miles from a railroad station.

The village was a veritable Sleepy Hollow. In his *Letters from the Holy Land* Renan tells us "the country I am living in is actually fermenting from lack of ideas." Old-fashioned and utterly unacademic F—— was too quiescent even to ferment from its lack of ideas. Fortunately for us the academy life had little dependence upon the town. The hill on which we were located was a short distance removed from it. There we taught Homer and Virgil in a region whose native population was as primitive as the Homeric folk, and far less interesting. I doubt whether there were two native residents who had ever heard of Homer. The only incident breaking the Sabbatical serenity of the perpetual monotony was the arrival of the stage, an event occurring twice a day.

The academy was located in the midst of this pre-historic community because a California millionaire had been born there, and his son had been persuaded to donate twenty-five thousand dollars to an ecclesiastical body that wished to start a school. The church organization gave about an equal amount, and located its school on a hill beautiful in its commanding outlook over hill and valley; but the view also included a neighborhood so unscholastic, uncontemporary, rustic, superstitious, and provincial that it belonged to an age and country alien to modern America. And yet the life in the place had its charms.

My private living-room on the southeast corner of the third floor of the academy had a window opening to the east, another to the south. From these windows I had a varied and enchanting outlook. To the south my view extended across a valley dotted with prospering farms to a mountain twenty miles away. In my mind's eye I can still see the tower erected by a governmental surveying corps on the highest point in that region. Nine miles away was a city of twenty thousand, whose largest foundry had a whistle that emitted a deep-toned humming every noon. This we could hear when the wind was favorable, and it made us feel in our hermit-like seclusion a kinship with the teeming world beyond. From these windows I saw the procession of the seasons. The thunderstorms of spring were magnificent. From my eerie I could see them coming down the valley long before they reached us. The great stretches of living green and the soft colors of the autumn and early winter, the chaste splendor of the wintry snows, the holy calm of June evenings made sweet with the scent of innumerable growing things and solemn with the distant tinklings of sheep bells, the fragrant dawns announced by twittering birds, the occasional tolling of the village church bell as mourning feet moved to the little burying-ground, the many wandering expeditions over the mountains only three miles to the north, — all this had an indescribable charm, and was the dream of a contemplative monk or a Wordsworthian idealist.

After four years of this academic and idyllic sequestration I became a teacher in a state normal school in one of the great industrial regions. The salary was not high, but it was better than what I had been getting. I now moved in a new atmosphere. My classes were large and many. As yet we had heard nothing of the strenuous life, but we lived it. Hundreds of young men and women, many of whom could be called young only by courtesy, as their youth consisted in attainment rather than in years, were eager to learn. Nothing could have been finer than their search for knowledge, had its goal been placed in that many-sided culture attainable only by years of devotion to the elusive ideals of the scholar. Too frequently the near and definite end of their aim distorted their vision. They were getting education on the hop-skip-and-jump plan. They had to get it in this way or do without it. While some, it is true, had to do without it, many, it is equally true, received an impulse that became the beginning of the long process of culture. For the school with all its limitations stood for what is best in education. Its atmosphere had a tonic quality. The president was a man of rare good judgment joined to a quiet enthusiasm and noble sincerity. Here I broke away from the mediæval seclusion and *otium cum dignitate* of the academy and gradually felt myself becoming a part of the great educational stream. This attitude or feeling toward my work is one of the compensations of the teacher's life.

At the end of my second year I married a wife who was no more afraid of a teacher's sad lot than I. When I left college I was eight hundred dollars in debt. Out of a small salary at the academy I had paid the debt. My wife was no richer than I, for she, too, was a teacher. We planned a year of study and travel in Europe, so we deferred living under our own roof-tree, saved the money we earned

in teaching a year, and then left in June for a year in Europe.

To the calculating, practical eye that step must have looked like the improvident act of a child. For we resigned our positions unreservedly and invested our all in the fascinating uncertainties of a year of European study and travel. To do so is surely flying in the face of that American virtue which considers getting on in the world synonymous with owning the house you live in. We have never regretted our investment, though we still pay rent.

The greater part of the year was passed in study in the University at Berlin. We also spent a month in the summer term of the University of Cambridge. But our trip included much more than this. Not days, but weeks, were used in becoming familiar with London, Paris, Geneva, and Rome; and shorter stays at Dresden, Venice, Florence, Genoa, Naples, and Pompeii had their charm.

We returned to America in June, without any assurance of finding a "job," but with the confidence of youth that there would be something to do. In less than a week I was elected to the principalship of the academy in which I had done my first teaching. Scarcely had we entered upon the work of the school year when the Supreme Court of the state rendered a decision that took away the entire school property from the trustees who had controlled the school from its inception. The religious denomination had divided itself into two factions. The Supreme Court now decided that the faction to which my board of trustees belonged could not take its property with it. This is an instance in which the word *unique* could be used with propriety. Morally the property belonged to the body that separated from the old denomination, but legally it fell to the other side. We yielded to the inevitable, but the school did not terminate its career. During the Christmas holidays we moved to an adjoining town. Here our trustees had rented from another denomination a large school property which had become a burden to the owners owing to the growth in the same state of a rival school of the same religious faith. In moving from our old home we took the entire personnel of the school with us. We left nothing but the building and apparatus. The teachers, the students, the various attachés of a boarding-school, — all manifested a beautiful loyalty. The seeming misfortune has since proved a blessing, for the new locality had many advantages, and the academy has now become a denominational college, doing in a small way a vigorous work. The old academy building, erected with the thousands of the California millionaire, now stands in solitary majesty, unoccupied and unused, a melancholy monument to foolish philanthropy, sectarian bigotry, and the irony of perverted justice.

At the end of that year I unexpectedly received an offer from a state college in the middle West. I was attracted to the place because the work was in my specialty, and because my present position had many clerical duties. The two years in the West were rich in experience. A new president had injected into an old institution — old for the West — vigorous blood in the form of a dozen new professors, all of whom were young, hopeful, and desirous of making a new era in the life of the school. The social life of the community had the charm of that free and generous hospitality so characteristic of the West. Coming as we had from the formality and stolid exclusiveness of our eastern town, we found the transition refreshing. We seemed to live in an atmosphere of brotherly love. The millennium had dawned. But suddenly the storm burst. The deluge came. Every member of the faculty received a letter from the secretary of the board asking for his resignation.

Our school was not the only one controlled by state authority. There were several, and all were managed by a central board of regents who were appointed by the governor. Our president had been

selected by a local regent who had removed the old president. This happened a year before my arrival. In the course of three years the politics of the state had shifted, and a new ruler who knew not Joseph had ascended the throne. The new president was asked to resign; the old president, who had been retained in a subordinate position on the faculty, was reëlected; and thus the old régime was vindicated. As eight of us had made ourselves obnoxious to the autocratic board by daring to defend the new president, the entire faculty was asked to resign. So we all resigned. Every one except the eight was soon reëlected.

The story as I have told it is simple enough, and it is a story of only too frequent occurrence in the history of school administration in the middle West. But my story contains only the "pure crude fact." My version is as crude and simple in comparison with the actual play of passion and intrigue, of treachery and diplomacy, as the story Browning found on the bookseller's stall in Florence is simple and crude when compared with *The Ring and the Book*. I have given only

> "The untempered gold, the fact untampered with,
> The mere ring-metal ere the ring be made."

To complete the ring would require the scope of a novel. I may add that our school had aroused the jealousy of the other institutions governed by the state. We had doubled our attendance in three years. Had we had an independent board of regents this would have been in our favor. We had also prospered in our literary and athletic contests. When such things happen there is a possibility that a regent who lives in the town of a rival school may be able to see glaring defects in the institution growing at the expense of the one in which he is most interested. Along with this influence was the desire of the old president to be vindicated by a restoration. Worst of all was the sibilant slander of one of our own professors, who saw the storm coming and saved himself by recourse to slandering the president, although to do so he had to involve his own wife in the affair. Here ends the most disagreeable episode in the career of a contented teacher.

That same September I was again teaching in the state normal school from which I had resigned to go to Europe. My salary was not so good as I had been receiving in the West, but I added to it by writing and lecturing. After three years of this work I was elected to the position which I now hold.

My work at present is congenial. I have enough to keep me busy and not so much that I am fagged out at the end of the year. My salary is not so high as I sometimes think I deserve, but I have no doubt that some of my acquaintances think I receive more than I earn. The average salary of the college professor in the eight largest state universities in the middle West was recently estimated to be $2300. My college is a state university, but it is not one of the largest. My salary is $1900. With the addition of four weeks of lecturing during the summer I add $400 to my income. I do not see how we could live as we should live on less. But during my twenty years of teaching, beginning with a salary of $500, my average income has been but $1400. This is pitifully scant. But I have no complaint to make. After all, does not the wisdom of life consist in knowing how to spend rather than in knowing how to earn? The salary does look pitiful, but I insist the life has not been as meagre as the salary. It may be that I have an undue portion of pharisaic complacency, but I confess that as I come in contact with the busy money-makers about me I do not envy them. They talk sometimes as though they envied me, though I question their sincerity; yet could their insight be penetrating enough to place the correct evaluation upon my content, I am sure their envy would be real. I would not object to having their income, but my soul protests against paying the price they pay.

What have I had in exchange for this paltry $1400?

In the first place I have had good health. In twenty years I do not think I have lost two days of teaching owing to ill health. The college professor is a good "risk" in insurance. The frequent and long vacations, the regularity of work, and the comforting assurance that your work will be paid for, the freedom from excitement and the comparative freedom from worry, the constant association with the healthy optimism of youth, — an optimism diffusive, contagious, and immortal, — these are conducive to health of body as well as to health of soul. I do not deny that a man may accumulate a fortune and keep a good digestion and the philosophic mind, but I know that I could not. Then, too, my work has been a great pleasure to me. My work is recreation. While every occupation is a means for growth, teaching is a profession lending itself especially to self-culture. This is contrary to the common notion, but

> "'T is a creditable feat
> With the right man and way."

Thoreau's comment on his school-keeping is characteristic of the man. "I have thoroughly tried school-keeping, and found that my expenses were in proportion, or rather out of proportion, to my income, for I was obliged to dress and train, not to say think and believe accordingly, and I lost my time into the bargain. As I did not teach for the good of my fellow men, but simply for a livelihood, this was a failure." Thoreau is so unusual and wild a man that one cannot use him as an example, yet he has, characteristically, hit upon the essential difference between failing and succeeding in teaching.

The old complaint that teaching is narrowing and belittling to a man because he is dealing with immature minds is puerile. It is true only of him who is narrow and pedantic when he begins to teach. The little man becomes less as he proceeds in his gerund-grinding. Teaching in itself is not a stultifying and benumbing profession. To assist in the development of a healthy mind ought certainly to be as stimulating as to make allotments of calomel for an unhealthy stomach. Was it not Holmes who said that if all the materia medica were dropped into the middle of the sea it would be all the better for mankind, though rather hard on the fishes? And with reference to law as a profession Mr. Andrew D. White writes in his autobiography, "For the legal profession I sought to prepare myself somewhat, but as I saw it practiced by the vast majority of lawyers, it seemed a waste of all that was best in human life." In the same strain Daniel Webster wrote in 1852 to Professor Silliman, "I have given my life to law and politics. Law is uncertain and politics are utterly vain." Teaching, then, is not the only profession that has its Jeremiahs. If teaching is merely hearing pupils recite what they have learned from a book, it deserves Bernard Shaw's most brilliant aphorism in his *Revolutionist's Handbook*, "He who can, does. He who cannot, teaches."

During four years, to have the opportunity of exerting an influence upon the life of vigorous and ambitious youth is a sacred responsibility, it is also a privilege. In the exuberance of youth there is a wholesome contagiousness. It is true, the work of the college teacher nowadays seems to be of less consequence than "university research." Is it not time to offer a protest? The work of teaching is just as honorable and just as difficult as the work of original research. In a measure the two qualities should be combined, as every live teacher will do well to drink from the brook of original investigation, and every investigator should have the wish to impart his discovery with skill. But the two types of mind do not readily blend with equal strength. The tendency to over-emphasize the work of the specialist in research is not making for the best conception of the true work of the teacher. The present custom, in many of our

largest universities, of relegating the work of instruction to underpaid, raw, and inexperienced tutors and instructors while confining the work of the high-salaried research specialist to a dozen or two of graduate students, is a perversion of an educational trust. A stimulating teacher is surely as valuable a member of the social body as the patient discoverer. What the youth of the present generation most need is not the discovery of some new fact of minor importance, but a thorough assimilation of some of the plain every-day truths upon which the wise of a hundred generations have builded. In these days of high talk about research and original work, one is tempted to ask, how many important discoveries have been made in the universities? The self-importance with which a newly fledged Ph. D. talks of his original contribution to science is but another evidence that paying tithe of mint and cummin still produces more complacency than attending to the weightier matters of the law. His original contribution! What is it? He has discovered an unnamed muscle in a frog's left hind leg, and what formerly had but a local habitation now rejoices in the sesquipedalian pomp of a Latin name. Is this of greater moment than fostering a "Spirit by mysterious contact of Spirit? Thought kindling itself at the fire of living Thought"?

I long ago came to the comforting conclusion that I am commonplace, and that my work would not be epoch-making, nor should I ever produce a *magnum opus*. If I had had genius, I should have preferred to be a man of letters, moving the world with the deft and persuasive touch of the artist. Not being a man of genius, I concluded I could count for most by coming in personal touch with a limited number in the classroom. It is true I have written for papers and magazines, and even published a book. But the world would be just as wise had I refrained. And, to confess an irritating truth, I should be richer had I not published the book.

Every college professor in writing his confessions seems to be giving an *Apologia pro vita sua*. His loudest complaint is about the salary. Small as mine is I sometimes think it is as large as it would be had I gone into some other occupation; but, as I said before, I am so commonplace that my example has no bearing whatever on the argument for higher salaries for college men. In one of the most recent publications giving the woes of the professor there is a lamentation to the effect that his house is plainly furnished, without even the luxury of an oriental rug, and that one of the pleasures of his family life is the annual ride out into the country. This is pathetic, especially as for many years his regular salary has been $2000 a year. Nor does he live in a large city. I must have a genius of a home-maker, for with a salary that averages less than his we can go driving into the country many times a year, and we have the luxury of walking over several antique oriental rugs. For ten years I have been carrying ten thousand dollars of endowment insurance, which will mature when I am about fifty years old. And during each summer we can spend part of the vacation on a farm, paying our board, too, and some years we go even to the seashore. Without going into detail, I may be believed, I hope, in saying that our social life is not one of parsimonious barrenness.

"Every workman," writes President Eliot in *The Happy Life*, "who is worthy of his salt takes satisfaction, first, in the working; secondly, in the product of his work; and thirdly, in what that product yields to him." With this my life is in agreement. I live The Happy Life because I like my daily work. While there is a certain amount of routine, yet it is not wearing drudgery. The subjects may be old, but the students are ever changing and new. "Are the toys never new?" asked the old lady who was diligently searching the toy-shops for something to delight her grandson. "The toys are old, but then, you know the children are

forever new," was the comforting reply. So with teaching. The aspects and methods of my work have a variety and freshness that are a perpetual charm. My work is a help to my spiritual growth, and

"Why stay we on the earth here, unless to grow?"

The time I have for self-culture is not the brief hour snatched by the business man from his daily toil for the purpose of self-improvement, or for keeping alive the glow and enthusiasm of early ideals. While I am doing what many a toiler considers his recreation I am earning my bread. If I cannot afford to buy a sumptuous library, I need not pine, for the books worth reading are in cheap editions, and they are not numerous. But if I do have the book-lover's hankering after the latest and best editions of the new and old, I can indulge it at no expense to myself, for I am a member of the library committee. As such I help to buy a large number of books each year. I get as much pleasure in selecting and handling these new books as does the millionaire who adds to his private collection. At least, I cannot see how he could have more. And for the reading of them, I am sure I have more time than the average millionaire.

As to the joy in the product of the work, I am not able to speak so confidently. The builder of a house, the maker of a road, has the completed and tangible object of his toil before him, but who can reach "through time to catch the far-off interest" of the teacher's work? Yet every genuine teacher knows the abiding joy in observing the development of those whom he instructs. The late testimony of Andrew D. White and of William R. Harper, each of whom had a brilliant career as an administrator of a large university, is to the effect that no part of their educational career gave them so great satisfaction as their work in the classroom.

As to the financial yield of the product I have already expressed myself. The by-products of the work are not to be estimated in terms of money alone. There is an "unearned increment," whose value increases as the years go by. If the pleasures of life are in the free and generous play of the domestic affections, in the possession of health of body and soul, in labor in which self-interest is not the be-all and end-all, in feeling that one's life, though in a humble way, is a part of the great forward movement of the social body, I know of no other occupation which I could follow that would afford better opportunities for the attainment of these simple and immortal joys.

May I acknowledge, however, that there are moments, rare and evanescent, of course, in which I am discontented with my lot, —

"With what I most enjoy contented least."

When I see the lawyer, the physician, the man of business, grow in wealth and a certain fixity of position, I am base enough to sigh for the lack of many a thing that I have *not* sought. My unacademic neighbor seems to have more stability. He is like the prosperous tree planted by the rivers of water, while I am but a rolling stone, — if not rolling *in esse*, at least rolling *in posse*. Though you may seem to be strongly intrenched in your place, there is always that uncertainty incident to an office subject to the whim of a president or the decree of a board of trustees. But fortunately this mood is but the slender vaporous shadow in the glorious sun of our content. Life without the constant possibility of death would lose much of its zest, so the precariousness of occupation gives a piquant flavor to what is usually considered a humdrum profession. The possibility of finding a new field of influence, of perhaps sailing tomorrow to

"Some unsuspected isle in far-off seas,"

even though upon compulsion, when reasons of an external sort, and having no relation to your character and efficiency, are as thick as blackberries, is no death's head to the one living the experimental life. The impedimenta that tangle and burden the feet of my stable and prosper-

ous neighbor do not fix me to the soil. So long as there are youth to be educated, and integrity and ability are mine, I can defy fate with my *nil desperandum*. For, with Thoreau, I hold that if the day and night are such that I greet them with joy; if life emits a fragrance like sweet-scented herbs, — is ever more elastic, starry, and immortal, — that is my success.

CITY WATER AND CITY WASTE

BY HOLLIS GODFREY

On the Campagna, still dominating the soft Italian landscape, stand the great aqueducts by which water was brought to the imperial city. In the time of the Roman engineers, the necessity of an adequate supply of water was recognized, yet even to the present day quantity of water has been the first step, and quality, when considered at all, the second. In no place has this condition been more apparent than in the United States. England, by her wide-reaching systems of great reservoirs fed by the waters of small streams; France and Austria, by their mountain spring supplies, necessitating hundreds of miles of aqueducts, trailing their way from the upper slopes, through meadows and vineyards, to the towns and cities; Germany, with her enormous purification plants for treating polluted river waters, — all have taken more national interest in the problems of public water supply than has the United States. In this country there are hundreds of excellent water supplies, but there are other hundreds and thousands still existing in a most imperfect state, furnishing with every gallon of water the possibilities of disease.

Great bodies of men have concentrated in the cities during the last half century. With this concentration centres of population have emerged from the condition where every man's water supply was his well, his sewage plant the cesspool in his own yard; and, with many another collective change, we have come to a common source of water and a common disposal of sewage. To guard the purity of the common water and to insure safe methods of sewage disposal is a great task, for without such guardianship grave and deadly danger is at the city's side. A single failure of this sort may well recall the gravity of the problem.

In April, 1885, the town of Plymouth, Pennsylvania, contained some eight thousand men, women, and children. The general health was excellent, and the water supply, from a clear mountain spring far above the town, seemed unusually good. Like a whirlwind came the plague. Out of that eight thousand, eleven hundred and four contracted typhoid fever, and one hundred and fourteen died. Rich and poor alike were taken, and through every part of the town, highlands as well as lowlands, the fever raged. Whence came this terror? From a single case of typhoid, brought back from a great city whose polluted waters caused the fever. This case existed in one of the only two houses that could contaminate the water system. From this source came the decimation of the little town far below. The story of such water-borne epidemics as this, and the solution of the problem of prevention by the sanitary engineer, form one of the most fascinating chapters in the never-ending war against disease.

Disease is ordinarily caused by pre-existing disease in man or another animal. Here is a bold statement that is far too likely to be forgotten. Typhoid fever and

Asiatic cholera from the intestinal germs of former cases, scarlet fever and measles from the skin excretions of convalescing patients; yellow fever and malaria from the mosquito in which the disease germs pass a portion of their life; — case after case of the truth of this theory might be cited. Moreover, if we accept the germ theory of disease, we must believe that many classes of ailments owe their origin to certain definite microörganisms which belong specifically to each separate disease and to no other. It is well known that these bacilli or bacteria, entering the body, find there a comfortable lodging-place where they may grow and multiply. The various symptoms and periods of each disease correspond, it is believed, to differing stages of their existence. The alimentary canal furnishes a peculiarly favorable ground for the cultivation of certain of these microörganisms. Water is the chief substance to pass through this channel. Typhoid fever and Asiatic cholera are water-borne. What are the possibilities of disease in water, and how may prevention be secured?

Of all possible sources of bacterial infection of water, sewage stands easily first. Sewage, the collected organic wastes of community life, is the home of myriads upon myriads of bacteria. With the necessity for a common sewer has come the problem of such a disposition of sewage that there shall be no possibility of admixture with the water supply. The coast cities can use the sea for such disposal, but the great mass of our population is inland. Large towns and cities must depend on large bodies of water for their supply. The danger that these waters may contain pollution from sewage is one which should be avoided at any cost.

Each pipe and faucet bringing water into the private home or public fountain is a gate by which disease may enter, if proper safeguards are not placed in the way. Let us consider what barriers, natural and artificial, may be raised against such entrance.

Two classes of water are recognized by the sanitary engineer. Ground water is the first, in which class ultimately belongs the great body of atmospheric water falling to the soil. This water directly penetrates the interstices of the surface earth, and sinks to a greater or less distance. Surface water, on the other hand, is that water which strikes nonpermeable soil, and rolls from rocks or flows from clayey earths directly into streams or ponds. These larger bodies, as well as their visible supplies, are called by the same name, although they are fed to a large degree by ground waters from below. It is in the water on the surface of the earth that one finds the chief source of peril. The rushing stream or quiet brook gathers the various impurities along its road and disseminates them as it passes on, while, to add to the difficulty, other pollution may come from industrial and organic wastes sent forth from factory and town along the shore.

Ground water as it passes into the earth receives a natural filtration marvelously thorough in its action. In this straining and cleansing of the water entering the soil we find the first of the natural barriers placed against the foe. A porous earth is a storehouse of bacteria; the richer the soil, the more fertile and open the ground, the greater will be the multitudes of bacilli spread to an infinite extent throughout its masses, since here are found all the advantages to foster the life of the germ, — oxygen, moisture, and food. As the water passes down through layers rich in microörganisms, some filtration proper undoubtedly takes place. Vastly more important for purification is the fact that the bacteria in its path rob the traveling liquid of all organic matters, the food of the germs. This action is so effective as soon to make bacterial existence impossible. In consequence, the purity of the ground waters is marked; and when taken from deep cavities, by means of driven wells, they make a serviceable type of water supply. A possible hardness from dissolved inorganic

matters, and a tendency to develop vegetable growths under the action of light, are two difficulties with such a source. Far more serious, however, is the fact that such a supply in most cases is small in amount, owing to the slight extent of the natural reservoirs.

The limited supply of ground water has forced the great mass of communities to the use of surface water. With this source the first point of defense must be the control of that territory from which the supply comes. No point in the chain of defense against the invading germ is of more importance than complete control and proper supervision here. The results of overlooking this necessity have already been noted in the case of the town of Plymouth; and widespread epidemics have often come from a single source of infection on the watershed. In Germany, England, and America it has repeatedly happened that in towns with two sources of supply, one pure and the other impure, those who used pure water have escaped, while those who used the polluted liquid have perished. More thoroughly to safeguard the Metropolitan Water Works System in Boston, for instance, neighboring towns and cities, whose drainage might even remotely affect the water, have been obliged to install sewage-disposal plants.

Geological conditions and the natural slopes of the land prevent many cities from using still waters collected in reservoirs or impounding basins, and they are forced to resort to more or less polluted lakes and rivers. Even under this necessity, how has it come about that so many water supplies are taken directly from polluted sources, without a single cleansing of the raw water? The answer in many cases must be that such systems were installed during the prevalence of the theory that "running water purifies itself." This theory was based on the fact that fouled running water soon became bright and clear. The chemical analysis showed that less organic matter was present at the lower than at the higher point where wastes had entered. Moreover, the slight knowledge of bacterial water examination of that day was insufficient to show that the germs of disease had not disappeared between the two points to the same extent as had the other organic matter.

On the contrary, it is now known that storage water systems which keep potable water for periods of time in lake or reservoir have a purifying tendency. This purification is due to the fact that parasitic bacteria in the low temperature, the sunlight, and the scant food supply of a reservoir or lake where organic matter is practically absent, have at best a struggle for existence. Many must succumb, since disease bacteria of the water-borne varieties are adapted to the warmth and moisture of the alimentary canal. Such germs as these, accustomed as they are to an easy existence, die when brought into conditions where hardier organisms might survive.

No town placed on a river-bank and unable to obtain long storage need be forced to use polluted water, need be defenseless against the bacterial assault. One safeguard stands preëminent to-day: the filtration of water under such conditions as to remove not only its turbidity and color, but even its bacterial life as well. Water filtration proper, as opposed to sewage filtration, is a mechanical operation, a straining out not only of dust and dirt, but also of the infinitely small inhabitants of the liquid, these inhabitants being such tiny living creatures that half a million of them may float unseen in a teaspoonful of water. It is an interesting journey to pass through the different steps which are taken in the treatment of water by a system of continuous filtration.

To remove any grosser forms of residue, such as gravel and waste, the raw incoming water, known as the affluent, is turned into a great reservoir with massive sides, called the settling or sedimentation basin. Here it is allowed to remain until the impurities which would clog the filter have settled. When this has occurred,

the upper layers of the water are drawn off into the filter proper, a great basin made of masonry or concrete, underdrained, and with an exit pipe at the bottom. This basin is filled with fine sand above a gravel layer, which in turn is supported by rock underdrains. The sand acts in a double capacity. The spaces between separate grains of sand are ordinarily less than $\frac{1}{320}$ of an inch in diameter, so that the passage of all but the finest particles is prohibited. The bacteria would even pass through here, were it not for a second service of sand, which acts in a most remarkable way as a support for a true bacterial filter. As the affluent passes through the upper layers, the sand stops the coarser materials left in the liquid and held in suspension there. Soon there forms above the original surface a filter composed of the smaller sediments, a layer so fine that even the infinitely small microörganisms cannot pass. Here is a fortress placed across the pathway of the invading germ, a barrier so effectual that water has been taken from sources frightfully polluted with typhoid or cholera germs, and has been safely furnished to thousands from the same source of supply.

The sediment filter is, of course, constantly increasing in thickness, and as it increases more and more pressure is necessary to drive water through the interstices. When the point is reached where the pressure required to force the water through is too great to be practicable, the surface of the filter is scraped. Since during this scraping the filter has to be out of commission, filter plants are generally built up from a series of small filters, in order that one or more may be out of use at any time for repairs. Filters may be either open or roofed, the covering of the filter beds depending upon the question of geographical location. The North requires covered filters, while the South gets along very well with open ones, the chief difficulty being due to ice formation.

Besides the continuous filter described above, only one form of filtration is commonly employed to-day, — the mechanical filter. For the last ten years the growth in number of plants of this type has been most remarkable. The mechanical filter differs greatly from the continuous filter. It delivers from fifty to one hundred times the quantity of water, and is correspondingly reduced in size. A single continuous filter may occupy an acre, while half a dozen mechanical filters may be installed in less than a quarter of that space. The former filter recognizes as a cardinal principle the keeping intact of the surface of the filter where the bacterial life is strained out in the close upper layers. The latter accomplishes its work by the addition of a chemical, whose action on meeting the water is such as to engulf all matters held in suspension, including bacteria, thus forming comparatively large masses, which can be filtered without difficulty. The chemical commonly employed in the mechanical filter is sulphate of alumina, which, when added to water, separates into sulphuric acid and alumina, the latter being a flocculent cloudy precipitate which spreads out over the water. The heavy precipitate thus formed settles down upon the sand, and, acting like a sediment layer in the continuous filter, removes the germs. As with these large masses the clogging tends to stop the flow, the sand at brief periods is washed and stirred, with removal of the former residues.

Now as to household filters. What can we do in the private home to stop the entrance of the disease germ, provided we believe danger exists? The sanitary experts say that no small filter which allows a good stream of water to pass removes bacteria. In the sale of such filters and the belief in their efficiency lies peril to the public, who so often believe that a couple of inches of sand or charcoal preserves them from all harm. As a matter of fact, expert engineers are practically agreed that eighteen inches of sand above drains, and that well covered with the sediment filter, are necessary to obtain

efficiency. Some of the larger household filters are efficient when filled with fine filtering matters, such as sandstone and infusorial earth, which only allow water to pass drop by drop. These are usually either provided with storage reservoirs, or joined in a series of filters so that a quantity may be obtained at once despite the slow rate of filtration. One simple safeguard is always at hand, and should never be forgotten, — the boiling of the drinking water. No precaution is better in time of epidemics. One point should be made clear, — individual protection can never possess a fraction of the value that belongs to municipal control, any more than the individual extinguisher can compete with the city fire department.

The teeming thousands in the narrow ways receive one common food, the city water. We have already considered the way in which it may be delivered to all, pure and free from dangerous burdens. We must now consider the other side, the outgo of the city. Every organism as a condition of its existence must be forever building up and breaking down. Life depends upon the proper balance of the constructive and destructive forces of nature. From the decomposition of the organic foods and various materials used in our complex life, from the sweepings of the streets and the discharges from factories and shops, comes the outgo of the city, its sewage.

The sewer is the abiding-place of good and bad bacteria, five million or more of which may make their home in a single cubic centimetre. In the sewer they find darkness, moisture, and food; and there they thrive and multiply. Far more important than the number of evil microorganisms found there is the certainty of the presence of deleterious organic matters which, in their present state, and in their changed form after decomposition, are products dangerous in themselves and noxious to all around. We have hitherto considered chiefly the removal of bacteria of disease; but we must here consider as of primary importance the elimination of the harmful elements of the city wastes.

The realization that sewage, unless properly purified, might be a danger to the community is a matter of comparatively recent growth. In 1815 London used her sewers only for rain water, and disposition of other matters therein was forbidden. Here and there in isolated cases might be found early attempts at some method of disposal, as in the case of the little town of Bunzlau in Prussia, which in 1559 had a piped water supply and a system of sewage farming. These attempts at scientific solution of the problem were at best sporadic until the year 1844, which marks the opening of an era that recognized the necessity for proper waste disposal. This era began with the remarkable "Report of the Health of Towns Commission in Great Britain," which for the first time revealed the dangers which might come from improper waste disposal and the accumulation of sewage. As a result of that report arose the "Filth Theory of Disease," which, since it is not yet eradicated from the popular mind, and since under it was accomplished some of the best sanitary work of the century, needs at least a passing mention here. According to this belief, disease was bred in masses of decomposing filth; it originated there, and was in some way a product of the reactions therein contained. We now know that the main part of this theory is false, and that disease cannot originate in filth, although it does find there a convenient carrier.

This "Filth Theory of Disease" swept through the scientific world with the most surprising rapidity. The problem of sewage disposal became urgent in a moment, and soon the modern method of sewage carriage, dilution with water, was evolved; and the problem became that of handling a mass of wastes enormously diluted with water, a dilution so great that in America there exists but one part of solid in one thousand of water. Disposal by dilution is in some special cases pos-

sible. It is true that where not more than one part of sewage is sent into fifty of water, the oxygen of the water may be sufficient to take care of the wastes; but this proportion of water to sewage is so large that, save on the sea, on great lakes, or on rivers the size of the Mississippi, any such disposal is unsafe in the extreme, and any use of water from such a source must be a constant danger.

The first step in any handling of sewage is such a separation of the wastes that the different parts may be handled to the best advantage. The first treatment consists in screening the large floating objects which have entered the sewer in various ways, and removing all rags, bits of wood, and the like, which may be in the liquid. There will still remain in suspension a large amount of gravel and other matters of that type, which have been washed in from the sewer openings in the streets. This may be removed by checking the rate of flow, and so allowing a settling-out to take place. That leaves as the crux of the problem the disposition of the organic matter which is left. Purification by chemical precipitants, such as are used in the purification of water in mechanical filters, has been tried in the past and has proved unsatisfactory.

Before passing to the consideration of particular details, let us turn for a moment to consider by what method this cleansing may be brought about. Sewage must either putrefy or nitrify. That is, it must either decompose (with results unfavorable in the extreme), or such chemical action must take place as will change the harmful organic ingredients to harmless inorganic matters, a result really effected through bringing them somehow into contact with the air, the oxygen of which will consume them. These organic city wastes, while most complex, and differing greatly in their individual structure, are yet composed chiefly of but four elements, carbon, hydrogen, nitrogen, and oxygen. The oxidation or nitrification of such wastes consists in so combining the nitrogen with the free oxygen of the air as to form nitrates. This is the most essential reaction, though at the same time the hydrogen is oxidized to water, and the carbon to carbon dioxide.

The problem before us, then, really resolves itself into this: How may we so oxidize or nitrify sewage as to change the noxious organic matter into harmless mineral substances? To do this the sanitary engineer reverses his processes. Instead of removing the germs, as in water filtration, he cultivates myriads of helpful bacteria. Whether we consider such sewage disposal as carried on by natural or by artificial means, on the irrigated farm or the trickling filter, we find this startling and remarkable fact, — the oxidizing of the sewage is done by millions of living organisms. These bacilli take in the organic wastes and turn them into safe and harmless inorganic matters. To cultivate such bacteria, and to use their destructive powers on dangerous elements, has been the effort of all recent sewage researches. How they are accomplishing this task may be told briefly here.

The oldest form of sewage disposal is the disposal on land for use as a fertilizer. For more than four centuries the sewage farm has been an attractive conception to students of possible economies of the state. Berlin and Paris have both had farms of this kind for years, and many other experiments along this line have been made here and abroad.

On soils even moderately fertile the sewage farm scarcely ever pays, costing, despite returns, more for its maintenance than other types of disposal systems. It is on soils like those of the West, where the water carrying the organic matter is of value for irrigation, that sewage farming has been made to pay, and there is every reason to believe that in such a region it could be made a most profitable municipal investment.

The fertility of any soil is greatly affected by the bacterial action which goes on in its upper layers. The bacilli

on the soil of sewage farms are the oxidizing agents, taking in the organic, and sending forth inorganic, matters at the end of the reaction. As the fertility of the soil increases, the effectiveness of the plant to nitrify the sewage increases as well; but two precautions must be taken in any use of sewage for fertilizer. No crop should be raised which is to be eaten raw, and preferably no crop intended for human consumption. Secondly, no crop should be employed which covers the soil too closely, as does alfalfa, for instance. A notable example of successful Western sewage farming is shown by Pasadena, California, where walnuts, a crop safe from bacterial infection because of their shell, and free from all clogging of the porous soil, have been grown with profitable results. A substantial profit has been made year by year, and from the surplus the original cost of the land is rapidly being paid off.

Leaving this natural process, we come to the processes evolved by science. By 1865 it was recognized that the essential factor in the purification of sewage by means of land was the bacterial action upon the organic wastes. Early investigators had some inkling of the fact, and had proposed a system by which, through the special cultivation of the destructive germs, a rapid purification might take place. By passing the organic wastes of a community, with their accompanying microörganisms, through great masses of destructive bacteria of the proper type, these waste products might be broken down, the living organisms destroyed, and the harmful elements removed. A tremendous conception, this enlisting of armies of good bacilli to fight the hosts of evil! This theory has directed the scientific attack on the problem for the last thirty years. Given the possibility of such action, what method could best carry it out?

In 1887 conditions in Massachusetts had become so serious that there was instituted by the State Board of Health an experiment station at Lawrence for the study of sewage disposal and water supply. It was put under the charge of Mr. H. F. Mills, with the coöperation of Professors Sedgwick and Drown of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. At that station were carried out the classic Lawrence experiments.

In these researches ten different filtering materials, such as gravel, sand, loam, and the like, were placed in ten experimental tanks, and the same sewage was passed through each. Continuous and intermittent filtration was tried, and the number of bacteria present before and after filtration was most carefully determined. As a result, the great principle was established that purification is an oxidizing process carried out by bacteria living in the filter, and (a most important result) that a rich supply of oxygen was necessary for their activity. The process of action with oxygen is known as the "breathing of the filters." It was early found that in sewage filters, like the continuous water filters, there was not sufficient opportunity for the bacilli to obtain enough oxygen to oxidize the organic matter passing over. In consequence it soon became evident that maximum efficiency would be obtained only when — the filters having been once filled with sewage — the bacteria should be allowed to act upon it with free access to the oxygen of the air. This intermittent action, the addition of the sewage followed by the addition of supplies of oxygen, is a battle in which the foe is met by a defending army whose ammunition is constantly renewed.

The principle of the intermittent filter is found in the other modern devices by which bacteria meet bacteria in deadly battle. The contact-bed system, used advantageously in England, is found but rarely here. In this system, the liquid, instead of passing through the filter of sand, is let into a great tank filled with coke or some hard, smooth material; this is then filled with sewage and closed. The sewage is allowed to remain there for two hours or more. During this time the

bacterial films upon the rocks absorb the organic matter and bacteria present, and at the end the remaining liquid is discharged. Oxygen is thereby allowed entrance to the films, and the bacteria do their appointed work as scavengers. By careful regulation as to the time necessary to accomplish the results, satisfactory purification may be obtained; but extreme care has to be taken in the control.

The third type of disposal is still simpler in principle. In early experiments with intermittent filtration, air was forced in from below to allow for the breathing of the filters. Soon the necessity for more air, for increased supplies of oxygen, made further experiments along the line of intermittent filtration necessary. In the trickling or sprinkling filter it was first made possible to treat sewage with a continuous supply of air. In this process, by one means or another, — the tipping of small buckets or splashing from sprinklers, — the sewage is constantly passing into a filter filled with coarse gravel. As it trickles down between the openings, it carries with it air for its own destruction. Oxygen is also obtained from the open construction of the filter, which allows constant air communication between the interstices. The bacterial films upon the stones absorb the organic matters and new bacterial life, as in the case of the contact bed; and through the constant breathing of the filters the oxygen necessary for the burning up or oxidization of the wastes is secured.

To produce complete bacterial efficiency the effluent, or outcoming liquid, may be rapidly filtered through a second filter, filled with sand or sterilized by copper.

The action of the intermittent filter and the possibilities of its use can be expressed in no way better than by quoting the brilliant ending of Mr. Winslow's article on this subject: "The trickling bed appears to be the ideal method of solving the essential problem of sewage disposal, the oxidation of organic matter. It exhibits the simplicity of all scientific applications which are merely intelligent intensifications of natural processes. A pile of stones on which bacterial growth may gather and a regulated supply of sewage are the only desiderata. We meet the conditions resulting from an abnormal aggregation of human life in the city by setting up a second city of microbes. The dangerous organic waste material produced in the city of human habitations is carried out to the city of microbes on their hills of rock, and we rely on them to turn it over into a harmless mineral form."

One last method of bacterial destruction of sewage must be considered here, — the septic tank, the successor of the individual cesspool. While impracticable for final disposition, it has an unquestioned value as a preliminary step in the treatment of certain concentrated sewages. The principle of the ordinary cesspool depends upon the fact that a large part of the solid organic wastes are acted upon in the closed dark receptacles, without access of air, by bacterial ferments, and are turned into a liquid which may be drained off. Such solid portions as are unaffected by this change may be removed a couple of times a year. In the modern form of septic tank the wastes, instead of being left to be acted on for a long period without the use of oxygen, are run into a close tank where they are left for about twenty-four hours. During this time, the chief decomposition has taken place, after which the residues are pumped to the filters or contact beds, where the final oxidation may occur by means of the oxygen of the air.

We have already considered the use of the household filter in some detail; but the general problem of good water and safe sewage appeals to every owner of a country house, and a few words on this subject should be inserted here. The best soil for these purposes is a sandy one, and wherever a rocky or clayey soil gives possibility of a fissure which might connect water and drainage, expert examination should be called in. The individ-

ual plant for sewage disposal may often be a well and a cesspool, — the cesspool, once a bogy to sanitarians, being now justified by the septic tank and the sand filter, both of which principles are employed in its construction. Two points must be recognized here. Such a covering of the well that the grave danger of surface pollution may be avoided, for it is most essential that no pollution should be washed through covering boards. Also the direction of drainage, which is generally toward the nearest water course, must be such that the water supply may not be below the point of sewage disposal. With these simple precautions of soil, covering of well, and proper location of water and drainage, the isolated country house owner may feel secure.

Lastly, to sum it all up: what is the present status of the work? What is the real purpose of sanitary engineering, and how does it affect us as public-spirited citizens?

As we look over the whole field of effort, the striking factors of present-day progress in bacterial removal and sewage disposal seem to be taking on definite specialized form. The sanitary engineer is using one method for water, — the removal of evil bacteria by filtration. A very different method prevails to-day for sewage, — the cultivation of good bacteria which may render safe the city by their removal of its dangerous organic wastes. Removal of the evil and cultivation of the good! The most highly specialized forms of water and sewage filters show this best. The mechanical water filter has chemicals to separate out the bacteria, pneumatic arrangements to wash out the sand, and casings of concrete for protection from the air. The sewage filter, on the other hand, is, in its essentials, nothing more than a pile of rock on which the good bacteria may grow. The future advance of sanitary science seems likely to be along these lines. More and more dependence is placed upon research, and the real importance of the problem seems daily more manifest. The careful experiments at the Columbus Experiment Station in Ohio, as well as the fact that a Sewage Research Station has been established by the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, show the trend of the day.

To make the city habitable, to increase the efficiency of the state through the better health of its citizens, — what task is higher than this great labor for the common good? On the man in control of the water system or the sewage plant rests the success or failure of many measures planned for the public weal. In the solution of that great problem in applied science, the government of the city, no man must bear a greater responsibility than the sanitary engineer. In such solution research and study may do much; but all individual effort must be supported by a righteous public sentiment. Such civic interest should be awakened in every community as will demand that the guardians of our public health shall be rightly trained, wise, and free. Above all *free*, — since freedom from political control, from jealousies and narrowness, must be secured in order that full power may be given to the guardians of the public health to keep up the fight until the final conquest of the germ.

THE POWER OF BIBLE POETRY

BY J. H. GARDINER

THE persistence of the power of appeal of the Old Testament is perhaps the most striking single phenomenon in all the history of literature: here are works which were written considerably more than two thousand years ago, in a language of a wholly different race and genius from ours, and in the region of the world whose only other familiar contribution to our reading is the *Arabian Nights;* yet this ancient and Oriental book, after passing through the ordeal of translation into a Western and modern language, has become the one book which is or has been familiar to all classes of English-speaking people, and has grown into the bone and sinew not only of our literature, but of our language also. Behind such a phenomenon as this is the great fact of inspiration, a fact which in such a study in literature as I propose here it is safer not to try to define. The limits between religious and literary inspiration lie in a broad region where the two run inextricably together; and within that region every one who is interested in an exact delimitation must run his line for himself. Here I shall simply assume that it is a power which in all its manifestations is inexplicable, and confine myself to certain questions which plainly lie within the field of literature and within the capacities of criticism.

The special problem which I shall examine is the persistence of power of which I have just spoken. To simplify the discussion I shall confine myself to the poetry, which though not the key to the whole literature of the Old Testament in any such sense as is the prophecy, is yet more instant and universal in its appeal to modern readers. Moreover, in the poetry we shall find concentrated the elements and influences which seem to me to throw most light on the permanent power of the book, — the concreteness of the language, the strong rhythm and music of the style, and the underlying intensity of feeling. Each of these contributes to the power of all parts of our English Bible, but to no part of it more obviously or with richer result than to the poetry.

This poetry as we have it consists of the Psalms, Job, Proverbs, Ecclesiastes, the Song of Solomon, the oracles of the prophets, and a certain number of earlier poems scattered through the books of history. Here, however, even more than with the rest of Biblical literature, we must remember that we have only a portion of all the poetry of Israel, and perhaps only a small portion. Whole classes of it must have disappeared. The literature was collected during and after the Exile by men who were passionately and wholly devoted to preserving the religion of Jehovah from the attacks of the heathen, and to making it a living force for righteousness among the remnant of their own nation. They were concerned with the revelations of God to man, not with the imaginations of men's hearts; and for them no writing was of value which did not bear on the history of God's chosen people and on the revelation of his will. That there must have been other poetry than what we have admits of no doubt; there must have been other songs of victory than that of Deborah, other dirges than those of David on Saul and Jonathan and on Abner, other poems than those on the sluggard and the drunkard which are preserved in Proverbs, other love and wedding songs than those of the Song of Solomon. What is left merely shows how large and rich was the art of poetry among the people of Israel from the

earliest times. During the distresses of the Exile and the succeeding centuries, when the Jews were tossed from one conqueror to another, and harried and spoiled in the unceasing wars for the control of Palestine, all but their most essential writings must have disappeared. We must remember, therefore, in any discussion of the poetry of the Old Testament, that we have only a portion of the Hebrew literature, and that rigidly selected for a direct and practical religious purpose.

When we turn to a consideration of this poetry as we read it in our English Bible the characteristic of it which is most striking is its unfailing hold on our feelings and imagination: whether it be the idyllic peace and beauty of Psalm xxiii, or the happy confidence of most of the "Songs of Degrees," the overpowering splendor of Psalm lxviii or civ, or in Job the poignant suffering of Job's cries to his God or the heaven-sweeping imagery of the later chapters, — always and at every time of reading the words have a fresh completeness of meaning. For the whole range of ideas and emotion reached by these poems they are the most satisfying and stirring expression in the language, and they have been so to men so widely separated in temperament and education as Milton and Bunyan, or, within our own time, as Ruskin and Abraham Lincoln. Assuming, as I said above, the fact of inspiration, and looking at the matter merely from the side of the expressive power of language, how can words be so put together as to move so many kinds of people, over such long stretches of history?

One certain source of this marvelous power lies in the character of the Hebrew language. For our present purpose we may confine ourselves to the character of the vocabulary: it had no words for anything but the concrete objects of the external world and for the simplest and most primitive emotions. All the words of the old Hebrew vocabulary went back immediately to things of sense, and in consequence even their every-day language was figurative in a way which we can hardly imagine. The verb *to be jealous* was a regular form of the verb *to glow;* the noun *truth* was derived from the verb meaning *to prop, to build,* or *to make firm;* the word for *self* was also the word for *bone.* Renan has summed up this characteristic of the language in the following passage: "Anger is expressed in Hebrew in a throng of ways, each picturesque, and each borrowed from physiological facts. Now the metaphor is taken from the rapid and animated breathing which accompanies the passion, now from heat or from boiling, now from the act of a noisy breaking, now from shivering. *Discouragement* and *despair* are expressed by the melting of the heart, *fear* by the loosening of the reins. *Pride* is portrayed by the holding high of the head, with the figure straight and stiff. *Patience* is a long breathing, *impatience* short breathing, *desire* is thirst or paleness. *Pardon* is expressed by a throng of metaphors borrowed from the idea of covering, of hiding, or coating over the fault. In Job God sews up sins in a sack, seals it, then throws it behind him: all to signify that he forgets them. Other more or less abstract ideas have found their symbol in the Semitic languages in a like manner. The idea of *truth* is drawn from solidity, or stability; that of *beauty* from splendor, that of *good* from straightness, that of *evil* from swerving or the curved line, or from stench. *To create* is primitively to mould, *to decide* is to cut, *to think* is to speak. *Bone* signifies the substance, the essence of a thing, and serves in Hebrew for our pronoun *self.* What distinguishes the Semitic languages from the Aryan is that this primitive union of sensation and idea persists, — so that in each word one still hears the echo of the primitive sensations which determined the choice of the first makers of the language."

Now this limitation of the Hebrew language to words which expressed immediate sensation goes a long way toward explaining this problem we are

studying when we consider it in the light of one of the accepted doctrines of modern psychology, the theory commonly known as the James-Lange theory of the emotions. According to this theory emotion is inseparable from sensation, or rather emotion consists of a mass or complex of bodily sensations. Professor James sums up this doctrine in the following questions: "What kind of an emotion of fear would be left if the feeling neither of quickened heart beats nor of shallow breathing, neither of trembling lips nor of weakened limbs, neither of goose-flesh nor of visceral stirrings, were present, it is quite impossible for me to think. Can one fancy the state of rage and picture no ebullition of the chest, no flushing of the face, no dilation of the nostrils, no clenching of the teeth, no impulse to vigorous action, but in their stead limp muscles, calm breathing, and a placid face? The present writer for one, certainly cannot. . . . In like manner of grief: what would it be without its tears, its sobs, its suffocation of the heart, its pangs in the breastbone? A feelingless cognition that certain circumstances are deplorable, and nothing more. Every passion tells the same story. A purely disembodied human emotion is a nonentity."

This theory and the Hebrew language fit together like the two parts of a puzzle, for the Hebrew poetry constantly expressed emotion by naming the sensations of which the emotion consists. Here is an expression of helpless despair: —

Save me, O God; for the waters are come in unto my soul.

I sink in deep mire, where there is no standing: I am come into deep waters, where the floods overflow me.

I am weary of my crying: my throat is dried: mine eyes fail while I wait for my God.

Notice the number of sensations which are specifically named: "my throat is dried," "mine eyes fail," and the sensation of sinking in deep mire, with all its implication of spasmodic, helpless struggling. Another example may be found in the familiar passage in Job; and here again notice how many actual sensations are named: —

Now a thing was secretly brought to me, and mine ear received a little thereof.

In thoughts from the visions of the night, when deep sleep falleth on men,

Fear came upon me, and trembling, which made all my bones to shake.

Then a spirit passed before my face; the hair of my flesh stood up:

It stood still, but I could not discern the form thereof: an image was before mine eyes, there was silence, and I heard a voice, saying,

Shall mortal man be more just than God? shall a man be more pure than his Maker?

The shaking of the bones, the hair of the flesh standing up, the sense of an object indistinctly present, the silence, all go together to make the most vivid description in our literature of the terror that flies by night; and here again, as in the Psalms, the emotion is set forth by means of the concrete sensations of which it consists. For one more example, let me quote another passage from the Psalms, the first few verses of what is known in the *Book of Common Prayer* as the Venite: here the emotion of joyful worship is expressed by the bodily acts in which it is expressed: —

O come, let us sing unto the Lord: let us make a joyful noise to the rock of our salvation.

Let us come before his presence with thanksgiving, and make a joyful noise unto him with psalms.

For the Lord is a great God, and a great King above all gods.

. . . . . .

O come, let us worship and bow down: let us kneel before the Lord our Maker.

In this case the emotion is more spiritual than in the others, yet it is still phrased chiefly in terms of bodily sensation, the singing, the joyful noise, the bowing down and kneeling.

Sometimes, as in part in the last example, the emotion, instead of being expressed by the bodily sensation that constitutes it, is indirectly portrayed by naming the concrete objects which produce these sensations by immediate and reflex action.

Thou visitest the earth, and waterest it: thou greatly enrichest it with the river of God, which is full of water: thou preparest them corn, when thou hast so provided for it.

Thou waterest the ridges thereof abundantly; thou settlest the furrows thereof: thou makest it soft with showers: thou blessest the springing thereof.

Thou crownest the year with thy goodness; and thy paths drop fatness.

They drop upon the pastures of the wilderness: and the little hills rejoice on every side.

The pastures are clothed with flocks; the valleys also are covered over with corn; they shout for joy, they also sing.

This passage stirs in one, vividly and powerfully, all the physical sensations of a warm day in spring, when one walks in the fields with head erect and lungs filled with the warm, rich air, and one's nostrils open to the manifold rich odors of the earth and of the growing things of the spring. The deep-lying emotion of content and happiness is thus expressed, not by naming the sensations, but by naming the objects which inevitably produce them.

Comparatively simple cases like these will show, I think, how the principle works out: that the naming of two or three specific sensations or of certain concrete objects arouses a large and complex mental state which taken all together is the emotion of fear, of reverence, of joy. And seeing this truth clearly for the simpler cases one can understand how it explains the less palpable and more complex cases, and how the concrete imagery of such a passage as the following has the power to express feelings and thoughts which lie still deeper: —

Bless the Lord, O my soul. O Lord my God, thou art very great; thou art clothed with honour and majesty.

Who coverest thyself with light as with a garment: who stretchest out the heavens like a curtain:

Who layeth the beams of his chambers in the waters: who maketh the clouds his chariot: who walketh upon the wings of the wind:

Who maketh his angels spirits; his ministers a flaming fire:

Who laid the foundations of the earth, that it should not be removed for ever.

Thou coveredst it with the deep as with a garment: the waters stood above the mountains.

In such a case the means employed are the same, but the emotions to be expressed being larger and more diffused one cannot follow out the mechanism so definitely. But the unsurpassed vividness of the Hebrew poetry and its unfailing hold on our imagination may be ascribed to this fact, that it always expressed emotions directly and concretely by the sensations of which they are composed, instead of describing them by words which are abstract and therefore pale.

We can go even further, and find in this special characteristic of the Hebrew language the permanence of appeal of these ancient poems. After all, the great body of our sensations and feelings does not change from generation to generation. The horror of despair at sinking in deep mire, the dread at the creeping mysteries of the night, or the delight in uttering forth our joy in song, all are the same thing for us to-day that they were for these ancient Hebrews two thousand years ago and for their ancestors a thousand years before them. We moderns have built up a superstructure of abstract reasoning which they did not have; but all the great mass of our consciousness is the same that it has been for ages and, so far as we can see, as it will be for ages to come. The sight of the stars in the great field of heaven lifts us out of ourselves in the same way that it has moved our ancestors for innumerable generations. Thus a literature which is able to express itself through these inalterable sensations has a permanence of power which is impossible for a literature which is phrased largely in abstractions and inferences from these sensations. In this primitive simplicity of the Hebrew language, therefore, we can find some of the reasons for the permanent power of the Bible poetry.

This characteristic has been transferred unblurred and unfaded to the English of our King James Version; and

here again one can in part point to the cause of the preservation of the virtue. The English language of King James's time, as I have pointed out in an earlier essay in this magazine,[1] was far nearer the unbroken concreteness and simplicity of the Hebrew than is our English of to-day. The learned and abstract words which make so large a part of our ordinary vocabulary hardly began to be taken over from the Latin until after our version was completed. And in the first half of the sixteenth century all writing in English was in consequence figurative to an extent which would be florid and affected for men of our time. Even the statutes of Parliament in Henry VIII's reign are enlivened with graphic imagery and racy idiom. Accordingly, a translation from the Hebrew made at that time almost of necessity retained this immediate and living hold on the feelings. Any one who has read modern translations of the poetry of the Old Testament will recognize how insidiously our modern habit of using general words has paled the glowing colors of the King James Version.

Emotion and feeling, however, have other modes of expression than through the connotation of words of sensation; their most typical and highest expression is through music. Every one knows that music can give form to moods far too impalpable and evanescent for articulate language. Even the man who has no ear for music knows what it is to have his very flesh stirred and his feet set moving by the playing of a military band; and to music-lovers the full rhythms and harmonies of a great orchestra reach feelings which lie so deep in the soul that no words can find them. Herein lies the other side of the power of literature; since it stands for the spoken word it can borrow some of this power of music to express disembodied emotion.

In the written word this power of music consists in part of rhythm and in part of the qualities and succession of the separate sounds. For the striking rhythm of the poetry of the English Bible we can find a cause in the chief principle which governed the Hebrew poetry, — the principle of parallel structure. In the Hebrew poetry the line was the unit, and the second line balanced the first, completing or supplementing its meaning. "Praise God in his sanctuary; praise him in the firmament of his power;" "A soft answer turneth away wrath: but grievous words stir up anger." This principle could be applied to produce considerable variety. The second member might be synonymous with the first, or it might be in antithesis, as in the examples I have just quoted; or it might add something to complete the thought: "By the rivers of Babylon, there we sat down, yea, we wept, when we remembered Zion." Or it might be the application of a figure: "A word fitly spoken is like apples of gold in pictures of silver;" "As the door turneth upon his hinges, so doth the slothful upon his bed." Sometimes, again, the first member of one takes its thought from a word in the last member of the line before: —

I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help.
My help cometh from the Lord, which made heaven and earth.

There might be more than two lines to complete the verse: the normal form of the colloquies in Job consists in a balance of couplets: —

My brethren have dealt deceitfully as a brook, and as the stream of brooks they pass away;
Which are blackish by reason of the ice, and wherein the snow is hid.

What time they wax warm, they vanish: when it is hot, they are consumed out of their place.
The paths of their way are turned aside: they go to nothing, and perish.

But whatever the variety of form, the unvarying element in this Hebrew poetry is the constant balance of lines of about the same length.

[1] In November, 1904.

This principle, however, was not rediscovered until a century after our translation was made. Therefore the men who made our translation did not know that they were translating poetry, and they made no attempt to arrange the lines in a different form from the prose of the rest of the book. The result has been in the English to produce a kind of writing which is unique in our literature, since it is neither regular prose nor regular poetry, but shares the power of both. It has the strong balance and regularity which results from this underlying parallel structure of the Hebrew, and at the same time all the freedom and naturalness of prose. When in reading the historical books you come across a poem you feel the difference in effect; suddenly, without your realizing why, the style seems as it were to take on energy and movement. Here is an example from Joshua: —

> Then spake Joshua to the Lord in the day when the Lord delivered up the Amorites before the children of Israel, and he said in the sight of Israel, Sun, stand thou still upon Gibeon; and thou, Moon, in the valley of Ajalon.
>
> And the sun stood still, and the moon stayed, until the people had avenged themselves upon their enemies. Is not this written in the book of Jasher? So the sun stood still in the midst of heaven, and hasted not to go down about a whole day.

Here the strong balance of the lines of the poem strengthens the rhythm, so that as the poem stands imbedded in the prose it seems almost excited in utterance.

On the other hand, since in the English this strong balance and rhythm is always united to entire freedom, this poetry is quite clear of any suggestion of artificiality or sophistication. For us to-day verse and poetry are a mode of utterance apart from the speech of everyday life. They are art, and art carries always for us the implication of an attention to form which makes impossible an entirely unstudied spontaneity. Even blank verse, the freest of all our forms of poetry, is lacking in the naturalness of prose. Consider this passage from the fourth act of *Richard II*: —

> Many a time hath banish'd Norfolk fought
> For Jesu Christ in glorious Christian field,
> Streaming the ensign of the Christian cross
> Against black pagans, Turks, and Saracens:
> And toil'd with works of war, retired himself,
> To Italy; and there, at Venice, gave
> His body to that pleasant country's earth,
> And his pure soul unto his captain Christ,
> Under whose colors he had fought so long.

This is as simple as it can be; there are only two adjectives which are not a necessary part of the meaning, and no other attempt to adorn or beautify the facts than comes from the verse itself. Yet as compared with the earnest solemnity of the Psalms or of Job it is the writing of a man who is playing at life; it is the efflorescence of feeling rather than an irrepressible and inevitable expression of it. Even the great soliloquies in *Hamlet* produce something of the same effect; for all their searching into the foundations of the human soul they are still play-acting, a noble blossoming out of the imagination in a noble time if you like, but still flowers from a "garden of pleasant delights," — to modify the title of one of the Elizabethan poetry books. Milton's noble sonnet *On the Late Massacre in Piemont* is an exception; and there are a few great poems of our own day, such as Tennyson's *Crossing the Bar*, and Mr. Kipling's *Recessional* and *The White Man's Burden*, which sum up in burning phrase the feeling of a nation and a race. But even these, beside the poetry of the Old Testament, only emphasize the fact that the poet is for us a man apart, a seer looking on at life and penetrating its mysteries by the flash of genius; whereas these psalms are part of the bone and sinew of the Jewish life. In them there are no rules of art between us and the soul of the nation. Certainly in the form in which we read this Old Testament poetry in our Authorised Version we have the combination of the heightened beat of the rhythm, which expressed strength of emotion, and which is the peculiar virtue

of poetry; and we have it with an entire freedom and naturalness which prevents our attention ever straying from the message to the form in which it is couched. It is from this unique form, I think, that this poetry of the Old Testament gives the impression of being a universal and unstudied expression of the deepest feeling. Thus it seems to me that this very fact that our translators made no attempt to reproduce the exact form of the verse in English has added to its power; and I am inclined to suspect that the modern fashion of printing the poetry of the Old Testament in broken lines is quite as much of a hindrance as a help to the reader who wishes to get the full feeling which it contains. One hears grumbling to-day at the difficulty imposed on our reading of the Bible by the division into verses. We may well remember that when the Bible was known thoroughly and universally, it was always so read.

Even this strong balance and rhythm of the Hebrew poetry, however, does not account for all its persistence of power in the English. We must take into account also the fact that it is throbbing with the earnestness of the great men who in the stress of the Reformation, when England was struggling free from the Church of Rome, wrought out their translations of the Scriptures. The free translation and circulation of the Bible was a matter of life and death to the men who took part in it; for it will be remembered that it was not until the very end of Elizabeth's reign, and even the beginning of James's, before the struggle against the Church of Rome ended in an assured victory for the forces of Protestantism. All through the eighty years in which the Authorised Version was coming to its final form men were stirred to the depths of their souls by questions of religion which turned ultimately on the free possession and interpretation of the Bible. Moreover, this was a period in which all writing was musical, and all writers seem to have had the magical power of adding to the meaning of the words the rich and flowing melody which clothed them with the deeper and pervasive meaning of the emotions. It is hard to find a book written in the sixteenth century which shows any relation to the bare and jolting style of so many of our books to-day. To the original translators and to the revisers who followed them we owe the transfer of the strong and moving rhythm of the Hebrew into English, and the enriching of it with the varied but subdued music which gives our Bible its capacity of expressing the deep thoughts of the soul.

One source of this rich music we must not neglect, the Latin of the Vulgate. All the men who made our version were intimately acquainted with it: Tindale and Coverdale, who were priests of the old church, must have known it as our fathers knew their English Bible. Now whoever knows this Latin Bible will agree that its most notable qualities to us are its strong rhythm and its rich sonorousness of tone, qualities which more than all others express earnestness and reverence of feeling. The Latin in which it is written is very different from the rhetorical language of Cæsar and Cicero; it is less finished, and even an amateur in Latin can feel that its syntax is broken down and contaminated by that of the Hebrew and Greek. But it has more than its share of the solidity of classical Latin and a momentum that is strengthened by the simpler structure taken over from the Hebrew. And at the same time it has a richness of coloring which I suppose has never been surpassed. Here is a short Psalm, the 133d, "Behold, how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity!" which will show the marvelous power of this language to clothe its words with ringing music. Notice how rich the style is in the open vowels, and the liquid consonants, on which the voice insensibly dwells:—

Ecce, quam bonum et quam jucundum habitare fratres in unum:

Sicut unguentum in capite, quod descendit in barbam, barbam Aaron.

Quod descendit in oram vestimenti ejus:
Sicut ros Hermon, qui descendit in montem Sion,
Quoniam illic mandavit Dominus benedictionem et vitam usque in sæculum.

Now when one realizes that Tindale and his successors had these splendid organ tones ringing in their ears whenever they thought of a text of the Bible one cannot help, I think, feeling that its richness communicated itself to their work. The deepest and strongest feelings of men which are expressed in the Bible and give it its preëminence in our literature, are the feelings of awe in the presence of the omnipotent God, the feelings which men naturally express in worship. Music is an inseparable part of worship; and we may well hold that this music of the Biblical style which it derived in part from the Vulgate gives it much of its power of expressing these feelings. Thus we may feel that we have in our English some part of the passionate earnestness of St. Jerome, ringing down through the centuries to deepen and enrich the meaning of our Bible. Here again we must recognize our debt to the great Englishmen of the sixteenth century, who not only brought over the splendid thought of the Hebrew into equally splendid English, but who, writing with an unconscious sense for the beauty and expressiveness of style, clothed their words with a music which expresses feelings too deep and too diffused for articulate expression.

Now let us go behind these essential questions of style which concern the translation, and search for the intensity and elevation of feeling in the original writers which made this marvelous style a necessity of expression for the translators. Here explanation can make only a short step; for we are in a realm where the only ultimate explanation we can give is the fact of inspiration; and that is only another way of saying that we are in the presence of forces above and beyond our present human understanding. We can see a little further into the power of this poetry, however, if we take into account the times in which it was probably written and consider the experiences which called it forth. I will speak here only of the Psalter and of Job.

It is now generally held by scholars of the modern school that the Psalter is the hymn-book of the second temple; and most scholars who accept the new views of the Bible at all agree that some of the Psalms at any rate were composed as late as the time of the Maccabean revolution, 165 B.C. The dates of the separate psalms may be very divergent; some of them may have been originally composed before the Exile, some of them perhaps by King David himself. But since the Psalter is a hymn-book, the precise date makes very little difference; for a hymn-book is a collection made for a very practical purpose, and if it does not express the feelings and aspirations of a specific generation it has no reason for existence. Therefore if the Psalter as we have it came from the latest period of Jewish history it would embody the sufferings and aspirations, the faith and the passionate zeal of the Jews of the third and the second centuries before Christ. It would come, therefore, from a time when the Jews were passing through almost the most critical period of their history, a time full of bitter suffering and distress, when they were harassed by enemies from without, and torn by dissensions from within. Jerusalem is described in such psalms as the 74th and the 79th as sacked, and the temple profaned; and the outburst of bitter indignation in Psalm lv,

But it was thou, a man mine equal, my guide, and mine acquaintance.

. . . . . .

Let death seize upon them, and let them go down quick into hell: for wickedness is in their dwellings, and among them,

seems to refer to the party among the Jews who were ready to compromise with the heathen and take over their mode of life, even perhaps to contaminate the worship of Jehovah by the assimilation of heathen rites. The depths of this misery are sounded by many of the Psalms

as the heights of the faith by force of which they won their way through the furnace of affliction are measured by such glowing words as those of Psalm lxviii:

> Let God arise, let his enemies be scattered: let them also that hate him flee before him.
>
> As smoke is driven away, so drive them away: as wax melteth before the fire, so let the wicked perish at the presence of God.
>
> But let the righteous be glad; let them rejoice before God: yea, let them exceedingly rejoice.
>
> Sing unto God, sing praises to his name: extol him that rideth upon the heavens by his name JAH, and rejoice before him.

Certainly there is no time before the Exile which will furnish the background of hopeless misery and depression, suddenly interrupted by unbounded joy and thanksgiving, which lies behind the Psalter as a whole. The very intensity and desperateness of the suffering and the suddenness of the reaction help us to understand the intensity of feeling uttered forth in these marvelous poems.

Job also probably comes from this same period of the Exile or the succeeding century, the time when the problem of the origin of evil came home to the Jews with such bitter poignancy. Deuteronomy taught them that Jehovah would reward their faithfulness to the statutes and ordinances which he had commanded them, and that he would punish whoever disobeyed; and in the manner of their age they looked for an immediate reward or an immediate punishment. Yet they who were striving with the most anxious care to fulfill every jot and tittle of the law were crushed by poverty and oppression; while their heathen conquerors, living in open defiance of the laws of Jehovah, were growing old in wealth and happiness. For them, and especially for those whose faith was strongest, the dilemma must have been critical. The great poem of Job witnesses to the earnestness with which they attacked the problem, and the triumphant faith with which they came back to the solution that the ways of God are too great for man to understand, that the fear of the Lord is the beginning and the end of wisdom. Thus Job, like the Psalms, takes on a new and poignant interest when we recognize it, not as an abstract discussion of a philosophical problem, but as a grappling with an immediate and crucial difficulty.

This fact, that Job deals with an actual difficulty of a specific generation of the Jews, leads us to what is perhaps the most distinctive feature of this Hebrew poetry.

To use a technical term, Hebrew poetry never reached the point of representation. In other words, it never passed beyond the point of expressing the writer's own emotions to the point where he could imagine himself into the feelings of other persons, whether real or invented. This limitation appears constantly in the historical books, in the speeches which the writers, after the manner of all historians of antiquity, whether Oriental or classical, put into the mouths of the chief persons of the history. The Deuteronomist compilers of Kings, for example, making up a prayer which would be fitting for Solomon at the dedication of the temple, made him speak in the language and thought of Deuteronomy, a book which was called forth by the great change in the fortunes of Israel through the destruction of Samaria three hundred years after his death. They could not imagine to themselves how Solomon would really have felt; all they could do was to put their own hopes and yearnings into his mouth. This lack of the faculty of constructive imagination is a chief note of the Hebrew literature.

In the poetry this limitation resulted in the absence from our Old Testament of all poetry which cannot be roughly classified as lyrical. The Hebrew mind had no apparatus for inventing characters, or for understanding the thoughts and feelings of other men. Ostensibly Job is either a drama or a debate; yet though Satan is a protagonist in the prose introduction he is not mentioned at all in the poem; in the colloquies, the speeches of the three friends can be interchanged without injury to the book; and in chapter xxvii,

Job shifts over and occupies the ground which has been held by the friends against him. Clearly the authors of this great book came into no clear imagination or understanding of Job as an individual and consistent character. They made no effort to get into the point of view and temperament of the ostensible hero of the poem; as we say nowadays, they made no attempt to create a character. Job is best understood as a generalized figure of suffering Israel, a conception which was dear to the hearts of the Jews at this period; it was set forth by the Isaiah of the Exile in such a passage as the following: —

> And he made his grave with the wicked, and with the rich in his death; because he had done no violence, neither was any deceit in his mouth.
>
> Yet it pleased the Lord to bruise him; he hath put him to grief: when thou shalt make his soul an offering for sin, he shall see his seed, he shall prolong his days, and the pleasure of the Lord shall prosper in his hand.

This same idea appears in certain of the Psalms: —

> For my loins are filled with a loathsome disease: and there is no soundness in my flesh.
>
> I am feeble and sore broken: I have roared by reason of the disquietness of my heart.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> My lovers and my friends stand aloof from my sore; and my kinsmen stand afar off.
>
> They also that seek after my life lay snares for me: and they that seek my hurt speak mischievous things, and imagine deceits all the day long.

During the bitter times of the Exile and of the century or two succeeding, the Jews found a melancholy comfort in thus figuring themselves as sufferers because of their very faithfulness to Jehovah. The book of Job can thus be best understood. In a sense Job himself is individualized, but no more so than is the suffering servant of Jehovah by the Isaiah of the Exile, or than the suffering Israel described in the Psalms. We may suppose that the purpose of the author of the book was satisfied with the description of Job's sufferings as a vivid portrayal of the sufferings of his race. Further than this I think it is safe to say he does not attempt to individualize him. If one reads the poem carefully, one will see that it could be applied to many men of a considerable variety of temperaments; indeed, the fact that the piety of the Job of the prologue, which consists so much in offering sacrifices, is different from the larger-minded piety of the Job of the colloquies, seems to show that the author had little idea of what we mean by consistent characterization. He made no effort to make Job an individual in the sense that Hamlet and Henry Esmond are individuals; furthermore, there is no evidence that the men of his race ever were conscious of the possibility of such an effort.

This unconsciousness of the possibilities of the creative imagination helps to mark the great abyss which lies between the Old Testament and our modern literature. From the time of the Greeks down, representative art is the largest and most important part of pure literature. All the drama, all story-writing, and all poetry except lyrical, is representative in that its effort is to set forth the actions and feelings of persons whom the writer knows only indirectly and by force of his creative imagination. In the books of the Bible there is no such literature. If one recalls the fact already indicated, that the only other work with which English-speaking people are familiar, which comes from the same Oriental background as the Bible, is the *Arabian Nights*, one realizes the distance from us of this Bible literature. R. L. Stevenson pointed out in his *Gossip on Romance* that the people of the *Arabian Nights* are mere puppets; that their stories are a pure succession of adventures, undiluted by any understanding of character on the part of the authors, unbroken by any attempt to make the people real. These Israelite writers are on a somewhat higher plane, for they could tell a simple story in terms of the most vivid detail; and they could in a simple, unconscious sort of way make

the different actors in their stories seem like distinct people. Their creative imagination did not go so far, however, as to enable them to invent a character, or even to detach themselves from their own experiences in order to imagine consistently and convincingly the mental workings of any one whose circumstances or temperament differed much from their own. The thought of their authors was, as compared to those of our own age, primitively simple; it was never able to push beyond its own experiences and create that of other men.

In this limitation, finally, we may find part of the power of this literature. The Hebrew poetry has power over our feelings because it is always in dead earnest. There is no play-acting here. When one sees or reads *Hamlet*, or *Macbeth*, or *King Lear*, one is absorbed in the distress and suffering; but always behind the absorption is the sense of detachment from real affairs. Unconsciously we feel that we can afford to take part by imagination in the suffering, because after all it is not real. To understand and appreciate the poetry of the Old Testament one must remember that it is always real. The sufferings, or the joy, or the faith are the experience of real men uttering forth the depths of their soul. Their poetry had always the direct and practical purpose of unburdening real feeling: there is no make-believe here. Even in Job the apparent form of a drama is the thinnest of masks for the deep and real feelings which lie underneath. The book is not an effort of the author to imagine how such a man as Job, suffering such trials, would have felt, but rather the expression of actual distress over the hopeless plight of his people. The mental tortures under which Job writhes are therefore those of real people in real and harrowing perplexity; and the overwhelming power of the answer of the Almighty the direct witness of a faith which could not be daunted by the most grievous trials.

Thus we may bring this brief survey of the poetry of the Bible to an end. In form and style it has power which springs in part from the unblurred concreteness and directness which was made not only possible but necessary by the character of the old Hebrew language and of the English language in the sixteenth century; in part from the strong but unconscious rhythm caused by the balancing of the lines of the Hebrew; in part from the richness of music which is due in all probability to the sonorous influences of the Vulgate. Behind the manifold variety of the imagery and the deep music of the style we can see, and not too vaguely, the intensity of faith which soared above all earthly troubles to the highest conception of God yet reached by man, — the faith which is to be traced in the constantly wider and more spiritual messages of the prophets, rising during the period that produced the Psalms to a clear grasp of immortality and the blessings of paradise.

A TANGLED WEB

BY MARGARET COOPER McGIFFERT

I

JOHN VANCE had not a grain of malice in his make-up, and he was almost extravagantly fond of young Pruyn. But when a brilliant man has worked for fifteen years at his chosen profession and has failed of recognition except in a limited circle, it is hard for him to believe in the reality of a success that happens over-night to a boy just out of college. "It's nothing but youth and animal spirits," he warned Hudson Pruyn. "The public likes you immensely, just as I do; but youth won't last, and you must put foundations under your work if you don't want your house that you built in a day to tumble down about your ears."

Pruyn only laughed good-naturedly, and went on writing stories that were snapped up by the magazines, and novels for which publishers contended. He had an unbounded admiration for Vance, as a man with more brains and more heart than any other man he knew, and with a style that illuminated every subject he touched; but, considering himself only an ordinary young fellow, who had made a lucky hit by writing just as he felt about things that he liked, he could not quite see how he could combine with his own happy-go-lucky ease the careful art of a man who was, immeasurably, his intellectual superior.

"What I write is n't art, I know perfectly well," he assured his friend. "It's nothing but happen-so. But there's no harm in it; I like to do it, people like to read it, the publishers like to pay for it; so we're all happy."

Vance labored to prove to him that a man's lifework must be taken seriously. "You have gifts to thank the gods for," he insisted; "but if you play with them, they will burst like soap-bubbles. You have never had to grind; you follow habitually the line of the least resistance, and your fatal facility" —

"You have the descent to Avernus in your worrying old mind," Pruyn interrupted. "But you need n't fear for me. All my tastes lie in the other direction."

"I don't fear anything for you but superficiality," Vance returned gravely. "I want you to be a man, not a trifler. How many gushing notes have you received in the last week? How many teas and dinners have you attended? How many sentences of real literature or sound sense have you read? How much hard thinking have you done? You have galloped over a sufficient number of pages with your fountain pen. You have galloped a sufficient number of miles on horseback to keep you in good condition. You have spent the rest of your time as if Heaven had not blessed you with brains."

"I have spent a lot of time with you and the other fellows," Pruyn reminded him. "As much time as you were willing to waste on me. If you were n't all so confoundedly busy, I'd be with you all the time. Do you think I don't know the difference between men and triflers? Do you think I would n't go in for art if I had it in me? I believe that you fellows that would starve before you would paint a picture or write a page that does n't seem to you true are the salvation of this materialistic age. But the trouble with me is that I don't know whether things are true or not. I don't know how I write. I do it just as I ride or swim or row or golf. I play the most unscientific game of golf imaginable; but I get there with as few strokes as most fellows, and I get the good out of it."

"Fatal facility again. Boyish cocksureness. Unbounded nerve. Combine purpose with it, and you would soon find yourself using your brain as well as your spinal cord. But the brain has a way of atrophying if it is not given sufficient exercise."

Vance's strictures seemed to glide over the surface of Pruyn's easy good-humor; but in reality they penetrated much deeper than Vance suspected. Vance and his group of writing and painting friends were little less than heroes to the prosperous young romancer, who would have done anything in his power to make himself one of them. But no way opened, and he continued to write breezy stories of breathless adventure and rapid wooing, in which the ingredients were always the same, but so charmingly varied in proportions that each was hailed by the press as "highly original, like all Mr. Pruyn's work."

"He's such a lovable fellow, confound him!" Vance said to himself fiercely, "that he can't help writing lovable books. But one of these days he will be a man, with nothing to take the place of his boyishness."

Whatever criticisms might be made upon them, Pruyn's books were a boon to a hard-worked public, grown impatient of problem-novels and depressing realism. Young people liked them because they glorified youth. Middle-aged men and women liked them because they carried them into an impossibly hopeful world. Buoyant optimism radiated from every page; the optimism of buoyant health and bounding spirits. The more Vance saw of him, the more he delighted in his native endowment, and the more he lamented his headlong thoughtlessness. "You have only one subject, only one style," he reiterated. "When you have rung all the changes on it, what will you do? The public is a fickle entity, given to rebounding in exact proportion to the bound. It has jumped at your work, undoubtedly; but the time is almost due for this comment: 'I don't know whether I have read *this* book or not, but it does n't matter. When you have read one you have read them all.'"

"Do you honestly think that I can't write a story that you would not recognize?" Pruyn asked, suddenly.

"I honestly do. But I should be glad to have you prove me wrong. If you can write a story that will be accepted under an assumed name by a reputable magazine, and that I shall fail to pick out from a pile of a dozen magazines, you will make me happier than you have ever done yet in your amiable life."

"Reduce your pile of magazines to three, and I'll still make you happy," Pruyn said confidently.

Vance smiled at what he called "the youngster's bluff," and forgot the promise.

II

The Christmas magazines vied with one another in number and variety of stories. Pruyn whirled in upon Vance one evening with three uncut magazines in his hand. "Now, old man," he said, "it's a tug of war between your sagacity and my originality. You have the reputation of being the most unerring judge of style in New York city. One of the stories in these three magazines is mine. About half of them are by well-known writers. I defy you to pick mine out of the other ten. I'm sorry to take your time, but I want to make you happy."

"It won't take long," Vance responded cheerfully. "You cut the other two while I look through this one. It's only a matter of a glance at each."

He ran through the magazines rapidly. There were all varieties of stories, one or two on Pruyn's subject, but none in his style. "See here, young man!" Vance said at last. "You thought you could bluff me into saying that one of these 'unknown-writer' stories is yours, but you can't do it! There's nothing of yours here."

"Honestly, there is," Pruyn assured him. "I have the editor's affidavit in my

pocket. I knew you would n't believe me. I don't mind telling you just which magazine it's in. It's that one. Now pick mine out from those four new writers, and even after giving you all those odds I'll acknowledge myself beaten."

Vance read the four stories carefully. "There's not one of them," he decided, "that sounds like you. If you really wrote one, of course I'm beaten. This story has something of your spirit, — I suppose it must be yours, — but the style is incredibly different. They are all passable stories, as stories go. The only really remarkable one is this autobiographical affair by Eleanor Field, whoever she may be. It takes a woman to do a thing like that. There's a touch of genius in it. It may be only a spontaneous confession, as it purports to be; but if it is really a bit of creative work we must expect something of that young woman, — of course she's young. I shall keep my eye on her. *Did* you do this heroic rescue?"

"No."

"Then it lies between this Oriental story and the South African one, and I can't imagine how you got the local color for either. The 'Eleanor story' is out of the question. You *could n't* have done that feminine thing."

"I *did* it," Pruyn said calmly.

"What!" Vance cried, springing to his feet. "On your honor?"

"Here's Hadley's note," Pruyn answered. "When the story was accepted, I went to Hadley, and told him all the circumstances, and proved property, and asked for this note. He was as surprised as you are."

"Hudson Pruyn," Vance said solemnly, shaking the young fellow in his excitement, "you're a genius! If you can do things like that, *do* them! I don't mean do feminine things, but *use* the insight that God has given you. Put *thought* into your work, — not merely good digestion and good temper. Study situations different from your own. Study people. *Work* on your stories as you have worked on this!"

Pruyn laughed. "I *did n't* work on it. It was as easy as rolling down hill."

"I give it up," Vance answered. "You're beyond me. But at any rate, aim at variety, and study life."

III

Letters written in an unfamiliar feminine hand and forwarded by his publishers were no novelty to Pruyn; but the first letter addressed to "Miss Eleanor Field" gave him a distinct sensation. It came from far-away Illinois, and he read it in a sort of helpless daze.

"My dear Miss Field" (the letter began): —

"I have read your story over and over again, hardly able to believe that I was not dreaming. It seems incredible that you should know what no one else has understood. I cannot tell you what a load has been taken off my mind. The displeasure of my family, the wonder of my friends, the bitterness of *his* friends, have seemed to set me in a cold isolation, as if I were a thing apart from the human race. Of course, that is exaggeration. No one has really treated me badly. But to be wondered at for a whole year makes one feel as if one must be abnormal. The magic of your story is that, though the girl did exactly what I did, no one who reads it can help feeling that she was right, though her friends thought, like mine, that she was wrong. It is a horribly lonely thing to follow your own instincts and go your own way, when it leads away from what everybody expects of you.

"When I read your story I felt like my old self again, back in the sunshine of fellow feeling. 'How did she know?' I keep asking myself, and at last I have mustered up courage to ask you. It means so much to me that I am sure you will forgive my presumption. It seems impossible that you should understand if you have not lived through it. On the other hand, if you have been through it, it seems just as impossible that you could

write about it. I have never been able even to try to explain. Perhaps I should not wonder that people misunderstood. But I thought my friends ought to know me well enough to believe that there must be some good reason. It was just as you said in your story, I felt what I could not prove. I know I am taking a great liberty with a stranger, but I cannot feel that you *are* a stranger. *Please* tell me how you understood. Did it happen to you? Then you, too, are perplexed and lonely. I cannot help thanking you for what you have done for me.

"Sincerely yours,
"MARGARET WARNER."

Pruyn threw down the letter, and took a turn about the room in irrepressible excitement. He had had no thought but of writing a story that should convince Vance. He had put out a bold, unthinking hand, and had touched life. How had he done it? He had heard girls talk, and in the story he had talked like one of them; no one in particular that he knew, but a girl who seemed to rise before him as real as life. He had known men, handsome, brilliant, attractive, social favorites, but unworthy to enter the presence of a girl like that. He had written, critics said, a marvelous story, an unconscious revelation of the innocent heart of a girl. The story was told in the girl's words, but the reader saw both her and the man from whom she slipped away with eyes of widening incredulity. "Who is Eleanor Field?" had been asked on all sides; but the editor and Vance had loyally kept the secret. And now the question had come from a human heart, and must be answered.

Pruyn was not accustomed to hesitation. He wrote with headlong haste, in his fine literary hand: "No, it did not happen to me, but I seemed to understand. I have never been engaged, I have never even been really in love; but I have a habit of writing stories, and sometimes my pen tells me things that I did not know before. I have a friend who thinks I ought to study harder and work harder. I am sure he is right. Writing is too easy for me. I sat down one day and thought about the girls I knew, and this girl came to me, and her story, and I wrote it out in a straightforward way. She is different from any girl I know, different from me, yet I feel that she is real. Some of my friends talk a lot about never writing anything but what they feel to be true. I never knew what they meant. I wrote for the sake of the story, and I never knew whether it was true or not. But when I wrote this story I knew that it was true, and I'm going to try to see if I can't have that feeling again. If the girl I wrote about is really you — I wish I could see you."

He hesitated for a moment, and then signed himself "Eleanor Field." "There's no help for it," he said. "How would she feel if she knew she had been opening her heart to a brute of a man?"

Of course he did not expect an answer; but he caught himself watching for the mail with an eagerness he had not known since the early days of his success. The answer came promptly:—

"I think you are wonderful. It seems so easy to you, — you do not understand how you do it; but it is because you are just made of sympathy. And genius, — you must have that, too. Perhaps genius is nothing more than perfect sympathy. Some writer says that. I have been reading a great deal since I have felt so out of touch with other people, and I have found many things that have helped me. I know we ought not to crave sympathy, — I know that such a feeling is weakening, — but I have not known before how I have longed for it. I don't mean pity. I mean understanding. I have thought so many times how easy life would be, no matter how hard it was, if only those we care the most for understood.

"I am ashamed to say these things. Nobody ever had a better father than I have, — so tender, so considerate. My mother has always taken the best of care of me in other ways, looking after my

clothes and my education and my social advantages. She has sacrificed herself for me, and for us all. She cares for my happiness, but she thought she knew better than I what would make me happy. My brother and sister are devoted to me, but they are ambitious. Of course they would n't have wanted me to marry any one objectionable; but they could n't understand how a man with so many advantages could be objectionable. It was very slowly that I came to feel it, — I was dazzled at first. But I know now that whether people have money and position and beautiful things does n't matter. The only thing in the world that really matters is what people are. I feel now that I shall never marry. What a man is would mean too much to me. I should not expect him to be faultless, but he must be the kind that you cannot help trusting, and I must know that he feels as I do, that the one thing that counts is what people are. I don't expect ever to meet a man like that.

"Of course with you it is different. You must know a great many men who care for the things that are really worth while; and I'm sure they can't help admiring you. But I am not specially good-looking, not specially bright, only, for some reason, 'over-particular,' as people say. But everything seems different, now that I know that you are in the world, and that you understand. I am going to try to be like you. Other people have their troubles, and I can sympathize with them instead of feeling lonely and misunderstood. What else have you written? I have looked through the back numbers of all the magazines at the library, and I cannot find anything else of yours. I know you must be too busy to write to me, but you are so good that somehow I feel that you will write again. I should love to know all about you, — how you look, and how you live, and what you do. If I did not live so far away I should hope to see you. Do you ever come West?"

There seemed to be no help for it. "Eleanor Field" explained that she had never written anything else but trash, — "pot-boilers," — but that, now that the start had been made, other true things would be written.

"Who is Eleanor Field?" became a common question among students of current literature. The first impression of girlish sweetness and beauty was deepened as the new writer gained in force without losing fineness. Vance watched Pruyn with growing wonder. Had he, after all, that inexplicable something called genius which must make its own laws? Pruyn was now working strenuously, resisting the temptation to be a ladies' lion. "What has happened to the boy?" Vance's friends asked. "His stories now are more than entertaining. They are getting to be the real thing."

Vance made noncommittal answers, but he puzzled in silence over the question. Something was evidently worrying Pruyn. "It's a woman, of course!" Vance growled to himself. "He must learn by experience, like the rest of us. It's only what I wanted for him, — that he should grow up, — and now that it has come I complain! I wanted him to learn without having to suffer; but I suppose that is n't nature's way."

He tried to talk to Pruyn about his work; but the expansive young fellow had grown curiously reserved. He expressed dissatisfaction with everything he had done. The first of June he was going out to the coast, possibly to Alaska, — anywhere to forget that he had ever written a line. In the fall, perhaps, he would be ready to begin a novel with something in it.

IV

The chief interest — and torment — of Pruyn's life was his correspondence with Margaret Warner. He had started on it unthinkingly, almost inevitably, telling himself that every letter would be the last. But one thing had led to another. He could not disappoint the girl's faith in her unknown friend; he could not cut himself off from the most vital relation he had ever known. A dozen times he

had taken up his pen to explain; a dozen times he had laid it down in self-disgust. How could he tell her that he had abused her confidence? For himself, no self-inculpating confession, no condemnation, could be too severe; but why must she suffer for his thoughtlessness? He could divine the place this friendship had taken in the girl's life. He knew her as he had never known any other human being; a fine-fibred, reserved girl, keeping to herself her feelings, her thoughts, her perplexities, until his curious divination of her story had opened the flood-gates of her confidence. She trusted her unknown friend with a faith that he had accounted among the fables of poetry and romance. Life had become to him unspeakably sacred since he had looked into the clear depths of that girl's heart. His own trifling interests and ambitions had shriveled into nothingness before the steady flame of her desire to live a worthy life.

Yet all this beautiful confidence had been built upon a lie. He had kept as strictly to the truth as the initial deception had allowed. She complained of her friend's indefiniteness about her personal appearance, her tastes, her every-day life. "You speak of walking along Twenty-third Street, looking into the shop-windows; but you never tell me what you see that you like, or what you wear yourself. I have told you everything I have done in the last three months. But of course you have much more important things to think about. You tell me about your work and your ambitions, and nothing could interest me more. To be able to write as you do, in a way that makes people stronger for every-day life, that makes them see the beauty in little things, that makes them feel the sweetness of the sunshine and the open air, that makes them feel most of all the beauty of simply being as true and kind and brave as one knows how to be, — to be able to do all that, is the divinest thing in the world, and I am proud to feel that you are my friend, and that you think my interest helps you. But I cannot call up any picture of you in my mind. I only know that you understand everything, and that you can always be trusted to do the true and kind and noble thing."

Letters like that made him writhe; but he answered with heartfelt promises to do everything possible to deserve her faith in Eleanor Field's ability and trustworthiness. He made many desperate plans for dropping out of her life. "Eleanor Field" might die, leaving a last letter for Margaret Warner, which he could get Vance to send her with an explanatory note. But Vance hated lies as much as Pruyn himself, and Pruyn was unwilling to escape from the consequence of one deception by another. He might frankly confess his treachery, and accept her contempt as his fitting punishment; but he could not bear to hurt and mortify her. His concern for her overwhelmed all sense of what it would mean to live the rest of his life without a word from her. He honestly believed that if he could save her from disappointment his own feelings would not count.

One solution of the difficulty had come to him, and for the last six weeks he had been preparing for it. He had been writing of Eleanor Field's friend, Hudson Pruyn, the novelist, "a young man who has been doing rather superficial work, but is beginning to write things that are really worth while." Soon Eleanor Field would write of Pruyn's coming departure for the coast, of his plan to stop in Illinois, of his desire to meet her friend Miss Warner. A little later Hudson Pruyn would arrive in Midland with a letter of introduction in his pocket. In his own person he would win her confidence. When the time was ripe he would explain; he would leave the rest to Heaven and Margaret Warner.

An innocent-looking letter shattered his hopes, and brought him face to face with himself and his predicament.

"The most wonderful thing has happened," Margaret wrote. "My aunt in New York has written me to come and spend the month of May with her, and

perhaps go to the country afterward. This is the first time she has invited me for five years, and I never expected her to ask me to visit her again. She is not very fond of young people; she is used to having everything just so. But I shall not be troublesome, and I shall be so happy to have this chance of seeing you. I know how busy you are, but perhaps you 'll let me go with you when you go out for your walks, and I 'll promise never to bother you when you want to write. I wonder if you will be as glad as I am. Your apartments are only a few blocks from my aunt's house. She will be delighted to find that I know some one who will take me off her hands sometimes."

V

Pruyn went up the steps of Mrs. Warner's house, looking and feeling as if he were going to the execution of a criminal. In his easy, popular life he had never been embarrassed; but now he was paying with interest for his past immunity. With his card he sent up a note to Miss Warner from "Eleanor Field." As he waited he caught sight of his pale face in a mirror. Even in his panic he was forced to smile at his absurdly evident discomfort.

At the first glimpse of Margaret Warner his heart, if possible, sank lower. She was no delicate, clinging creature, but a self-reliant young woman, with the beauty and ease of perfect health and poise; as different as possible from the inexperienced girl of the middle West to whose relief a chivalrous instinct had impelled his very Eastern and sophisticated young manhood.

"My aunt regrets that she cannot see you," she added to her greeting. "She has not yet recovered from the excitement of my arrival this morning; she is not very strong, and she is accustomed to exact routine. I am so disappointed not to see Miss Field. I cannot help speaking of it. She said she had not time to explain, and that you could tell me nothing more than that she had suddenly been called out of town. Did she give you the note herself?"

"She — left it for me," he explained. "With a — note asking me to bring it to you this afternoon. She had promised to bring me to call, and — I suppose she thought possibly you might prefer a personally delivered note to one sent by mail."

"It was ever so good of you to come," she said; "and I appreciate it much more than you might judge from my evident disappointment over Miss Field. Ever since she wrote me that you were a friend of hers I have hoped to meet you some time, for of course everybody knows your books. I should have recognized you anywhere. You look exactly like your pictures. Most of the girls in Midland are making collections of them."

Pruyn stirred impatiently. "Really, you know," he said, "I 'm not at all that sort of fellow!"

Margaret Warner laughed. "I know you are not. Miss Field told me so. But anyway I should have known. I wish I knew what had happened. I hope it is n't illness or trouble of any kind. She said I should hear from her within a week, but it 's hard to wait. Tell me about her. She says she has always known you."

"It 's hard to say anything about people you have always known," he answered reluctantly. "I hardly know how she looks. I've never particularly noticed."

"Then she is n't attractive-looking?"

"Not a bit!"

A puzzled look came into Miss Warner's eyes. "You said that as if you did n't like her," she suggested. "I thought you were very good friends."

"Of course we are," he said, with nervous haste. "But, you see, — I know she writes better than I do, and it makes it hard for me to be fair to her."

"That seems a strange way of looking at it," she answered. "I should think you would admire her for that very reason. Besides, though *I* like her things better

than yours, most people prefer *yours*. And you have written so much, and are so famous! I don't know any one who had ever heard of her until last December."

"*All* the best judges consider her things better than mine," he said gloomily.

She looked at him as if he were a spoiled child. "I have always *heard* that writers were very sensitive," she remarked; "but I supposed it was merely exaggerated newspaper talk. Miss Field always speaks beautifully of *you*."

"If she has said anything nice about *me*, it was for reasons of her own!" he retorted vindictively. He could not help it; but he recognized the insanity of the remark.

"Miss Field would never say anything that she did not mean," she assured him, with dignified confidence. "I have never known any one more absolutely trustworthy."

"Do you think you know her better than I do?" was on the tip of his tongue, but he checked himself in time. What a duffer he was to come here hoping to win her confidence, and then to act like a sulky, petulant child! His friendship with Eleanor Field was his only claim to this girl's acquaintance; but he longed to tell her that he hated Eleanor Field and all her works, even to the very sound of her name. If Margaret Warner had been clinging and dependent, he might have felt for her sake an affectionate tolerance for Eleanor Field; but he could not imagine this clear-eyed, level-headed girl wasting any tears and regrets over a woman who had never existed. On the other hand, he could imagine her, very vividly, expending infinite scorn on a man who had deceived her; and that man, in his wrath and his disgust, he now named "Eleanor Field," the embodiment of his idiotic thoughtlessness and sentimentality during the past four months. If only he could tell her exactly what he thought of Eleanor Field, and then fade away into the oblivion that he deserved! He felt an uncontrollable longing never to say another word to Margaret Warner that was not absolutely true.

"I'm afraid I'm in rather a bad humor to-day," he said. "I hope you will pardon me, and believe that I am not often so disagreeable. Something happened — some personal matter — that has upset me. Won't you go with me to-morrow morning for a walk in the Park? I will promise to be very good, and to tell you the whole story of my acquaintance with Eleanor Field."

She looked at his frank face, and immediately forgot his unaccountable irritability. He was once more her friend's loyal friend.

He strode away, drawing deep breaths of relief. He had forsworn every variety of lie and prevarication. She might hate him, despise him, break her heart over a vanished illusion; that would be his punishment. But nothing mattered in comparison with the sacredness of the truth between him and her. It would have been so easy to answer her first letter with a frank explanation. Then all this snarl of deception would have been avoided, and whatever they had been to each other since, little or much, would have been honest. His thoughtless romanticism had made him as untrue in life as Vance had said he was in his work.

As they strolled toward the Park the next morning, Margaret cast curious glances at the genial young man who had been so transformed since her first sight of him. The light in his eyes, the glow on his face, his self-reliant carriage, gave him the aspect of a conquering hero. She could not know that he was the leader of a forlorn hope, going into battle with colors flying and drums beating and a heart for any fate except dishonor. In times of danger Pruyn usually found himself strangely exhilarated, and now he talked and laughed as if he had never known worry in all his light-hearted life. Margaret caught the contagion of his youthful spirits.

"How strange this seems!" she said, as they entered the spring glamour of the

Park. "I feel as if I were walking in a dream. I have thought so often of coming here with Miss Field,—I know she comes here nearly every day,—and now I am here with you, and I don't know where she is. Of course you'll laugh at me, but I've had the queerest feeling ever since I saw you yesterday that there *is n't* any Eleanor Field. Is n't that *absurd?*"

"What makes you feel that way?"

"How can I tell? I felt so sure of her, — she has been so real to me, — yet you, who have known her always, seemed to have such a different idea. It really gave me a shock. But of course I understand. People who have known us longest don't necessarily know us best. It's so unusual to think so much of a person one has never seen that I suppose it is n't strange that she should seem unreal, now that I am here and she is gone, — the very day I arrived!"

"Would you feel very badly if you should never hear from her again?"

"Of *course* I should! You know what good friends we are! Why should you ask such an absurd question?"

The brightness had faded from his face. It was one thing to fling himself whole-heartedly into the tumult of battle; it was another to trample under foot the feelings of this adorable girl. Though he might, with all the ardor of an Arnold von Winkelried, gather to his own breast the fatal spear-thrusts of her scorn, he could not save her from disappointment and humiliation. "My only hope," he thought miserably, "is that she will hate and despise me so intensely that she won't have time to be disappointed until she has had time to get used to the idea."

Margaret was waiting for his answer with wide eyes of wonder fixed on his face. "Why did I ask that question?" he stammered. "Because of what you said, I suppose, and because — my idea of Eleanor Field is very different from yours. Won't you sit down there, and let me tell you the whole story?"

He had found a seat in just the right place, free from observation, but not far enough from the sound of children's voices to give him the feeling of being alone in an awful solitude with an avenging spirit. He was no conquering hero now, but a very miserable and remorseful young man.

He began at the beginning, with his absurd success, his happy-go-lucky thoughtlessness, Vance's warnings, his own determination to show Vance that he could do something different without half trying. He told how her letter had come and he had answered it, meaning to sign his own name, but hesitating when he remembered that she might not like to know that the letter had reached a different person from the one it had been meant for. He told of his misery as the situation became more involved, of all his empty plans to find a way out of it. He spoke of the "Eleanor Field" stories he had written for her; of the other stories he had written for her. "Everything I have done since your first letter came has been for you," he said hopelessly. "Every thought I have had has been for you. If only I had learned to think before I got things into this wretched tangle! The only extenuating circumstance — I ask you to believe this — is that never for one moment have I thought of anything but what would be easiest for you."

"You never thought of it as — being the least bit — funny?" Her voice was tremulous. He ventured to look at her. Her face was white; her eyes were turned away.

"Never!" he answered honestly. "From the first it has been sacred. Suddenly it began to seem almost — tragic. You were placing all your confidence in an ideal that never existed except in your own mind."

She turned her head slowly, and her clear eyes looked straight into his. He gave a sudden start as he realized that she was looking through and through the very mixed material he was made of; but in a moment he had forgotten everything

except that he wanted her to know him just as he was, without a shadow of deception between them.

The color returned to her face, and she rose quickly. "It is time for me to go back," she said. "My aunt will wonder what has become of me."

"You have not told me whether you can ever forgive me," he said humbly. "You will not let me see how you feel."

"I feel — stunned," she said, "and — uncertain of everything. When I take a step I am not sure that I shall find any ground under my feet."

His hand went out to her involuntarily, but he caught it back. His eyes smarted unaccountably. "After all," he said gently, "you — said I — understood. That was I that understood, — not somebody else."

"If you *had* understood," she returned hotly, "you would know that nothing could hurt me more than deception! — And then to let me go on — week after week — thinking that I was writing to a — person with feelings and a conscience and a sense of honor!"

"I know!" he groaned. "You can't say anything worse about me than I think about myself. I *meant* well! That is the only — idiotic — excuse I can give for my idiotic conduct!"

As he tramped along unseeingly, Margaret's fixed gaze relaxed. Her eyes wandered toward his utterly abject face and form. "Penitent" was written on the very lines of his irreproachable spring suit. The anger died out of her face. The shadow of a smile crept from her eyes to her mouth. In the spring sunshine life seemed just beginning, full of hope and joy and an overflowing sympathy. Why should people be hard and unforgiving when heaven's blue arched over the tender green of the elms? She had lost her friend — who had understood; — but why should she make an enemy in her place?

"After all," she said, "it was n't *entirely* your fault. I ought to have known better than to write so freely to a stranger."

"But I *was n't* a stranger," he answered eagerly. "Don't you *see?* We have *never* been strangers!"

"I'm afraid that is nonsense," she said softly.

But as they walked toward the Park entrance some marvelous process of adjustment was going on, which is possible only in youth and springtime. The clear, sweet air was like a solvent of misunderstanding. The Gordian knot was miraculously transformed into a tangled gossamer web, which floated away on the breeze. A load that had been accumulating for four months was lifted from Pruyn's heart. In his relief he almost whistled, but he caught himself in time; it behooved him to walk circumspectly.

"There's Vance!" he said suddenly. "Dear old Vance, the best man in New York! *May* I present him? You'll *like* him. Vance! wait a minute!"

A tall man turned and came toward them. As his eyes met Margaret's she found herself wondering how one pair of eyes could look at the same time so honest, so shrewd, so kind, and so infinitely humorous.

"I want to present you to my friend Miss Warner," Pruyn began. "At least, I am *her* friend, but I can't get her to say that she is mine. She knows of something shabby that I did, and she won't promise to forgive me. Speak a good word for me, won't you?"

Margaret saw the look on Vance's face as he laid his hand on Pruyn's shoulder, and suddenly she felt herself included in a bond of undying fidelity. "Pruyn is all right!" Vance said, in his offhand way.

BRAG

BY WILBUR LARREMORE

THE notorious Nell Gwynn, paying a visit one day to a friend, on returning to her coach found her footman bruised and bloody and covered with mud. Upon her asking an explanation, he told her that a certain man had attacked her moral character and he had attempted to punish the traducer, and that the punishment had not been entirely one-sided. Mistress Nell laughingly assured her champion that what the other man had said was only the truth. "I don't care," was the reply, "I don't care what you are; no man shall tell me that I am footman to that kind of a woman." If this remark disclosed an element of self-love, it also strikingly illustrates a modified survival of the spirit of brag which is essential for the smooth running of civilization. The footman's attitude typifies the one that should characterize all grades of service and subordination. To the faithful servant an attack on the master is an attack on himself.

The more complex society becomes, the greater is the need for coöperation between different parts of its organism. It is a perfectly proper regulation that members of the army and navy, in addition to obeying orders, shall refrain from public derogatory criticism of superiors. Unless this spirit of loyalty were enforced, the spirit of anarchy would speedily spread through the service. In a servant of the calibre of Mistress Nell's, loyalty is a mere matter of bludgeon and blarney. In higher grades of subordination, while loyalty may be observed by churlish refusal to open one's mouth, the natural tendency is for it to evolve the attitude of advocacy, the disposition to emphasize another's good points and ignore or minimize his weaknesses. Advocacy, which suggests Touchstone's distinction between the lie circumstantial and the lie direct, permeates all the relations of society.

Very few of us, indeed, are exempt from the charge of direct lying. Not to mention the strategic lies told to enemies in time of war, to criminals, to sick persons and lunatics, as to which pages upon pages of casuistry appear in the older works on moral science, there are what may be termed the lies lubricant, wrung from us by etiquette and good breeding. If the amenities of life were not preserved through the gentle art of lying, society could scarcely continue as a happy family; we should all have to live in separate cages. The best of us will tell direct lies on trivialities where politeness is imperative. Wherever practicable, however, the spirit of advocacy prevails. We say whatever we truthfully can, and pause tactfully while the hearer's self-love and imagination fill out a generally agreeable impression. Family relationships, even more markedly than business or social relations, exemplify the universal attitude of advocacy. Mr. Roundabout says: "Go to Brown's house and tell Mrs. Brown and the young ladies what you think of him, and see what a welcome you will get. In like manner, let him come to your house and tell your good lady his candid opinion of you, and see how she will receive him." No one save an unspeakable cad would speak slightingly of a husband to his wife; no one save an unspeakable cad would tolerate slighting language in his presence concerning his wife. Such is the conventional law as to spouses, parents, children, blood relations in general, even intimate friends.

From personal loyalty through ties of blood, we may take a wide span to the present-day attitude of international di-

plomats, with the result of finding quite essential similarity. A few years ago, through an oversight, the ambassador of Spain to this country received an invitation, in common with the other members of the diplomatic corps, to attend a public function which to an extent celebrated American victory in the late war with Spain. He promptly declined, in terms not discourteous, but unmistakably showing resentment. The propriety of his treatment of the invitation was universally recognized by Americans themselves, and general regret was expressed at the breach of diplomatic amenity. In more serious diplomatic duty ordinary advocacy is now practiced. Perhaps the most important diplomatic work performed by an American during the latter half of the nineteenth century was that of Charles Francis Adams, as Minister to the Court of St. James, during the War of the Rebellion. Those were not days of silk-stocking, blood-is-thicker-than-water diplomacy; his mission dealt with hostile and baffling circumstances. And he worthily discharged it by the exercise of advocacy which, while doggedly firm, never lost dignity through a display of irritation, never exaggerated claims of right, and never was boastful or weakly disingenuous as to actual facts. Mr. Adams excited the warm admiration of Englishmen, and at the expense of his chief, Mr. Seward, whose roseate dispatches so pointedly ignored obvious perils as to give the impression that he was deliberately playing a part.

The modified spirit of brag which has been considered is a concomitant of general democratization. Instead of the slavish subserviency, varying in degrees of abjectness according to grades of artificial rank, which characterized feudalism, the modern attitude prescribes a substantially uniform etiquette for all relations of common interest or career. The deference practiced is not self-annihilating, but, indeed, self-respectful. It has come to betoken lack of self-respect to show disrespect for the abstract relations which others bear to us, and which, permanently or for the time, they embody. Something akin to the democratic principle of government of laws, not of men, is involved. The form of deference is not ostentatious mendacity in respect of what one disapproves, not personal adulation, which is in bad taste even when one approves. The modern unwritten law enjoins upon the associate or colleague, the subordinate, the next of kin, merely silence from open censure, or, at most, the half-truth of advocacy. Such law may well be deliberately accepted, even by temperamental radicals in the days of their youth.

Passing from vicarious brag to autobrag, it will be seen that much also, but probably not as much, has been accomplished toward frowning out what is merely adventitious, and utilizing the trait as a legitimate factor in highly civilized life. The genesis and evolution of the brag spirit appear on the surface of tradition and history. In one of the sections of *In Memoriam* Tennyson has felicitously sketched the dawn and growth of egoism in "the baby new to earth and sky." No matter how high the degree of culture and how complex the grade of civilization which form the moral habitat, this consciousness of personal identity is the central fact of life, and self-appreciation and the discharge of duties owed to self constitute the supreme human obligations.

"This above all: to thine own self be true,
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man."

Savages, young children, young nations, and Walt Whitman are true to nature when they frankly celebrate themselves. Their boasting is naïvely direct and shameless. In the savage condition there is little division of labor, and very imperfect coöperation, even for purposes of war. The songs of such persons are necessarily songs of self. At the supreme moment of existence, dying amidst flames and torture, they brag defiantly of their deeds of prowess. The boastful disposition is kept

alive through early social evolution by the constant struggle for supremacy. This universal militant attitude has evolved the universal passion of hatred toward rivals, or congenital jealousy, as well as the spirit of glorification over the author of success, that is, over self. In a state of civilization the congenital boastful disposition is curbed, as a child grows older, by a realization of how dependent each member of the community is upon others, and how impossible present achievements would have been without the opportunities prepared by the past. Yet, in the existing maturity of our civilization, if one would seek a manifestation of essentially the same form of brag as that practiced by Shack-Nasty Jim, he could find it on billboards and barn-sides, where the American merchant uses his own portrait as the trade-mark for a brand of chewing-gum. As to this phase of refinement, individual development seems to have been arrested, while the collective and national sense has made progress. One has but to contrast the puerile and blatant national pride, which came to be known as "spread-eagleism," — not as enemies, such as Mrs. Trollope and Dickens, exaggerated it, but as friends, such as Harriet Martineau and Richard Cobden, reluctantly were compelled to rebuke it, — with the comparative reticence as to American achievements and the cosmopolitan appreciation of to-day, in order to realize how much, as a people, we have outgrown. But in personal brag, in self-advertising, self-assertiveness, — the passion for being public without any reason for publicity, — there crops out, little modified or transformed, the primitive savage vulgarity.

It is not an uncommon experience for a young professional man to be waited upon in his office, and, after an introductory remark or two, have exhibited to him a roll of manuscript, at the head of which he perceives his own name underscored for Runic "caps." After recovering from his astonishment, he glances through a panegyric perfunctory enough to be the work of an amateur phrenologist. If he be wise and very firm, the author of the production, after withdrawing, will change the title and alter a word here and there, and try it on some other possible aspirant for fame. If, however, the subject be induced first to endure, then pity, then embrace, he will receive, in course of time, a large roll of copies of a sheet of which he may never have heard before his interview with the biography drummer, for which he draws his check in a substantial sum. The question then arises how to dispose of these leaves of immortality. Probably a majority of those who have been tempted and have fallen have sufficient subconscious decency to confine the distribution to their most indulgent friends. Indeed, the degree of progress from the savage state is indicated by whether one does, or does not, refuse to be written up, and, if he consent, by the larger or smaller number of copies that go into the wastebasket instead of the mail. Few people realize how profitable the trade of tickling human vanity is, and how many different forms it employs. There are obscure newspapers and nominal magazines that live by it, and provide good incomes for their editors. It is quite common to find upon centre tables luxuriously bound and printed volumes whose contents consist entirely of fulsome puffs. Each profession, trade, avocation, and association has its library of memorabilia of persons of the kind who, in Lowell's phrase, were created to fill up the world. The writer remembers seeing in the "best room" of a remote farmhouse a morocco-bound, gilt-edged volume upon the notabilities of the country, which contained a biography and engraved portrait of *rusticus horribilis* himself. The original volunteered the information that his niche in the local pantheon had cost him a sum which, on later conversation, was disclosed to be larger than a year's interest on the mortgage encumbering the farm.

It is very difficult for the example of the modestly refined few to make much impression upon the aspiration for

publicity while the principal didactic agency of the day, the press, constantly stimulates it as the very life of trade. The metropolitan press patronizingly sneers at the columns of trivial personalities in the newspapers published in villages and small towns. Undoubtedly this feature of country journalism, which to a large extent has supplanted the Sunday gossip on the church porch of former times, is ridiculous and contemptible to the last degree. But our great city dailies are as Satan reproving sin. Do they not draw the town with the finest of seines for inane gossip about anybody of the slightest prominence, or trivial events with sensational possibilities? How many columns every day, how many entire pages on the Lord's day, are devoted to the downsittings and uprisings, the dinings, gownings, marryings, and unmarryings of that class of our fellow citizens who pass their lives killing time! The writer was disgusted a few months ago to notice, prominent on the first page of one of the most reputable of great metropolitan dailies, along with news of the Panama Controversy, of elections indicating the trend of sentiment in England, of proceedings in Congress, an item, with conspicuous headlines, that a young so-called "society woman" had slipped in going downstairs, and sprained her ankle. This paragraph, so treated, betokened a contempt for journalistic values and proportions, an utter disregard of the ideal of journalism as a responsible public function. No doubt there is great demand for that sort of thing, and there goes with the interest in tittle-tattle about others the craving to be tittle-tattled about one's self. The disease breeds the appetite, and the appetite aggravates the disease.

It is difficult to refine away the exuberance of auto-brag, also because, as with vicarious brag, a certain deliberate fostering of the spirit is proper and necessary. The poor man cannot afford to look seedy; the parvenu tends to become a virulent snob, cutting old friends and even his family lest association with them compromise the appearance of his present state. The world is in a large measure compelled to take a man at his own estimate of himself. Avoiding the appearance of evil, even a certain parade of the appearance of good, is a necessity, especially to those living in large cities. In the great city a man who beats his wife may rank as an ornament of society, while a person of kind heart and philanthropic instincts may pass as a churlish boor because, absent-mindedly, he neglects to nod to acquaintances.

Except as to the most public men, the general estimate and their standing are founded upon very incomplete knowledge, and it is crucially important to be favorably known so far as one is known at all. This truth is so absolutely realized in the business world that an attack upon credit is the unpardonable sin, and the law courts award heavy damages against the traducer. Indeed, respectability is such a potent factor of capital that there are shrewd, cold-blooded persons who systematically contrive to make minor drafts upon it without impairing it seriously. They continually cultivate good appearances, and, when occasion offers, gain small advantages through methods they would not dare employ were it not for a generally good repute. The policy which the French have crystallized in their proverb, *noblesse oblige*, offers one of the loftiest incentives for human conduct; its converse, that high standing may excuse conscious lapses from virtue, is among the meanest subterfuges of the evil-minded.

Conceding the utility, nay, the necessity, of taking thought that the truth about one be known; admitting the legitimacy, within limitations, of advertising one's goodness as well as one's goods; recognizing the difficulty of drawing the line in close cases between propriety and impropriety; it is nevertheless true that in average human nature there is a tendency toward what indisputably is wanton self-display and blatant self-assertion. Men of entirely ordinary calibre place show-windows in their homes as well as their

shops, and, sitting in the full glare of the electric light, fancy that their adventitious publicity is fame.

It must not be forgotten, however, that at worst we are dealing with a question not of ethics, but of æsthetics, with a natural impulse, which is not essentially evil, but merely has not been brought under such artificial control as ought to have been achieved, considering social refinement in other directions. An age that is inspired and moulded by newspapers displays the characteristic trait of "yellow journalism" in the everyday life of individuals. Brag is egotism spoken or acted out to impress others, and it may be said of egotism, perhaps more than of any other vice, that its viciousness consists in being found out. One who cannot keep his good opinion of himself to himself may be vulgar, but the men of deficient egotism — the Hamlets and Dimitri Roudines of real life — are condemned to something worse than vulgarity. It is only a half explanation to say that such men's careers are fruitless because they are mere dreamers. When they dream, they dream of action; and the step from imagination to achievement is stayed by misgiving as to their ability to take it. With the greatest human spirits — Napoleon, Gladstone, Richard Wagner — the world has grown accustomed to taking profound egotism as a proper concomitant of genius. On lower planes of genius, and even in ranks of talent and mere cleverness, it is common experience that success is won by the self-confident egotist. Vanity that cannot be concealed, of course, renders one personally disagreeable, and there is the further, more serious, drawback that extravagant self-appreciation tends to blunt the faculty of self-criticism, which must be the arbiter of the criticism of others and the ultimate source of self-improvement. Nevertheless, the ordinary type of the successful person is one who manages to profit by lessons of adversity so far as to avoid former mistakes, without serious inroads on self-idealization. Incidental failures lead to modifications of effort or deviations of path without undermining faith in his puissant star. The indefatigable egotist will assert and thrust himself until he half blunders, half breaks, into the sphere for which the resultant of such faculties as he has best adapts him. He would be short-sighted indeed who counseled a general policy of rigid self-analysis and the extirpation of egotism. What is needed is the frowning down of parade of the raw instinct of ambition, — of the propensity to public self-assertion, though it stands for nothing of worthy accomplishment, and ends with mere publicity.

Outside of utilitarian ends, and in the interest of one's purely subjective life, self-optimism is a great desideratum. After an hour of self-forgetfulness in congenial society, after an evening of surrender to the illusion of a Wagner music-drama, with what a depressing feeling of ennui am I "narrowed to myself once more!" How vainly do we beat against the bars of consciousness in order to escape from the dreary monotony of self-communion! The fiction of selves and other selves is made much of in the activities of life. Bacon's words are very familiar: "Be not too sensible or too remembering of thy place in conversation and private answers to suitors; but let it rather be said, 'when he sits in place, he is another man.'" An amusing but convincing illustration of the separation of the professional and personal selves is furnished by the anecdote of a model, who, nude and unconscious as Eve, was posing before a class of male art students. The studio was on the top floor of a large building, and suddenly a workman, who had been engaged in repairs on the roof, walking along the gutter, peered through the window. The model, with a shriek of affrighted modesty, fled to the dressing-room.

Thackeray somewhere speaks of the wretched company certain persons are obliged to keep when alone. In view of the impossibility of escape from self, and of the inevitable introspection during many

hours of our lives, it is essential to our happiness that our auto-attitude be somewhat indulgent and extenuating, — indeed, that we extend to ourselves something of the same charity of judgment which is recognized as a duty toward others. No doubt there are some who require just the contrary admonition. As there is a class of persons whose practical career is abortive because excessive egotism renders them incapable of self-criticism, so also there are those with whom subjective contemplation is ever unctuously complacent. But it is believed, both from observation and because of antecedent probability, that self-pessimism much more abounds. To the ancient hermit monk and the modern Puritan the doctrine of the Fall of Man and the essential vileness of human nature were not mere figments of speculative theology, but stood for something hideously real. For generation after generation the Christian world was deliberately bred to the duty of self-pessimism. As to the bearing of the pessimistic introspective attitude on personal felicity, there may be cited a habit of Dr. Samuel Johnson, which, as explained by Sir Joshua Reynolds, exemplifies a common phase of human experience. Boswell quotes from a paper by Sir Joshua Reynolds: "Those motions or tricks of Dr. Johnson are improperly called convulsions. He could sit motionless when he was told to do so, as well as any other man; my opinion is that it proceeded from a habit he had indulged of accompanying his thoughts with certain untoward actions, and those actions always appeared to me as if they were meant to reprobate some part of his past conduct. Whenever he was not engaged in conversation such thoughts were sure to rush into his mind; and, for this reason, any company, any employment whatsoever, he preferred to being alone." Many passages in Boswell show that Dr. Johnson had the grotesque conviction of personal vileness which Puritanism inflicted on the English middle class, and whose morbid influence lingers in the consciousness of average Englishmen and Americans to-day.

For proper self-complacency in ordinary individuals, for self-endurance by persons of imaginative temperament, it is necessary directly to reverse the Puritanic trend of imagination. The day-dreams of a child are normal and healthy. He fancies himself the central figure in impossible deeds of heroic achievement. The same faculty, in a sobered form, constitutes an important factor in mature intellectual life. All of us have friends and acquaintances to whom what we know to be a self-illusion is one of their most valuable possessions, both as rendering life bearable or measurably happy, and as imparting an energy in action, which would be utterly sapped if they were forced to realize the brutal truth. This common observation may well give us pause before the spiritual suicide of a relentless self-disillusionment. One who cherishes a debased conception rather than an idealized vision of self, elects to pass his life chained wrist and ankle with the Devil.

THE WANDER-CALL

BY EDITH M. THOMAS

It was my joy to wander,
  Heaven bade my foot be free.
That I might forth and follow
  The voices calling me: —
A calling from the desert;
  A calling from the sea;
A calling from the Genius
  Where men in cities be!

The wander-winds, — they took me
  By ways unknown — or known;
Through morning lands a rover —
  In starlit icèd zone —
Across the condor mountains —
  By austral islands lone!
The seasons rolled unheeded,
  The years are past me flown!

And Time, and Term, and Distance —
  Of these I reck no more:
Along the River Ocean,
  Lies many a neighbor-shore
Whose music-languaged cities
  Make murmur to my door;
And wilds primæval cluster
  With pageant lands of yore!

It is with me as ever,
  The Wander-Call breathes clear,
And I must forth and follow:
  But now your far grows near;
And Voices from the Trackless
  Are ringing in my ear, —
A calling, calling, calling
  Outside this dwindled sphere!

"DERE EES NO GOD!"

BY ERNEST POOLE

In the New York Ghetto the most fervent hour of the year had just gone by. It was the evening of Yom Kippur, Day of Atonement, when the fate of every Jew for the coming year is sealed above in the Book of Judgment, never again to be opened. So says the Talmud, warning all believers to save themselves by prayer before the ram's horn blows at sunset. For ten days since Rosh Hashonna,—the Jewish New Year's Day, — tenements, cafés, even sweatshops, had become synagogues, and through the Ghetto there had swept a deep frenzy of contrition and fear.

I had seen that frenzy rise to its climax; in that last hour of repentance I had stood jammed into one corner of a tenement bedroom. In front was a kitchen, and wedged into these two little rooms were some fifty men, rocking monotonously up and down, now staring at their Hebrew prayer books, now lifting streaming eyes to the sacred *urin kodish* — the ark — before them. From the women's room behind came low sobs of anguish. The air thrilled with a tremulous chant, which swelled now and then into wailing cries for mercy. The room was stifling; many had not stirred from the benches nor tasted a morsel of food since sundown of the day before. But their faces, though haggard and bloodless, were rapt, their eyes were radiant, dreaming the old Ghetto dream of Haschumiäm, the Hebrew heaven, where they hoped to find the happiness which on this earth had been shattered by long ages of oppression in the name of Christ.

By dreaming this old dream the Ghettos in Europe have endured life for ages. But now, in New York, a new dream is crowding out the old. For, as in this largest Ghetto of the world the half-million of Jews already here is augmented each month by inpouring tens of thousands; as from Russia, Roumania, and Galicia the most talented men of the race are hastening hither; and as unwonted freedom lets loose minds and feelings which even the slum tenements cannot choke, — so the most fervent dreamers of the world have suddenly begun to dream a new dream of happiness here on earth. And the old dream of Haschumiäm is swiftly fading.

Still feeling the old dream I had witnessed, and thinking of the new, I sat reading that night in my Settlement room in the Ghetto.

"Dere ees no God!" — "Yer lie! Yer lie like hell!" Shrill cries burst out in the hallway. I opened my door, and in the dim light I saw a confused tangle of Jewish boys I knew, — shouting, gesticulating, gripping each other's elbows. "Dere ees no God!" laughed Emile, the little infidel. "Dere is! Dere is!" panted Jake, the believer. I led them into the room. "Now cool down a minute before you start," I advised. "How did this fight begin?"

Jake pointed at Emile. "He laughed — laughed at me ven I come out of de *Schule.*"[1]

The four stood eying me. They were bursting to speak.

"Who says there is no God?" I asked.

"*Moi! Je dis* — I say — I t'ink eet hard out — I know dere ees not a God! I know!" Emile spoke with a French accent. He was fifteen years old, born in Roumania, but nurtured in Paris, whence his family had come here eighteen months before. He stood waiting, — handsome, affable, radiantly smiling, — the happiest little chap I have ever known.

To believe what followed you must know something of his home training.

[1] *Schule*, synagogue.

The three small tenement rooms of his home were always scrupulously clean. The parents, though poor, had kept Emile steadily at school, first in Paris and then here, and now his brother had promised to keep him in high school to prepare for the City College. This brother of twenty-two made only twelve dollars a week, — in a cap shop, — working thirteen hours a day; but he had already become the leading spirit in a little Roumanian group of socialists who gathered nightly to drink coffee and discuss their new dreams until two o'clock, — often until three. Emile worshiped this brother, and from this brother he had his ideas. "Dere ees no God!" he cried again, in triumph.

"This — kid — is — right!" A series of short, explosive yells to my left announced Sam, the tiny Russian orator, aged twelve, whose spectacles could not hide the burning fire of his eyes. He already made Socialist speeches on the Ghetto streets at night. The vitality of a whole nation was in his shout, as he stamped on the floor, glared up through the ceiling, defying Heaven, and roared, "There ain't — no — God!"

I heard a low, bitter laugh behind me.

"Dese boys — is bad —*sehr, sehr schlecht.*" Thin Jake's deep voice trembled. He stood shaking with suppressed passion. I had seen him like this but once before, on the night when he told me of his mother's death in an old Galician Ghetto. Jake's deepest passion had been his love for her. From her he had his passion for religion. She was of the Chusid sect, — most devout of all Jews, almost fanatics in their worship. When she knew that she was dying, she had repeated her commands to Jake that he go faithfully every morning and evening to the synagogue, that he study the Torah (Pentateuch), and try to learn enough to understand the Talmud. He must never sing or whistle, but give all his spare time to worship. He must spend Friday night and Saturday always with the rabbi. He must submissively endure his life of pain and toil. He must dream the old dream of Haschumiäm, and live according to his dream, as his family had lived for ages. And so, at last, she had promised, he would meet the hundreds of generations of his family in that place where the old dream would all come true. Then she had turned her face on the pillow, and sobbed because she was leaving him to starve without a cent. Then her hand had grown cold as he held it. A month after that, Jake had come here to join his brother. He was thirteen then. His brother was eighteen. He had spent these last two years by his brother's side in the sweatshop, — two years of dark, grinding labor at the machine, with only the old dream to brighten it. Jake had no time for American schools; he spoke English brokenly; he could neither write nor read. So now there was little confidence in his bony face as he stood, ragged and dirty, to defend the old dream of his people. His face was set with dogged force; his dark eyes gleamed; but his voice shook with fear. For Emile the infidel had spoken of things so sacred that it was sinful even to hear him speak.

"Dis boy is a *epikorus* (blasphemer)! De rabbi he says dot a *epikorus* goes ven he dies down in Gehenim ter be burned!" Jake began. His gloomy, haggard little face fired terribly.

Ike suddenly drew away from Emile. Ike was the smallest of them all. He was only eleven years old.

"And you," I asked him; "what do you say?" His round eyes dilated with fear, and his mop of yellow curls seemed to stand up still farther.

"I — I don't know yet," he murmured. Like most East Side youngsters, he had transferred his allegiance from his old foreign parents to these fifteen-year-old teachers. By their dispute he now suddenly found his religion weighed in the balance. He stared solemnly from the gloomy Jake to the radiant, fearless Emile.

The combat began in earnest.

"Dis boy is bad," said Jake. "An' he makes odder boys bad, too."

"Am I bad?" asked Emile, appealing to me with a shrug and a smile. "Am I selfeesh? Do I lie? Am I a cruke? Am I bad? *Mon Dieu!* don' I get along as well widout dees God? Ain't it?"

"Yes! You do!" roared Sam. "You are good!"

"You'se are not a bad boy," doubtfully admitted little Ike, staring at Emile.

"He is bad!" cried Jake passionately. "Worse dan any liar already, — he lies about God! Worse dan all crooks, — he tries ter steal de boys from God. De rabbi he tol' mein mudder before she die — he say dot de boy wot lies about God — dot boy must be burned in Gehenim!"

Emile stood fearlessly smiling. "What do dese old rabbi men know?" he asked scornfully. "Poor ol' men, who know notheeng — notheeng of proigréss. Dey cannot even speak de Engleesh. What boy here wants to be a rabbi? Do you? Do you?"

"No!" cried Ike and Sam. Emile had scored a big point. Jake grew desperate.

"De rabbi is a big man! He don't need no English. He knows de Torah und de Talmud. Say! don't God say already dot de Talmud says everyt'ing? De rabbi is big because he knows de Talmud. Und it stands bei de Talmud dot you'se vill be burned in Gehenim! Youse laugh!" Jake's voice broke. "Youse think yer all right. But youse ain't! Youse ain't! God he has yer life-book already, an' every night he puts down all de bad you'se done bei de day! Ternight he vill put down, 'Dis feller he laugh at me already five times terday.'"

Ike and Sam laughed. "No!" yelled the mortified Jake. "God don't talk like dot. I can't talk good like him! But I knows — I knows vot he means. It stands bei de Talmud!" Jake stopped, with fists clenched, and glared at Emile.

"De Talmud ees a beeg lie!" cried Emile. "Who reads de Talmud now een New York? De rabbi he take hees old Torah in de *cheder* (Hebrew school). He make boys to stay een all afternoon from t'ree to seven, so dey get no good air, no baskeet ball, no fun. Dey get seeck. An' what does he teach? *Mon Dieu!* He teach only to pray, — not to t'ink, only to pray." He shrugged his shoulders, and smiled up at me. "An' what good ees to pray when dere ees no God?" he asked.

"Dere is! Yer lie!" shouted Jake.

"Den show heem to me," smiled Emile. "I cannot see heem. Eet ees — how you say? — up — up to you."

Sam nodded vigorously. It was up to Jake. Jake's face was a study. He smiled painfully, and you could see how desperately his mind was groping for help. He looked down, tried to speak, swallowed hard, and again looked down. Emile took pity on him.

"Dere ees no hurry at all," he said. "T'ink eet out. Eef you can show me, I will believe you."

"I can't show it good," Jake muttered. "I got no good teaching in de *cheder*. I got no time. New York is very bad," he cried despairingly. "Dey give de boys so bad Hebrew teaching dot dey can't talk back to boys like you!"

Jake was right. The Talmud supplies believers with terrible weapons to use against infidels. But Jake had none of them to fight with. He had only a deep, vague reverence, and a few old superstitions.

"Bei de house vere I board," he began, "mein bett is in de corner. Seven odder men und ladies sleep already bei dose t'ree rooms. One night I got up in mein sleep an' valked, I vas so tired from de machine in de sweatshop, — I valked ven I vas asleep, und I t'ought I vas vorking de machine. I made a noise, und I made awake already de lady vot sleep bei de odder corner of de room. De lady did not call me und make me awake. For vy did she call not out my name?" He looked solemnly at little Ike. He had won a point, for Ike was visibly impressed. "Because," Jake spoke now slowly, watching Ike, "if she call out mein name, I vould have been made already dead! Und nobody knows vy! Only God, He knows."

Emile smiled scornfully: Jake glowered at him. "De *avdulu!*" Jake cried. "How is dot? On Soterday night," he explained, turning to me, "de fader he drink some vine, und den he spill some on de table, an' he lights it vid a match und makes it burn. Den he vets his hands bei dis vine, und he puts his vet hands bei all his pockets. Dot makes him good luck all de week. How it makes him luck, if dere ain't no God?"

Ike was now all on Jake's side. He pulled Jake's sleeve. "De evil eye!" he suggested.

"Yes! De *aïn hora!*" cried Jake triumphantly. "De evil eye dot looks at fine ladies already und makes dem die. Dot ain't from God, mein mudder tol' me. Dot is bei a devil. But if dere is a devil, dere must be already a God — ain't it? Ain't it?

"Und vy," he went on, gaining courage, "vy can I valk in mein sleep sidevays out vid mein feet on de vall? Vy can I? Vy can I?"

Emile rocked up and down, convulsed by silent laughter. Suddenly he seized a piece of tissue paper, and began smoothing it against the wall. "My brudder he show me dees las' night," he said. "Here ees de difference between my brudder an' your mudder. Your mudder she tol' you God makes eet so a man can walk on de wall when he ees asleep; my brudder he tol' me science makes eet so dees paper steek to de wall. Your mudder did not show you a man walk; but my brudder he make me see de paper steek many times, an' he say, 'Every time you rub so eet will steek.' Now look." He took his hand off the paper. It stuck. "Dees ees science!" he cried. "Did your mudder tell you why de man can walk on de wall? No — she did not — she only said eet was God. But my brudder he tol' me why de paper steek — because dere ees no air between de paper an' de wall. He make me to t'ink hard before I see. *Votre mère* — your mudder make you not to see, an' so be 'fraid an' pray. But my brudder he make me to see, an' so not be' fraid, and so to t'ink. I t'ink some day de science men will make eet dat men can walk easy bei de walls!"

"Hu!" sneered Jake. "You 'se make dese science men jes' like God. If you 'se don't believe in God, vy do you 'se believe in dem? Vy?"

For a moment Emile was puzzled. "Wait!" he cried eagerly. "Wait! I believe dese men because — because — dey make me to t'ink. Dey give to me fine argoóments — dey measure everyt'ing wid a measure." He turned to the open window, and pointed up to the strip of blue sky between tenements. "Dere ees a star!" he said. "De science men dey tell me how many miles an' feet ees from here to dere! It may be ten million miles an' ten feet an' seex inches. It may be ten million miles an' seex feet an' five inches. Dey can tell me, — seex inches or five!"

Jake tried to hide his uneasiness by a silent, contemptuous smile.

But Sam went wild. "Say!" he shouted. "Let me put it already bei a speech! Listen! I will begin! Far off bei de air — far off" —

"Sam, shut up! Emile, go on!" I directed.

"All right!" shouted Sam. "Let him! Go on!"

Emile now saw victory in his grasp. He seized a pencil and paper. "My brudder he show me dees," he said. "An' I will show you — how proigréss comes." In the centre of the paper he made a dot. "Dees ees a — how you call him? — monkéy! He cannot t'ink — wait! I was wrong — he can t'ink — he can t'ink a leetle." Round the dot he drew a tiny circle.

"De monkéy ees now a man. He t'inks more. He can make de fire." A wider circle. "He t'inks again — he has a hammaír — he has de nails — he can build a house where to live bei." Again the circle widened. "Dees is a gun to keel his enemeé. An' dees" — still wider — "a frying-pan to cook onions! So he t'inks all de time more. Dees cercle ees a steam

engíne to go over de world! An' now" — he drew a big ring near the edge of the paper — "electreecity! He t'inks how to catch de electreecity, — he can talk to Roumania in one minute! No! In half one minute! An' now — look!" One minute Emile stared into the three fascinated faces. "Look!" he cried. "Dis paper ees now too small for proigréss; I mus' use de floor!" He drew a ring five feet wide. "Dis ees what dey will do next — *Mon Dieu!* — de beegest of all! Dey will make a man! An' den," — he cried, breathlessly rising to his feet, — "an' den we will all be Gods! Why? Why? Because we t'ink, an' we do not pray! My brudder he say, 'Emile! We t'ink — an' we are Gods!'"

One moment the group stared in silence. At last Jake had a last desperate idea for an argument. "How can I t'ink like de science men?" he asked bitterly. "I got no time. I first come bei de buttonhole machine at six o'clock; I come avay at eight. An' mein brudder he vorks bei pants, — he vorks more hard dan me, — how can me an' mein brudder t'ink? It ain't no good for us. We mus' pray."

Emile's face changed. "Now!" he cried. "Listen to me! You have a bad time. You are slaves. Your mudder was; you an' your brudder, you are. Many million people are slaves — slaves bei de machine. You have no time now to t'ink. But you wil have de time! You will! How eet ees, I will tell you. Some smart men like my brudder dey make caps bei de machine all day. At night dey are feel mos' dead, but dey try not to feel dead; dey mus' t'ink, dey try to t'ink all de night! Dey sit bei de café an' talk, an' make some more men to t'ink. Dey speak on de wagons of de Social Democratic Party! Dey make Socialism! An' now nex' mont' de Socialists get a million votes sure! An' nex' time two million — sure! An' every year more an' more! An' when we are men, den every man works only five hour a day, an' every man have a t'ousand dollars a year, some men two t'ousand, some t'ree! An' den — my brudder he say — dot," — Emile's deep, fervid eyes dilated and grew dreamy, and he spoke very low, smiling, — "den at de las' dere will be already no money. I will make caps. An' if you tear your cap, you will come bei me an' say, 'Brudder, make for me a cap.' *Et moi*, I will say to you 'Brudder, I am glad — glad to make for you a cap.' An' when my shoes *sont dechiré*, den I will come bei you an' say, 'Brudder, make for me some shoes.'" Emile smiled suddenly harder to hide his feelings. "An' den you will laugh, an' be glad to make for me shoes." He stopped, still smiling.

Orator Sam, who had been squatting on the floor, now looked up, and his fiery eyes glistened through his glasses. Little Ike stood staring at Emile. He was deeply puzzled. With one hand he kept slowly ruffling up his curly mop.

It was Jake's turn to laugh. "Vot do youse know about vork?" he sneered. "You 'se only talk und go bei de school. I vork und ache und get afraid to lose mein job. Dot is vork. Dis is talk! Dis is foolish. It won't vork!"

Emile sprang up. His smile had vanished. "Why do you t'ink eet will not work?" he cried. "Why — why? — because de sweatshop contracteúr he tell you eet will not! An' de rabbi an' de cop an' de raypublicaíne an' de democratic — all de capitaleests dey shout, 'It will not work!' Dey tell you, dey are smart, dey can t'ink, dey make you to be so tire you cannot t'ink! You mus' t'ink. You mus' not be like your brudder, but like my brudder! You mus' t'ink at night! He stay till t'ree o'clock in de café; he read; he t'ink; he talk on de wagon! He sing de Marseillaise; he tell me de Marseillaise will be sung all over de worl'. You mus' t'ink! To t'ink good you mus' quit God. Dere ees no God! De capitaleest he make a fake God so you pray an' not t'ink. God make you wait for be happy after you die. You mus' be happy now! If you live for always after you die, den it ees already a good beezness, but you mus' not t'ink of after you die. You mus' t'ink of now. When everybody will quit

de fake God, den we will have socialism. My brudder he say, 'Let de capitaleest go wid hees fake God to hees fake hell!'"

Once more Emile sprang to the open window. "Look!" he cried. "All over de Eas' Side de peoples learn now to leave de *Schule* alone. Half believe dere ees no God! I want dat all shall not believe. I will be glad," — his gesticulating little hands suddenly flew to his breast, and pressed tight against his heart, — "I will be glad eef every boy will say, dere ees no God!"

Emile had finished. The four watched each other in silence. It was plain that Jake was badly beaten. At last Jake shook his head. "I talk no good," he said gloomily. "You 'se beat me already because I stay all day bei de machine. I had no good Hebrew. I take not de Talmud. I got not even all de Torah." He paused, and then added, "But I know mein mudder is right. You are bad. Dot 's all."

Little Ike stood still, solemnly staring. I watched his face. How many scenes like this had he been through? His father, I knew, was a devout believer, who went twice each day to the synagogue. In his tenement home the countless old prayers and ceremonies were rigidly observed. And on the Sabbath little Ike always trotted behind his father to the synagogue, carrying his *talus*, for it is against the law for a man to carry any burden or do any work on the Sabbath. Ike kept on staring till he felt our glances were on him. Then he flushed, and forced a smile. It died away. He turned short around and walked out. He forgot to shut the door.

"Let me — make — speak!"

Sammy sprang up to begin an oration; but suddenly a piercing steam whistle rose in the distance, and swelled, as a fire engine in the street below came plunging through the crowds between the flaring torches of the push-carts. Sam dropped his orator's pose, yelled, "Fire! Fire!" and rushed out. For one instant Jake still glowered at his victor. Emile laughed, and grabbed Jake's arm. "Come on!" he cried. They rushed after Sam. A moment later, from my window, I saw all three shoot through the door and plunge into the teeming, clattering, surging street from whence they came. The discussion, the old dream of Jake's mother, the new dream of Emile and his brother, — all were swept aside.

So, while the Ghetto streets teem and surge day and night, a hundred thousand boys are growing. How their inner selves develop you can only see in flashes. But the flashes all reveal the same change, — the old dream of Haschumiäm fading away like a dream of the cradle.

RECENT BOOKS OF SCIENCE

BY E. T. BREWSTER

THE interested spectator of the game which natural science plays against the universe must regret the termination, for him, of one of the liveliest passages in the entire contest. In less time than it took Columbus to get together the funds for his expedition, or than Newton waited for one datum of his calculations, or than Galileo wasted in prison, radium and radio-activity have been discovered, the atomic theory has collapsed, the electron theory has taken its place, and the physics of the atom has ranged itself among the steady-going branches of knowledge, where the newspaper headline knows it no more. Inevitably, as the *punctum vegetationis* of science develops into a vigorous shoot and begins to lay down its woody fibre, the supply of popular books concerning it drops sharply. It seems likely, therefore, that for some years to come successive editions of Professor Rutherford's work[1] will remain the best source of information for the reader in whom may be assumed a certain modicum of technical information; while for the general reader Professor Duncan's well-knit exposition of the new knowledge[2] will hardly be supplanted by anything better of its sort.

Pretty much all that is sound, and not a little that is dubious, in contemporary work on the activities of animals and plants, rests on the underlying assumption that life is ultimately a matter of physics and chemistry. The practical worker in the field of living things rather takes it for granted that he knows what God and man are, only so far as he is able to take some part of nature into his laboratory and there compel it to his bidding. In all the biological sciences, anatomy tends to give way to physiology, and the man of science who used to be taunted with trying to find Life with a scalpel is now trying to drive it like a motor car.

The living organism is, then, in current opinion, nothing more than a chemical machine. For the present, indeed, we are unable to construct such machines for ourselves; largely because, for various reasons, we really know very little about the physics of the colloids. Nearly all vital activities, however, can now be imitated artificially one by one, so that it would seem to be only a question of time before somebody will succeed in combining enough of these in a single structure to carry the resulting creature across the uncertain line which separates the quick from the dead. Such, at least, is the sure and steadfast hope of many a working biologist.

Such a scientific materialism is, as usual, amply justified by its works. The test of science is always its ability to predict the future or to control it; and only so far as the living organism is a machine is it possible to account for the extraordinary degree to which its activities can now be guided and modified. Each issue of the journals devoted to such topics adds its new record of achievement. Hydroids with polyps on both ends of the stem, planarians with supernumerary heads and tails anywhere on the body, crabs with antennæ in place of eyes, have become only a matter of operative dexterity. The very undergraduates at the seaside laboratories can turn out two-headed creatures and double monsters of

[1] *Radio-activity.* By E. RUTHERFORD, D. Sc., F. R. S., etc. New York: The Macmillan Co. Second edition, 1905.

[2] *The New Knowledge:* A Popular Account of the New Physics and the New Chemistry in their relation to the New Theory of Matter. By ROBERT KENNEDY DUNCAN. New York: A. S. Barnes & Co. 1905.

all sorts; make any number of embryos, short of a dozen, from the material that nature designed for one, or, on the other hand, fuse as many separate eggs into one monstrous being. Give the right man a few ordinary chemicals, and he will set you any common muscle beating rhythmically like a heart; he will mate together a sea-urchin and a starfish, which are related about as are a turtle and a duck, and their common offspring shall be like nothing else that ever the waters brought forth; he will bring about the development of unfertilized eggs of a score or two of different animals of all degrees of complexity, including, thus far, at least two vertebrates. If, therefore, the physiologist is still unable to build the living machine, he has at least found out something about running it.

This thoroughly mechanical view of the life of animals and plants, together with the great mass of new facts upon which the body of opinion rests, has never had a more effective presentation, taking it purely as a matter of science, than this of Professor Jacques Loeb.[1] A brilliant experimenter, who has always preferred the skirmish line of science to the main column, he writes clearly, as one who has spent his life in clear thinking. There is no better exposition to be had than that of the best of the university lecturers, and Professor Loeb is by no means least of these in the skill with which he assembles and arranges his material. The book before us, while of necessity it touches upon the author's own work, since without that there would be appreciably less for anybody to say, is primarily a survey of recent advances in the entire field of general animal physiology, and the history of the work that has led up to it. The book is in all respects a worthy member of the Columbia University Biological Series, of which it is the eighth volume. I could not give it higher praise.

The same general point of view, but from the botanical side, appears in a suggestive work by Professor Jagadis Chunder Bose of Calcutta.[2] Four years ago Professor Bose published an account of certain experiments of himself and his associates, which went to show that many of the characteristic responses to stimuli of animals and plants occur also in inorganic bodies. He showed, for example, that a strip of india rubber can be excited by rapid thermal shocks to contract like a voluntary muscle, and that protracted stimulation produced the familiar fatigue-reversals of skeletal muscle. It followed pretty obviously from these experiments that the responsiveness of living things is the result of the molecular constitution of their protoplasm. Since, however, the protoplasm of animals and plants is essentially identical, Professor Bose "next undertook to demonstrate that all the important characteristics of the responses exhibited by even the most highly differentiated animal tissues were also to be found in those of the plant."

The present work takes up the methods and results of this study of what one is tempted to call the animal physiology of plants. The account itself is too detailed and too diffuse to be read straight through by any but a lover of plants or a student of the problem. It is, however, simple and straightforward, while summaries at the end of each chapter make straight in the desert a highway for the skipper. The results are in the highest degree interesting and important.

The higher plants, usually regarded as insensitive, are, it appears, in the position of animals shut up in wooden boxes. We know that they do move, for we see them screw their leaves round to face the sun, open and shut their flowers, cling to supports with their tendrils. When, however, these motions are made to record themselves by means of delicate instru-

[1] *The Dynamics of Living Matter.* By JACQUES LOEB. New York: The Columbia University Press, The Macmillan Co., Agents. 1906.

[2] *Plant Response as a Means of Physiological Investigation.* By JAGADIS CHUNDER BOSE, A. M., D. Sc. New York: Longmans, Green, & Co. 1906.

ments, it transpires that the plant gives motile responses to almost any sort of stimulus that would affect an animal. Heat, cold, electric shocks, irritant drugs, wounds, all induce characteristic reactions. The plant becomes fatigued, is put to sleep by ether, drugged with alcohol. It shows the familiar threshold of stimulation and latent period, while an impression made at one point is conveyed to a distant region at a definite velocity nearly as great as the nervous conductivity of some of the slower animals. Soft tissues with a fibrous structure, such as stamens, may be stimulated to repeated contraction, like striped muscle; there is not lacking in the plant even the distinction between the tissue which contracts rhythmically, like the heart, and that which responds only when stimulated.

Work of this sort, on the face of it, would seem to assimilate the plant to the animal; the practical effect has been to assimilate the animal to the plant. Persons of Professor Loeb's way of thinking regard a good half of the apparently purposeful acts of the lower animals as but so many plant-like or machine-like reactions, denying them even the poor gift of instinct; while zoölogist and botanist are at one in assigning a host of attributes of living creatures, in spite of seeming utility, to the inherent properties of their life-stuff rather than to any process of evolution. Thus organic inheritance becomes a matter of chemistry, mind in the simpler creatures an illusion, and their life a by-product of their metabolism.

The same general body of opinion, set off by a flavor of heresy, appears in two new books on an old topic; and, as usual, the heresy consists in an exaggeration of one aspect of the common doctrine.

Dr. Bastian [1] goes one step beyond general contemporary opinion. It appears from the reports of a number of different observers that, even in the case of creatures of a fairly complex organization, hydroids and worms, the adult may by appropriate means be induced to reverse its development and return to the embryonic condition. Moreover, the twice-born organism may, in a few cases at least, be induced to grow up for the second time, sometimes into a different structure from its former adult condition. At any rate, there is abundant evidence that the various parts and tissues of animals whose structure is not too complex are largely interchangeable, in the sense that the material which went to form one might under other circumstances have gone to build another. What warrant, therefore, that with the still simpler unicellular organisms, the substance of one creature may not be changed over into something very different?

This is essentially Dr. Bastian's theory of Heterogenesis. In much the same way that De Vries finds one species of primrose growing from the seed of another, Dr. Bastian sees moulds arise from bacteria, unicellular green water plants turn to diatoms, and even the immature eggs of a small fly, failing to develop normally, continue their lives as amœbas. Moreover, he has found living bacteria and yeasts in situations where in his opinion they could have arisen only by "spontaneous generation." Few of these observations, however, seem to be corroborated by other men. At the same time, it is hard to suspect of crude blundering a veteran microscopist and a Fellow of the Royal and Linnean societies. Whatever one may think of the group of opinions which Dr. Bastian has maintained for a generation, consistently and almost alone, he is at least a learned man and a skillful writer, so that his discussion of the general problem is most illuminating. The notion is an inheritance from prescientific days; it has been disposed of over and over again, and is probably not true. Yet if ability to rise again after repeated crushings to earth be any test of truth, Dr. Bastian has fairly proved his case.

[1] *The Nature and Origin of Living Matter.* By H. Carlton Bastian, M. A., M. D., F. R. S., F. L. S., etc. Philadelphia: The J. B. Lippincott Co. 1905.

Mr. J. Butler Burke [1] departs in somewhat different direction from the faith just discovered by the saints. If life is the result of molecular structure, there is no special reason why protoplasm should be the only life-stuff, merely because it has turned out, on the whole, to be the best. Why not, then, attempt the construction of living creatures of other stuffs, that can be more easily handled?

The idea is fanciful enough, and innocent enough, withal, of any contact with the world of fact. Its claim to public attention lies in the enterprise of the daily press, and in Mr. Burke's success in giving a local habitation, and incidentally a name, to his speculative and airy nothings, by devising a sort of artificial life on the basis of the liveliest of metals. With radium chlorid or bromid in place of the "polymeric carbon" (whatever that may be), which Mr. Burke thinks to be the font and origin of life, and gelatin for flesh and blood, he did apparently succeed in generating certain minute creatures that are certainly not the offspring of anything on sea or land. These, nevertheless, grew, developed smaller structures like nuclei within their bodies, reproduced themselves by division, after the manner of bacteria, and finally, after running through their life cycle, died and disappeared. Mr. Burke will have it that beings that do these things are alive; but Mr. Burke is a physicist. The biologists, already familiar with artificial creatures which go through a few of the motions of living, have been pretty unanimously of the contrary opinion.

Now, however, that Mr. Burke's own book is out, and we are able to learn the full details of his work, it turns out that the matter is not especially important. In fact, even from Mr. Burke's own text, it is by no means easy to make out precisely what it is he thinks he has been doing. The "marked cloudiness" of his gelatin preparations seems to have extended itself to his style; while he possesses neither the learning nor the clarity of mind which give value to Dr. Bastian's treatment of the same topics, irrespective of his personal views. Both books, however, show how tenuous nowadays has become the once solid partition between the two realms of nature.

These four books, then, one with another, cover pretty completely the general problem of the nature of life and living matter, so far as the question is purely a biological one. Yet though, as a working theory, mechanism has completely supplanted vitalism, "vitality" has never joined caloric and phlogiston, the crystal spheres and the firmament of heaven, in the land of scientific shades. There remain still certain wider aspects of the problem, questions of analysis quite as much as of fact; and these it has fallen to Sir Oliver Lodge to discuss.[2]

Sir Oliver reminds one of Huxley. Without Huxley's brilliancy, he has the same gift for expounding technical matters untechnically, the same scorn of authority, and the same readiness to assail friend or foe alike when either strays toward "that nebulous country," as Huxley said, "where words take the place of ideas." Like Huxley, too, Sir Oliver is a skeptic of that uncommon and thoroughgoing sort that has no *a priori* opinions whatever, and is prepared, therefore, to believe anything on evidence. One could wish that *Life and Matter* were somewhat less controversial in form, that it somewhat less obviously grew out of separate articles and addresses; still more could one wish that the discussion were less condensed, for the book is but a little one: one could not ask for more penetrating criticism of current opinions by a great scientist who is as little given to serving idols of the cave as of the market place.

Very pertinently does our author point out that the argument for life as a pro-

[1] *The Origin of Life:* Its Physical Basis and Definition. By JOHN BUTLER BURKE. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co. 1906.

[2] *Life and Matter:* A Criticism of Professor Haeckel's "Riddle of the Universe." By Sir OLIVER LODGE. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1905.

perty of protoplasm is essentially the same as that which, not so many years ago, proved magnetism to be a property of iron. We knew magnetism only in connection with certain kinds of iron, in which it originated, we knew not how. We could make new magnets indefinitely, but only from other magnets; and when a magnet died or was killed, its magnetism, to all appearances, was as completely annihilated as the life of a dead plant. Yet it turned out that the magnetism is not in the iron at all. Though one create a million new magnets, he does not increase thereby in the smallest measure the amount of magnetism in the world; nor diminish it by destroying them again. Iron but manifests a preëxistent magnetism; but taps an infinite reservoir of power, which it neither lessens nor augments. Our physicist, once bitten, is twice shy. Consistent skeptic that he is, he will wait for the demonstration that the life is, in any real sense, in the body at all, before he commits himself to any of the implications of that opinion. As a scientific man, he is ready to accept any fact that Loeb or Bose or Bastian has to offer him; he would not be in any wise put out to learn that Burke's radiobes had escaped from the Cavendish Laboratory and added themselves to the local flora; but concerning the entire mechanical interpretation of these facts, Sir Oliver Lodge, like John Doe, "affirmeth his ignorance and requireth proof."

Sir Oliver may well be skeptical: one promising science has just been grassed by an amateur. The scientific dietitians, Voit and the rest, had it all nicely figured out just how much fuel each of us needs to run his bodily engine, — so many calories for the man at light work, so many for the boy at heavy play. Then appeared a middle-aged business man, doing his day's work, celebrating his fiftieth birthday by a two-hundred-mile bicycle ride, training with the Yale crew, all on a diet which should have been barely sufficient to keep the breath of life in a poor needlewoman.

The first man of science to perceive the importance of Mr. Horace Fletcher's private regimen was a Dr. Van Someren; the most conspicuous, Sir Michael Foster. Only in America, however, are physiological laboratories equipped with apparatus sufficient to handle men: the prophet came to honor in his own country, with Dr. Anderson's tests at the Yale gymnasium, and Professor Chittenden's [1] starvation squad. The outcome thus far is that Mr. Fletcher is alive, and in peculiarly vigorous health, half a dozen years after he should have starved to death; scores of men of all sorts and conditions have lived and done their full work under medical observation on half rations or less, while thousands have adopted Fletcherism for their own personal convenience. How the matter will finally turn out, nobody knows. It may be that personal idiosyncrasies are more important than has been supposed, or it may be that Voit ought not to have multiplied by two after he had guessed at half. Whatever the upshot, few questions of science concern so immediately the citizen and tax-payer.

Mr. Fletcher's own accounts of the new dietetics [2] are pretty diffuse, and lacking in important detail. A much better discussion comes from the pen of an English medical man,[3] while liveliest and most easily read of them all is the chapter on foods in a vivacious little handbook of personal hygiene by a New York physician.[4]

Again, however, the really important contribution to the subject is the work of a layman. Mr. Russell has assembled from all kinds of sources a vast deal of precise information concerning the actual diet of races, communities, and indi-

[1] *Physiological Economy in Nutrition.* By Russell H. Chittenden. New York: The Frederick A. Stokes Co. 1905.

[2] Published under various titles.

[3] *Humaniculture.* By Hubert Higgins. New York: The Frederick A. Stokes Co. 1906.

[4] *Nature and Health:* A Popular Treatise of the Hygiene of the Person and the Home. By Edward Curtis, A. M., M. D. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1906.

viduals.[1] Men, it appears, have lived and thriven about equally well upon the most diverse articles of food, from oaten cakes to locusts and wild honey; while, contrary to the popular opinion, if only the food be wholesome in itself, sufficient, but not too abundant, whether it be animal or vegetable counts for very little. The peaceful and by no means energetic Eskimos live perforce entirely on meat; the Bedouins, Turks, Sikhs, and Dyaks, who have not been conspicuously peaceful, and the Chinese and Japanese, who are not at all indolent, eat no meat at all. Upon the whole, the roast beef of old England has not made better men than potatoes and the "halesome parritch."

Contrary to general opinion, neither the race nor the battle is always to the carnivore. One has only to pair off against one another similar peoples with unlike diets, Apaches and Peruvians, English and Scotch, Koreans and Japanese, to discover that the able and successful human stocks have by no means always been those most abundantly fed, nor those which have preyed most ruthlessly upon their fellow vertebrates. In fact, Mr. Russell, though he holds no brief for any theory or system, does most distinctly afford aid and comfort to the Fletcherite and the vegetarian.

While, however, Mr. Russell goes far toward demonstrating "that man thrives on almost any kind of diet common to a nation," he discovers one most unfortunate exception to the rule in the diet of modern states. The combination of alcohol, tea, white flour, and inferior but too abundant meat he holds responsible for both urban and rural degeneration, and for most of the ills which beset civilized countries. The two opinions are not obviously consistent, although one is supported by a considerable body of evidence, and the other conforms to present-day fashion in social philosophy. Curiously, to follow an old division of mankind, the most thoroughgoing Deteriorationist, to whom even the shorter working day is a sign of increasing debility, and the extreme Perfectibilian, who expects the millennium after the next election, both alike look to environment as the source of progress and decay. Both, therefore, should find Mr. Russell quite to their minds.

Against this social Lamarckianism may be matched, from the side of the Darwinians, Dr. Woods's elaborate study of inheritance among the royal families of Europe.[2] There have been, thus far, only three important studies of mental and moral heredity. The first was Galton's really epoch-making work of '69, his *Hereditary Genius;* the second was Karl Pearson's study of the resemblances between pairs of brothers and pairs of sisters among English school children; the third is the work before us.

All three studies arrive at precisely the same conclusion: mental and moral qualities of men are inherited, like their physical traits, while both are transmitted on the same terms as are the attributes of animals and plants. Galton proved the case for the higher grades of ability, Pearson for single qualities, like vivacity or conscientiousness. Now Dr. Woods extends the argument to include all ranges of ability, and to specific mental and moral types. Together they make out a pretty complete case for Galton's Law in the spiritual world.

Galton's Law is, of course, like all the laws of science, a formula for predicting numerically some one aspect of the future. Much of Dr. Woods's attention, therefore, is given to just this sort of forecasting. So-and-so, with such-and-such ancestry, married So-and-so, whose family was this-and-that; so many of their children should then be red-haired, so many wise, so many stupid,—and this, with uninspiring uni-

[1] *Strength and Diet:* A Practical Treatise with Special Regard to the Life of Nations. By the Hon. R. Russell. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1905.

[2] *Mental and Moral Heredity in Royalty:* A Statistical Study in History and Psychology. By Frederick Adams Woods, M. D. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1906.

formity, they are. Aside, however, from this massing of cumulative evidence for the general theory of heredity, Dr. Woods takes up several rather practical matters. It appears, among other things, that mental and moral inheritance is nearly always of the alternate, rather than of the blended type. The child is not a mixture of ancestral qualities, but tends definitely to follow one ancestor or another; different elements of strength or weakness hang together, and there is a close association between mental and moral gifts. Especially noteworthy, in view of recent discussions, is the evidence that neither the surroundings of royalty, nor the inbreeding of royal families, nor any other environmental factor, is a cause of degeneration. The sound stocks, Saxe-Coburg, Nassau, Hohenzollern, remain sound indefinitely; degeneration appears only with Hapsburg and Bourbon blood. Nurture, surroundings, formal education, all the sources to which we look for the improvement of individuals and mankind, turn out, in the case of these royal persons, to be negligible matters. They are what they are born,—and so, according to the small group of students to which Dr. Woods belongs, are all the rest of us.

So far, then, as we all, plants, animals, and men, are in the same evolutionary boat, we may count on Dr. Woods's side two books on the improvement of vegetable races. Mr. Harwood [1] is anything but scientific; but his picture of the achievements of Mr. Luther Burbank impresses the reader, as no scientific treatise could, with the astonishing command over their material now possessed by breeders of animals and plants. Nevertheless, Mr. Burbank is by no means the thaumaturgist that his admirer makes him out to be. Unquestionably, he is one of the dozen great plant-breeders of the world. but he has outstripped his fellows, partly from the large scale on which he has been able to work, partly because of the favorable conditions that surround him, but chiefly because, within the last few years, thanks to men like De Vries and Mendel and Pearson and Galton, there has been developed for the first time a sound, detailed, workable theory of organic evolution. Burbanking is, then, only applied Darwinism.

Of all this Mr. Harwood knows nothing: for such matters one must turn to Professor Bailey,[2] who gives a remarkably simple and readable account of current practice in this department of horticulture, interpreting every process in the light of recent theory. For one who already knows something of garden plants *Plant Breeding* affords a royal road to modern evolutionary doctrine, while the changes in the text between the first and the present fourth edition show how rapid has been recent progress in this field.

Three different authors, then, point out the only means by which any permanent improvement in any race of living things has ever yet been brought about. Among them there should be opportunity for diverse philanthropic persons to get some sort of hint why their human thorns and thistles, for all their watering and digging about, still fail to bear them grapes and figs.

It has long been one of the anomalies of natural science that it always tends to begin with remote matters, and thence by slow stages to approach the more familiar. Astronomy is one of the oldest sciences, psychology one of the latest. The moon was mapped before the earth, and helium was first discovered in the sun. Only of late years has science begun to close in on its final problem,—the nature of that mind which for Dr. Woods is part of each man's ancestral inheritance, and for Sir Oliver Lodge one of the two or three ultimate realities of the universe. Men had

[1] *New Creations in Plant Life:* An Authoritative Account of the Life and Work of Luther Burbank. By W. S. Harwood. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1905.

[2] *Plant Breeding:* Being Six Lectures upon the Amelioration of Domestic Plants. By L. H. Bailey. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1906.

numbered the stars, and weighed the earth in a balance, before they so much as suspected the existence of the submerged nine-tenths of their own inner lives.

Two professional psychologists and one physician discuss from different points of view the problem of the subconsciousness; and among them give a pretty complete general account of that strange other self which remembers when we forget, takes care of us when we are absent-minded, wakens us at an assigned hour in the morning, or reminds us, when we are snugly tucked away for the night, that we have neglected to lock the cellar door. The fact that the subconsciousness is subconscious makes it one of the most difficult of all subjects of study — and one of the most enticing. Professor Jastrow's [1] interest is in the every-day experiences of normal men. He is always the practical Westerner, the teacher of college classes, for whom the abnormal and the uncanny serve but to explain the commonplace. Of the three, he discusses most completely psychological theory, and taxes most severely the voluntary attention of his reader. Professor Hyslop,[2] on the other hand, carries the abnormal over into the occult; his concern is with unexplained mysteries and strange power of the human mind not dreamed of in most of our philosophies. Both men deal with the same vague region of the soul, both on occasion rely upon the same detailed evidence; but where one is interested in dreams that take their shape from sense impressions, the other is concerned with dreams that come true. The two authors, therefore, supplement each other. The one sets forth in order recent conquests of science, the other affords glimpses of fields yet to be won.

Nothing, however, in Professor Hyslop's crystal visions, apparitions, clairvoyances, is one half so weird or gruesome as is Professor Jastrow's all-too-brief account of the four Miss Beauchamps, who had only one body among them, and had to pin notes on the wall to explain to the partner whose turn came next the situation in which the common organism found itself. It is an unadventurous reader of the tantalizing summary who will rest content until he gets his hands on the complete description.

For some half-dozen years Dr. Morton Prince has been reporting special aspects of an extraordinary case of multiple personality in one of his patients. The complete account [3] fully bears out the promise of the preliminary reports, and it looks as if the nervous collapse of an unhappy girl is to do as much to illumine the dark places of the human mind as the bullet wound in the stomach of Alexis St. Martin did, once upon a time, for the mysteries of digestion. Cases of disintegrated personality are not especially uncommon. No case, however, has been so carefully studied under so favorable conditions. Few have been in themselves so remarkable, few have lent themselves so readily to experiment, in none has so able and well-trained an intelligence in the subject coöperated with the investigator.

For the student of psychology and for the general reader alike, the most interesting figure of Dr Prince's book, and the most bewildering of the sisters, is the inimitable "Sally." Sally began life as Miss Beauchamp's subconsciousness in the days when there was only one Miss Beauchamp, — a subconsciousness, it appears, hardly more discrete than that of any normal but absent-minded and moony person who needs the special care of the inner guardian. One can imagine a sleep-walker articulating one dream with the next, and acting them all out, until the dream life acquires a certain continuity of its own, independent of the waking self

[1] *The Subconscious.* By Joseph Jastrow. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1906.

[2] *Enigmas of Psychical Research.* By James H. Hyslop, Ph. D., LL.D. Boston: Herbert B. Turner & Co. 1906.

[3] *The Dissociation of a Personality:* A Biographical Study in Abnormal Psychology. By Morton Prince, M. D. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1906.

and unknown by it. Some such sort of a dream-personality was Sally. But Sally dreamed so much, and did so many things in her sleep, that she gradually built up a tissue of memories and a personality of her own. Finally, in spite of Dr. Prince's care, Sally secured control of the entire motor apparatus, pulled her eyes open with her fingers, and became a living soul. As co-consciousness, Sally took entire charge of the bodily machinery, while the dominant consciousness lapsed into a trance state, living her own life for days at a time, or alternating every few minutes with one of the other personalities. As subconsciousness she maintained the continuity of her own mental life, and knew the minds of her sisters from the inside.

In this lay Dr. Prince's unique opportunity. Other hysterical young women have seen visions and dreamed vericidal dreams; other physicians confronted with obsessions, hallucinations, trances, automatic writings, have made more or less plausible guesses with regard to the psychology of their patients. Dr. Prince did not guess, — he asked Sally. Now Sally was a clever girl, and became in time a very fair psychologist. Once interested in her own case, she not only submitted to cross-examination, but attacked the problem on her own account, and made important contributions to its solution. Automatic writing, for example, is not uncommon in normal persons; but when Miss Beauchamp wrote automatically it was Sally who controlled the writing hand, so that experiments could be arranged with Sally in advance, and any obscure points referred to her for explanation. So, too, with almost the entire range of abnormal mental phenomena: Sally, as subconsciousness, learned to produce most of these at will, and later, as the dominant self, to account for them. There is, therefore, nothing especially new about this famous case, for each single feature has been duplicated many times. But where other investigators have tapped the subconscious life by way of vague hypnotic states, Dr, Prince has had the aid of an alert and self-conscious, if somewhat irresponsible, intelligence.

A strange book is this of Dr. Prince's, aside from its revelation of the hidden things of the soul. To begin with, it is skillfully written, largely as a biography, but composed in no small part of the letters of the four sisters to one another and to other persons, together with verbatim reports of their conversations with the medical adviser and father-confessor of them all. If ever there were a farce-tragedy, this is it. The four sisters take turns at controlling the single body which they share, each living her own life at cross purposes with the rest, and each likely to be switched out at any moment, like a lamp, for another to take up the life that she lays down, as one who wakes from sleep; while the bewildered physician vainly hunts through the medley for the real Miss Beauchamp. Sally lays claim to twenty years continuous existence; Christine is sufficiently real to get through college and make a living for herself, only in the end to be puffed out like a candle, that the true self, lapsed since girlhood, might come to her own again. If *The Dissociation of a Personality* were a work of the imagination, it would be a noteworthy production. That it is, instead, the latest word of science concerning the human soul shows how far we have traveled from the indivisible Ego of our fathers. The reader who chances to make it his introduction to modern psychology, who has never heard of Charcot and Janet, and the Salpêtrière, of Ansel Bourne and Rev. Thomas C. Hanna, will never be the same reader again: a sadder and a wiser man will rise the morrow morn.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

HOOSICK JUNCTION

To the author of "Traveling on the Branch," in the Club for August, I would extend my greeting. I have known joys of a similar kind; though it is chiefly about the Junction — dismissed by this writer too hastily for strict Junction verisimilitude — that my affections hover. In fact, it has lately come to pass that when I find myself bored in society, when I cannot sleep at night, when my eyes fail me and I must not read, I retreat to Hoosick Junction, and all is well with me.

I am sure that some readers must know the spot. It connects the Boston and Maine Railroad with the Bennington and Rutland. It consists of a dingy, one-roomed station, a dilapidated saloon, a water tank, and that is all. High and dry in the glare of the sun it lies on the baking cinders, and not one solace does it hold out to the miserable wayfarers who spend grudging hours in it. Always hours. I never knew anybody who ever waited less than an hour and a half in Hoosick Junction. I have spent three hours there at a stretch; in the course of my life I suppose I have lived there a month. There is hardly a better example anywhere to be found of bare, practical utilitarianism. You are traveling; that is a business proceeding, to be undertaken in a businesslike manner. You require a room to wait in; good, here it is, — what more could you possibly ask? You are hungry? Really, you know, that is not the Railroad's affair; bring a lunch, and stuff the box or the paper bag into the stove afterwards. Hoosick Junction holds itself sternly aloof from all the luxuries of life; those go through in trunks, along with your Sunday hat.

There was a time when Christian Science, realizing the possibilities of Hoosick Junction, laid hold upon it as a centre of propagation. Beside the stove stood a plain deal table strewn with pamphlets concerning the Faith, testimonials, magazines, sermons. It was a clever idea. I myself have held out against those documents for an hour and a quarter, and then have suddenly given in and devoured every page. I converse with a certain discriminating tolerance on the subject of Christian Science. Little does any one dream that the husks of my knowledge have been snatched by a starving hand in the deserts of Hoosick Junction.

But Christian Science has withdrawn now, and Hoosick Junction is god-forsaken (impious term, but expressive!). Three framed timetables hang on the wall, an antiquated "Excursion" announcement, and a dusty clock. For the rest, there is but the row of seats all along the wall, the large, central, presiding stove, and half a dozen human beings despairing utterly.

Yet it is this dreary tarrying-place which now affords me unfailing refuge from the very ennui which itself used always to produce? Certainly. That is the exquisite triumph and humor of circumstance in this mutable world. You never can tell from one day to another what curse is suddenly going to turn on you and bless you. I certainly had no anticipation of any sort of pleasure as I found myself once more caught in the net and being dragged Hoosick Junctionward about two months ago. I had managed, by dint of changing my winter residence to avoid the place for a year or two; but no long remittance of destiny could be vouchsafed me, I might have known. There was a portentous conjunction of stars the night when I was born.

I stepped out of the train, dispirited, hot, and exceeding dusty. The tunnel was no long way behind me, that other horror

to which Hoosac, changing its spelling guilefully, has given its ill-omened name. Half a dozen people descended with me; we looked at each other askance. Our trunks were hurled out at us from the door of the baggage car, the engine rang an impatient bell, the train drew off and left us. Left us! No words can fitly denote the degree of that desolating desertion on the part of humanity. There were we, stranded, beyond the pale, ostracized in a No Man's Land, utterly forlorn.

"Misery loves company," it is said. But certainly we in Hoosick Junction kept our distance well. With a certain defiant resignation to the needs of humanity, we retreated, each to a remote section of the wooden bench, and opened our boxes of lunch. We were curiously shame-faced about this proceeding, strangely secretive and savage, — like primitive beasts going off to their lairs. One would think that to eat was a final disgrace. Then, all the crumbs being brushed away and our self-respect reëstablished, we glanced at the clock with a pathetic hope. A quarter past twelve, and our train was due at one-forty! Ah, then despair overwhelmed us quite. We collapsed on our uncomfortable benches, and the life went out of our faces, leaving us all dull masks.

I had a book in my bag, of course; I never travel without a book. But Hoosick Junction has something about it inimical to all moods. If I start on my journey rejoicing in the *Oxford Book of English Verse*, by the time I reach Hoosick Junction I can tolerate nothing but Sherlock Holmes. Accordingly, on this particular day, I cast my companion volume from me, rose, shook myself, and left the station, intent upon a walk. There was nowhere to walk except along the track, but that did very well. No fear, at least, of a train's arrival; — if there only had been! I tested my old-time dexterity by walking along the rails for a while; then I climbed the bank and picked strawberries; then I sat down under the shade of a tree and fell to surveying the country. It was not a bad little spot of earth, if one only looked at it honestly, freeing one's mind from the prejudice which distorted the trees and fields. They were real trees and fields, after all, green and fair, clothed upon with the graciousness peculiar to their class. There were low, rolling hills in the near distance, and close at hand was a river, a wide and golden-brown, chattering stream, calling to mind the happy lines, —

> "And shallow rivers to whose falls
> Melodious birds sing madrigals."

What a pity, I thought to myself, that such a bit of earth's beauty should be condemned to eternal perversion in the cause of dreariness!

Then suddenly, full-grown and strong, in the Minerva-like manner of all ideas, came one of the most exciting projects I had ever harbored in my life, and I gave myself over to its contemplation with such abandon that I nearly missed my train.

I had lately been longing to be of use, real, actual, tangible use to my kind. Very well, here was the chance at my hand. I would make my home at Hoosick Junction, and open a lunch and reading-room for the solace of the stranded souls cast up here every day. Not any lunch counter in the station (perish the fly-specked thought of the thing!), but even a little house down by the river, under the cool green trees. A board walk should run from the station thither; the distance was not very great; a neat little sign should direct the people; they could reach me easily. Once there, how their poor, tired hearts would rejoice! For they would find broad verandas, of course, with rocking-chairs and hammocks; inside the door a cool, wide hall should give them grateful welcome, with an open fire on chilly days, deep easy chairs, and all the books and magazines they could possibly desire. Beyond the hall a dining-room should wait their patronage, — round tables, pretty china, flowers, muslin-curtained windows. Upstairs there would be a few bedrooms for such as were more utterly forspent; hot water and soap for

every one, best boon that I could offer. I myself would stand at the door to welcome all my guests as they came. I would charge them something for their lunch, that an attitude of independence and mutual respect might exist between us; but beyond that, all the house should be free, — their house as well as mine. I think I should love every one of them, they would have such need of me, and I should be so very sure I was helping them. Would it not be a happy life? What could one ask for more?

By the time my train whistled and I made off along the track to the station, I was all aglow with my project. I ran, casting my eye about for a pleasant site for my house. And ever since, my enthusiasm has waxed rather than waned; so that the name "Hoosick Junction" is now no symbol of gloom, but one of all possible high romance, of dream and aspiration; my heart leaps up when I hear it.

I have long since completed my house in thought, and furnished it, and received through its portal dear people of every kind. Farmers they are, for the most part; good, simple country folk whom I love; but also the tide of vacation travelers sets my way in the summer, and artists and poets come wandering by, and all sorts of curious people. I have never taken such a wide view of humanity, nor loved it so well, as since I built my Hoosick Junction house. Now and then — what joy and surprise! — a familiar face approaches along the board walk, and I run to grasp the hand of a friend come up to visit me. In the evening, when the trains are all passed and the work of the day is over, what famous talks we have, to be sure, shut in by our seclusion, the open fire bright at our feet, the river singing outside! That is comradeship for you, I take it.

Well, after all, what good in a dream? I have not the fortune to build my house, and I shall never have it. The enterprise "would not pay," you know, — hateful, damning term! — and one must be rich to undertake it. But still I think there may be some power in a multitude of eager thoughts, hovering daily to one end; Hoosick Junction must know my desire.

Poor wayfarers, at this moment propping your weary frames on the wooden benches beneath the Excursion announcement, do you realize how, if I had my way, you would all be lying in deep, soft chairs, reading novels and magazines? Does the knowledge do any good?

A SPECIALIST IN IDEALS

THESE are the days for the spreading abroad and flourishing of the real-estate man. You would not think it, perhaps, but he is an idealist. He tells you so himself. It is lovely to think that there is so much of that sort of thing abroad in the business world to-day. We had feared that the eclipse of the life-insurance man had robbed us of our last source of supply.

He sends you a free ticket to come out and view the property. He incloses a ticket for your wife or lady friend. He would not forget the little ones, if you told him you had them.

Upon this instigation you board the ferry and embark for a strange land. Then you push your way through a crowd and clamber up the steps of a train that looks as if it had always been traveling on Long Island. After an interval there comes a hissing and sputtering of steam underneath, a slamming of doors, a series of premonitory jerks, and you are off for the Island Eldorado, — in short, for Mapledell, the City of Homes, the Paradise of the Overworked.

"Free at last from the omnipresent noise and dirt of the Metropolis," — you know the rest, and the pictures of the schoolhouse and the church. At present your outlook embraces power houses, gas plants, brick walls, and chimneys. This is the portal through which you pass into the happy land beyond. It takes considerable time to pass. It is surprising how many power houses, gas plants,

brick walls, and chimneys can be encamped on one piece of landscape.

After a while, nevertheless, you emerge into what you take to be a transitional region, the link between city and country. Goats, shanties, and saloons, flamboyant with gilt signs, occupy it. Soiled children sit on tumbledown doorsteps. Ward politicians of the future smoke cigarette stubs. Fat housewives with rolled-up sleeves empty pails of dishwater into the gutter.

You turn from the scene with some relief to glance again at *Mapledell Picturesque.*

"On the next corner," — so reads that dainty specimen of the bookman's art, — "where Cedarleaf Avenue debouches upon Ferncliff Place, John P. Waterwell, Esq., President of the Smith & Waterwell Novelty Company of London and New York, is erecting a beautiful mansion, of which the accompanying photogravure can give but a faint conception."

It occurs to you that some of the people in the car with you must be inhabitants of Mapledell. You take a look about. It should be easy to recognize the dwellers in that Elysium where both mansion and cottage — in the real-estate man's vocabulary every dwelling-house is one or the other — are, first of all, homes.

There is a small, self-effacing man huddled into the corner of the seat across the aisle. He is reading a booklet elegantly bound in enamel boards with a gold stamp, and tied with a light blue ribbon. You recognize it: it is *Random Ramblings in Mapledell, Home of the Home-lover.* That was the first book they sent you. Long since you have got beyond that.

The other people in the car do not much attract you. They do not look like home-lovers. The two men who occupy the seat in front have red faces and projecting noses. They are talking one with the other in voices that do not seem domestic.

"I tells you, it's dis way; nudding else," says one. "If dey'll put me up a house as goot as Vatervell's, I lets 'em do it. Odervise, nuddings. Dat's all."

"D' ye think they'll do that?" queries the other.

"What for won't dey?" comes the scornful reply. "What iss Schmidt und Vatervell? Iss it any much to the All-Favorite Garment-Fastener Company? Donnervetter! If dey don' do it, dey be"— You hear no more, for the train comes to a stop with a jerk and a rumble of brakes. Some one slams open the door and yells, "Willowbrook Heights." It is a pretty name.

Outside you observe an expanse of sooty flats, speckled with a litter of diseased-looking, two-story frame houses, and with multitudinous billboards. Your eye falls upon the lines, —

WILLOWBROOK HEIGHTS
The most Desirable high-class Suburb of New York
Prices that will Fit you Absolutely
Easy Installments

There is something further, but you have not time to read it, for the train bumps onward. You turn to your booklet once more.

"Snugly ensconced on the corner of Eglantine Lane and Cottage Avenue, nestles the pride of Mapledell, its schoolhouse; while across the street the homelike little church points its mute finger upward to the Source of all that is Truly Good."

The train stops more often now, and gives you a chance to observe in rapid succession the towns of Woodyhyrst, Sunnycrest, and Clovermead. Somehow they all seem curiously alike. There is the same spawn of two-story square houses, once painted in various pinks and yellows, standing in sad and staring lines amid much flat and neglected ground where stakes, that you can just see through the overgrowth of dead weeds, indicate the lots that may still be had upon payments that will suit. Well, you are

approaching Mapledell, and there things will be different. They are.

A man wearing a checked suit greets you unctuously as you alight. He greets the small, self-effacing man, whose name you learn to be Higgins, with equal unction. There are other gentlemen in checked suits upon the platform, who seem as if by instinct to single out their quarry among the new arrivals. You notice the champion of the All-Favorite Garment-Fastener already packed conspicuously into a driving-cart, and being driven rapidly away.

The man with the cigar leads you and Higgins to a smart two-seater, and you climb in. The coachman sits as straight and inviolate as a hitching-post, while the check-suited one turns half round, familiarly, and entertains you with a well-oiled, sparkling commentary upon the beauties and prospects of Mapledell.

"To be sure," he concedes, with a suave wave of his hand, which shows you at once that he does not wish to pervert facts, "the land right here by the station is not especially desirable. It was promoted several years ago by an unscrupulous management, — a mere speculation, — and has been developed absolutely without that sense of responsibility to the purchasers that an honorable firm should show. It is the curse of the soulless corporation. Now our ideal is a personal one, — but here we are at the entrance."

You have arrived at a pair of stone posts which bear the gilt legend, "Mapledell Improvement Company," and underneath, "Sans-Souci Court."

You look through the portal into the Paradise of the Overworked. You are glad that you cannot mistake it. At first sight it resembles a barren plain, — curiously flat and without trees. By careful observation, however, you discern long lines of timid, toothpick-like twigs stuck along the margins of what remind you of the squares of an enormous checkerboard.

At each corner of each square is a stone post, similar to the ones you have just passed; and straggling in a thin, self-distrustful line between the posts is, so you are informed, a beautiful hedge of imported California privet, very choice.

"This," — says the idealist, — "this is Mapledell. To understand the full meaning of what you see, gentlemen, let me ask you to project yourselves ten years or so into the future. Think of it as it will appear then, gentlemen, — these pretty little trees, even now lendin' an air of distinction to our streets, then grown to giant elms, whose branches meet in a Gothic arch overhead.

"These broad streets and avenoos lined with homes, and echoin' with the shouts of happy children playin' tag, — ain't it easy to think of it? But even without resortin' to the imagination, you can see much already that enthralls the attention and admiration of all our visitors."

He then proceeds to point out the macadamized roads already constructed, "over which we are now drivin' as easy as on a billiard table;" in the distance he indicates the schoolhouse, standing in the conspicuousness of isolation beside the mute-fingered church.

"And what a peaceful, country-like view it is, ain't it, after the noise and turmoil of the city? Do you wonder that a man of the wealth and social prominence of John P. Waterwell, President of the Smith & Waterwell Novelty Company of London and New York, has concluded, after carefully lookin' into all the real estate openin's in the vicinity of the city, to come to Mapledell?

"And over there in that kerridge, — yes, now I think of it, he come on the very train with you, — is the Honorable Otto Budweiser of the All-Favorite Garment-Fastener Company, — of course you have heard of him before, — who is on the point, if he has not already decided, of building a mansion on one of our lots. Gentlemen, they are goin' like free beers. The public grabs at such a opportunity as the one we are now offerin'."

You venture the remark, somewhat

timidly, that you do not observe quite so many houses on the property as you had expected to see.

"Well, you understand," he explains, condescendingly, "that this is a very bad fall for building, — the strikes, you know, and all that, — so we were compelled, in gettin' out our little booklets, to resort in some cases to the architects' drawin's. As I have tried to impress on you already, sir, to appreciate Mapledell you must look forward.

"It is the future, sir, that we are livin' and workin' for. It is to make Mapledell a city of homes, a place where a nice man will be proud to live, a place for him to bring up his children, — that's why we have made the enormous sacrifices necessary in order to get the land into shape. It has been a tremenjus undertakin'; it's took brains an' brawn; but, gentlemen, we've been workin' toward a ideal."

Let us rejoice that the day of the idealist is not yet over. They may talk to us about the materialization of our society: about the lack of a high sense of honor in business transactions: as for me, I point to the real-estate man, and assert that while he remains we shall not lack some one to talk to us of fundamental principles, of ideals, and social responsibility.

TO PETER MARK ROGET

You would think to overpower us
With your wordy old Thesaurus,
Your book of words and phrases to amaze us and excite;
A revised, enlarged edition
Minus error and omission —
Oh, Peter Mark Roget, you, what say you when you write?

Tell me, when you went a-courting,
All your adjectives assorting,
Did you write her carefully and prayerfully this strain?
"I love you, like, and sympathize,
I burn, adore, hug, idolize;
I'm your lover, suitor, wooer, beau, pursuer, and your swain!

"You endear, you charm and capture,
You seduce, bewitch, enrapture;
My thoughts and cogitations, meditations, sentiment,
Are about, as to, related,
Quoad hoc, associated
With you, yourself, the same as, your name, as evident."

Did you ever stumble, hesitate,
Cut short, shut off, abbreviate,
When you told her you aspired to and desired to be her Him?
When she received and took you
With your volume, tome, and book, you —
Did you care a fig, be partial to, concerned with Synonym?

Oh, Peter Mark Roget, you
Have decreed we shall obey you
Forever in the choosing and the using of our speech;
But when I become a wooer,
I shall send your volume to Her,

And let her choose her title — my pretty little	inamorata lady-love idol darling duck Dulcinea angel goddess cara sposa fiancée affianced betrothed coquette flirt turtle dove	PEACH

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COMMERCIAL PANICS, PAST AND FUTURE

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DISCUSSION of the nature and origin of trade depression, business disaster, and commercial panics may seem to be out of place at an hour when American finance and industry are simply repeating the story of overflowing prosperity. There is no doubt that such a discussion, at such a time, is to most of the business world unpalatable. If, however, it is true — and all experienced business men will admit that it is — that the real germ of severe financial reaction is found in the phenomena of an excited financial "boom," then inquiry into causes of such reaction ought to be particularly timely while the country is riding on the crest of prosperity's wave.

It has often been said of such familiar watchwords as "tariff reform" and "currency reform" that the trade situation itself, whatever that situation might be, was apt to be fatal to the success of the undertakings. In time of prosperity, things must be left as they are, lest prosperity itself be jeopardized. In time of adversity, business is so sensitive that tariff or currency experiments might make it worse. Hence the obvious tendency to do nothing at all. The same is true of causes imbedded in a money or investment market. This article may be useful if it can point out causes of financial trouble of a future day, visible in the present American "boom" of 1906 as they were in the "boom" preceding 1893 or 1873. We shall, at all events, after pursuing such an inquiry, be able to say whether the sequel to the existing movement of expansion and speculation is or is not likely to be the same as that which followed the similar movements of the nineties and the seventies.

Before inquiring into the causes of commercial panic, it may as well be asked just what such an occurrence is. One hears on Wall Street of "panics" which seem perennial in their occurrence. The Stock Exchange tells of its "Lawson panic" of 1904, its "rich men's panic" of 1903, its "Northern Pacific panic" of 1901; but these are obviously not what we are discussing. Commerce and industry go their way, on such occasions, with hardly a sideglance at the twenty-point break in stocks and the twenty-five per cent rate for demand loans which throw Wall Street into a frenzy of excitement.

These episodes themselves no doubt possess significance, as reflecting, under interesting circumstances, the condition of the general money market; but they rarely leave a permanent mark on commercial history. The explanation of them usually is that the speculation of a season, conducted with borrowed capital, has forced prices of securities or commodities to so extravagant a height as to invite heavy selling by real holders of stocks or grain or cotton, and that these sales, breaking down the artificial prices, have involved in loss or ruin the more reckless of the speculators for the rise. In highly speculative markets such incidents are bound to be frequent; they are accompanied by a day or two of exaggerated fright among the gambling contingent on the Stock Exchange, and by sales at a reckless sacrifice; and that is usually the end of them. An artificially inflated market has

simply been forced into line with real conditions.

The commercial panic means a good deal more than this; though, as we shall see, many of the weather signs in a great financial storm resemble those of the Stock Exchange teapot tempests. In a true commercial panic the entire credit system of a community is shaken. Failure of certain large banking or commercial houses — usually because of undue expansion of liabilities or misjudgment of the community's consuming power — throws suspicion upon others. For their own protection banks set to work to reduce engagements; this means general calling of loans; and in the process some one who had relied on continued bank accommodation is driven to the wall. To avert insolvency, individuals or institutions involved in such a scrape endeavor to sell, at the best price obtainable, whatever of merchandise, investment securities, or other property, they may possess. But since these forced sales are at such junctures very numerous, and since they occur at a time when the usual buyers are timid and suspicious, they result necessarily in a violent fall of prices, which of itself cripples other dealers or operators, whose debts are secured by such property, pledged on the basis of the old valuations.

As this tangle of financial embarrassment grows more complicated, deposit banks go under, here and there, and the bank depositor takes alarm. If the strain continues without relief, the public proceeds to withdraw its bank deposits in the form of cash, and to hoard the money. Such a "run," on the scale witnessed in 1873 or 1893, strikes at the foundation of the credit system; it strips the banks of whole communities of their means of paying depositors on demand, and at the very moment when such demands are multiplying. The natural recourse, in the face of such depletion of cash reserves, would be a still more resolute calling-in of loans, and thus a reduction of liabilities; but in the situation existing among the borrowers such a policy would precipitate general disaster. In this way is reached one climax of a commercial panic.

The other climax is a natural sequel to it. Merchants and manufacturers, confronted with loss or ruin, make haste not only to dispose of pending engagements, but to cancel engagements involving liabilities for the future. Some of them escape by this means from the financial storm; others do not; but the net result is enormous curtailment of production, decimation of profits, discharge of workers, and, therefore, decrease in the average income both of employers and employees. Since decreased income means decreased purchasing power, the effects of the movement are prolonged; business depression, discouragement, and stagnation may continue, and indeed usually do continue, throughout several years.

There is nothing very novel in this review of the symptoms of commercial panics; but it is useful to set forth clearly each of the regular phenomena of such an episode. The mere recital of the incidents of a great panic is enough to show that they are abnormal and unnatural; that they apparently violate the ordinary laws and principles of finance. When, therefore, we ask what are the causes of commercial panics, we find ourselves confronted with another question: why should "panics" and "hard times" occur at all? And the answer to this question leads to another and highly practical inquiry: whether we are destined to repeat in the future, at similar intervals, the experience of industrial reaction, collapse, and prostration which former years have witnessed.

The "twenty-year panic," the "twenty-year cycle of prosperity," have become traditions of financial history. Emerging from one period of commercial depression and forced economy, circumstances conspire to revive the hope and confidence which had been virtually paralyzed. It is presently discovered that capital had really been accumulating, during the years of financial inertia, without being either spent or invested, and that the means for

financing trade revival are at hand. This discovery is followed by a rush of the more adventurous spirits to profit by the new opportunities, and the profit is found to be large. Events very frequently come next which appeal to the imagination, — sometimes an abundant harvest in the face of foreign shortage, as in 1879 and 1897; sometimes a sudden and heavy European demand for our merchandise, as in 1898; often reform of a distrusted currency law, as in 1879 and 1900; and finally, as in 1880 and 1901, successful promotion of undertakings in the financial world, which both create and profit by the new wealth and new confidence of the public.

In the eager haste of capitalists, great and small, to anticipate further developments of the sort, use of credit for speculative purposes becomes more general than at any previous period. The public rushes in; the "boom" grows fairly wild. At the climax of excitement the "boom" is invariably interrupted by severe reaction, correctly ascribed to the extravagance and suddenness with which liabilities have been expanded and floating capital absorbed. This "ten-year panic" — so it has been described by high economic authority — is short-lived; it rarely, even at such times as 1884, affects the commercial situation; the "boom" is presently again under way, though not often with the former vitality, and usually with much more obvious signs of a strain on capital through the money market. The descending scale of strength and vitality — which, with various vicissitudes, and with frequent outbursts of new enthusiasm, lasts through another decade or thereabouts — ends, or at least has hitherto ended, with recurrence of the formidable "twenty-year panic," into whose real causes we are inquiring.

We have first to ask: is it true that these great commercial panics recur at fairly regular intervals, — as a rule, once in every twenty years? If this is so, it will be worth while to inquire the reason for such regularity. Are periods of commercial distress, and, therefore, the intervening periods of prosperity, thus separated? The fact seems incontestable. Our own country's record fixes the years 1837, 1857, 1873, and 1893 as the dates of our greater panics. England's record is 1825, 1844, 1866, and 1890. In each case the twenty-year interval is preserved with reasonable accuracy. It will be observed that the "panic years" in England were not the same as in the United States. Our commercial distress of 1893 and 1873 reacted, no doubt, on London, as the acute foreign troubles of 1890 and 1866 recoiled on financial New York. But the result was never a panic of the first order in the market indirectly affected.

If we grant the general uniformity of the "twenty-year interval," then what is the factor that determines it? One school of economic theorists ascribes the great forward and backward movements of finance and industry wholly to output of precious metals. Their position is thus stated by Alison in his *History of Europe*, in a passage which President Francis A. Walker deemed worthy of citation in full in his text-book on *Money*: —

"The fall of the Roman Empire, so long ascribed, in ignorance, to slavery, heathenism, and moral corruption, was in reality brought about by a decline in the silver and gold mines of Greece. . . . Columbus led the way in the career of renovation; when he spread his sails across the Atlantic, he bore mankind and its fortunes in his bark. . . . In the renovation of industry, the relations of society were changed; the weight of feudalism cast off; the rights of man established. Among the many concurring causes which conspired to bring about this mighty consummation, the most important, though hitherto the least observed, was the discovery of Mexico and Peru."

And the same reasoning applied to the great industrial depression and revival of history is also applied by followers of this school to industry's minor vicissitudes. This argument had particular vogue during the panic of 1893, when repeal of our

silver-purchase, treasury-note-inflation act, and the closing of India's mints to free silver coinage, coincided with the hard times.

Now, the first consideration that will probably strike the reader's mind is the fact that, if the rate of production of gold, or of gold and silver, governs the alternations of trade prosperity and adversity, then the periods allotted to successive "booms" or "reactions" should bear reasonably close relation to the movements of precious metals from the mines. But no such relation can be traced, unless under vague and indefinite classifications, such as occur in the foregoing citation. For instance, in the decade ending with 1850 the world's gold output doubled as compared with the ten preceding years; yet that decade was a period marked, especially in its second half, by violent and world-wide financial reaction. The five years ending with 1855 were years of financial expansion on an extravagant scale; the gold output for the period, by the Sotbeer estimate, was $662,566,000. During the next five years the world's output was $670,415,000; yet those were years of panic and severe depression.

Coming down to later years, it is true that interruption of Transvaal mining by the war, whereby the world's gold output of $306,724,100 in 1899 fell to $254,556,300 in 1900, was accompanied by panicky collapse in Europe's financial markets. But as against this may be placed the fact that the disastrous trade years 1893 and 1894 occurred with continuous increase in the world's annual gold production and our own, — the one expanding $35,000,000 in the period, the other $4,900,000. I do not cite these figures for the purpose of economic controversy, but in order to show that if commercial "booms" or commercial panics occur at regular intervals, their recurrence can hardly be ascribed to the waxing or waning of the output of the precious metals, which is not regular at all. That sudden and large increase in such production will help along financial expansion, and that a similarly sudden decrease must emphasize financial reaction, will hardly be disputed. But if it is true that our great panics are separated by reasonably uniform intervals from one another, other principles must obviously be at work.

In the first place, there is Professor Stanley Jevons's famous "sun-spot theory," elucidated in 1875, and now almost forgotten, except by the curious. After assuming the influence of recurrent sun-spots on the weather of the earth, and hence on the earth's crops, and endeavoring to establish a correspondence between maximum sun-spot years and years of deficient harvests, Professor Jevons proceeds as follows: —

"It is now pretty generally allowed that the fluctuations of the money market, though often apparently due to exceptional and accidental events, such as wars, great commercial failures, unfounded panics, and so forth, yet do exhibit a remarkable tendency to recur at intervals approximating to ten or eleven years. Thus the principal commercial crises have happened in the years 1825, 1836–39, 1847, 1857, 1866, and I was almost adding 1879, so convinced do I feel that there will, within the next few years, be another great crisis. Now, if there should be, in or about the year 1879, a great collapse comparable with those of the years mentioned, there will have been five such occurrences in fifty-four years, giving almost exactly eleven years (10.8 years) as the average interval, which sufficiently approximates to 11.11, the supposed exact length of the sun-spot period, to warrant speculations as to their possible connection.

"It is true that Mr. John Mills, in his very excellent papers upon Credit Cycles in the *Transactions of the Manchester Statistical Society* (1867–68, pp. 5–40), has shown that these periodical collapses are really mental in their nature, depending upon variations of despondency, hopefulness, excitement, disappointment, and panic. But it seems to me very probable that these moods of the commercial mind,

while constituting the principal part of the phenomena, may be controlled by outward events, especially the condition of the harvests.

"Assuming that variations of commercial credit and enterprise are essentially mental in their nature, must there not be external events to excite hopefulness at one time or disappointment and despondency at another? It may be that the commercial classes of the English nation, as at present constituted, form a body suited, by mental and other conditions, to go through a complete oscillation in a period nearly corresponding to that of the sunspots. In such conditions a comparatively slight variation of the prices of food, repeated in a similar manner, at corresponding points of the oscillation, would suffice to produce violent effects."

Even the eminence of its author as an economist did not avail to save this singular theory from the amused incredulity with which the practical world received it. Most readers of that economist's writings have, however, taken this explanation rather as an example of logical exercise than as a mature conclusion on a question of its general magnitude.

Among the more convincing explanations which have been offered of the regular recurrence of commercial panics is the supposition that they accompany the so-called cycle of agricultural prosperity. This theory does not, like Professor Jevons's, assume that panic periods necessarily accompany periods of deficient crops; such a coincidence cannot be traced in modern panics. What is argued, however, is that the output of the world's agriculture, in a period of general prosperity and high demand for all necessaries and luxuries, will at first have difficulty in keeping pace with consumption. But in the end, with the capacity of the earth for new producing area, and with the strong inducement created by the high prevailing prices, agricultural output increases so rapidly as not only to overtake the normal demand of consumers, but to outstrip it. From this point on, the movement is in the direction of lower prices and excess of production over consumption, with resultant loss to producers, and diminishing prosperity in agricultural states. As in 1890, when England's "Baring panic" resulted directly from the diminished profits of the Argentine Republic's grain fields, whereby London's investments of capital in that country were swallowed up, so it is reasoned that other such periods of unprofitable farming are the true cause of financial and commercial trouble.

There is some plausibility in this explanation. That the cycle of agricultural prosperity moves through pretty much the same period as the twenty-year cycle of business prosperity there can be little question. The trouble with any theory of crops as a cause of commercial panic is that it does not sufficiently distinguish causes from effects. The fact that consumption is largest during periods of a commercial "boom," and that afterwards, at the moment when production has increased most largely, consumption suddenly declines, or at all events ceases to increase at the previous rate, may be itself ascribed to the influence of commercial prosperity or adversity. Certainly a community in which employment is abundant, wages high, and confidence in the future universal, will spend for food, as well as for luxuries, a vastly greater amount than a community where labor has suddenly found difficulty of employment, and where the future is full of uncertainty. From this point of view it is quite as reasonable to ascribe the vicissitudes of agricultural prosperity to the ups and downs of industry in general as it is to ascribe commercial "booms" and crises to the vicissitudes of agriculture.

The most convincing explanation of the twenty-year interval between commercial crises is, I think, the fact that the period comprises what may be called a business generation. Men, for example, who went through the experience of 1873, and who, in that hard school, learned the lesson of caution and conservatism, would

before 1893 rather generally have disappeared from the scene, retired from active business, or, at all events, surrendered to younger heads and hands the management of private business concerns and corporations which they themselves had conducted twenty years before. It is quite true that the younger men, under such circumstances, have before them not only the teachings of their older associates, but the actual record of the previous period of distress and of its antecedents. But as to this it must be observed that no two commercial periods exactly duplicate one another.

Invariably, when a time of commercial crisis is actually approaching, the new generation of business men will tend to the argument that certain factors and influences, which were all-powerful in the last preceding period of distress, do not on this occasion appear to operate at all. All of us, in the United States, grew familiar with this argument when the wild speculation of 1901 was at its height. Such inflation, every one admitted, was in 1872 the forerunner of 1873; but this was a very different country now; old rules would not apply. The result of such reasoning, on the community as a whole, is that the taking of risks, the parting company with conservative methods, indulgence in speculation because speculation on such occasions seems to be sure of success, become general in a degree not witnessed since the corresponding year in the previous twenty-year period.

The basis for such a "boom" is always some unprecedentedly great achievement; but, as Professor Sumner has pithily put it, "Whenever we lose our heads in the intoxication of our own achievements, and look on the credit anticipations, which are only fictitious capital, as if they were real, use them as already earned, build other credit expectations upon them, do away with our value money, and export it to purchase articles of luxurious consumption, then we bring a convulsion and a downfall. The mistake is then realized, the lesson is taken to heart for a little while, a new generation grows up which forgets or never knew the old experience, and the mistake is repeated."

The question of causes of commercial panic has, even outside of the theories already noticed, occupied many economic discussions and called forth a good deal of philosophic disagreement. As a rule these defenses extend to details rather than general principles. Clement Juglar, in his well-known *Crises Commerciales*, names as the general causes of such episodes "the character and conduct of banking institutions; fictitious appearances; mischievous use of the savings of private capital;" and further remarks that "the one cause of panics is the stopping of the rise in prices." Of these assigned causes, particularly the last, it will probably be conceded that, failing that, they still fail to bring us to the heart of the matter. M. Juglar cites as instances of other views Leroy-Beaulieu's judgment that the cause of commercial crises is the exhaustion of the community's buying power, and the fact that a necessary interval of low prices must ensue before new buyers can be brought in; this interval being what is called "commercial crisis;" Max Wirth's dictum that production and consumption are found to have broken apart; and M. Yves-Guyot's conclusion, that the commercial panic is a result, not of over-production, but of over-consumption.

The truth of these various diagnoses will be as readily recognized as that of M. Juglar's view or Professor Sumner's; but they are still too vague. To get a view of the real origin of a commercial crisis, there is no clearer statement than that written sixty years ago by John Stuart Mill, in his *Principles of Political Economy*. After narrating the sensational forward movement of commercial prices in a period of speculation and prosperity, and the reaction from that upward movement, when the buyers attempt to realize, — phenomena as familiar then as now, — Mill goes on to say, —

"Now all these effects might take place in a community to which credit was un-

known; the prices of some commodities might rise, from speculation, to an extravagant height, and then fall rapidly back. But if there were no such thing as credit, this could hardly happen with respect to commodities generally. If all purchases were made with ready money, the payment of increased prices for some articles would draw an unusual proportion of the money of the community into the markets for those articles, and must therefore draw it away from some other class of commodities, and thus lower their prices. . . . But what they cannot do by ready money, they can do by an extension of credit. When people go into the market and purchase with money which they hope to receive hereafter, they are drawing upon an unlimited, not a limited, fund. Speculation, thus supported, may be going on in any number of commodities, without disturbing the regular course of business in others. It might even be going on in all commodities at once. We could imagine that in an epidemic fit of the passion of gambling, all dealers, instead of giving only their accustomed orders to the manufacturers or growers of their commodity, commenced buying up all of it which they could procure, as far as their capital and credit would go. All prices would rise enormously, even if there were no increase of money, and no paper credit, but a mere extension of purchases on book credits. After a time those who had bought would wish to sell, and prices would collapse.

"This is the ideal extreme case of what is called a commercial crisis. . . . At periods of this kind, a great extension of credit takes place. Not only do all whom the contagion reaches employ their credit much more freely than usual; but they really have more credit, because they seem to be making unusual gains, and because a generally reckless and adventurous feeling prevails, which disposes people to give as well as take credit more largely than at other times, and give it to persons not entitled to it. . . . As, when prices were rising, and everybody apparently making a fortune, it was easy to obtain almost any amount of credit, so now, when everybody seems to be losing, and many fail entirely, it is with difficulty that firms of known solidity can obtain even the credit to which they are accustomed, and which it is the greatest inconvenience to them to be without; because all dealers have engagements to fulfill, and nobody feeling sure that the portion of his means which he has entrusted to others will be available in time, no one likes to part with ready money, or to postpone his claim to it. To these rational considerations there is superadded, in extreme cases, a panic as unreasoning as the previous over-confidence; money is borrowed for short periods at almost any rate of interest, and sales of goods for immediate payment are made at almost any sacrifice."

This is as clear a statement of the causes of commercial panic to-day as of the causes in 1844. It will now be in order to glance briefly over some of our recent serious commercial panics, and inquire, in the light of a closed and completed record, what was the specific cause — or causes — of each. After such inquiry we shall be better able to discover if similar germs of future mischief are present in our finances of to-day. We shall find a certain similarity of origin about all of them; and in every one we shall discover the influence of that inflated credit of which Mill makes so great account. The more one examines into this subject, the more will one be impressed with the fact that, while the whole history of the world's commerce and industry is made up of alternate periods of elation and depression,— largely due to the same causes which influence them to-day, — the commercial panic, as we understand it nowadays, is strictly a modern institution. In its peculiar phenomena, described at the beginning of this article, it is, indeed, inseparable from the modern credit system.

Centuries ago a merchant might have invested all his own money in goods which

he was unable afterward to dispose of, and might thereby have lost the bulk of his own fortune. But unless he had used the machinery of a modern money market and banking system, his misjudgment could hardly have had the instantaneous effect on an entire community which it will have to-day. In particular, the deposit of individual savings in banks, and the lending out of those savings by the banks to merchants, dealers, speculators in stocks and produce, who depend on continuance of such loans for their own financial safety, binds the community into a concrete body, each part of which must suffer with the rest. Failure of half a dozen large traders, loans to whom made up a good part of current banking assets, necessitates calling in of loans by the banks from other quarters. Ultimately, demand for repayment of obligations may become general all along the line, ending with demand of depositors for cash against their bank credits. Neither the banks nor the mercantile and financial institutions are ever prepared for such a demand, from every direction and at the same moment. If, as is highly probable, some of them show signs of unwillingness or inability to pay, the result is outright panic.

In all of our greater commercial panics it will be found that the fundamental cause of trouble was what Wall Street nowadays describes in the familiar phrase, "discounting the future." That is to say, a period of real and genuine prosperity, with promises, afterward invariably fulfilled, of vastly greater prosperity, led to the capitalizing of industry and the incurring of debt on the basis of what was expected in the future. When this process had gone to a certain extent, a situation was created in which any accident of the moment, any failure of an agricultural crop, any disturbance in a foreign market which had been a profitable customer, even in some cases an unexpected war, with its interruption to industry, would not only upset all expectations of the immediate future, but would leave an entire community with demand liabilities which it could not meet.

The story of the panic of 1837 has been told frequently, and in great detail. The country had then begun for the first time to understand the immense opportunities for internal development which have since so altered the face of the American continent. Canal building and the pushing of immigration to the Middle West had opened up new fields of wealth and production. The result, as is usual under such circumstances, was, first, a legitimate advance in the price of land, due to the enthusiasm over the new opportunities of the country; then, when the excitement had reached a high pitch, a speculation in real estate, which practically absorbed the entire surplus capital of the country. Along with this movement came an excited speculation in produce, notably cotton, conducted under the auspices of banks which were organized and managed with a minimum of conservatism. The capital of the country being already inadequate for these large speculations, capital was borrowed abroad in quite unprecedented volume. The country did not meet these new obligations by increase in its excess of exported merchandise, probably because it could not. During these years prior to 1837, the demand for foreign products and luxuries, which always appears at such a time, led to an excess, very large for those times, of merchandise imports over exports. Our foreign debt increased, and it followed, naturally, that the first sign of distress on any foreign market would lead to recall of its portion of this debt, at an hour when it could least readily be spared. This is exactly what happened; it occurred simultaneously with a rash experiment by our government in demanding instantaneous return to a specie basis on the part of banks which had recklessly expanded loans and over-issued notes redeemable in specie. With these two stocks, the whole structure of speculation went to pieces; general suspension of banks at the larger cities followed, with the disorgani-

zation of industry and commercial panic which were the natural accompaniments.

Prior to the great reaction of 1857, the country had again been indulging in land and produce speculation, largely originating in an immense extension of the American railway system. The new gold production, following the California discoveries of the fifties, had been utilized to the full in promoting and encouraging speculation of the day. Then, as twenty years before, foreign capital was borrowed to make good the deficiency in domestic supplies. The banks, as in the earlier period, had overstrained their resources to provide the means for continuing the speculation. This was a situation in which the failure of one or two large banking institutions, unable to realize on their assets, brought searching inquiry into the condition of all the rest. The effect of such inquiry was most unfavorable; it resulted in one of those general runs upon the banks which reduced practically all of them to a position where they could not provide for even their regular customers.

In each of these panics, the reader of history is apt to be impressed with the important part played by improperly secured bank-note issues. The panic of 1857 is particularly remembered in the traditions of business history as a time when bank notes, making up the bulk of the currency in many sections of the country, became practically worthless except at large concessions from their face value. It is true that an unscientific note-issue system aggravated the troubles of those years; but it must always be kept in mind that in the last analysis the bank note is no more troublesome an obligation to the institution which issues it than is the bank deposit account on the books of the institution. It may, indeed, be said that runs of depositors are more formidable than runs of note-holders. Notes are certain to be more or less widely distributed; with the deposits no such protection exists. In either case, the question is equally one of prudent and scientific financiering, which should keep the institution always in the position where it can pay off at the shortest notice its demand liabilities.

The period preceding the panic of 1873 had been one of wild and extravagant speculation. That the excesses of the time were greatly increased by the government's paper money issues, and the speculation in gold which accompanied them, may be readily conceded; it is not, however, true that these paper money issues were the primary cause of commercial panic. As in the two other panics which we have just reviewed, the real mischief originated at a time when apparently boundless prosperity, based on genuine industrial development, was the governing influence. The country's industrial expansion in the years succeeding the Civil War was quite without precedent in our history. Within eight years after Appomattox, the railway mileage of the United States was actually doubled. Immigration from foreign countries followed this increase of transportation facilities; development of the grain-producing country came with it, and an immense increase in the country's productive capacity ensued.

This was genuine prosperity and real wealth; yet it was patent, even at the time, that absorption of capital into these thousands of new enterprises was proceeding at a rate which immediate returns from the newly opened territory could not possibly offset. In the excitement of speculation, fomented undoubtedly by the paper money issues, prices for everything were raised to extravagant heights; and all this happened at a time when the waste of capital through the Civil War had destroyed or absorbed a good part of the country's surplus wealth. The immense increase in imports of foreign merchandise gives some notion of the extent to which we were then relying upon foreign capital. In 1872 our excess of merchandise imports over exports was $182,417,000, which exceeded by nearly $25,000,000 the largest excess of the sort even in the Civil War, when our cotton exports were cut off, and the country unusually

dependent for necessary merchandise on the foreign mills.

Even before 1872 signs of this strain on domestic capital had become manifest. They were accentuated by the Franco-Prussian War of 1870, and the enormous indemnity which, imposed by Germany on France, had to be raised from the European markets where our floating debt was heaviest. The New York money market, always an accurate barometer of such insufficient supply of capital, ranged throughout 1872 at rates which might have been considered prohibitive of progressive industry. Not only did Stock Exchange demand loans repeatedly go to 125 per cent or higher, but notes of commercial houses in good standing, discounted in New York, had to pay during a period of four months such rates as 10 and 12 per cent per annum. At the same time the phenomenon which frequently marks the culmination of a financial "boom" — a violent rise in the price of real estate — became the conspicuous movement of the markets.

Another incident of the day, interesting because of the manner in which it has subsequently been repeated, was the inability of great railway corporations, bent on immediate extension of their lines, to sell their bonds to investors, home or foreign. Coming into the open money market to procure through short-term loans the necessary funds, these companies obtained the endorsement of their notes by banking houses in the highest standing. Before the notes came due the New York money market had fallen into such a condition of disorder that neither the borrowing railways nor the endorsing bankers were able to make good their obligations. One after another, the banking houses suspended payments, and, as usually happens at such times, their failure merely served to show the extent to which the banking community at large was in the same position. So severe was this commercial reaction that fully half a dozen years elapsed before the mercantile and industrial communities regained their former footing.

The case of 1893 was in some respects unlike that of preceding financial crises. That it was a genuine commercial panic is sufficiently proved by the figures of the year's commercial failures, showing that 13 American business houses out of every 1000 went to the wall in 1893, as against only 9 per 1000 even in 1873. But 1893 did not follow quick on the heels of a wild and extravagant speculation, with a disordered money market. On the contrary, the year before the panic had been a period of uncertainty, with depression rather general in finance and industry, and with quiet money markets. Such culmination of speculative excesses as did precede that panic occurred three years before, when an unwholesome, but not abnormally violent, movement of the kind greeted the passage of the silver-purchase law.

But the abuse of capital and credit was nevertheless a factor in the reckoning of 1893, quite as much as on previous similar occasions. Railway building, and issue of new railway bonds, had gone on at an extraordinary rate, and for many years. In 1887 was attained the high record of such construction, the figure aggregating 12,876 miles, more than double the largest annual construction even in the present financial "boom." Railway mortgage bonds, issued in 1888 to foot the bill, and listed on the New York Stock Exchange, were double those of two years before, and in 1890 the listings of new stocks and bonds combined, $1,122,000,000, went 60 per cent beyond even 1888. Furthermore, these great sums of money were often invested in highly speculative railway undertakings, — sometimes in enterprises absolutely reckless. Parallel lines, built to compel the purchase of the new railway by the old one, led to cutting of rates below cost of transportation, to demoralization in railway profits, to frequent bankruptcies, and to enormous waste of capital.

What was perhaps an equally potent influence, in the strain on the country's capital, was the heavy investment of East-

ern funds in Western farm mortgages,—a movement which had the double consequence of encouraging unwise farming ventures by people thus supplied with credit, and of tying up Eastern money in a losing enterprise. For, as it happened, this sudden increase in loans on farming property was immediately followed by a series of years in which grain was produced in excess of the world's consuming power, and when, accordingly, prices fell to a level which meant distress or bankruptcy to all heavily indebted farmers.

In the face of this situation our currency was on a basis confessedly insecure, and the country's debt to European investors larger than it has ever been, before or since. London's own financial crisis of November, 1890, led necessarily to recall, by hard-pressed English houses, of a good part of this foreign capital: that recall involved, first, sales of American securities in such quantity as to crush the market; second, export of gold in almost unprecedented quantity; third, as a consequence of this, the breakdown of the ill-guarded gold reserve against our currency. It was the final collapse of the country's expanded credit structure, under this protracted strain, which occurred in 1893.

What, then, in the light of our examination of the causes underlying commercial panics, are we to say of the outlook for the future? Exactly where does America stand to-day in the "cycle of prosperity?" Must we look for the final extravagances in use of credit which have brought disaster in other "twenty-year periods," and for the commercial panic which ensues; and if so, when is that episode to be expected? These are highly practical considerations.

Numerous conditions and circumstances, peculiar to the present forward movement in finance and industry, and differing widely from the phenomena of former periods, have encouraged at times, notably during the excitement of 1901, belief that the precedent of other decades might not be repeated. Much has been made of the facts that, between 1897 and 1900, this country had redeemed its foreign debt on an unprecedented scale; that in the last-named year our money market was itself a creditor of Europe and an investor in European public securities; that our excess of merchandise exports has reached unheard-of figures—$664,000,000 in 1901, and an average of $513,000,000 per annum for the past nine years, as against a previous annual high record of $286,000,000; that our interior communities have themselves become independently wealthy, lending money in the Eastern markets, instead of borrowing from them; that the currency is in a sound condition, as it certainly was not on the eve of 1837 or 1857 or 1873 or 1893. Finally, there is cited wholly unprecedented annual gold production of the world as a whole, and of the United States alone, both of which reached a maximum last year.

These are facts with an important bearing on the country's power to withstand reaction from an over-exploited credit. That they can, however, alter permanently the law of financial inflation and depression whose repeated operation we have traced, is not reasonably to be supposed. Arguments very similar might have been used, and indeed were used, in the decades before 1893 and 1873, to prove that recurrence of the old-time commercial panic was impossible. Belief in a radically changed condition of American finance and industry was an important factor in the excited "booms" which preceded all our years of crisis and reaction. In the fifties our gold discoveries guaranteed the American situation; in the seventies we had suddenly become the grain-producer for the outside world. Yet neither event, though each was equivalent to an industrial revolution, delayed for a year the arrival of the commercial crisis after the familiar interval.

The reason is simple. In the periods referred to, the greater the genuine basis of prosperity, the larger the balloon of

inflated credit blown by the speculators and promoters. People who are inquiring whether another commercial crash, as a sequel to the present "boom," is or is not a probability of the future, ought to devote their investigation, not alone to the underlying elements of strength, but to the manner in which those elements have been exploited. If it were to be discovered that credit had been employed prudently and conservatively, that fictitious values had been discouraged, and that the community as a whole had not been indulging in speculation, there would then exist reasonable ground for arguing that the experience of past commercial panics might be escaped.

It will hardly be alleged that the past five years have presented any such picture. Unparalleled as were the tokens of sound and real American prosperity, the fabric of paper credit built upon it even surpassed in magnitude and extravagance anything of the sort that the world had previously witnessed. Details are hardly necessary: to enumerate them would be to tell our financial history since 1898. Speaking generally, what has happened is that American industry as a whole has been recapitalized within this period, on a basis of immensely extended debt. The country has been speculating, sometimes with extraordinary rashness, in the shares of these and the older corporations; in this race for speculative profits some of the strongest private banking houses and some of the largest banks have, directly or indirectly, been engaged.

There have not recently been repeated all the excesses of 1899, when a great industrial company, inflating its capital from $24,000,000 to $90,000,000, disposed of $26,000,000 in such ways that the courts could not afterward learn what had become of it; or those of 1901, when $50,000,000 cash was paid to the Steel Trust "Underwriting Syndicate" merely for guaranteeing the sale of the company's new stock. But we have seen the Wall Street stock market, within a year, jacked up to extravagant figures by the virtual cornering of properties with $150,000,000 stock,—this being done mainly with borrowed money, at a time when supplies of available capital were visibly running short. With all the outpour of wealth in American industry, the country's capital has on at least three recent occasions shown itself inadequate to the home demand upon it. Wall Street has seen good commercial paper, at these times, selling at 8 per cent, short time loans at the equivalent of 12 per cent, and demand loans at 125 per cent.

A few years ago it was estimated in banking circles that the American market possessed a floating credit of not less than $200,000,000 at the foreign money centres. We have very lately been in debt to these same markets, on our bankers' notes-of-hand, to a probably much larger sum. When railway companies in unquestioned credit were unable, this past year, to sell their bonds save at a heavy sacrifice, and were forced to borrow on their notes, at high rates and for short maturities, capital borrowed from European and American banks was used for concerted manipulation of Stock Exchange securities; the operation was continued at the very moment when some of the exorbitant money rates just cited were in vogue. No one familiar with the facts is likely to deny that for daring speculation, on a scale of enormous magnitude, and in merchandise as in securities, there have been few parallels to the decade in which we are living.

I do not state these facts with a view to moralizing or distributing the blame; nor have I any idea of predicting an early and serious commercial crisis. There are many reasons why no such event is considered imminent. But we are looking at our financial history, past and future, at long range; and what one must admit, in the light of these quite undisputed facts, is that financial America has, in the past half-dozen years, simply repeated the general story of those preceding "booms" which ended in commercial crisis. That

we shall some time — probably at a date sufficiently remote — witness another violent spasm of financial readjustment, such as 1893 or 1873, seems to me to be altogether probable.

Certainly, if our study of causes of commercial panics proves anything, it proves them to be a logical result of exactly such procedure as has distinguished the American markets for half a dozen years. We have no good reason for assuming that, in the end, a similar result will not follow the similar causes in the present period. It has, indeed, been not a little impressive to see how, even with the new and portentous influences at work in the present cycle of prosperity, its successive stages, at the usual interval, have repeated the history of preceding epochs of the kind.

We have even had our "little panic," which traditionally comes midway between two larger commercial crises, and we have had it at the traditional interval. Such a year of Stock Exchange disorder, only partly accompanied by disordered trade, occurred in 1866 and 1884, and it occurred again in 1903. Whether the "twenty-year interval" between the first-class panics is to be as scrupulously observed — its exact observance would bring the next one in 1913 — is a question for the prophets.

TWO MEMORIES OF A CHILDHOOD

BY LAFCADIO HEARN

[Before his untimely death in 1904, Lafcadio Hearn had begun a series of sketches which he hoped to weld together into a kind of episodic autobiography of the mind. Six were completed, which will have place in the *Life and Letters of Lafcadio Hearn*, by Elizabeth Bisland, presently to be published. The two related fragments printed below have a vivid biographic significance which all readers of Hearn's mature work will recognize. — THE EDITORS.]

I

MY GUARDIAN ANGEL

Weh! weh!
Du hast sie zerstört,
Die schöne Welt! — FAUST.

WHAT I am going to relate must have happened when I was nearly six years old — at which time I knew a great deal about ghosts, and very little about gods.

For the best of possible reasons I then believed in ghosts and in goblins, — because I saw them, both by day and by night. Before going to sleep I would always cover up my head to prevent them from looking at me; and I used to scream when I felt them pulling at the bedclothes. And I could not understand why I had been forbidden to talk about these experiences.

But of religion I knew almost nothing. The old lady who had adopted me intended that I should be brought up a Roman Catholic; but she had not yet attempted to give me any definite religious instruction. I had been taught to say a few prayers; but I repeated them only as a parrot might have done. I had been taken, without knowing why, to church; and I had been given many small pictures edged with paper-lace, — French religious prints, — of which I did not understand the meaning. On the wall of the room in which I slept there was suspended a Greek icon, — a miniature painting in oil of the Virgin and Child, warmly colored, and protected by a casing of fine metal that left exposed only the olive-brown faces and hands and feet of the figures. But I fancied that the brown Virgin represented my mother, — whom

I had almost completely forgotten, — and the large-eyed Child, myself. I had been taught to pronounce the invocation, *In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost;* but I did not know what the words signified. One of the appellations, however, seriously interested me; and the first religious question that I remember asking was a question about the *Holy Ghost*. It was the word "Ghost," of course, that had excited my curiosity; and I put the question with fear and trembling, because it appeared to relate to a forbidden subject. The answer I cannot clearly recollect, — but it gave me an idea that the Holy Ghost was a *white* ghost, and not in the habit of making faces at small people after dusk. Nevertheless the name filled me with vague suspicion, especially after I had learned to spell it correctly, in a prayer-book, and I discovered a mystery and awfulness unspeakable in the capital G. Even now the aspect of that formidable letter will sometimes revive those dim and fearsome imaginings of childhood.

I suppose that I had been allowed to remain so long in happy ignorance of dogma because I was a nervous child. Certainly it was for no other reason that those about me had been ordered not to tell me either ghost-stories or fairy-tales, and that I had been strictly forbidden to speak of ghosts. But in spite of such injunctions I was doomed to learn, quite unexpectedly, something about goblins much grimmer than any which had been haunting me. This undesirable information was given to me by a friend of the family, — a visitor.

Our visitors were few, and their visits, as a rule, were brief. But we had one privileged visitor who came regularly each autumn to remain until the following spring, — a convert, — a tall girl who looked like some of the long angels in my French pictures. At that time I must have been incapable of forming certain abstract conceptions; but she gave me the idea of Sorrow as a dim something that she personally represented. She was not a relation; but I was told to call her "Cousin Jane." For the rest of the household she was simply "Miss Jane;" and the room that she used to occupy, upon the third floor, was always referred to as "Miss Jane's room." I heard it said that she passed her summers in some convent, and that she wanted to become a nun. I asked why she did not become a nun; and I was told that I was too young to understand.

She seldom smiled; and I never heard her laugh; she had some secret grief of which only my aged protector knew the nature. Although handsome, young, and rich, she was always severely dressed in black. Her face, notwithstanding its constant look of sadness, was beautiful; her hair, a dark chestnut, was so curly that, however smoothed or braided, it always seemed to ripple; and her eyes, rather deeply-set, were large and black. Also I remember that her voice, though musical, had a peculiar metallic tone which I did not like.

Yet she could make that voice surprisingly tender when speaking to me. Usually I found her kind, — often more than kind; but there were times when she became so silent and sombre that I feared to approach her. And even in her most affectionate moods — even when caressing me — she remained strangely solemn. In such moments she talked to me about being good, about being truthful, about being obedient, about trying "to please God." I detested these exhortations. My old relative had never talked to me in that way. I did not fully understand; I only knew that I was being found fault with, and I suspected that I was being pitied.

And one morning (I remember that it was a gloomy winter morning), losing patience at last during one of these tiresome admonitions, I boldly asked Cousin Jane to tell me why I should try to please God more than to please anybody else. I was then sitting on a little stool at her feet. Never can I forget the

look that darkened her features as I put the question. At once she caught me up, placed me upon her lap, and fixed her black eyes upon my face with a piercing earnestness that terrified me, as she exclaimed, —

"My child! — is it possible that you do not know who God is?"

"No," I answered in a choking whisper.

"God! — God who made you! — God who made the sun and the moon and the sky, — and the trees and the beautiful flowers, — everything! . . . You do not know?"

I was too much alarmed by her manner to reply.

"You do not know," she went on, "that God made you and me? — that God made your father and your mother and everybody? . . . You do not know about Heaven and Hell? . . ."

I do not remember all the rest of her words; I can recall with distinctness only the following: —

. . . "and send you down to Hell to burn alive in fire for ever and ever! . . . Think of it! — always burning, burning, burning! — screaming and burning! screaming and burning! — never to be saved from that pain of fire! . . . You remember when you burned your finger at the lamp? — Think of your whole body burning, — always, always, always burning! — for ever and ever! . . ."

I can still see her face as in the instant of that utterance, — the horror upon it, and the pain . . . Then she suddenly burst into tears, and kissed me, and left the room.

From that time I detested Cousin Jane, — because she had made me unhappy in a new and irreparable way. I did not doubt what she had said, but I hated her for having said it, — perhaps especially for the hideous way in which she had said it. Even now her memory revives the dull pain of the childish hypocrisy with which I endeavored to conceal my resentment. When she left us in the spring, I hoped that she would soon die, — so that I might never see her face again.

But I was fated to meet her again under strange circumstances. I am not sure whether it was in the latter part of the summer that I next saw her, or early in the autumn; I remember only that it was in the evening and that the weather was still pleasantly warm. The sun had set; but there was a clear twilight, full of soft color; and in that twilight-time I happened to be on the lobby of the third floor, — all by myself.

. . . I do not know why I had gone up there alone; — perhaps I was looking for some toy. At all events I was standing on the lobby, close to the head of the stairs, when I noticed that the door of Cousin Jane's room seemed to be ajar. Then I saw it slowly opening. The fact surprised me because that door — the furthest one of three opening upon the lobby — was usually locked. Almost at the same moment Cousin Jane herself, robed in her familiar black dress, came out of the room, and advanced towards me — but with her head turned upwards and sidewards, as if she were looking at something on the lobby-wall, close to the ceiling. I cried out in astonishment, "Cousin Jane!" — but she did not seem to hear. She approached slowly, still with her head so thown back that I could see nothing of her face above the chin; then she walked directly past me into the room nearest the stairway, — a bedroom of which the door was always left open by day. Even as she passed I did not see her face, — only her white throat and chin, and the gathered mass of her beautiful hair. Into the bedroom I ran after her, calling out, "Cousin Jane! Cousin Jane!" I saw her pass round the foot of a great four-pillared bed, as if to approach the window beyond it; and I followed her to the other side of the bed. Then, as if first aware of my presence, she turned; and I looked up, expecting to meet her smile. . . . She had no face. There was only a pale blur instead of a face. And even as I stared, the figure vanished. It did not fade; it simply ceased to be, — like the shape of a flame blown out. I was alone

in that darkening room, — and afraid as I had never before been afraid. I did not scream; I was much too frightened to scream; — I only struggled to the head of the stairs, and stumbled, and fell, — rolling over and over down to the next lobby. I do not remember being hurt; the stair-carpets were soft and very thick. The noise of my tumble brought immediate succor and sympathy. But I did not say a word about what I had seen; I knew that I should be punished if I spoke of it. . . .

Now some weeks or months later, at the beginning of the cold season, the real Cousin Jane came back one morning to occupy that room upon the third floor. She seemed delighted to meet me again; and she caressed me so fondly that I felt ashamed of my secret dismay at her return. On the very same day she took me out with her for a walk, and bought me cakes, toys, pictures, — a multitude of things, — carrying all the packages herself. I ought to have been grateful, if not happy. But the generous shame that caresses had awakened was already gone; and that memory of which I could speak to no one — least of all to her — again darkened my thoughts as we walked together. This Cousin Jane who was buying me toys, and smiling, and chatting, was only, perhaps, the husk of another Cousin Jane that had no face. . . . Before the brilliant shops, among the crowds of happy people, I had nothing to fear. But afterwards — after dark — might not the Inner disengage herself from the other, and leave her room, and glide to mine with chin upturned, as if staring at the ceiling? . . .

Twilight fell before we reached home, and Cousin Jane had ceased to speak or smile. No doubt she was tired. But I noticed that her silence and her sternness had begun with the gathering of the dusk, — and a chill crept over me.

Nevetheless, I passed a merry evening with my new toys, — which looked very beautiful under the lamplight, and Cousin Jane played with me until bedtime.

Next morning she did not appear at the breakfast-table; — I was told that she had taken a bad cold, and could not leave her bed. She never again left it alive; and I saw her no more, — except in dreams. Owing to the dangerous nature of the consumption that had attacked her, I was not allowed even to approach her room. . . . She left her money to somebody in the convent which she used to visit, and her books to me.

If, at that time, I could have dared to speak of the other Cousin Jane, somebody might have thought proper — in view of the strange sequel — to tell me the natural history of such apparitions. But I could not have believed the explanation. I understood only that I had seen; and because I had seen I was afraid.

And the memory of that seeing disturbed me more than ever, after the coffin of Cousin Jane had been carried away. The knowledge of her death had filled me, not with sorrow, but with terror. Once I had wished that she were dead. And the wish had been fulfilled — but the punishment was yet to come! Dim thoughts, dim fears — enormously older than the creed of Cousin Jane — awakened within me, as from some prenatal sleep, — especially a horror of the dead as evil beings, hating mankind. . . . Such horror exists in savage minds, accompanied by the vague notion that character is totally transformed or stripped by death, — that those departed, who once caressed and smiled and loved, now menace and gibber and hate. . . . What power, I asked myself in dismay, could protect me from her visits? I had not yet ceased to believe in the God of Cousin Jane; but I doubted whether he would or could do anything for me. Moreover, my creed had been greatly shaken by the suspicion that Cousin Jane had always lied. How often had she not assured me that I could not see ghosts or

evil spirits! Yet the Thing that I had seen was assuredly her inside-self, — the ghost or the goblin of her, — and utterly evil. Evidently she hated me: she had lured me into a lonesome room for the sole purpose of making me hideously afraid. . . . And why had she hated me thus before she died? — was it because she knew that I hated her, — that I had wished her to die? Yet how did she know? — could the ghost of her see, through blood and flesh and bone, into the miserable little ghost of myself? . . . Anyhow, she had lied. . . . Perhaps everybody else had lied. Were all the people that I knew — the warm people, who walked and laughed in the light — so much afraid of the Things of the Night that they dared not tell the truth? . . . To none of these questions could I find a reply. And there began for me a second period of black faith, — a faith of unutterable horror, mingled with unutterable doubt.

I was not then old enough to read serious books: it was only in after years that I could learn the worth of Cousin Jane's bequest, — which included a full set of the *Waverley Novels*, the works of Miss Edgeworth, Martin's Milton, — a beautiful copy, in tree-calf, — Langhorne's Plutarch, Pope's *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, Byron's *Corsair* and *Lara*, — in the old red-covered Murray editions, — some quaint translations of the *Arabian Nights*, and Locke's *Essay on the Human Understanding!* I cannot recall half of the titles; but I remember one fact that gratefully surprised me: there was not a single religious book in the collection. . . . Cousin Jane was a convert: her literary tastes, at least, were not of Rome.

Those who knew her history are dust, . . . How often have I tried to reproach myself for hating her. But even now in my heart a voice cries bitterly to the ghost of her: "*Woe! woe! — thou didst destroy it, — the beautiful world! . . .*"

II

IDOLATRY

"Ah, Psyche, from the regions which
Are Holy Land!"

The early Church did not teach that the gods of the heathen were merely brass and stone. On the contrary she accepted them as real and formidable personalities — demons who had assumed divinity to lure their worshipers to destruction. It was in reading the legends of that Church, and the lives of her saints, that I obtained my first vague notions of the pagan gods.

I then imagined those gods to resemble in some sort the fairies and the goblins of my nursery-tales, or the fairies in the ballads of Sir Walter Scott. Goblins and their kindred interested me much more than the ugly Saints of the Pictorial Church History, — much more than even the slender angels of my French religious prints, who unpleasantly reminded me of Cousin Jane. Besides, I could not help suspecting all the friends of Cousin Jane's God, and feeling a natural sympathy with his enemies, — whether devils, goblins, fairies, witches, or heathen deities. To the devils indeed — because I supposed them stronger than the rest — I had often prayed for help and friendship; very humbly at first, and in great fear of being too grimly answered, — but afterwards with words of reproach on finding that my condescensions had been ignored.

But in spite of their indifference, my sympathy with the enemies of Cousin Jane's God steadily strengthened; and my interest in all the spirits that the Church History called evil, especially the heathen gods, continued to grow. And at last one day I discovered, in one unexplored corner of our library, several beautiful books about art, — great folio books containing figures of gods and of demi-gods, athletes and heroes, nymphs and fauns and nereids, and all the charming monsters — half-man, half-animal — of Greek mythology.

How my heart leaped and fluttered on that happy day! Breathless I gazed; and the longer that I gazed the more unspeakably lovely those faces and forms appeared. Figure after figure dazzled, astounded, bewitched me. And this new delight was in itself a wonder, — also a fear. Something seemed to be thrilling out of those pictured pages, — something invisible that made me afraid. I remembered stories of the infernal magic that informed the work of the pagan statuaries. But this superstitious fear presently yielded to a conviction, or rather intuition, — which I could not possibly have explained, — that the gods had been belied *because* they were beautiful.

(Blindly and gropingly I had touched a truth, — the ugly truth that beauty of the highest order, whether mental, or moral, or physical, must ever be hated by the many and loved only by the few!) . . . And these had been called devils! I adored them! — I loved them! — I promised to detest forever all who refused them reverence! . . . Oh! the contrast between that immortal loveliness and the squalor of the saints and the patriarchs and the prophets of my religious pictures! — a contrast indeed as of heaven and hell. . . . In that hour the mediæval creed seemed to me the very religion of ugliness and of hate. And as it had been taught to me, in the weakness of my sickly childhood, it certainly was. And even to-day, in spite of larger knowledge, the words "heathen" and "pagan" — however ignorantly used in scorn — revive within me old sensations of light and beauty, of freedom and joy.

Only with much effort can I recall these scattered memories of boyhood; and in telling them I am well aware that a later and much more artificial Self is constantly trying to speak in the place of the Self that was, — thus producing obvious incongruities. Before trying to relate anything more concerning the experiences of the earlier Self, I may as well here allow the Interrupter an opportunity to talk.

The first perception of beauty ideal is never a cognition, but a *recognition*. No mathematical or geometrical theory of æsthetics will ever interpret the delicious shock that follows upon the boy's first vision of beauty supreme. He himself could not even try to explain why the newly-seen form appears to him lovelier than aught upon earth. He only feels the sudden power that the vision exerts upon the mystery of his own life, — and that feeling is but dim deep memory, — a blood-remembrance.

Many do not remember, and therefore cannot see — at any period of life. There are myriad minds no more capable of perceiving the higher beauty than the blind wan fish of caves — offspring of generations that swam in total darkness — is capable of feeling the gladness of light. Probably the race producing minds like these had no experience of higher things, — never beheld the happier vanished world of immortal art and thought. Or perhaps in such minds the higher knowledge has been effaced or blurred by long dull superimposition of barbarian inheritance.

But he who receives in one sudden vision the revelation of the antique beauty, — he who knows the thrill divine that follows after, — the unutterable mingling of delight and sadness, — he *remembers!* Somewhere, at some time, in the ages of a finer humanity, he must have lived with beauty. Three thousand — four thousand years ago: it matters not; what thrills him now is the shadowing of what has been, the phantom of rapture forgotten. Without inherited sense of the meaning of beauty as power, of the worth of it to life and love, never could the ghost in him perceive, however dimly, the presence of the gods.

Now I think that something of the ghostliness in this present shell of me must have belonged to the vanished world of beauty, — must have mingled freely with the best of its youth and grace

and force, — must have known the worth of long light limbs on the course of glory, and the pride of the winner in contests, and the praise of maidens stately as that young sapling of a palm, which Odysseus beheld, springing by the altar in Delos. . . . All this I am able to believe, because I could feel, while yet a boy, the divine humanity of the ancient gods. . . .

But this new-found delight soon became for me the source of new sorrows. I was placed with all my small belongings under religious tutelage; and then, of course, my reading was subjected to severe examination. One day the beautiful books disappeared; and I was afraid to ask what had become of them. After many weeks they were returned to their former place; and my joy at seeing them again was of brief duration. All of them had been unmercifully revised. My censors had been offended by the nakedness of the gods, and had undertaken to correct that impropriety. Parts of many figures, dryads, naiads, graces, muses, had been found too charming and erased with a pen-knife. And, in most cases, garments had been put upon the gods — even upon the tiny Loves — woven with cross-strokes of a quill-pen, so designed as to conceal all curves of beauty, — especially the lines of the long fine thighs.

However, in my case, this barbarism proved of some educational value. It furnished me with many problems of restoration; and I often tried very hard to reproduce in pencil-drawing the obliterated or the hidden line. In this I was not successful; but, in spite of the amazing thoroughness with which every mutilation or effacement had been accomplished, my patient study of the methods of attack enabled me — long before I knew Winkelmann — to understand how Greek artists had idealized the human figure. Perhaps that is why, in after years, few modern representations of the nude could interest me for any length of time. However graceful at first sight the image might appear, something commonplace would presently begin to reveal itself in the lines of those very forms against which my early tutors had waged such implacable war.

Is it not almost invariably true that the modern naked figure, as chiseled or painted, shadows something of the modern living model, — something, therefore, of individual imperfection? Only the antique work of the grand era is superindividual, — reflecting the ideal, — supreme in the soul of a race. Many, I know, deny this; — but do we not remain, to some degree, barbarians still? Even the good and great Ruskin, on the topic of Greek art, spake often like a Goth. Did he not call the Medicean Venus "an uninteresting little person"?

Now after I had learned to know and love the elder gods, the world again began to glow about me; glooms that had brooded over it slowly thinned away. The terror was not yet gone; but I now wanted only reasons to disbelieve all that I feared and hated. In the sunshine, in the green of the fields, in the blue of the sky, I found a gladness before unknown. Within myself new thoughts, new imaginings, dim longings for I knew not what, were quickening and thrilling. I looked for beauty, and everywhere found it: in passing faces, — in attitudes and motions, — in the poise of plants and trees, — in long white clouds, — in faint blue lines of far-off hills. At moments the simple pleasure of life would quicken to a joy so large, so deep, that it frightened me. But at other times there would come to me a new and strange sadness, — a shadowy and inexplicable pain.

I had entered into my Renaissance.

CAPTAIN CHRISTY

BY HENRY MILNER RIDEOUT

I

THE harbor, brimful with the tide, was blue as morning sky, and motionless as high summer clouds. Along the grass-grown wharves, — silver-gray piles which crumbled at the ends into a jackstraw heap of rotting logs, — there was no human stir. Over one gray shanty the red ensign, a fold showing the yellow crown of Her Majesty's customs, hung limp from the staff. The thirty-foot flood had moved in imperceptibly, and lay, from the wharves to the distant islands, like a floor of steel. The masts of pinkies at their moorings plunged in deep, straight lines of black reflection, save where some profound, mysterious tremor of the tide shivered the mirror, and sent the phantom spars in wriggling fragments to the depths. A lone sandpiper, skimming the surface, mated with a flying shadow; and two or three, wheeling together, doubled into a little flock that swerved, divided, and rejoined. The long water-front of gray houses, and behind them the treeless, empty street of pink sand, lay asleep in peaceful desolation.

The hum of voices, however, came, from on board a small two-masted schooner made fast to a mouldering wharf. And on the sunny side of the mainsail, that was half hoisted to dry in the morning air, sat a little group of men in varied postures of idleness. A tawny-haired youth in a Scotch cap straddled the rail, spitting overside, kicking the woodwork sonorously, and fingering off the flakes of blistered paint. The others, all old men, basked on the cabin roof, sat on the bleached and ancient boom, perched on a coil of frayed hawser, or tilted back on chairs and boxes. All, except one, were men of a bygone generation, whose faces, placid and weatherseamed, and whose beards, of every cut, from the white, wide-forked whisker to the fiery chin-strap of Ireland, marked them for men who kept the ways of the old country. The one exception sat in a kitchen chair by the wheel, — a long-limbed old man, of quick eye and humorous wrinkles, by every feature a Yankee among Canadians. His big, brown, cramped hands, tattooed with a blue five-spot at the fork of either thumb, whittled busily at a peg.

"Harbor-master sayed so, too," the old man with the forked beard was declaring, from his perch on the main-boom. "Sayed, ain't no vessel o' tonnage worth countun' ever clearrs out o' this porrt nowadays, or enterrs. An' it lies right in my own memory when they used to come in, brigs an' ships an' all, crowd-ud: carrgoes an' settlerrs!" The speaker waved his hand slowly, as in admiration of a broad picture. "An' the Loodianah would be sailun' from Liverrpool, bang up again this w'arf as ever was, a-landin' swarrms; an' Danny Eustis had a barr an' lodgun's right on ut, there where the timberr 's sunk in. Times has changed." He sighed, and letting his head sink, spread out the white flanges of his beard across his chest.

The youth who straddled the rail turned his freckled face toward the company, grinning malignly, as one adept in putting his finger on the main trouble.

"This schooner's the only thing bigger'n a pinky that's seaworthy in the whol' bloomin' harbor," he sneered. "An' she ain't left her pier fer — how long is it, Cap'n Christy? — fer" —

The old Yankee at the wheel caught him up.

"Look here, Master Kibben," he said mildly, "I'd ruther you'd let that paint

alon' there on that rail. Wear an' tear 'll take it off in time, 'thout you pickin' at it." The captain turned again to his contemporaries, sweeping their semicircle with candid blue eyes. "I hate to see folks frettin' an' piddlin' with their fingers," he explained. "If a man 'ain't anything to make, let him set still an' not distroy."

The youth, abashed, was left to drop pebbles overside and watch the circles that widened on the water and set the sunlight fluttering in oozy, volatile spots of brightness under the vessel's quarter. But his question had started other circles widening in the conversation.

"Why don't you let her out to some one?" asked an old man who sat, with upright dignity, on the coil of hawsers. Of stiffer carriage than the others, and dressed in worn tweeds, with a stock collar, a rusty black string tie, and across his stomach a small cable of blonde hair braided into a watch-guard, he had an air of faded and uncouth smartness. His formal face, red nose, and smug white mutton-chop whiskers, wore the slow importance of the old school.

"Why don't you let her out?" he repeated. "Provided you're not going to sea yourself, Captain Christy, if you understand me."

The captain understood. He bent over his whittling till only his white beard showed below the brim of the rustic straw hat. Now he looked up, quick and shrewd. The boy in the Scotch cap was grinning once more. Deliberately the captain pulled his tall body from the chair, walked to the cabin door, fitted the hasp on the staple, thrust in the half-finished peg, eyed it with displeasure, and tugged it out. Then he turned to the company. Under shaggy white eyebrows, a curious fold of wrinkles in the upper lids gave his eyes a triangular appearance. They were very blue, and sharp, and whimsical.

"Mr. Beatty," he said to his questioner, "ye ain't cal'latin' to let any rooms to boarders an' mealers up to your house, are ye?"

A slow shock ran through the group. This question to the chief gentleman, of the chief residence, in the seaport! Mr. Beatty, outraged, sat glaring and pursing his mouth rapidly in a bewildered effort to frame the reply tremendous.

"No?" the captain resumed kindly. "No. Now I thought ye would n't, somehow. Well, ye see, same way I would n't let no one else take this schooner a v'yage. She 's mine, has be'n so thirty-seven year; an' Zing Turner an' me has sailed her everywheres coastwise, an' for a bo't o' her tonnage, consid'able deep-water." The captain's glance wandered off, across the sunlit floor of the harbor, past the dark fir-crowned islets, toward the dazzling path that led to open sea. "No, sir," he concluded calmly, "if I can't take her out, no one else ain't goin' to." He sat down again by the wheel, and cut critical shavings from the peg; and when Mr. Beatty would have pursued the subject further, he stopped it coldly. "If she went to sea, we all would n't be sittin' here enjoyin' life, for one thing."

Feet scuffled along the deck, and a new-comer, skirting the cabin, halted in the open space. He was a brown little man, of sun-dried aspect; under a drooping black rat-tail mustache, his teeth gleamed in a row of golden "crowns;" and the dismal, hollow contour of his face seemed to denote a weary cynicism, until one saw the dull good-humor of his eyes. Sunken and opaque, they contained a smoky gleam like bits of isinglass.

"Mornin', cap'n," he saluted, with an auriferous grin. "Say, the' ain't no weeck in the big lantrun. Kin I git one ashore, s'pose?" He spoke as if this schooner, idle for years, had just tied up at some bewildering foreign quay.

"Well, Zing," responded his captain, "you 'd ought to know by this time. But I guess you can git a weeck;—what between Tommy Carroll's rum-shop an' the town lockup, I guess you might git a fortni't."

A heavy chuckle moved round the

company, ending in a belated explosion of laughter from Bunty Gildersleeve. The mate was puzzled, then aggrieved.

"I don't touch a drop, cap'n," he appealed; "you know I don't, well enough."

"Course ye don't, Zing," the captain soothed him. "That was a joke."

The other returned serenely to his proposal: —

"Well, then I'll git one fer the lantrun?"

"Do so, Zing." The captain, solemnly ratifying it, returned to his peg.

The lean little man hopped from rail to wharf, and shuffled off toward the street.

After him Mr. Beatty stared with disapproval. "There goes the biggest fool in town," he dogmatized.

"Oh, no, he ain't," objected Captain Christy. "Beggin' your pardon, he ain't. The 's lots bigger fools, an' worse men, than Zwinglius Turner. He ain't quick, but he sticks by ye. He 's ben with me ever sence he was a orphan boy. An' while he ain't no navigator, he 's able, fer things aboard ship, ropes an' taykle an' gear, right under his nose. O' course" — the captain smiled indulgence. "Well, Zing Turner has be'n sailin' round here an' — elsewhere," — the captain waved generously towards the world, — "sailin' round for over twenty year, an' he don't know a landmark yet 'cept Hood's Folly Light, and that 's because his uncle kep' it all his life. I says to him one mornin' 'fore daylight, 'Where 's she layin', Zing?' an' says he, 'I-god, I dunno, cap'n, guess we 're off the Oak Bay River.' We was just passing L'Etang!"

His listeners laughed, slowly, incredulously.

"He don't so much as know their names yet," Captain Christy went on. "But for all that" —

The hollow bumping of an oar, and a hail from alongside, stopped the defense of Zwinglius.

"On deck, Rapscull'on!" croaked a hoarse voice. "Finnan haddies, all ready for the butter! Lobsters, praise the Lord, that'll put hair on yer chest and joy in yer soul! Cap'n Christy-God-bless-ye-brother-how-de-do? — Fresh clams, baked yisterday and dug to-morrer! — Ahoy!"

"Fisherman Gale 's in," said the captain.

The hoarse roar, which shattered the silence of the harbor, and reverberated along the water-front of gray shanties, came from a grizzled fisherman sculling a boat shoreward. Bending to his sweep, straddling a thwart smeared with blood and scales, a filthy giant in the bright sun, he stared up at the schooner's company, with black eyes shining fiery from an obscene tangle of gray elf-locks.

"The Good Lord bless ye," he croaked with a voice of despair. "May He keep ye all, bretherin. Haddick?"

The boat, rocking past, left a wake of ripples and a smell of fish stealing over the pale, hot surface of the harbor; the fisherman, bellowing to the empty street ahead, shot his offal-smeared craft under the Rapscallion's bowsprit, and made fast beside a rickety stair that mounted from the water into a patch of dusty burdocks. The men on the schooner left their host, the captain, and dispersed slowly, each one rising, stretching, clambering to the foot of the shrouds for a clumsy leap to the broken string-piece of the pier. Lazy and old, they straggled away to group themselves again in the burdock patch; unmoved by the fisherman's harangue, they deliberated over their fish for dinner; and presently, in a slow and scattered file of ones and twos, through the wide, glaring street of pink sand, moved homeward, each swinging by a bit of rope-yarn a scarlet lobster or a pale, limp haddock.

All but Captain Christy: he remained leaning with elbows on the schooner's rail, staring hard into the green depths, where sunfish wavered past, vague disks of bending pulp. Once he shook his head as if something would never do; once he cast a slow survey over his vessel, from stern davits to round, apple bow, from the gray old planks underfoot up to the

drooping dog-vane; but for a long time he leaned motionless, looking down at a black tress of seaweed in the water. At last, with something like a sigh, he turned away, and walked over to the cabin door.

He was staring at the finished peg in the staple, when Zwinglius Turner swung himself aboard, flapping a white strip of lantern-wick, and grinning.

"Zing," the captain began with a stern face; then stopped, and winked as if a weighty joke were to follow. "Zing, that's a fine mornin's work for a grown man."

The mate broadened his shining grin, much as a sleepy dog hastens the wagging of his tail at a word from the one beloved master. Then, after labor, —

"Better'n nothin', cap'n," he retorted cheerfully.

"Yes, that's it," said Captain Christy; "better'n nothin'. Well, let's lower away, Mr. Turner."

Together they lowered the dark mainsail, and made all snug. Deft, serious, a transfigured helper, Zwinglius was everywhere at once, working with swift economy of motion. When he had carried the boxes and chair into the cabin, shut the door, and hammered the peg home with his fist, he turned to find his captain waiting at the side. The old man ran his big, brown hand, in one passionate gesture, down over his bearded cheeks. Under the jutting penthouse fringe of white brows, his eyes were like dark pools with fire in them, — brightness playing over depth.

"Look here, you Zing Turner," he demanded harshly. "What d'ye mean by stayin' round here, marooned-like in this sort o' town, doin' nothin'? For four year you ain't done a tap, 'cept this kind o' foolin' — playin' at ship — for four year. What d'ye mean?"

The poor mate was stunned. He shifted his feet, looked up, down, and sidewise, fear slowly erasing his smile.

"Why, cap'n," he stammered. "Why, cap'n" — This sudden examination of a latent leading motive seemed to torture him. "Why — I dunno — why, I was jes' waitin' round till we went another voyage, cap'n — jes' kind o'"—

"That's it!" cried the old man. "There ye are, again, waitin' round an' waitin' round. 'Tain't no use, an' you know it. This schooner'll never put out no more, nor me neither. What's the use o' pretendin' to wait? You know how She feels about it."

The tirade stopped short, the fierce look vanished. "Ye see, Zing," he continued, with gentle gravity, "we could n't go, very well. She would n't want to be left, sick an' all. Women hev some queer idees, an' hev to be humored. Ain't like ships. You 'ain't no wife, Zing, now, hev ye? — An' I've kind o' promised. — It's stay here, I guess."

As they left the wharf, a bell, somewhere in the town, broke into loud clamor. At the sound, a rusty Newfoundland dog, sole figure in the street, roused himself from a sunbath on the pink sand, howled funereally, and slunk off among the gray buildings.

"Noon — most dinner-time," said Captain Christy. "Good-by, Zing. Same time to-morrer mornin'?"

"Yessir," said Zwinglius, cheerfully. The sore subject would not be touched on for another fortnight. Where land and wharf met the two men parted.

"Pollick, cap'n?" roared Fisherman Gale, from his deserted market among the broken fish-flakes. He mopped his forehead with a red bandanna, then whisked away the flies. "Pollick? Mackereel? — Glory amen! Shell clams an' finnan haddie! God bless ye, brother Christy! For His mercy indooreth forever!" he chanted in a hoarse rapture, to the silent village. "Satisfieth my mouth with good things, so that my youth is renooed like — like the American eagle, hey cap'n? — I al'ays loved the dear old stars 'n' stripes. What'll ye take home this noon? An' how's yer wife, that blessed sister? — lookin' young an' handsome as a wax doll, but a dear true follerer."

The captain approached, dredging

from a pocket his meagre handful of coins. He eyed the dirty fanatic with a mild pity.

"What's a haddie to-day, Cap'n Gale?" he said. "The Black Hawk minds her hellum just as clever, I s'pose?" And, by the habit of patience, he listened through the fisherman's wild outpouring, — each symptom of his crazy schooner, and body, and soul.

. . . "Doubts an' backslidin's, an' turrible cracklin's in the drums o' my head, like fish a-fryin'. But I persevere a-sailin' alone, an' keep her on the lubber p'int for heaven!" Gale concluded, and mopped his dirty beard.

Captain Christy nodded. Thrusting a big forefinger through the rope-yarn ring at the apex of the finnan haddie, and swinging his purchase meditatively, he moved away.

"Hold her to it, cap'n," he assented gravely. "That's the course for all of us."

In a grass-grown lane among the side-streets he clicked a wooden gate behind him, traversed a gravel path between two rows of conch shells, and stood upon his own doorsteps. At the sound of his tread a woman's voice called fretfully from within the house, —

"So you're back at last, after your gadding and gossiping? Time, I should say! Hope you've enjoyed yourself, because I've got a piece of news for you."

The captain shook his gray head wearily. On the iron bootscraper he cleaned his soles of imaginary dirt, and then entered the "front hall," stepping lightly on the checkered oilcloth.

In the sitting-room, from her pillowed chair beside a window-sill lined with vials, his wife turned on him her heavy, sallow face and malevolent eyes. To her hooked nose she held a camphor bottle, which she fitfully lowered and clapped into position again.

"I've made up my mind," she declared, between whiffs. "Now hark! You've wasted enough time among those good-for-nothings. You must sell that old hulk of a schooner."

II

"Well, just keep on as you do, then," shrilled his wife, at the close of a week's debate. By main force of nagging she had beaten down the captain's good-humored defense and reduced him to a state of unnatural brooding. "Keep on." She raised pious glances to the ceiling: "You'll only bring my white hairs to the grave."

They were really of a yellowish gray, screwed tightly up in unreverend knobs and horns; nor did their descent to the tomb appear more imminent than ever before in thirty years of hypochondria; but they served her rhetoric.

The captain, studying the fluffy plumes of dried pampas grass over the mantel, was moved to take a rare measure, and to his mind an ignoble.

"I don't want to talk about — anything I've done, Carrie," was his apology; "but after stayin' home from sea so many year to please you, it ain't likely I'll go leave you now. I ain't a boy," he suggested, with another vain appeal to humor, "I ain't a boy that can run away to sea no longer."

"Hark!" cried the invalid sharply. "Now who's saying you were? What *I* complain of, and any woman *would* complain of, is for you to spend all your time aboard her, idling and gossiping, and leave your wife here alone at home."

This was Position Number Two. If he should reply that every morning, after an hour of frustrate conversation, she told him to clear out and let her rest a while, then the discussion would shift to Number Three: "A woman can't always sit and hear the same person saying the same things." This would lead easily to Position Four: "Neighbors? A fine lot of neighbors! — Why did I ever come to live in this place, among such a set of people?" And that would be the last move; for Captain Christy, knowing the neighborhood opinion on this very point, had never found the heart to answer.

Thus the game would end in a kind of stale-mate.

"It ain't worth arguin'," he sighed.

"Of course not," snapped his wife. "It's only a question of my peace and health, or your idle pleasure."

And therefore, through another week of dreary weather, among her vials, and beside window-panes laced with raindrops or blanketed with white fog, she sat and argued sourly.

To know the forgotten, obliterated motives which, in that other world of the past, had joined these two in mutual captivity, would be to read tablets long expunged, to trace beach-wandering footprints after many tides, to restore the drifted volutes in last winter's snow. "How did *he* marry *her?*" was an old question of indignant, amused, or speculative neighbors; with no more answer than neighbors have ever found to that mystery which — *saevo cum joco* — has for ages paired and shackled the unmatched of body and of spirit. Mrs. Christy herself wondered about it openly, redundantly, and with self-reproach; but her husband either saw no disparity, or was loyal to some youthful belief, some illusion of Rachel in the days before he woke to find that it was Leah.

Only once had he allowed himself a retort. As an exalted "U. E. Loyalist," the invalid passed all her reading hours among courts and coronets. Declaiming a paragraph about the Marquis of Lorne, she drew from the captain a cheerful admission: —

"Never heard of him."

"Never heard —!" she sniffed contemptuously. "Next you'll say you've never heard of the Queen!"

"Oh, yes," said the captain, "yes, I have. By all accounts, she must be a real nice old lady."

"You! — you!" cried the reader, choking. "You dare to speak of Her Majesty so! You — oh! You miserable — Yankee!" A wild torrent of words followed: an angry lecture on irreverence, a more angry history of "my Family, the Defews," and how they had left "your vulgar Yankee colonies, to be loyal to the Crown." — "Oh, why did they let me marry such people?"

"People?" smiled the captain. "That's bigamy, my dear."

"Oh," she moaned, "if I'd only known what I was about!"

"Well," he replied slowly, "*I* had no idee I was marryin' the whol' Royal Family."

As days passed, the argument over the schooner grew acute and dangerous. Perversity, it may have been; or a cruel whim of the spleen; or, perhaps, that veiled force which moves below so much of human action, — jealousy. The captain was seen no more about the wharves; now and then, in brief appearance on the streets, he trudged heavily, like a workingman at the end of day, and studied the pink sand before his path, with a gaze deep, introverted, unseeing. There at his feet lay in question the last surviving joy of his life.

Once he stopped his former mate before the post office.

"Zing," he said pointblank, "what d' ye say if we 'd sell the vessel?"

Zwinglius looked at him shyly, embarrassed, silent, as at some high priest who might propound a sacrilegious riddle.

"Why," he faltered, "I dunno — What fer, cap'n?"

"May come to that," rejoined Captain Christy, and passed on, cloaked in sorrowful enigma.

The increasing storm in his house, and distress in his mind, made him spend a serene morning of Indian summer in painting his front steps. The house, shipshape with white clapboards and green shutters, stood out so trig and Yankee-fashion among the dove-gray houses of the town, that it might have looked too virtuous, too spruce, had not a vine traced runic patterns over the windows, and the sunlight, through a stalwart yellow birch, poured flickering changes along the whole front, like the play of kindly expression

on a plain face. Nor did the steps, that mounted from between the files of pearl-mouthed conch shells, need even a touch of restoration. But the captain worked slowly, painting them a vivid azure.

Tapping two brushes against an axe-helve, he had begun to spatter thick dots of black and white, when a voice calling made his tall frame straighten and turn toward the gate.

"Good-morning, Captain Christy!" Against the pickets leaned the slim body of a girl, and over them, like a hardy, trim-poised flower, her bare head, — a sun-browned face, gentle and serious, but lighted with merry eyes, and breezily crowned with willful brown hair.

"Mornin', Joyce," replied the captain, fixing on her a whimsical look, at once benevolent and stern.

"What are you doing that for?" she asked reproachfully, and pointed at the brushes and the bedaubed axe-helve. In guilty silence the captain laid them athwart his paint-bucket, and approached the gate.

"Oh, nothin'," he answered, looking paternally down at her face of mischief, and then up airily at the heavens. "Sort of a kill-time. Lovely mornin', ain't it?"

"You bad old man," laughed the girl, threatening with a graceful finger. "'I have heard of your paintings, too.' Every time you paint, Father Captain, there's something up, is n't there? — What are you fretting about now?"

"Oh, nothin'," repeated the mariner, like a schoolboy. With great artfulness he inquired, "What's that book under your arm, Joyce? More fiddlesticks, I s'pose?"

His big, tattooed thumbs split open the stubborn pages.

"Humph! Verses," he commented. "Tell by the way they're printed, — loose ends all to sta'board. What's this?"

"It's about a great sailor," said Joyce. He read aloud: —

"I am a part of all that I have met;
Yet all experience is an arch wherethro'
Gleams that untravell'd world whose margin fades
For ever and for ever when I move."

"Why, that's *true!*" cried the old man. This, his tone implied, was the last thing to have been expected. As he turned back and read the noble lines from the first, his eyes glistened, and above the white beard his cheeks slowly flushed.

"One o' the best things I ever read!" he declared recklessly. "Don't care if 't is a poem!"

At the close he sighed.

"Why, anybody might think just like that, — a little fancy, p'raps, but — just like that."

His brown fingers, bent over many a rope, cramped at many a helm, closed the book gently.

"Read as much o' him as you like, my girl."

Joyce laughed, but her brown eyes, watching the heavy-hewn old face above her, shone as with young love and worship of a sage. These chats with the captain were somehow like glimpses of communion with the father and mother whom she had been too little to know; in her vision he remained, through the faith-shaken trials of her youth, "like a great sea-mark standing every flaw."

"Father Captain," she said, after a silence, "what *were* you painting again for?"

"Oh, well," he answered, with an uneasy shift, "ye see, She's kind o' poorly. Took to her bed again."

"Oh, I'm sorry," replied the girl. Her manner became constrained and timid. "Is — is there anything I can do? I'd come in and see her if — if there was."

Both understood the futility of that offer.

"No, thank ye, Joyce," said the captain. "Don't know the' is. Thank ye. How 's the organ play now, sence I mended it?"

"Oh, it's beautiful," she cried, with evident relief. "You made it almost like new. There's only one bad wheeze now. You stopped the worst rumble."

"That's good," he said. "I'll come hear ye play nex' Sunday, — if She's all right by then."

He watched the girl as with light-footed swing she passed down the grass-grown street. "Clears the ground like — like a filly," he grumbled, his eyes twinkling affection.

"It makes me want to cry!" Joyce told herself, while she hurried along, her cheeks glowing and her fists clenched. "Taken to her bed! That old Dragon! Ugh!"

When she had turned a corner, the captain moved heavily back to the steps and bent again to his task of spattering.

Once he straightened up, to look dreamily toward the harbor, where aslant a sunken ridgepole and tumbled chimney rose a well-beloved topmast.

"Hmm! That sailorman," he mused, — "Ulysses, she said it was, — would n't mind doin' like him. . . . Left his wife, though, did n't he? Humph! Not for me, no more."

The careful process of maculation finished, he made a barrier of two kegs and a plank, with large letters — "P-A-I-N-T" — to warn a neighborhood whose habit of calling there had ceased years ago.

When he entered, a peevish voice issued from the open door of the bedchamber.

"I s'pose you expect me to sleep all this time? — Tap-tap-tap! rap-rap-rap! — what were you puttering about?"

"Paintin' the steps," said the captain serenely.

"Painting the steps!" came a scornful echo. "Hark! — They don't need it more 'n the cat needs another tail!"

The captain maintained a long silence. He added a stick of maple to the parlor fire, then took a letter from his pocket, and stood reading. The single sheet appeared to require study; at last he shook his head and drew a weary breath. His next attempt at cheerfulness was plainly forced.

"Might be kind o' fun to have it, though," he remarked.

"What?" called the invalid; and after a pause, fretfully, "Have what?"

"Another tail," said the captain, in an absent voice, scanning his letter again.

A mutter of impatient words — "sense" . . . "second childhood" . . . "idiot" — came from the sickroom. The captain's great shoulders squared in a slow, patient heave, as he smoothed the page. It ran in crabbed scrawl, along guide-lines ruled in pencil: —

SQUAW POOL
Mascarene isld.

CAPT. CHRISTIE, ESQ, —

dear sir, yrs. of 16eth to hand and contents noted, in reply will start wensday fortnit per stmr. Auroaria and take schr. at yr. termes as per yrs. of 16eth. and wd. say, wd. hev ansd. soonar but ben suffring from stummick troble but she will suit me fine for smoakwood trade so hopeing you are well I will close from

Yr. Obdt. Servt.
JNO. FOLLANSBEE.

To every man, except smug and petty persons ignored by destiny, comes at least one message — a friendly letter, a passing whisper in a crowded room, a shrewd, cold document clicked off in purple type, the word of a breathless runner, a speech-mangled telegram, or a shout from a boat alongside in the dark — to strike a blow which is the be-all and the end-all for some cherished way of life. More than once he reads the written decree, or in echoing memory hears the spoken; and while coming to believe and deeply understand that a strange hour has struck, that his life has swung into a new cycle whose grief lies onward and whose joy behind, he must — alone, with the thing in his pocket or the words in his head — work at a desk, or navigate a ship, or chat with strangers, or walk floors, or sit in theatres, or paint steps. Slowly, therefore, but with fixed heart and equal mind, the captain had accepted his message in its finality.

"I don't see exac'ly how I'll do with-

out her," he reflected. His tall bulk filling the little window, he looked out once more at the distant topmast, and summarized the remainder of his old age. "It'll be like — like haulin' in on a slack rope — with nothin' at the end. But I must 'a' been kind o' selfish, frettin' Her about it so long."

Treading lightly, he entered the sick-room, to make his offering.

"Well, Carrie," he announced jovially, "guess this'll interest ye."

"I'm not deef," replied his consort, who sat propped among pillows, her sallow, hostile face appearing, under a white nightcap, like the sinister freak of some ill-omened masquerade. "I'm not deef. You no need to shout so." She frowned upon the letter for a space. "Well, you're lucky," she continued. "He must be a fool, to want that hulk. What a scribble! — Take it away; it hurts my eyes. Ever going to bring me something to eat? If I can have anything that's fit to touch, I may get up this afternoon."

Thus, past the grimace of many a strange idol, the smoke of sacrifice mounts to the true acceptance.

III

Inside the cabin, neatly sombre with dark brown woodwork, it was neither day nor night. An old brass lamp against a bulkhead, stirring in the gimbals at the petty shock of harbor waves, cast a tremulous evening glow on the Mongol face of Zwinglius Turner, who sat on the lower stairs; but the venerable rough head of the captain, who stood upright, caught a dull gleam — slanting down from tiny barred windows frost-white with fog — as from some wintry, dungeon-like dawn. The captain's air was of business and reflection; the mate's that heavy, embarrassed gloom, half melancholy decorum and half fidgets, seen in figures who line the walls at a rustic funeral.

His master contemplated a picture that he had just unscrewed from the bulkhead, — a discolored likeness of a patient, heroic face.

"Abra'm Lincoln," he said, laying it on the table. "Follansbee won't want him. I do."

He stooped into the warm lamplight and shadow of the lower level, rummaged in a locker, and, drawing out various treasures, heaped them on the table.

"Now this" — it was an ancient swallow-tail burgee, red and white — "I'll ask him if I can keep this. . . . Spare lead-line, — well, that's part o' the fittin's; that's his." A bundle of old saffron pamphlets thumped the table, and sent up a thin cloud of dust. "Leave him those for readin', — Farmer's Almanacs: the back of 'em has rafts o' good riddles and ketches." Then followed a small graven image in black tamarind wood, handfuls of cowrie shells, a shark-tooth necklace, a fly-whisk, the carved model of a Massoola boat, a Malay kriss, a paper of fish-hooks, and a brass telescope. The captain's hands ransacked the farthest corners of the locker; they stopped suddenly; his face became very grave.

"Can't have this, anyway," he said, in a voice changed and troubled. He drew forth a red and blue worsted doll, badly stained, with one boot-button eye. "No, by James Rice, he can't!" muttered the captain passionately. He sat down on the edge of his bunk, as in the black mouth of a crypt, and, bunching his beard in one gnarled fist, regarded sadly the absurd puppet in the other.

"I never expected to take this out again, somehow," he said, in a vacant tone of soliloquy. "She put it away in there herself — nigh on to forty year ago. You don't go so far back, do ye, Zing? I remember when it fell overboard; young Kit Chegwidden over after it. My, how Eunice cried! Then she kissed him for savin' it. A clever boy, Kit: master o' the Jennie Gus now, and children of his own. Time goes quick" —

The old man, still grasping the doll gently, stared downward as if through

the floor shadows he saw into the deep void of the past.

"Don't think I could 'a' stood ever seein' St. Thomas again after that" —

He was thinking of the only voyage his wife had made with him, and of Eunice, their only child. With solemn inward vision, evoked by the touch of a lank worsted doll, he recalled the sultry nights of watching and heartbreak in this very cabin, the flush of the fever in the child's cheeks, the gleaming disorder of her bright hair on the pillow, the glare of tropic sun on a white-hot deck, their silent group at the rail, the trembling of a little black book, the lofty words of consolation, so hard to read aloud, so much harder to believe when that frail object, intolerably precious, was committed to the unstirring, blank, august emptiness of ocean.

"Zing, I can't bear to sell her," whispered the old man. Fumbling as if blind, he put away the doll in a breast pocket. "I can't bear to."

Zwinglius cleared his throat, said nothing, shifted his boots. In a heavy silence that grew tangible, he rose and slowly withdrew up the stairs, disappearing in a cloudy square of white which the closing door blotted out noiselessly.

The captain, alone, sat staring down into the dark pool of bygone years.

Outside, stumping hoofs passed slowly down the pier, a clatter of loose planks, and the doleful mooing of cattle. Shouts rose: "Gangway there! Hurrup!" Footsteps pounded the deck, and past the window broad shadows flitted, swiftly intersecting. But Captain Christy sat oblivious; not until the door flew open with a resounding jar, and in the haze above stood a pair of short, heavy-booted legs, did he slowly rise from his dream.

"Sour and thick!" shouted a hoarse voice. A burly little man began to clamber down, driving before him into the lamplight a thin aureole of fog. "Sour and thick!" he muttered, as he gained the floor. Unwinding a shepherd's muffler, he disclosed a swarthy, black-bearded face and twinkling eyes. "Sour and thick, Cap'n Christy! A spewy day. Joe 'eenamost drove his cows over the bank. But I'll get her off now — ketch this ebb — drop down's fur as Lord's Nubble: one cow for the lightkeeper there — find my way that fur blindfold, so long's she can cut the fog, hey?" He laughed, as if at a pleasant fancy.

These plans for an alien future seemed hardly to touch the captain's mind.

"The 's some things there on the table, Cap'n Follansbee," he said quietly. "Anything you don't want kep', I'll take home."

"Curios, hey?" boomed the new master. He grinned at them like a good little pirate disdainful of plunder. "No, no, cap'n! Souverins o' foreign parts, eh? No, no, you keep 'em all. Good snug cabin, this, — fustrate!"

"Well, those almanacs," urged the captain, stowing the keepsakes away in spacious pockets. "Now you take those, go ahead. Ain't noo, o' course, — ketches and rebuses just as good, — lots o' facts, too."

"All right. Thank ye," said the other heartily. "I don't care. They'll keep my mind from evil thoughts."

"Time I was ashore," Captain Christy mumbled. He searched the cabin with one long look, as though to add this last to the scenes that thronged in his old memory; then preceded his brother mariner into the fog.

At the rail the two shook hands. Captain Christy looked down, with lips compressed, as if something hurt.

"She's a clever bo't, Cap'n Follansbee," he said. "Treat her kind, now, won't ye?" And he swung himself over to the pier.

"Like — like a kitten!" shouted the younger man, already busied with ropes. "Here, Joe, ye stootchit, bear a hand with the spring!" The gap widened between her side and the pier-spilings. "Like a kitten!"

For the first time in years the schooner moved slowly outward along the wharf.

A tow-rope over her bow rose taut, fell slack, — jerking from out the heart of the fog the smoky outline of a boat with waving oars, — rose dripping, and ran taut again into blank whiteness. Captain Christy, Zwinglius, and a knot of loungers, walked alongside the ship out to the final snub-posts. Her stern loomed large, grew veiled and insubstantial, dissolved; and with the "chock-chock" of oars and lowing of disconsolate cows, the Rapscallion had become a name and pictured vanity of the past. The breath of her departure swept their dim group on the pier, in ponderous-rolling smoke as of some cold, noiseless battle.

"Why did n't ye go with her, Zing?" said the captain suddenly. "Follansbee promised me to offer ye the place."

The mate turned his face away; but for the first time in history he made a blunt answer.

"Did n't want to," he declared. This plunge made him dare another boldness. "Come on home now, cap'n. No more to see."

"Well, cap'n, all over," called Bunty Gildersleeve, lurching up beside them, his beard a frosty silver with the damp. "Ye know, I kind o' miss her already. W'arf don't seem the same."

"Do ye?" replied Captain Christy, in a dazed fashion. "Yes, that's so." He stared into the fog. "All over," he repeated mechanically.

As he tramped homeward, the noon bell tolled dismally. School children, cowed by the cold mist, pattered by in a solemn little flock. Through the obscurity heaved a larger blur, — Joyce, their teacher, herding them.

The captain's vacant answer to her hail, his apathy as they walked on together, made Joyce linger at the gate to ask: —

"How is Mrs. Christy to-day?"

"Better, thank ye. 'Pears to be all right now, for some little time. Thank ye. Up and about, ye know."

"That's good," said Joyce. After a pause she asked: "Oh, captain, is it true, what they tell me, that you're going to sell the schooner?" Her tone and aspect were of the utmost innocence.

"Hev sold it," he replied curtly. As she had hoped, he caught no drift between her two questions; but the cloud that settled over the kind old face made her repent of the strategy. "She went out this mornin's ebb," he continued. "Got a fair price, though."

Joyce had to break the silence.

"I'm glad Mrs. Christy's feeling better," she ventured lamely. "Has she — did she get outdoors on any of those pleasant days last week?"

"She don't go out much any time," said the captain with regret. "That's why she seems so much better now — better 'n I've seen her for a long time — talks o' goin' to visit Up the Line."

As this phrase meant anywhere between Cape Sable and Toronto, Joyce looked puzzled.

"Her fam'ly, the Defews," he explained. "She's kep' writin' to 'em — I mean," he added in confusion, "they've kep' writin' to her to come up and visit. She says we can afford it now that — afford it better 'n we could."

The girl's eyes grew very wide and round.

"Of course you'll be going too?" she conjectured.

"Me?" said the captain, amazed; "Lord, no!"

Some strong emotion, following all this enlightenment, compelled Joyce to cut their interview short.

"I hope she'll enjoy it." She spoke stiffly, and turned away, prim with self-restraint. "Good-morning, captain."

"Now what did I say to make her mad?" wondered Captain Christy, watching as the fog veiled and enveloped her. "I'm sorry — Humph! — Funny critters."

Still perplexed over this, and downcast from the morning's work, he navigated among the autumnal stalks in the little garden, stopped to see if his hydrangea had shaken off its last petals,

and then, skirting round to the back door, entered his workshop. Here a bench, of spinster-like neatness, ran athwart a noble confusion: old coats, oilskins, boots, lined the walls like votive offerings after shipwreck; in the window a frigate-bird, badly stuffed, perked a vicious bill as if to puncture the balloon breast of a dried sea-robin; and in the corners, over the floor, on shelves, lay heaps of nautical rubbish, — bits of chain, pots of dried paint, resin, and tar, broken oars, coiled ropes, and a mound of gear, — double, clew-line, long-tackle, and snatch-blocks, — like a cairn raised to mark an ended activity.

The captain had emptied his pockets of their "souverins," and, with one hand thrust in breast-high, was considering where to bestow the worsted doll, when the door from the kitchen opened, and Mrs. Christy stood looking in. Fortune, good or ill, had chosen this heavy-hearted moment of the captain's meditation.

"Who was that you were talking to?" she demanded, curiosity qualifying the wonted disapproval in her tone.

"Oh, that was Joyce," replied the captain, from a distance of thought.

"Again!" snapped his wife. A shadow of ill-will gathered on her heavy features. "Always gadding round with her, or some young woman. At your age of life, too!"

For the first time in many days, the captain's temper sounded in his voice.

"Come, Carrie, don't be foolish," he commanded sharply. "Don't say things you don't mean." He spoke more gently: "Joyce is a fine girl, and I'm master fond of her. Seems like a daughter, — a'most."

"Oh, so I'm a fool, am I?" inquired Mrs. Christy with bitterness. "Thank you. And next I s'pose you'll remind me that we have n't any children of our own" —

"Carrie," interrupted the old man, with a sad look, indescribable and penetrating. The faint color of aged, wintry emotion flushed in his cheeks above the white beard. "I did n't think you'd speak like this — rememberin' — well, rememberin' little Eunice."

Thus began another causeless battle, obscure, long-drawn, unworthy, involved in everyday matters, acts, words, looks, silences, petty in themselves, but — as hovel, or hedge, or waterhole in greater warfare — invested with the unhappy dignity of conflict. The captain craved only peace; it was his wife who found the pretexts and broke the truces, with the aimless, chronic hostility that had become her nature and occupation.

The townspeople had already discussed her projected visit "Up the Line;" as bare autumn was freezing into winter they learned, with the gradual shock of placid minds, that she had gone, declaring her purpose never to come back. "If she said it, she'll keep her word," the gossips decided, with deep knowledge of her character. Witnesses who had watched her embark in Sam Tipton's stage proved that she had said it repeatedly, loudly, in glib succession.

"She won't come back," Sam deposed, with a valedictory oath. "Am I sure? Hope so, anyway. I hat to drive her twenty mile."

Zwinglius Turner, when first cornered, was unsatisfactory. "No — that's right — she's gone fer good," he stammered, with a shy, golden grin. But his wish was too plainly father to that thought.

The captain himself supplied the final evidence. One chill and sparkling November day Mr. Gildersleeve found him pacing the empty wharf. His step was laggard, his carriage perceptibly older, and, though on a week day, he bore his Malacca stick with the carbine-cartridge ferule.

"The sea is powerful callin', ain't it?" he asked thoughtfully. Side by side they looked across the dancing sunlight of the harbor to the black fir islands patched with snow. "Powerful callin'. The's lots o' clumsy beggars aboard o' bo'ts, too. — Ye know, Bunty, the roughest

part is, I might jus' as well kep' the vessel, *after* all."

It was the first time that his friend had ever heard him speak bitterly.

IV

The swift invasion of winter had changed the cosy village, and the autumnal land whose Northern strength was more than beauty, into a huddling camp, a bare, angular outpost against cold desolation. The harbor lay dull and blackened, as though winter-killed; scattered islets shone like alabaster domes of drowned mausoleums; along the foreshore the wharves ran in bony snowbanks across gleaming slopes and valleys of thin, sallow ice, which at the hidden work of tides in clear morning silences surprised the bleak solitude with little, far-heard noises of straining, crashing, tinkling, as if invisible wanderers among the hummocks were to smash through areas of glass. At long intervals the dirty sails of a schooner crawled along the lifted skyline. The ragged granite of the mountains, sharp against an Italian blue of winter skies, bore white symbols, gigantic and undecipherable; their sides were burnt brown, charred bitterly, cut with long scars of snow; from their bases the bare hills, ridged with undulating spines of buried fences, and rearing now and then the Christmas spire of a lonely evergreen, sloped away to the glitter of the fields and the pink haze of lowland alders. Only the promontories ran their great nebs down into the sea, steadfast in stern verdure, scorning to change with seasons or with centuries.

For hours, for half-days, nothing stirred in the main street of the seaport, except a wraith of powdery snow. The ocean wind, on howling nights, had by the freaks of its own will heaped drifts against windows, or swept the frozen road bare to the fossil hoofprints from the age of summer. Rarely, and strangely, as if down and out from the painted vista of a stage background, appeared a man trudging, a mittenful of snow held to his ear, and his beard fringed with shapeless beads of ice. Such figures, without exception, paused under a barber-pole that threatened the path from above a window where a lighted lamp kept the frost melting. They kicked the snow from their boots, and entered.

Mr. Laurel's shop, or parlor, was a winter club by day and night. He was a ruddy, solemn little Figaro, whose apron bulged over a comfortable stomach, and above whose ear perched always his professional comb. Inordinate smoker and debater, local authority on music, he shone in these long days when — as Bunty Gildersleeve expressed it — there was "nuthin' but sit by the fire and drink whiskey and tell lies." Whenever discussion drooped, someone called out, "Give us a toon, now, come." And Mr. Laurel, washing his hands with an extravagance of soap and drying them fastidiously on the shop napkin, opened an ancient case in a corner, and sat down before his musical glasses. He waved circles of practice in the air, bent over, and, touching the clustered rims reverently, drew forth thin, vocal harmonies of surprising sweetness. The concert always began with *Home, Sweet Home*, or *Forsaken;* always ended with *Old Black Joe*, when the artist, swaying backward, was lost in his work. "You can hear ut sayin' the words," he breathed, yearning with tearful rapture toward the ceiling. The audience, respectful, soothed, in wreaths and layers of thick smoke from clay pipes, formed a circle of serious, weatherbeaten faces, of big legs crossed luxuriously, of protruding boot-toes that gently waggled to the rhythm of the harmonica.

Their talk circumnavigated the realms of free speculation:—what best cured the bots; whether King Solomon might not have known about electricity; whether hairs could be changed to water-serpents; whether heroes of the Fenian raid should have medals; what might be the properest way of building a weir; whether ministers were better than other folks; and

what place good dogs have in the Hereafter.

Frequently upon these abstract thoughts broke in a loud scuffle and a hoarse muttering at the door, and old Gale the fisherman stumped in, filthy, red-eyed, bearded with icicles, strangely invested in a chafed leathern reefer and a bell-crowned silk hat, like some Ancient Mariner of low farce.

"Hallelujah!" he croaked inconsequently, shifting a feeble glare about the room. "Rejoice, bretherin!"

"Mornin', doctor," they replied. "How the patients this cold spell?"

"Healt the sick and cast out divils," recited the old man, as if struggling hoarsely against a storm that defeated his shouts. "Causin' the blind to walk and the lame to clap their hands. No credit to me, bretherin. Providence done it. Praise the Lord! Who's got a fig o' tabacca?"

To become a doctor was the fisherman's mode of hibernating. A fat book — "Cost me five dollar!" he roared — which contained as frontispiece an M. D.'s diploma perforated at the edge, to be torn out and framed; a black oilcloth bag, holding bottles and boxes, — "Opydeldock, hartshorn, medder-sage, black cohosh, tinction o' nitre, arnicky;" and a tall, rusty silk hat which called forth reminiscences of Mr. Beatty as a young bridegroom, — with nothing more, he annually joined the noble army of Hippocrates. The wonder was that, although these sources of his dignity were simple and known, the doctor found a patient or two nearly every season. The first reproach of all physicians he had silenced this winter, by healing himself: "them turr'ble cracklin's in the drums o' my head, I stopped 'em all with the marrer of a hog's jaw."

"Jawbon' of an ass, ye mean," growled Bunty Gildersleeve.

But even he was impressed by the historical fact that old Mr. Lightborn, a farmer Up the Line, had sent down a home-made diagnosis of his daughter's case, when she had shown a distressing fondness for "a idel, dangers man, a drunkart and a gamboler."

"I sent 'er a love-philter," bellowed the doctor. "Took it in her tea and knew no better! Fixed 'er up! Hallelujah!"

And indeed, all knew that Miss Lightborn had shortly transferred her passion to a quiet young man of considerable property, out on the Ridges.

Or perhaps, when the medical fisher had been quieted with the loan of a tobacco-pipe, their talk wandered into foreign lands. Captain Christy came in seldom now, and said almost nothing; so Mr. Gildersleeve, second only to him as a great traveler, bore off the honors.

"And so we run clos' in, and fired our muskuts right amongst the bazarr there on the shore, and wore ship and stood out to sea," he would conclude.

"But how could ye git along," propounded the skeptical Mr. Laurel, "in them foreign places where they dunno how to talk?"

"Learnt the lingo," drawled the storyteller scornfully. "Wha'd ye think? Follerin' the sea, a man picks up lots o' the dead languages."

"Give us some Dutch," challenged a listener.

"Wee gates," said Bunty, with readiness. "Much as to say, 'How's the boy?' — I know some Spanish, too."

"Let's hear ye," scoffed the barber, in a tone of profound unbelief.

"Addy Oats," was the reply.

"Who's she?" asked several voices.

"Way them Dons says 'good-by,'" he explained. "And they go fricasseein' round with therr hats, so — Many the time I watched 'em doin' ut in Barrcelony."

"What's the French like?" another demanded.

"Quiddlety," pronounced the linguist.

"Oh, get out with ye," cried Mr. Laurel, honing a razor contemptuously. "'T ain't. I've heard 'em myself, up at Troy's Pistols one summer. 'T ain't the least bit like ut."

"Captain Christy," appealed Mr. Gil-

dersleeve with dignity, "ain't that how the Crapos ask ye what time o' day ut is? Come, now."

The captain roused slowly from another revery; his vision returned to present objects, and with absent-minded tolerance he replied, —

"Yes, that's right, so fur 's I know, Bunty."

But his face seldom lighted nowadays; he soon withdrew into caverns of deep-eyed silence; and perhaps would neither speak nor stir again until the clangor of the noon bell startled the winter air and broke up their morning session. Even when he returned to the cottage, which he and Zwinglius now kept together by strict rule of shipboard, his unshared thought still enfolded him as clouds about a mountain castle.

Though all the village noticed this change, none grieved so heartily as Joyce. On Sundays, from the tiny organ-loft of the church, she looked down with ineffectual pity on the tall figure below, the broad, spare shoulders slightly bent, the great white head, anointed with a wine-red stain from a window-shaft of sunlight. And when at her touch "St. Ann's" quavered from the doddering organ, she listened for the brave old bass that vibrated beneath the other voices, strong as a deep-sea current: —

> "Time like an ever-rolling stream
> Bears all its sons away:
> They fly forgotten, as a dream
> Dies at the opening day.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> "O God, our help in ages past,
> Our hope for years to come,
> Our shelter from the stormy blast,
> And our eternal home."

Yes, thought the girl as she played, he was without fear and strongly comforted; but the youthful sense of justice rebelled within her, and, forgetting the stern conditions of this our race, she wondered why he, who kept the faith, could not finish the course without the burden of a late sorrow. She longed for a chance to lighten it.

And so when one day the captain, chopping a frozen log, cut his foot with a glancing blow, it was not wholly a misfortune. With an excuse to leave her lodgings at Mrs. Gildersleeve's, she at once moved into the captain's house, took charge, and managed the restless prisoner like a child.

"Now don't you dare," she commanded, before each morning tramp to school, "don't you dare take it down off that chair! Stand by!"

"Aye, aye," returned the captain comfortably. He sat by the window, the bandaged foot elevated on cushions, and one of her books at his elbow. "Stand by it is, marm!" And when she reached the gate again at noon, a big hand waving in the window showed him still at his post.

It was a happy time in the little house; the cloud descended sometimes on the captain, but more rarely and briefly. There were long evenings when Zwinglius rolled out to gather news at Laurel's; when age and youth sat together trading confidences, slowly, with many intervals; when the clock ticked, the Northern Spies roasted sputtering between the andirons, the wood fire purred for snow, or a frosty nail started like a pistol shot in the night.

"And now why," Joyce questioned, as if their talk had not faltered, "why do they seem to think young people are always happy, and all that? I think we're more perplexed and troubled than older ones, and selfish — Yes, I do — and — and often cruel."

"Oh, that's all right," declared the captain, nodding wisely, as if to dismiss a trifle. "Ye must enjoy yourself while you're young. 'T ain't right not to. And then when ye git to be old — well, the's lots o' nice things about bein' old, too. Lots. Only fault I got to find with it is that things won't stop a while for ye — only a — sort o' — breathin' spell while ye can set and watch everything jest as 't is — and see friends happy, and — No; things clip right along. That's all seems hard. They don't stop nor stay for ye."

The hand of the tall clock crawled

through a quarter circle before either spoke again.

"Now me," the captain mused. A burnt log crashed into a ruin of rosy coals that lit up his whimsical smile. "I be'n master sulky these days. Ever sence I sold the vessel — and She went."

Joyce reached up from her hassock, and captured one of his big fingers on the chair-arm.

"Master sulky," he continued. "The Book says, 'There remaineth a rest.' I know, too. That's so. But not yet, ye see, not right now. Work — that's what I want. As young 's I ever felt, and can't give up the sea yet a while. Why, ye would n't think, Joyce, the time I lay awake nights thinkin' how much I want to go another v'yage or two."

"I wish you could," said the girl sorrowfully.

"P'raps I may, some time," he responded. "Kind o' hev a feelin' it 'll come about. Now, if I had a ship this minute a-layin' at the foot o' King Street in St. John, why, Wood and Guthrie 'd give me a cargo. Yes, sir! They know me. That's what 'ud happen. Hmm! So good 't won't come true."

Although the lame foot soon grew sound again, they found their evenings too pleasant to forego. The captain begged, worthy Mrs. Gildersleeve took his side, and Joyce was glad enough to remain in what seemed to be her first home. The winter crept along, through blind storm and freezing brightness.

One day, as Captain Christy sat at breakfast, Zwinglius darted in, stuttering, —

"She — she — she — she 's nosin' round galley-west and crookit, cap'n! Nobody can't make out what she 's aimin' fer to do!"

"Who?" the captain asked severely.

"Why, this here ship," stammered the mate. "She 's a-gormin' round the bay, — three ways fer Sunday."

The captain strode to the entry, fought his way into an overcoat, hauled down the ear-laps of his enormous cap, and marched outdoors. The mate trotted behind him down the windswept road, dangling a brace of fat overshoes, which he begged the captain to put on.

Puffs of light breeze chased thin snow-veils along the petrified ruts, twirled them upward in faint spirals, strewed them suddenly broadcast. A white hill that bared its smooth contour beyond the town, smoked with vapors of snow that — clinging close as the steam about the body of a sweating horse — rose slowly, and shifted against the lemon glare of an arctic sun. Beyond the foot of the slope, where the dead vista of the street broke wide upon the harbor, a brigantine lay motionless, in stays, her scant canvas sagging in black-shadowed wrinkles.

A knot of men watched her from the verge of the yellow beach ice.

"What d' ye think, cap'n?" called Bunty, as the two approached. "What kind o' didos they cuttin' up aboarrd her? See, there they go ag'in!"

The brigantine fell off on a short, aimless leg as if to run down a group of landward isles, slatted up in irons again, came about on the opposite tack, made nothing but leeway, and at last, — when the company of numb watchers, beating arms and stamping, had turned away in disgust from her drunken repetition, — she suddenly went off, caught the wind abaft her beam, and stood out to sea.

All morning speculation ran riot at Laurel's; and when, that afternoon, the brigantine reappeared, to knock about as before, they could have pitched their excitement no higher for Captain Kidd and his Jolly Roger.

"If she wants to stave a hole in her bottom" — began Captain Christy; he stopped short, and spoke no more that afternoon, but with shining eyes paced back and forth, fidgeted, chuckled strangely. His conduct, amazing his friends, added to that day's mysteries.

While the sun was still two hours aloft, a boat put off from the brigantine, pulled shoreward, and landed a solitary passen-

ger, — a mean-faced little man in pea-jacket and hip-boots. He asked scornfully for the telegraph office, cursed it for being twenty miles away, bought a pint of whiskey, and drove off with Sam Tipton's boy in a pung. The two sailors who had rowed him were of the city-bred type, and remained unsociable even after rounds of drink. "Yes, he's mate o' the Amirald," they said gruffly. "An' a bum one, too. An' she wants a tow, an' he's gone to telegraph up-river for a tug, an' by God, that's all you Reubens pumps out o' us. Hey, whiskers?"

When nine o'clock passed, and no captain came to supper, Joyce began an anxious expedition. A piercing sea wind, in sudden, wrestling gusts, filled her cloak, raged at her skirts, checked her as though against the bellying of an invisible sail; then dropped, was gone, and left all things without breath or movement, except the high stars racing through rifts into blackness. In such pauses she caught now and then a hoarse bellow, a deep, throbbing bass note in the distance.

In the pathway of light from a window she met the captain, marching with head erect and face radiant.

"You sinner!" she scolded, taking his arm. "Why did you worry me, wandering round on such a bad, raw night?"

"That's all right," he boomed, in a voice of exhilaration. "She's never showed a light, — nary a flicker! An' there's the tug tootin' round for her! Not a flicker!"

The hoarse whistle sounded again in the stillness. Far out, a green coal moved over the face of the waters; a red coal joined it; both gleamed lustrous for a moment; then, with a bellow, the green vanished.

"Try again!" the captain advised satirically. "P'raps the Amirald 's short o' karosine!"

"What's it all about?" asked the girl, tugging him homeward. "What have you been up to all this time?"

"Moon-cussin'," explained the culprit. "Jest a little moon-cussin'. In a few days I'll tell ye, p'raps." He listened for sounds in a chill gust that staggered them. "Good noos, I think, Joyce girl. Aye, aye, home it is, then."

V

On calm April days, — when the buff fields, restored to sunlight, began to be furred with a faint green; when the last forgotten snowdrifts were sparsely inlaid in the dark north banks of nook-shotten isles, mountains, or headlands, and over the black bay cakes of river-ice floated seaward; when the lee of every gray house sheltered a patch of reviving turf spangled with the broad goldpieces of dandelions, and every flaw of wind brought smells of wet earth and brushwood smoke, — a visitor might have thought that the past also had been reborn. For alongside the wharf, in the Rapscallion's bed, lay a vessel, from the deck of which, on warm noons, rose the hum of voices. The men were as before, and above them, as before, reared the massive head and shoulders of Captain Christy. But time had not been cheated: things were not the same. Slanting yards crossed the vessel's foremast; her lines were bolder, more dashing, than those of the beloved schooner; and on board, instead of holiday chat in the sunshine, there sounded busy hammering, pounding, overhauling.

Up from the black yawn of the main hatch swarmed Zwinglius Turner, grinning and active, like a Chinese pirate in blue dungaree daubed with filth. A thin gray cloud of dust rose after him.

"Whee-e-e! Stinks down there!" he cried joyfully. His voice, movement, and whole aspect were those of a man intoxicated with delight.

So had they been ever since that famous winter day when, like a bomb in the main street, burst the news that Captain Christy had bought the damaged hulk of the Amirald, formally abandoned on an outer ledge of the Little Wolverines. All that fortnight the village had tossed

in a delirium of happenings. Strangers had walked the streets. Every day brought more events than talk could keep pace with. Even cynical Mr. Laurel agreed that such a winter had not been known since the Lord Ashburton went ashore in the Gale; even now mysteries remained, enough for years of argument; and factions still discussed whether the Amirald had been wrecked for the insurance. The company — not without suspicion — had paid it, and had sold at auction, on the underwriters' account, both the brigantine and her cargo of phosphate. Bids had been few and low. An old man and his money, the village agreed, were soon parted; but Captain Christy thought otherwise.

"Joyce," he had declared solemnly, "it's a godsend. It's a godsend, girl. D'ye mind, I told ye I had wha'd-ye-call-ems — prognosticates — in my bones, ye know — that somehow I'd git another ship." He chuckled, then laughed as heartily as a boy. "When I see 'em keep lights out so, I knowed what their game was! Pack o' rascals! — Well, Joyce, the' won't be no more such sea-lawyer work aboard o' her now!"

His ready laughter, the free flow of his talk, his buoyant stride and shining countenance, seemed to the girl another marvel of the returning spring. It was as when a frozen brook, at some final touch of the thaw, moves downward, crashes, leaps into full-bodied torrent. Happiness mounted within him like sap in a giant maple.

Often at breakfast he put down his cup untouched, to explain in a tone of wondering delight, —

"Ye know, to be real downright honest, I suspicioned 't was all over, and — and here 't is jus' beginnin', eh, Joyce?"

Or, as she prepared their supper in the little savory kitchen, he came in, humming, from the workshop, his eyes alight, his fingers tarred, a curly shaving of clean pine caught in his beard.

"Well, here goes to wash up!" he announced, as though that were an ecstasy. And later, sitting by the stove, he might break out with: "Yes, sir! I'm good for ten more years' hard work easily — easily!"

Meantime the crumbling wharf and the deck of the Amirald became a littered meeting-place, where the captain, Zwinglius, and Bunty directed all their able-bodied friends in a labor of love. At first a joke, the repairs engrossed the village. Even Mrs. Gildersleeve's summer boarder, a mouse-like little man, said to be a musician somewhere in the world of cities, came to lounge in sunny corners. With meek and sensible questions, he slowly won friendship of the captain, and so of the captain's Joyce. And friendships had been rare with this tired stranger.

The northern summer had sped away, before Captain Christy pronounced the Amirald fit for sea. He had changed her rig to fore-and-aft: "for," he said, "I can't carry no crew to be squarin' yards all day long." On her trial sail as a schooner she behaved handsomely in the bay. Her foresail, it is true, provoked smiles; for — as the captain had stubbornly kept both spar and shroud — the baby square of white canvas reached only to the original foretop. The gap surprised one, as though the vessel had lost a front tooth.

"Diaper on a broomstick!" jeered Master Kibben, at a safe range. "Jigger on a yawl!"

"Ketches wind, anyway," observed the captain, ignoring him. "Big enough to keep me and Zing busy. She's took nigh all my money as 't is. O' course," he added regretfully, "she ain't up to my own — the old schooner. Else I'd swap back with Follansbee."

Having dispatched his letter to Wood and Guthrie, he hardly ate or slept for impatience.

"You and Zwinglius Turner," Joyce chided him, "are bad as children before Christmas. Now finish breakfast. Letters can wait."

At last the answer came, and the cap-

tain was singing as he brought it home. A cargo ready in ten days, promised the firm; they wrote kindly, offered their old friend terms better than he had hoped. Laughing, planning like a boy for his first voyage, the captain packed his old canvas bag. His deep chant filled the house: —

> "As they was walkin' on the green,
> *Bow down, bow down,*
> As they was walkin' on the green,
> *The bow is bent to me.*
> As they was walkin' on the green
> To see their father's ships come in. . . .

"Joyce, there's mittens you wanted to mend — By gorry, don't seem real, does it? No, sir, like a dream: —

> "*Oho, prove true, prove true,*
> *My love, prove true to me.*"

The squealing wheel of Zwinglius Turner's barrow, piercing the town as he trundled the last supplies to the wharf, made music to the captain. And then, suddenly, an unexpected hand rent the whole fabric of his joy.

He stood one morning beneath a naked balm-o'-gilead on a knoll, overlooking the ruddy, sun-bright sands, the stilted wharves, the patched but shapely body of the Amirald. On the brown-spattered leaves a footstep crackled, and beside him halted the trim, prosperous little figure of the Gildersleeves' lodger.

"Good-morning, captain," he saluted. "Mr. — ah — Bunty — tells me that he's going with you this voyage."

"That's right," replied Captain Christy. "Along for comp'ny. Talks real clever. Help, too — fust-class seaman, Bunty is."

They chatted of indifferent matters.

"You know, captain," began the stranger at last, rather shyly, "I'll be going back to town myself soon, worse luck. You two have been kind to me. Yes, you have," he insisted quickly: "most people find me too crotchety to bother with. You've both — been strongly in my thoughts of late. I've grown very fond of that child." He gave a quiet laugh. "Yes, captain, if I were young and a bachelor, it 's probable I'd have tried to rob you of her by now. At least," he added soberly, "I think I desire her happiness almost as much as you. Almost, captain. — Do you know, she's a rarity."

Captain Christy appeared doubtful of this term.

"She's a good nice girl," he amended heartily.

"By Jove she is!" agreed the other. "But I meant — another aspect." He twisted the point of his gray beard, then fluttered the dead leaves with his cane, as though they hid the right words for his purpose. "She's that, and more — We've all three talked together a good bit this summer, and you remember I gave her a few lessons — No, no! a pleasure, I can tell you! — It's made me think about her future. Now this town: I'm very fond of it, but" — he glanced up quizzically — "how about opportunities?"

The vista of gray, pointed gables, the street, vacant but for the rusty Newfoundland perennially asleep on the pink sand, stretched away dead and silent toward the taut skyline of the bay.

"Opportoonities ain't blockin' traffic there, are they?" drawled the captain.

"I should n't say all this," continued the musician, "to a man of your — your active service in real life — except that I know a very little about one subject. That girl, as they say, has music in her. You knew that?"

"She plays real lively, my opinion," ventured Captain Christy.

"More than that," the other assented. "When you think of that old chest of whistles" — With his ferule he transfixed a leaf, twirled it, studied it, then looked the captain in the eye. "She's a wonder!" he declared fervently. "Mind, I don't say she'll be a great player, and that nonsense, — but a good one. She has — the gift. I'm not an enthusiastic man, you know — less than ever. There are so many thousand fools, masculine, feminine, but mostly neuter, all busy learning the cant, the mechanics, the wise chat-

ter — faugh! when they can't *do* a useful hand's turn in life, or even read and write the English language, or think beyond their Selves. — To get away down here, it's like emptying my pockets, airing the room, brushing my clothes of 'em! — But Joyce is real, and has that rare thing, a Mind. It will take patience, hard work, study, breaking in — You see, she's in the rough, like — like" —

"A barnyard colt," suggested the captain, all serious attention.

"Ye-es," laughed the musician. "Something not quite so shaggy. I'll try to be plainer. She has the 'heart that watches and receives,' that's certain; lacks only the chance. I've said nothing to her, don't know what means may be at her disposal. But if she could have one year in the city, there's start enough. With her quickness, we'd go far. I've stopped taking pupils: all the more time for her. Of course, my reward would be the fun itself, the pride, seeing the girl forge ahead, shoot up — by Jove!" — he speared the ground recklessly, — "shoot up into a constellation!"

"Thank ye, sir," mumbled the captain. His uncertain fingers combed at the white beard; his eyes contracted, musing, among the kindly wrinkles that told of distant things long watched. "You're master gen'rous."

"After the first year, — well, for example, I'm trustee and Musical Grandpa to a school; teaching kiddies there, she could turn a handsome penny. What do you think?" Forgetting his mouse-like ways, eager with his project, the little man unfolded it as they walked homeward.

In the workshop, now almost bare, Zwinglius stooped about, despoiling another barrow-load.

"Zing!" the captain, entering, exploded wrathfully. "Come here! Hit me a handsome kick, will ye? H'ist me one good and solid! Lambaste my jacket!" The mate stared. "I'm a selfish old — old — old — customer! Always thinkin' o' Jack Christy fust and foremost. Nothin' else, by James Rice!" He stood regarding Zwinglius, like an aged schoolboy, disgraced, dogged, angry; then swung muttering into the kitchen.

"Hello, Joyce," he said gently. The girl, kneeling before her oven, turned with a smile. His scrutiny was strange, as though he saw in her face some quality never seen there before.

He was silent at dinner; through the afternoon paced the floor, sat figuring on a slate, with the air of a gloomy, patient dunce; but in the yellow glow of the supper table blossomed out so cheerfully with chuckles, laughter, far-fetched jokes, that Joyce's brown eyes were wide and puzzled.

The mingled emotions of that evening she was not soon to forget. As she sat alone by the lamp, the captain — whose heavy steps had creaked across the room above — came slowly downstairs, and paused in the doorway, smiling, with a book in his hand. His voice rang oddly.

"Joyce, I've got something to give ye, and somethin' I want to say."

To the apprehension in her look he answered quickly.

"It's good noos. I be'n a thoughtless old coot, Joyce; but after this I'll do better by ye. Ye know, before buyin' the Amirald, I laid the future all out, as I thought. I did n't, not half; but I figgered I had. Well, I wrote Her, Up the Line, and says, 'bout like this: 'If you cal'late to come back some time, as I hope, write me, and I won't buy this brigantine.' 'Bout like that. Well, she never answered."

The tall clock, ticking heavily, marked the stillness of the room.

"She never answered. That — kind o' — set me loose to buy, 'cause ye see, I felt I had n't a fam'ly no more. But" — he halted anxiously.

"But you have!" cried the girl, springing up. She clasped the big, bent shoulders, hugged him. "You have, have n't you? You have, Father Captain!"

His free hand clumsily patted her.

"All right, then," he growled, in great

relief. His old, familiar manner returned. "Now we can set down and talk."

The girl perched on his elbow-chair, the white head and the brown tousled one together.

"So I want ye to hev this. I'd saved it for her, waitin' for her to grow up, — like you."

The proffered book, a little black Bible, opened at the fly-leaf. Above a date forty years old, they read, in the captain's crabbed antique hand: —

> For Eunice Christy
> from her loving father.
> "Man cannot live by bread alone." Matt. iv, 4.
> "I would have you wise unto that which is good, and simple concerning evil." Romans xvi, 19.

"Oh, Father Captain," faltered the girl, between long silences. She stroked the hard old hands, corded with veins, tattooed with the blue quincunx. "I'll feel better about your going away, now you've left me this."

"No, girl," he said gravely. "Ye don't understand. This goes with ye, to steer by when you're famous, and a great lady, and all."

Laboriously he revealed the musician's plan. After the first shock, the leap of her unbreathed ambition, she listened — motionless, pale, large-eyed, as in a dream.

"So, ye see, the cargo's Nova Scoshy coal for Noobryport. You'll sail that fur with me, and take the cars from there." He touched the book in her lap. "Now we've adopted each other, I can pay the fust year or so."

Joyce started again.

"How?" she asked, with vague misgiving.

"Oh, I'll git the money, dear," he answered, gay and elusive.

"But how?" she insisted.

"Why, I can sell the vessel handy, up in those parts, at a profit, too."

Easy, tremendous, untimely, the sacrifice overbore her: as when a friend, laughing, flushed, his cheer cut short, falls beside his friend in the moment of victory. Here, like a broken trifle, her old hero cast away his final dream and happiness.

"Oh, captain," she cried, choking, between tears and feeble laughter. "Oh, you — I could n't! I could n't! Don't you see — you never asked — I have plenty for the first year myself — more than four hundred dollars that I've saved. You old angel! No, I won't listen; it's wrong, wicked."

"No, Joyce," objected the captain sturdily; "the world's for the young, ye know."

"It is n't, either!" she protested, shaking him. "It's for all kinds, and you're the best in it! Now listen, you dear old goose." . . .

It was a long combat; but happy, resolute youth, guided by woman's wit, at last conquered. "So," she concluded, "we can both be independent. And whether I fail or go ahead, I'll come home when you — when you've had voyages enough. So we can each have our wish, father."

"Why — I guess — you're right!" declared the captain. "So we can!" Transfigured, he swung her in his arms, high to the crossbeams of the ceiling. "Both of us! Hooray!"

And Zwinglius, to whom this world was never clear, entered upon a mad scene of double jigs and capers before the fire.

On a clear September evening the Amirald put out to sea, before a dying wind that veered among the black fir islands. Bunty and Zwinglius stood amidships, watching the infant endeavors of the new foresail. By the cabin door sat Joyce, bareheaded, her hair darkly ruddy in the level glow of sunset waves, against which the captain, a giant silhouette, revolved a quick pattern of radiating spokes. Down the vastness of

the sky astern thin arcs of cloud, white overhead, pearl, rose, and saffron toward the west, curved from the zenith like frail ribs of an infinite vaulted aisle spanning sea and land.

"Wind to-morrer, likely." The captain turned his head, and looked down the enormous nave toward the sinking glory. "Might be his arch, — your sailor man's. 'All experience,' eh, Joyce? Well, we're goin' through it together."

And to them, as to Ulysses, the deep called round with many voices of the past and the future.

AUTUMN MAGIC

BY LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY

Soon as divine September, flushing from sea to sea,
Peers from the whole wide upland into eternity,

Soft as an exhalation, ghosts of the thistle start:
Never a poet saw them but ached in his baffled heart.

O what a nameless urging through avenues laid in air;
Hints of escape, unbodied, intricate, everywhere;

Sense of a feared denial, or access yet to be won;
Gleams of a dubious gesture for guesses to feed upon!

Flame is flying in heaven, the down on the cool hillside:
Earth is a bride-veil glory that cannot conceal the Bride.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A SOUTHERNER SINCE THE CIVIL WAR

BY "NICHOLAS WORTH"

XIV

WE WHO ARE A PROBLEM

We decided — my wife and I — when the Spring came, that we would spend the summer farther north. My friend, Cooley, had made us a visit, and I had promised to attend a reunion of our class at Harvard in June.

Thus it came about that we spent most of the summer in New England. My old friends there knew, of course, little about me now. My little struggles and efforts had been made afar off. In those years "the South" was as remote from New England as Australia itself, except for the New England interest in the cotton crop and in the welfare of the Negro. But, as my little career became gradually known to my old acquaintances and to some new ones, they took not only a kindly, but, it seemed to me, an almost morbid interest in it. I discovered that I was invited to dinners with the expectation that I would talk about "conditions in the South." I was invited to address several clubs on the subject. Of course I declined. I shrank from having myself or my friends at the South regarded as "a problem." Doubtless we were a problem, but not for parade. I was alternately amused and humiliated. Several times Lee proposed that we go home and "enjoy our sorrows" by ourselves.

But one day I received an invitation to meet at dinner a number of gentlemen who were particularly interested in the "Southern problem," and who had much to do with the distribution of a large sum of money for educational work in the South. I soon discovered that I was expected to make an informal address. They were very earnest men. Among them was a bishop. I saw at once that he was among the most difficult to deal with of all the hindrances to human progress. A parasite on a rich community, sleek, satisfied, and self-righteous, — that man's condescension put the severest tax on my patience that I can recall. He was a member of a missionary board which maintained a number of schools for negroes in the Southern states, most of them theological schools; and he regarded the Southern whites as a race of cutthroats and murderers. He told stories of the oppression of colored friends of his, all true, I have no doubt; but there was a tone in his telling that first suggested murder to me and then gave me a feeling of despair.

Fortunately there were other men, and better, in the company. They frankly confessed that they had not seemed to find a way to give the help they wished. Could I show them how? Here was a new chance for usefulness. I told them what I knew and what I thought. I pointed out the need of help in educating the blacks, — the needed millions and millions of dollars and of thousands and thousands of men and women. I told them the need also of help to the whites, — the neglected, backward country population. The story of Professor Billy's college interested them; and before I went away that evening one man gave me a check for a thousand dollars to send to Professor Billy, to "do with as he saw fit."

One good and definite result came of this dinner. A week later I was asked if I would visit the colored schools in the South that were maintained or helped by

this missionary organization, and make a report of my observations and conclusions. My expenses and an honorarium were to be paid by a layman (the man who had given me a check for Professor Billy), and I was to visit and report also on such schools for the training of the rural white population as I thought most worthy of help. For, the written request went on, "we are persuaded, as you have so clearly expressed it, that permanent and normal results can be achieved only by the simultaneous development of both races."

"Yes," I said, "I will do that, gladly, but I will accept no money for my services. The work must be my own contribution to the cause."

I confess that I had not thought to learn anything from these men or from this summer's experience about "the problem in the South." I had shown, perhaps, a closed mind. What could they know about it? But I now began to ask myself the question, what did *I* know about the training of the negroes? Surely I had suffered enough for my insistence on fair play to them. But I did not know what chances they had — except certain wholly inadequate chances in my own state — to train their children. More than that, I did not know what was being done in other Southern states for the whites. Outside of my own state, and outside of my personal acquaintance, I knew nothing; and I was now ashamed of my ignorance. Surely I had lived a narrow life not to have thought of these things before. It would be worth while, it seemed to me, to interrupt my work on the history long enough to make this investigation for my own instruction. We soon came home, and I went about it.

During those first weeks after my return, I had a keen longing for New England. Wherever I had been, there were orderliness, thrift, frankness; a clean land, clean towns, open minds, a frank and unaffected interest in public affairs, men and women who read books, who talked well, who knew what other interesting folk were doing in every part of the world. They got pleasure from the arts; they lived an intellectual life; they had frankness of expression and of opinion. Whenever they forgot, or were kind enough to seem to forget, that I was a Southerner and, therefore, a problem, I felt intellectually at home; and I wished that I could stay on among them.

We talked — Lee and I — of going to Massachusetts to live. But, in all truth, we were ourselves a part of the Problem. It enmeshed us. It was the background of our life. There was no escape from it. Duty called; and even more powerful than the sternest sense of duty was the innate feeling of home. We could not get away from our task, because it was a part of ourselves. Dead men's hands held us, too.

I had my moods when I frankly envied a man born in Massachusetts. He could choose his career, and go about it with directness and energy. The community was organized so as to make no demands on him but the demands of good citizenship; and its orderly ways to achievement were straight, if not easy. Of Ohio or Illinois almost the same thing could be said.

But in the South there was ever the shadow of the Problem. What did I owe the Negro, or the Negro owe me? Yet old Stover, Doak, Locke, the Daughters, the pressure of dead men's hands everywhere, thwarted my efforts. The building up of the community superseded every other duty and every private aim. It seemed a hard lot. It *is* a hard lot, a sad inheritance.

Oh, free men, wherever you live and toil and think, you who believe in the triumph of our democracy, my fellows and I do not ask your pity; but we do ask your sympathy and your understanding, — we of the post-bellum South, who had nothing to do with its old misfortunes, but whose lives must be spent in the struggle out of the shadow of them.

And yet there came other moods. A man who had only his personal career to work out, a mere personal success to

achieve, a fortune to build, a professional standing to win, or even a larger problem to solve in an orderly and free community, where public opinion had its normal action, — how unsatisfying seemed so small a task! The glorious thing is to do a larger service, and the greater the difficulties the greater the service. Let us go on, then, for we may be the real builders of the largest House of Freedom in the whole wide reach of democracy.

In the city, the little capital near which I had spent most of my life, was one of the schools for negroes which this missionary society had established and helped to maintain. The state had for several years made a small appropriation to it because teachers for the negro public schools were taught there. I knew the principal of the college, — that is, I spoke to him when I met him on the street. He had been a preacher in New England, and he had taken up this missionary work in a zealous and self-sacrificing spirit. He had won the respect of the community, but, of course, not its social recognition. I felt ashamed that I had not known the man better, and that I had not even been inside his college. I began my investigation there, and — my own education.

Merciful God! the pathos of it!

XV

THE COLONELS' SUCCESSORS

I confess that I had little stomach for the task I had undertaken; and whenever I visited my brother, indecision renewed itself. There the river ever ran and turned the mill. The spindles and the looms knew no weariness. There was no dark problem in this village. Women and children worked in the mills, but they led their simple, laborious lives without serious problems of any sort. The children had good schools, the people good houses; nor was there any of that sadness that hangs like a cloud over many mill-towns.

Most of all was I cheered by a sight that I had never then seen elsewhere. My brother insisted on cultivating the land, and he was a cotton-grower, as well as a spinner and a weaver. There you could see the cotton planted, see it bloom, open, ripen; see it gathered, ginned, and sent straight into the mill. This pleased him, and his satisfaction was contagious. You could hear his enthusiastic sayings repeated often: "We care not who makes the laws of a people, if we may clothe them." "We have a monopoly of one of the essential products of the earth." "Here we grow cloth cheap enough even for the Chinese." All this was fundamental. He stood on the solid earth, and he got the fullness thereof. Would the cotton plant and the river, after all, not solve all our problems?

I visited one colored school after another, in half a dozen states. I found many that were better than the pathetic "college" I had first visited; but most of them were too near the pulpit and too far from the cotton field. If the white people were profoundly ignorant of what the colored schools were doing, — and that they certainly were, — the men who conducted most of these schools were equally ignorant of the life that lay about them and of the problem that they had in hand. Their work was in no way related to the present or to the future, but only to a theory.

Inefficient in other respects, and quite as pitiful, were most of the schools for the "common people" of the whites in the rural parts of the South. "Education" was thought of as being chiefly for boys. If a lad was to become a preacher, he went to a church college. If he was to become a lawyer, or a physician, or a public man, or if he were a rich man's son, he went to the "University." The rest went to no college. A struggling multitude filled the schools of low grade; but these taught little that a boy would use or hear of after he began to earn his living.

The schools for girls were the "female seminaries," under church direction. The

less said of them, the more we may cherish the memory of our predecessors. Of course, I did not visit the best schools in these states,—schools like Graham's and the better colleges,—for my task was to find out what schools most needed help in reaching the neglected masses. The first trouble with the masses was the lack of desire to educate their children.

I made my report first to the Sunrise Club; for I wished to hear what other men who thought as I did would say about it. We had previously worked out a plan for a state school that should teach white boys how to grow cotton and bale it, how to run looms, how to mend wagons and to build roads,—plain things that it was the fashion to call "agricultural and mechanical." The project had been put one side till Professor Billy should get his school for young women established. That had now been done; and the Scrub Legislature, finding cotton warehouses impracticable, had spent its energy for two winters in helping the public-school system. There was the beginning of a real popular awakening. We decided to renew our attack on the legislature for an agricultural and mechanical college.

But something must be done for the negroes also, if what I had learned were to bear fruit at home. We made a plan for a similar school for negro boys and girls; and we called the president of the college at the capital into conference with us. No, he could not, under his aims and instructions, change the character of the college. Its main object was to train young men for the holy ministry.

How time helps to solve all hard problems! The very next winter both Colonel Stover and Colonel Doak were gathered to their fathers. The wounds of war hastened the death of one I was fond of, Colonel Stover; and this sentence is written in sincere regard for his memory. As for old Doak, strong drink gave time good help in ripening him for the grave. It was hard to feel grief at his passing. Pretty soon Captain Locke, too, showed signs of worry and age, and it looked as if the state might be left to the care of the "incompetent." His paper had never paid its expenses; and when both Colonel Stover and Colonel Doak were gone, he found it harder to get contributions from public-spirited citizens to keep it going. Important changes seemed imminent.

It is enough to say that the Agricultural and Mechanical College came quickly. The beginnings were pathetic, as the beginnings of the college for women had been. But its beautiful buildings now crown a noble hill; and five hundred youth are in training there,—good training; the state is proud of it; there are good roads; and the cotton fields which these young men work yield twice their former crops.

I reported to my New England missionary friends the sad things that I had seen; and I asked them to take counsel of the one man in the world who was a great master of the subject that they were studying,—a man of imagination and of genius, a man who found the path through universal darkness to everlasting hope, a man who had shown the way to solve the most difficult problem that our democracy has encountered. I reminded them of his name and address,—Samuel C. Armstrong, Hampton, Virginia. For the day I went to Hampton was a day of new hope. There the Negro was and is taught to be a man or a woman, and trained to do something in the world. No one is ignorant of this now.

In a few years the ecclesiastical president of the negro college at the capital died. The honor that was his due was never paid him. But his removal helped the march of events. The aid that death brought us in all our plans suggested the benefits of discriminating assassination to some wag in our increasing company; for the Sunrise Club was now a popular organization, and there was need to be careful lest its membership become unwieldy. The property of the negro college had increased in value as the town had grown. The society that owned it sold it, and proposed to give its whole

fund to the state, if the state would build and maintain an agricultural and mechanical school for colored youth.

Thus came into being three most useful institutions,—Professor Billy's college for white girls (that, too, is in great measure agricultural and mechanical, and in every way practical), and the two state colleges of the practical arts, one for each race.

There ought to be a thousand schools, it seemed to me, that should have the aim of Hampton. Else how could the negroes — even a small percentage of them — ever be touched by any training at all? And if they were not to be trained in a way that would make the cotton-fields cleaner and more productive, how should our upbuilding go on? For it must never be forgotten that the very basis of civilization here is always to be found in cotton.

At no time have there been fewer illiterate negroes in the Southern states than there were in 1865, when they first became freedmen. All the educational activity has not been able to keep up with the increase of the population. The missionary societies and all their schools cannot, then, solve the problem. Let us welcome them, and guide them right. But if the negroes are to be trained by schools at all, the schools must be maintained by the states. No other agency can reach any considerable number of them. The education of the negroes is not a problem by itself, and we shall go wrong if we so consider it. It is part and parcel of the education of the whole Southern people. We might as well, then, turn our full strength at once to the larger and more inclusive problem, maintaining, as must needs be, separate schools for each race, but admitting no distinction in opportunity.

I could not, therefore, become interested in negro education as distinguished from the education of the whites, nor in white education as distinguished from the education of the negroes. Yet this difference had to be considered, that the negroes did not yet anywhere receive equal consideration in the Southern states. Nor will they, for that matter, for a long time to come. The whole problem took its place as a part of the larger problem, — the need of seeing things as they are and of discussing them freely. There must be no closed subjects in Southern life, — that sums it up.

The fate of the *News*, therefore, now that the old political oligarchy was dying, was a matter of some concern to us. Two rich men, it turned out, held a sort of mortgage on it, one a railroad "magnate" and the other a successful merchant. They would do whatever was best "for the party." The party fetich was persistent and powerful. The upshot of it all was that a younger man became editor, of whom we had hope, but in whom we could not place complete confidence.

Objection arose to what had been called such large appropriations to negro schools. The cry was raised: "Let each race have school money in proportion to the taxes that it pays." Old Colonel Doak had used the Negro as a card in his game of politics. So, too, had Colonel Stover, and most of the other Colonels. They felt no personal hostility to the Negro. But "what are our niggers for," they used frankly to ask, "if we can't beat the enemy by using the nigger as a boogy?" And the "enemy" used them simply as tools.

But now came a generation of men who all their lives had read and heard that the Negro wished to subvert our social system; and they believed it. The new editor of the *News* was one of these. He believed that it was a crime — a dangerous thing — to educate a negro; and he championed the movement for dividing the school taxes in proportion to the sum that each race paid. We had thought that we had gained much. But now we must halt and fight it all over again.

A bitterer feeling grew up between the races, — indeed, was deliberately fomented, it seemed to me and to many other men. And an election was coming on. The cry was taken up of restricting

the suffrage, — "putting the nigger out of politics," as he had been put out in some other Southern states. There was no need of it to keep white ascendency, for the whites had a large majority in the state. But the plan did have advantages. It would prevent ignorant black men from being led, in a mass, to the polls; and it would, it was hoped, cause white men to discuss other political subjects than this wearisome race question.

Very quickly the campaign waxed hot. There were "race riots" (that is, drunken fights) at places where no such things had happened before. One Saturday night there was such a fight at a railroad village not far from my brother's mill-town. A drunken negro badly cut a white man. He was caught the next morning (Sunday), in a cabin a few miles from my brother's, and he was brought to the mill-town to be locked up to await trial. The white man was yet alive, but he might die. The doctor gave little hope of his recovery. This enraged the white friends of the wounded man, and the rumor came on Sunday afternoon that a mob would that night take the negro from the flimsy jail which, in that peaceful town, was called a "lock-up," though it had never held a prisoner but once before.

My brother heard the rumor, and he discovered that there was small doubt of its truth. A little branch railroad ran from the mill-town to the county-seat of the next county; but no trains were run on Sunday. The railroad belonged to the owners of the mills. My brother asked the town marshal to bring the prisoner quietly, just as it became dark, to the engine-house. He had a locomotive ready. The engineer, the marshal, the handcuffed negro, and the fireman got into the locomotive and were ready to begin the journey to the county town of the next county. My brother would have no lynching in his town, nor murders to prevent lynching.

In a few minutes the news spread that the lockup was empty, and a crowd gathered. They found their way to the engine-house just as the locomotive came out. In the excitement every man asked every other one, "Who is taking the nigger away, and where are they carrying him?" One rumor was that he was to be rescued — set free. Any foolish rumor will spread in a gaping crowd. One thing seemed certain to them, — he was in the locomotive, and the locomotive was moving through the dark.

My brother, having seen the prisoner fairly started, jumped from the locomotive as it moved slowly away. A shot was fired, — perhaps it was thought that the negro was making his escape, — and my brother received a mortal wound, from which he died a month later.

XVI

A BUILDER AND HIS DREAM

The horrifying frequency of murder in the Southern states during these years is the most discouraging measure of social wrongness. Life was held so cheap that the death of a man — of any man — was regarded merely as a more or less inevitable incident, as railroad accidents are regarded in other parts of the country.

My father and my brother both had been men without enemies, men who were universally beloved in the community, as they deserved to be. They were men, too, of proved usefulness. Neither had been in public life. Yet both became in their prime the victims of violence. Unreasoning and promiscuous danger stalks in any community where life is held cheap by even a few, and where the laws are enforced by privilege or race. In such a community there is no sufficient defense against a mob, or even against a drunken fool; and the act of a fool may rob the community of its best man. In the bitterness of my grief, I could not forget that the community, and especially those who made the bitter campaign, were responsible for this crime. But, universal and sincere as the sorrow

was, nobody put the blame where it really belonged.

Now, surely, I should have gone away, — for what hope was there even of safety to human life? — but for a compelling reason. The whole family's business interests fell to my care. My sister-in-law, unlike my mother, was not an heroic woman in this practical way, though in her own gentle fashion she stood in the forefront. Incompetent as I might turn out to be at such a task, I could not shirk what became my plain duty. The problem was much larger and more difficult than it had ever been before. There were now three mills, a railroad, and many allied enterprises; and the investments of other persons were involved.

As the task became gradually familiar to me, I had moods when I regretted that I had not taken it up with my brother years before. He had done the only wise thing, — stuck to the earth. Yet he had met his death, and I, who had made enemies, — and had accomplished what? — was left to reap the fruits of his labors.

I settled down to the task of a mill-owner and man of affairs. My history of the state was well along toward completion, but I had no time to think more about it now. I soon discovered that my brother had been an even wiser and greater man than I had supposed. He had worked out solutions while I had been studying problems. Plans that he had often talked over with me now took a new meaning when I approached them by work rather than by discussion.

Cotton is King, and will here be King forever. He knew that fact, and he had built securely upon it. He had begun in the fields themselves; and they, I discovered (I must have known this before, but I had not seen its full meaning), were really experimental farms. He had tried selected seeds. He had, in fact, bred what might be called a new variety of upland cotton, very much more productive than the kind usually grown. He had made experiments with much machinery for cultivating the plant; for there is not enough labor to cultivate it in the old wasteful way. From plant to finished garment, he had studied every process, and made improvements and economies wherever he had touched the long series of processes and of crafts. He saw room and healthful work for an enormously increased population; and he would have them avoid the social and sanitary dangers of the great mill-towns in England and in New England. He would have manufacturing villages, not towns; and the village that he had built showed everywhere, as I became more intimately acquainted with it, evidences of his constructive work. If he had not given his time to the discussion of schools, he had done better: he had built a village that was itself a school. He had even foreseen the time when negroes would work in the mills. The objection to them was a social, not an industrial, objection; and he had made a plan for a mill, apart, wherein negro labor only should in time be used. For already there was visible an insufficient supply of mill-workers.

And his mind had wandered to other problems, of a different sort. He had kept an inventor busy for more than two years (he had never spoken to me about this) trying to construct a machine that should gather the cotton from the plant: the one machine that is needed to reduce cotton-culture to a scientific basis.

He had studied markets, too, as well as a man may who spends most of his time at home. Many great markets for cotton products had not yet even been found; and those that were open to the Southern mills were supplied in an awkward and expensive and indirect way. When the best breeds of cotton are grown on lands properly fed for its culture, and when it is worked and gathered by perfected tools and handled intelligently and spun and woven near the fields, and when all the mechanism for the sale and distribution of its products is made smooth and direct, then — such was the plan that he was proving — the South will become one of the most fascinating and prosperous workshops in the world. There will be room

here for every pair of hands to earn plenty, and under conditions that make life worth living.

It is a marvelous fact, unmatched anywhere under the sun, that these Southern states have a practical monopoly of one of the most valuable staple products of the earth. No other land has such an advantage. Wheat grows on our great prairies; it grows in many other countries also. So corn; so cattle; so wool; so even the minerals, gold and silver and copper. No one land has a monopoly even of tropical products. But the South is, and always will be, the great source of cotton. And, with all this, it is a fair land to live in, with its forests, — such as are left, — its mountains, its streams, whose falling water would turn mills enough to spin and weave a cotton crop tenfold as great as has yet been grown, and with its fruit, and with a soil that brings forth all growths of the temperate zone. Merciful Heaven, for what sin of our forefathers were they smitten with such blindness as to make the one great structural mistake in building the great House of our Liberties, — the capital mistake of keeping slavery — of all conceivable uses — for cotton-culture! Slaves would have done anything else better than they did this. It was a blight of the land; not a mere waste and not a mere delay in its development, but a blight. For, if men of England and of New England had come to the cotton, instead of having slave-grown cotton sent to them, every mill of Old England and of New would have been founded in these states; and the world's great trade routes would have led to Southern ports. The English race would, by this great industry, have by this time developed here better, perhaps, than it has yet developed anywhere; for in no region of the world has it such an economic advantage as, with an exclusively white population, it would have possessed in the South.

Instead of such a result my brother, who was helping to regain this loss, lies dead; the state is ruled by men who do all they can to keep the kingly staple shackled to ignorant labor; the very social organization reveres the defenders of the greatest error in our history; a sleek bishop in New England condescends to regard the theological needs of a population that is untrained to work; we are a great backward province, apart, without influence or character in the nation. And even the best and wisest men are prating about formal "Education!"

I became ashamed of the little oratorical part that I had played. I was ashamed too, of my whole country. Where are the men who see this great subject in its largest aspects? A thousand such men as my brother would change the course of history in a generation, for they would be the rebuilders of society, — every sound society must rest on productive work, — the organizers of industry, the emancipators of thought, the pilots of a new world-commerce.

XVII

THE BROADENING DAY

My sister came home from China, sweetened, saddened, carrying about with her a steady glow of benignity. Hers was a life given to others, without reward except the kindling of her gentle spirit as it gave forth light. No she would not go back. She would help rear my brother's children. Again the people of the mill-village became her spiritual and social charges. Whenever I have lost courage, I have looked at her and been ashamed. Whenever the sweetest part of the past has become dim, I have looked at her, and seen my mother.

There were other springs of courage, too. Never failing among them were my own wife and children, — there were two now. Sometimes I thought I saw in my boy's features and motions a hint of my grandfather; for the memory of that old man yet held a strong place in my life. I sometimes drove to the Old Place and spent a night there, telling the children stories of the two old men who lay to-

gether in the garden; and Uncle Ephraim and their great-grandfather took places in their minds, as I was glad to see, among their heroes. Sometimes they kept company, in their little memories, with Agamemnon, sometimes with George Washington. No matter: they were safely placed in those galleries of the great, down which we can look all our lives because we looked down them first in childhood.

The river flowed on, and it not only turned the spindles and the looms, but it also lighted every residence in the mill-village, even the humblest. Cards and spindles and looms and sewing-machines, which also the river turned, changed the cotton into garments. So well had my brother laid the foundations of every part of the business that I deserve no credit, except in the matter of industry, for becoming a successful man of affairs. There was a kind of satisfaction, which I had not before felt, that came from doing something that you could see and touch. It must be true, after all, that a man in action is the noblest work of God.

But I discovered, as a new reason for amusement and sometimes for chagrin, that our social organization is a most curious growth. I had spent my early years as a champion of democracy, — for the lack of the better word, — for that state of things wherein every man may have a fair chance. I had faith in the forgotten and neglected man. I worked to enable him to discover his mind, his opinions, his voice, and freedom in the use of them; for it was the suppression of opinion that suppressed men. Cotton had been made a tyrant, while it had itself been shackled and mangled and despoiled of its kingdom. To restore it and its slaves both to freedom, that was the task for which I had labored. I was laboring for it yet.

But during these later years I had not held educational positions or commissions; I had not been a candidate for office; I had not often spoken in public; and I discovered that my early work was soon almost forgotten. It was even taken for granted that I had recanted, that I was no longer especially concerned about the building up of the forgotten and neglected masses; that I was no longer a "fool friend of the nigger." True, I was now a member of the Board of the University, — the board on which Colonel Stover and Judge Thorne had sat before they had gone to their eternal Confederate camping-ground. I was a member of the boards also of most of the other state institutions, including the Agricultural and Mechanical College for negroes. And, although I served all these as well as I could, the public regarded me chiefly as "a substantial citizen," as a man of affairs, even as a rich man, modest as my income was.

The pendulum had swung to the other side. I was become — so the public seemed to think — a pillar of society, one in the row of pillars that holds up the House of Have, rather than, as before, a discarded stone of the House of Must Have. This change in the public toward me was, no doubt, natural. I had quietly given these years to solutions rather than to theories. The men in the public eye were still the oratorical men, an inefficient, noisy group on one side, a wicked and noisier group on the other. I had — I must confess — become tired of noise and oratory, and distrustful of talk; in the men who work constructively and intelligently I saw the best hope of the future.

Besides, I had been much away from home. We had gone abroad one year. Several summers I had spent in New England. I had become much interested in the world-wide organization of the cotton-trade, — or the lack of its proper organization. Although I had never been conscious of losing interest in the deepest needs of the state, — for I was, in fact, more deeply absorbed in the task of developing the people, and more intelligently and effectively absorbed than I had ever been before, — the people did not know it. The problems that I worked at lay outside the range of their talk.

But during those years, wretched as

the lowland South yet was, great changes had come in our upland country, changes wrought chiefly by industry. There was now a great system of railroads; towns had doubled and quadrupled their populations; schoolhouses had been built everywhere; the colleges, of all sorts, were turning out young men and women who were better trained than their predecessors had been, by far. Poverty had yielded to industry, and men had money. This was a startling change from the days of my boyhood. There were many reasons why we should be hopeful.

But the politics of the state was yet in the hands of a wretched crew. How wretched they were, I confess I did not know till another absorbing public event revealed their character. Everybody knew and felt the shame of the commonplace men who held public office. But they were, at least, not personally corrupt. True, they would steal ballot boxes, if need be; but that was not counted theft. And they would not take bribes; their hands were clean of this low crime. They displayed a fervent state pride. Those of us who believed in revolution through industry had, in fact, paid too little heed to our political matters. Their oratory was tiresome, and we kept to our own tasks.

Liberty of opinion had broadened its area, too. It was well-nigh unthinkable now that a man should be dismissed from the faculty of the University as I had been. Such a thing could not happen in our present free atmosphere. Even the tyranny of the religious sects had been relaxed. The Baptist members of the Legislature were now never called together in caucus to discuss a plan of opposition to the public schools,—"irreligious education," as they called it. Both in politics and in religion a man might hold almost any opinion he chose, if he expressed it decorously. I could look back and see how very far we had traveled in my lifetime. Time — surely, a little more time — would bring us to ourselves and to our own.

Still two things disturbed us. Many of the best trained youth sought their fortunes elsewhere. The flow of emigrants was steady, but of immigration there was no flow. In spite of our industries, young men went away. I knew why men had gone away in previous years. If I had had more courage,—or less,—I should have gone myself. I should have gone, as I was, but for the accidental change in my career. Did these young men to-day feel the same repression that I had felt?

And now a new political campaign came on. The man who had been governor had done his task ill. Several state enterprises had been mismanaged, and the state's representation at Washington had become disgracefully antiquated and inefficient. Two old men sat in the Senate ("two noble Romans," the party organs and platforms always called them), who did not know that the years had brought changes in the world. The public sentiment of the State had outgrown them. There was a still rising tide of revolt against the old machine, and now a dramatic plan was adopted to save it, a plan that the ghost of old Colonel Doak must have suggested; for "what are our niggers for if not to win campaigns with?"

XVIII

THE SHADOW AGAIN

I pray you now read with patience, if you care to read farther at all; for this is the most tiresome and discouraging chapter in the recent annals of our country. We had, as I said, come to the Mount of Hope, and the prospect was fair in our upland South. We were freeing our old King from the fetters of slovenly work and poor land and primitive manufacture, and we were regaining our own liberties, —prosperity, right training, free thought. A man was a man, white or black. We had our own ways of life, to which custom and convenience had shaped us. But we were men who lived without bitterness and hatred. Under the fairest land, I suppose, if one could dig deep enough, volcanic fires are somewhere smouldering.

The hard-pressed political machine was willing to loose even volcanic fires, if it could thereby save itself. And the machine now was not run by the old Colonels; for they were nearly all gone to their eternal rest, or to the half-way house of state pensions. Men of my own generation — some younger than I — were come into political management. They had seemed to us hitherto to be commonplace lawyers without clients, editors of newspapers that did not yield a profit, hangers-on to legitimate industry. They were not thought to be burdened with convictions, nor had they received credit for sleepless vigilance in "saving society." But suddenly they assured us that they were its most zealous guardians, and they came forth with social and political convictions, which, they declared, they would stand for to the death!

We were about to be engulfed in a flood of African despotism, they said. Our liberties were in peril; our very blood would be polluted; dark night would close over us, — us, degenerate sons of glorious sires, — if we did not rise in righteous might and stem this barbaric flood.

Whatever all this meant, it was certain that the full stream of oratory was again flowing. It was at first received with incredulity. The plain fact was that the Negro did not threaten the white man. Life was going as peacefully as at any time in the history of the state. The negroes did not even take a very active part in politics; and when they did they were defeated, by fair means or foul; and they had lost interest in this form of activity. So, in truth, had many of the whites, too; for politics had become a small section of life. We had larger tasks in hand. But the cry continued that something must be done, unless Anglo-Saxon civilization was to be abandoned, and our homes ruined.

In several lowland states, the negroes had been disfranchised by amendments to state constitutions. There, I think, such an action would have been wise if it had been fairly done, — if the ignorant and the thriftless had been deprived of the ballot without distinction of race. But in our state there was no such necessity. The whites had a large majority of votes, and there was no danger of negro rule. Six months before the time of which I am writing, nobody would have pretended that there was such a danger in our state. But the campaign was precipitated on this "issue:" the white man against the black man. The Negro was a savage, a brute, a constant menace. Educate him? Then you only make him more cunning for evil. He must be put down, and kept down.

The political expression of this crusade was a disfranchising amendment. But the oratorical expression of it became a cry of race-hatred. Men whose faithful servants were negroes, negroes who had shined their shoes in the morning and cooked their breakfasts and dressed their children and groomed their horses and driven them to their offices, negroes who were the faithful servants and constant attendants on their families, — such men spent the day declaring the imminent danger of negro "equality" and "domination." "We must put them out of politics once and forever." The old Colonels had been more frank when they said, "What are our niggers for but to win elections with?" This was an election that must be won. The governorship and a senatorship were at stake.

And the volcanic fires were found. The race-difference became in many minds a fierce race-hatred. There is no way to know how many crimes were provoked by this outburst of race-feeling. But every crime, little or big, that was committed was described again and again, and commented on. The newspapers became unreadable by decent women. Conversation ran to criminal talk. The political orators talked crime. The redcoats of the ku-klux era reappeared. Negroes were threatened and intimidated. Even the pulpit took up the cry, "Our homes must be saved!"

Of course there were protests; but they came too late. Many men who

understood the insincerity of it all, and saw the harm that it was doing, — for such a crusade provokes the very evils that it cries out against, and all other evils of social disorder, — such men declared their objection. But they had feeble voices, because they spoke late. The volcano was in eruption. It was too late to say that there was no volcano.

I was thrown into a sort of stupor. A thing had happened that I thought never could happen again. I had deceived myself into a belief in real progress, when we had slipped back whole decades — whole centuries, it seemed to me. I could not sit in silence longer. There was soon to be a big political rally at the capital. When the time for it came, I went. As a "prominent citizen" I was invited to the platform. Perhaps not a man in the audience recalled my long-ago brief period of political oratory. I had become "a captain of industry," a "solid man." Nor had I for many years been a "traitor" or a "bolter" in politics. Between two bad parties, I had voted with the one whose hands were at least clean of bribe-money; and I had been silent.

The speaking began. It was inflammatory. Most of it was a horrid lie from beginning to end. A state of society was pictured which every man who heard it knew, when he was in his senses, to be a horrid lie. Yet for the moment they believed it. For there is a dark and unfathomable abyss of race-feeling. Look into it, and you cannot say surely what you see. What may the future contain? A race that is only a few generations from savagery, — is the savage extinct? Can you be sure of that? Men's fears rise as children's in the dark. Nothing that they *have* seen frightens them. It is what they *may* see.

While the ceiling was resounding with applause of the violent speech of a young fellow who had never known such a man as old Ephraim nor such a relation as that which he bore to my grandfather, to my father, and to me, I told the presiding officer that I should like to say a few words to the audience before the meeting broke up. After a while he introduced me in his fulsome way. I said frankly, and as quietly as I could, that the best proof of the freedom and strength of a people was their willingness to hear all men speak freely. I told them that I differed from the other speakers, and that perhaps I was not fairly entitled to be heard further. "Go on!" they cried. I went on. There were hisses, but there was some applause also. I spoke what I felt, and the wild orgy of race-hatred ceased for one moment, — only for one moment. An "orator" came next. He aroused it again.

I was pleased that many men spoke to me afterwards and thanked me. I had pleaded only for moderation. I had even commended a restriction of the suffrage, if no distinction should be made between the races; but I expressed regret that the campaign had taken so violent a turn. The next morning the newspaper grossly misreported what I had said, and reminded its readers that I had been "irregular" before, — "an unpleasant reminder made necessary with great regret."

I received invitations from "the enemy" — the frightened Republican machine — to make addresses; but if I accepted them I should have no audiences but negroes. Besides, I should throw away what influence I might have by "going over to the enemy." But the old oratorical habit was asserting itself. How deep the impulse must be in our Southern blood! I made appointments myself to address the people at several places. They came to hear me, some from respect for me, more from curiosity. What could be my motive? Was I a candidate for the senatorship?

The party organs looked up their files of years before. They retold the story of my dismissal from the University, of my campaign (as they now expressed it) "for negro education." Ever since I had attended Harvard College, I had been "tainted" with a wrong view of the Negro. One paper published this inquiry

addressed to me, "in sorrowful emphasis: " "Would you marry your daughter to a nigger?" And it added: "Until the gentleman answers that test question, we need not pay more attention to what he says."

Evidently I had mistaken the effect of industry on men's character and judgment. Or else industry had yet touched too few of them. The same temper prevailed that I had encountered nearly twenty years before; the same or worse. For not only was the election won by the "white man's party," — for the time that name took the place of all other names, — but the race-feeling that had been stirred up remained. The young had been fired with it. It became a part of the general notion, a kind of creed, that the Negro was likely to efface the white man, if he were not repressed. A literature grew up, explaining the necessity of preserving "Anglo-Saxon civilization." Men wrote about it in the newspapers; preachers preached about it; young men chose it for the subject of their graduating orations, young women as the subject of their essays. Novels appeared describing the crimes and social aspirations of the Negro, and they became popular; a code of personal conduct toward the Negro was set up, even for Northern men, to which they must conform. While I write, my hope recedes, and the pathos of my country deepens. A large part of the Southern people have persuaded themselves that the Negro must be kept to a level reminiscent of slavery, forgetting that on this level he can be only a burden. Thus they hold down all the people in economic ways. Nor is this the worst result; they hinder the free play of thought.

Yet I cannot get rid of the conclusion, the only conclusion that right reason leads to, that sanity will triumph at last. The Negro is not a menace, at least in the upland South. He is only a burden, and a burden that has become less and less since slavery. But he will forever remain a burden if he is repressed and left without training. Yet, clear as this conclusion is when it is reasoned out, what are we to expect of the emotional qualities of Southern life? Have slavery and the presence of the Negro caused a permanent loss of white character in the South, so that fear rules where reason ought to sit? The Negro brought a century-long blight to the land. Did he bring a blight also to the white race here?

But I will not forget that the river runs, the spindles turn, and the looms are at work; and every year they are fed by better cotton, — better handled, better sold, for a higher price; and unnumbered millions of human creatures wait for the cloth that is woven of it. We weave more and more; and some time, if we are efficient men, Old England and New England may bring all their looms and all their weavers here, — if we are patient and wise. Patience — sweet Heaven, infinite is the patience called for. For we are yet "apart," oratorical, emotional, "peculiar," in spite of the incalculable progress that we have made in the little time covered by this story of a life spent without large result. A well-rounded life surely it has not been; for it has been too volcanic. Perhaps there can be no well-rounded life in this land — except a few unusual women's lives — within a century of slavery.

Patience, then, is the word, — a long, long patience. Changes have come and are coming. In these forty years they have been many. The people rise; our lands become richer; our vision wider; our temper more tolerant. The South is not a "problem." It is a social and industrial condition. You cannot solve a condition. You can only gradually improve it. And no social condition is either so bad or so good as any one man guesses by the small section of it that he sees. We hope to see great results from one campaign, from one lifetime of effort. Great results are visible only generation by generation.

Thus it is that we who sometimes feel the deepest despair at other times feel

the highest hope. We cannot get away from our love of the land and the people. Those that work only for themselves seem to us to miss the larger inspiration of our democracy; and we do get at least — certainly we get at times — the triumphant sense of working at a hard task which is well worth doing. And so we go on, betwixt high hope and weariness, as I dare say men have gone on since human society began. If the bigness of the task is appalling, and the time required to do it indefinitely longer than our day of labor, so have all men found all grave social problems.

XIX

WHERE HOME IS

But, as I was about to say before this last oratorical depression seized me, when my son became old enough to go to college I said to him what my grandfather had said to me. Nicholas Lee — for that was his name — had been about the world, as I had not while I was a lad; but he had so far lived in this corner of a big planet, and I wished his horizon to be wider. He took the cue. I was a Harvard man; so would he be.

He knew of the revival of race-feeling, and of my occasional despair. He, too, felt some repression and lack of companionship; but he had always known a freedom of opinion that I had won only after many a hard battle. I had made plain to him my own struggles; and I had told him, as well as I could, what he might expect. He must live where he would. He need not inherit our misfortunes. I wished him to be free.

Now he was soon to be graduated. What he would do, and where he would live, I did not know. His mother and I went to see him in his day of bloom. He was now become a man, and he seemed well-balanced and quiet in spirit. Ah, how that wild night of my oratorical triumph, and of my cousin's presence, came back to me! Had this boy emotions, or was the stock breeding down to calmness?

That night, when I came in from a dinner with some old friends, the boy sat in his mother's room, at our hotel. "Nicholas Lee tells me," said his mother, in tears, — I think they were tears of joy, but you cannot always be sure of a woman's tears, — "Nicholas Lee tells me that he wishes to live in the South; he wishes to serve his own country."

I fell into a dream — afar off.

"Yes, sir," he was saying, as I awoke the next second, "there is nothing so noble as the work you have done to build up our people. It is the great task of our time. I should not do my duty to seek a career elsewhere."

Patience — a long patience! For we do believe that the democratic idea has healing in it for all social conditions. Is it not a proof of a fine quality of manhood that the lad should hear and heed when a hard, long, high task calls him? How long, how hard, no one can tell him.

And the mill-village this very autumn, with the fields about it white with cotton, and in the soft air that invites to easy labor, is a place that much-traveled men might envy us. I hear the falling water in the river. These are fundamental forces, and for us they mean home; and, however far a man may wander, I suspect that his home is where his duty abides.

XX

A SHADOW BEHIND THE HEDGE

Early in the winter, when the quail were plenty on the Old Place, I went there with my son and a group of his friends for a few days' sport. One day it was dark; I was sure it would rain. The weather did not deter the young fellows, but I decided to remain at home while they went shooting. I had some time before found a copy of *Cotton is King and Pro-slavery Arguments*, which I had brought to the old house as I might bring back an old piece of furniture that belonged there; and I was sitting by the fire, reading the argument of a once famous bishop to

show that slavery was divinely ordained. The colored boy came in, and told me that a lady had driven to the gate and was coming toward the house. I went to the door and met her.

"If I am not obtruding" — she began, in some confusion. "Is this place for sale?"

"No, madam," I replied.

"Perhaps — I must have been misinformed. It is the old home, is it not, of Mr. Worth?"

"Yes," I said; "I am Mr. Worth. Will you come in?"

She had not told me who she was. Her manner was confused. She wore a heavy veil. I confess that I was puzzled. It had, I dare say, been many a year since any strange lady had come here.

"Mr. Nicholas Worth?" she asked. "Yes, I will come in, I thank you. I am Mrs. Wheelwright of Pittsburg. You do not know me?" Then, with a sad smile, she lifted her veil, and said, "I am Milly — Jane's child."

She had come to see her birthplace, this elegantly dressed woman, and to visit Uncle Ephraim's grave.

She told me her history. I felt ashamed that I had forgotten her. Tom Warren had again fought fair, as our "code" goes. He had given her mother money to educate her. They went first, after Uncle Ephraim's death, to Nashville, Tennessee. There Jane died, soon after Milly had been graduated at Fiske University. Milly then went to Oberlin College, in Ohio, still as a "colored" girl; but her "color" would never be detected outside the South. From Oberlin she had gone to one of the smaller cities of Illinois, where she "passed as white;" and there she became a teacher in the public schools. The only person who knew her whole career was a good woman in the Fiske faculty. "I tell you," she said, "what nobody else knows."

She had married a mechanical engineer, many years older than she, who by an invention had become a man of considerable fortune; and they now lived in Pittsburg. He had gone to Denver on a business errand for several weeks, and she had decided during his absence to visit her birthplace, with no idea that she would reveal her identity to any one. She had arrived at the little capital city the day before; and, after this pilgrimage she was going home the next day.

We talked long, and with the utmost frankness. We went into the garden to see the graves of the two old men. Often her eyes became moist as she recalled this or that incident of her childhood; and so did mine. At dinner time, — we still have dinner in the middle of the day, — we sat down and ate together, the servants wondering who she was. When they were present we talked guardedly.

No sooner had she driven away than I sank into as deep a reverie as ever overwhelmed a man. This was her childhood's home, and there was no human being but me to whom she could tell so simple a fact without risk of wrecking her own life and her husband's; she had, in a sense, stolen away from home and made a long journey to see the place once more; and she was the daughter of a man to whom she would not reveal herself, for her own sake as well as his. He had other daughters now, — very like her, I noticed, and, I dare say, no more cultivated,

The young men came in from the hunt. While we were at supper, I told them, so that the servants would hear me, that a strange thing had happened. "A 'Yankee' woman called to ask if the place was for sale; she looked over it, and I kept her to dinner, and found her a very pleasant lady indeed. Shall we sell the Old Place, boys?"

They looked up with wonder at so absurd a question; and we passed from the subject with a laugh, as we pass by many dark tragedies that lurk just behind the hedges of our Southern life. But it may be that all gardens have sad, shadowy dwellers on the other side of their walls of roses.

(*The end.*)

NEW YORK AFTER PARIS

BY ALVAN F. SANBORN

To the Parisian who sees New York for the first time, it must appear a wilderness of sprawling ugliness. He is shocked rather than dazzled by most of the things with which he is expected to be impressed; and his eyes, nose, and ears are constantly and cruelly assailed by sights, smells, and sounds to which New Yorkers through long familiarity are oblivious. "A big iron bazaar, and dirty beyond belief!" was the verdict of a Frenchman who fled from it in dismay and disgust at the end of twenty-four hours; and while not every Frenchman who arrives in New York takes to his heels in this inglorious fashion, the criticism is fairly typical of the way New York strikes the fastidious Gaul.

To the American returning to New York with a point of view gained by a long residence in Paris the New World metropolis must spell disillusion. The squalid, sagging, lurching wood-and-iron wharf line — the thing above all others he would most willingly have missed — confronts him on his arrival practically unaltered, except that it seems to him, in comparison with the trim and tidy banks of the Seine and the clean, substantial stone docks of Havre he has just left, more insufferable than his memory pictured it. Everything else has changed, and changed, it seems to him, for the worse.

Trinity spire and the Produce Exchange tower, which used to refresh his vision down town, are hidden by a score of nondescript sky-scrapers, and the beautiful lines of the Brooklyn Bridge are broken by these same intruders. The exquisite City Hall suffers likewise from their proximity, and will soon be perceived but dimly, like a jewel at the bottom of a well. The Bowery, which was erstwhile gay and piquant with glitter and gaud, has degenerated into sodden commonplaceness. Broadway (from City Hall to Fourteenth Street) has become completely Semitic, without having acquired thereby a scrap of Semitic charm.

The old-fashioned dignity of Washington Square has been irretrievably compromised by a modern corporation building which adds insult to injury by wearing on its façade the Latin motto *perstando et prestando utilitati*. Furthermore, this insolent structure so dwarfs the Washington Arch as to give it the artificial air of the frosted show-piece of a confectioner's window. Union Square, which could never pretend to gentility or beauty, but which had, notwithstanding, an agreeable little presence of its own, has been rendered positively uncanny by the erection of a number of lean, spectral horrors. The symmetry of somnolent, unpretentious Stuyvesant Square and the cosiness of Gramercy Park, where "The Players" live, have each been sadly marred. Madison Square, which was long, and with reason, the most loved spot in the city, is now (with its pagan temple bearing Christian symbols, its brown-stone church in a marble pen, and its far-famed Flat-Iron Building) a fit subject for colossal laughter.

Fifth Avenue (below the Park) has lost its restful, if sombre, brown-stone unity by its unconditional surrender to retail trade. The formerly compact "Tenderloin" has been harried into spreading its unsavoriness over an indefinite area. The ancient slovenliness of upper Broadway has been emphasized instead of relieved by the gorgeous caravansaries with which it is dotted.

The limitations of the narrow Park, which used to be rather successfully dis-

guised, are now perpetually in evidence, by reason of the multiplication of soaring apartment houses along its sides.

Venerable Columbia, which forsook, perforce, its sleepy, artistic Madison Avenue quadrangle when it decided to become aggressive, appears callow and crude in the splendid isolation of its windswept hill, and must continue so to appear until it can contrive to conceal its pathetic, almost indecent nakedness by trees, or can persuade the city to move up around it.

The Hall of Fame, which has refused to open its doors to such world-glories as Whitman and Poe, is as unimpressive as this provincial attitude demands.

The Bronx, though happily saved from annihilation by the Park Department, is no longer the ideal and idyllic refuge it was of yore. Long stretches of the palisades have been quarried out of existence. Brooklyn, always a desert, has expanded into a limitless desert.

In a word, this returned New Yorker finds few familiar landmarks; and the few he does find seem to have lost most of their original meaning. He is as much dazed and puzzled by his surroundings as Rip Van Winkle after his twenty years' sleep. Nobody resides, does business, dines, or drinks in the same places as before. Nobody frequents the same pleasure resorts. Nobody saunters along the same walks. It is not safe for him to make a business or social call, or to set out for a restaurant, a chop-house, a theatre, or a club, without consulting the Directory in advance; and, even so, he risks having his trouble for his pains, inasmuch as there is more than a chance that a move has been made since the Directory was issued.

After he so far recovers from the shock of his initial disenchantment, however, as to be able to take note of details, he finds that there is some balm in Gilead, after all. At the end of a month he begins to catch the spirit of New York; and at the end of six months he has come completely under its spell, and loves it, as Montaigne loved the Paris of his day, "with all its moles and warts." The radiant white city by the Seine still appears to him at intervals, like the memory of a favorite picture or poem; but it has lost the power to disquiet him with desire. Paris is no longer a perpetual obsession, — the absolute norm by which he judges everything he sees. Indeed, it has passed so far out of his life that he is in danger of being as over-lenient in his judgments as he was at the outset over-severe.

He has become callous to dirt, disorder, ugliness, and vandalism. He takes philosophically the wobbly and cavernous sidewalks which render hazardous, especially in wet weather, some of the most attractive promenades; the overflowing garbage-boxes which pollute for the greater part of the day the approaches to even the most pretentious houses; and the tardy emptying of ash-barrels, with disastrous results to eyes, lungs, and raiment, — abuses which would not be tolerated for a week in the poorest working faubourg of Paris.

He accepts as a part of the divine order of things the presence of bent, battered, decapitated lamp-posts, of sagging hydrants and hitching-posts, of ragged, discolored awnings, of clogged gutters and leaking waterspouts; and the absence of *vespasiennes*.

It no longer occurs to him to compare the insistent shabbiness of the elevated roads with the sober massiveness of the elevated portions of the Paris Métropolitain and Ceinture; the gruesomeness of the subway stations with the cheeriness of their Parisian counterparts; or the misshapen, rusty, street-front fire-escapes with the graceful Parisian balconies. He is no longer scandalized at beholding a shanty and a palace, a flaming billboard and a public monument, a squat stable and a sky-scraper, side by side. He is no longer annoyed by un-named streets, barn-like ferry stations, rattling, reeking, unpainted horse-cars, and steam railway tracks where steam railway tracks do not belong. He no longer complains of being forced to choose, in the business sections, between a detour into the street

and a running high jump over the bales, barrels, and boxes with which the sidewalks are encumbered during the unloading of trucks. And he forgets to be wrathful over the wanton mutilation and slaughter of precious trees.

More than this. When he has got himself into tune with his surroundings, he discovers a thousand and one reasons for downright joy.

Trolleys have been pretty effectually kept out, except in Brooklyn; and, except in Brooklyn again, most of the telegraph and telephone wires have been put underground. Engineering schemes which reflect credit upon the imagination as well as the ingenuity of the age have been conceived and executed. The streets, however much they still leave to be desired, are, on the whole, better paved, better swept, and better lighted than they used to be; the night views up and down Broadway and Fifth Avenue are superb. Half-way refuges for pedestrians are being gradually introduced into the busiest thoroughfares, and the shape of the electric light mounts has been decidedly improved. A green square has here and there supplanted a slum. The wealth run wild of upper New York ("the new New York") has achieved more than one architectural triumph. St. Patrick's is finished; a colossal new cathedral is being built; and Grace Church, which closes the vista up Broadway from City Hall Square so effectively, has guaranteed itself for a long time to come against being engulfed, like Trinity, by purchasing the property adjacent. The atrocious painted-iron hotels and office-buildings erected a generation back are rapidly being replaced by structures of light-colored brick or stone. At the same time, artistic wrought-iron work is coming rapidly into vogue, particularly for the portals of the more luxurious private dwellings. A few of the newest sky-scrapers are designed to be seen from all four sides, which is certainly an improvement, if they are to be seen at all. Considerable attention has been paid to architectural effect in the more recent municipal buildings, several of which would do honor to any capital in the world.

The glory of Paris, architecturally considered, lies less in the multitude of its beautiful features — though it does undoubtedly possess this advantage — than in the intimate relation these features bear to the whole city and to one another, in the mutual consideration and deference, so to speak, that they display. It is by virtue of its unity and symmetry that Paris is supreme. The beautiful features of New York, on the contrary, turn their backs most impolitely on each other, paying no more attention to symmetry and unity than a woman's watch pays to time. An arch that closes no vista, for instance, however admirable an arch it may be, is, in such a position, little better than an architectural joke. A façade that might be grandiose if provided with a fitting approach is merely elephantine without it. A marble masterpiece in a setting of dilapidated tenements is anything but a vision of delight, since it is "matter out of place," and matter out of place — we have the authority of Emerson for it — is but another name for dirt. A jewel in a pig's snout ceases to serve a decorative end, even though it does not cease to be a jewel.

The truth is that New York is in the throes of creation. With infinite travail it is taking on a body adequate to its needs, — a feat Paris long ago accomplished. The operation necessarily involves disagreeable surprises, and the immediate result, viewed in its entirety, is, it must be confessed, much more grotesque than impressive. An orchestral performance in which each and every performer played a different tune could hardly be less prepossessing.

There are many unmistakable signs that New York is trying to create for itself a new mind as well as a new body. It is plainly striving to attain to intellectual self-consciousness; to develop a richer, fuller, and more coherent intellectual life.

It is rapidly regenerating its public school system, which was long justly held inferior; and its Board of Education, by founding neighborhood libraries and utilizing the school-buildings, evenings, as lecture-halls for adults, is showing a certain comprehension of the intellectual needs of the community, and a commendable desire to render culture popular.

By the fusion of the Lenox, Astor, and Tidlen foundations, it is in a fair way to wipe out its long-standing disgrace of having no library in any degree commensurate with its metropolitan rank, though it will be a far call, of course, from the New York Public Library, even with all its projects realized, to the Bibliothèque Nationale, — since libraries, like violins, wine, and good fellows must have age to be at their best. New York's principal university, while not to be mentioned in the same breath with the University of Paris, whose history is well-nigh identical with the intellectual history of France, seems destined to an honorable place ultimately among the institutions of learning of the world.

The scientific spirit, however, is a well-nigh meaningless phrase in New York. The pursuit of knowledge for its own sake is scarcely yet a dream. The bare mention of such quixotism evokes an incredulous, pitying smile. The splendid consecration of a Pasteur, a Roux, a Curie, a Duclaux, a Berthelot, a Paris, or a Bréal, would be considered insanity, even in scholarly circles. New York professors aspire to social prestige. They wish to be considered men of the world. They cannot put up with the simple, modest manner of living of French savants and scientists. Although better paid than the men in similar positions in Paris, they esteem their appointments inadequate, and count that year a bad year in which they do not make as much or more than their salaries "on the side." The very form of our language, if present indications are to be trusted, is at the mercy of the whim of a king of finance.

New York is a lodestone to the literary talent of the entire United States. As a centre for the printing and distribution of books and magazines it has no New World and few Old World rivals. Where publishers are gathered together, there authors likewise must reside, or at least possess what the French call a *pied-à-terre*. New York's literary activity, therefore, is tremendous; — shoals of new books greet the view on every hand; — but this activity does not induce a literary atmosphere such as exists in Paris, because it is not coherent. The authors are scattered, like the tasteful buildings of the material city. Hence they do not make themselves felt. They have no common meeting-ground geographically or intellectually. They are lost amid the environing hosts of Philistines who have no literary sense and no literary interest. They are scarcely conscious of the existence of one another, except as they see the wares of the most popular of their number boomed on the billboards alongside patent medicines, cigarettes, and complexion powders. They do not rub elbows. They exert no more influence on one another than the pebbles buried in a pudding-stone.

New York has neither a literary press nor a literary stage, in the sense in which both the press and the stage are literary in Paris. It has nothing to correspond with the open-air bookstalls along the quays of the Seine, before which thousands of bibliophiles pass their lives browsing among the classics and turning the leaves of musty old folios, — nothing to correspond even to the arcades of the Odéon, whither every one who makes or loves a book in Paris saunters to sip the sweets from the freshest blooms of literature. It has no literary Bohemia, like Montmartre and the Latin quarter, where impecunious geniuses spur each other on to chase chimeras (New York litterateurs sternly disapprove of chimeras) and to hearten each other when the chase fails; and no literary court quarter, like Courcelles, Ternes, and Passy, where the smug *arrivés* review together their early struggles

against obscurity and poverty, and gloat together over their successes. Indeed, it is the spontaneous and splendid literary solidarity of the French capital, rather than the quantity or even the quality of its literary output, that makes it an almost ideal place of residence for a literary man.

In the absence of the sympathy and support of his fellows, the New York writer would be helpless, probably, against the city's insistent and omnipresent commercialism, if he tried to resist it; but there is very little evidence that he tries. He seems to prefer to make a part of it. It is not that the New York writer is avaricious. No genuine American is. In a way he sets less store by the dollar than his Paris confrère,—the dollar is so much harder to get in Paris; but he is possessed of an inordinate desire to display the dollar, for the simple reason that it is the dollar which determines his literary rank. Literature is its own best excuse in Paris. In New York the only excuse for literature is an income. Not what he has done or is doing in a literary way, but what he is earning, gives the New York writer his rating, even with the members of his craft. The literary career is adjudged a dismal failure, if it does not procure a man as good a living as a business or professional career; and when it does not (and it rarely does) he who has chosen it must make it appear that it does. Live in a garret he may, by cunningly disguising his address; but he must dress and act before the world as if he were drawing at least a beggarly five-thousand dollars,—the "minimum wage" which the New York conception of respectability tolerates,—under pain of being discredited utterly. While the New York writer strives thus to hide his penury as if it were a badge of shame, the Paris writer flaunts his as a badge of honor. The latter does his utmost to differentiate himself from the bourgeois; the former offers the bourgeois that sincerest of all forms of admiration, imitation. In New York the man of affairs "patronizes" the man of letters. In Paris the rôles are reversed. There it is the man of letters who patronizes the man of affairs. To tell a New York litterateur that he looks and acts like a business man is to pay him the highest possible compliment; to tell a Paris litterateur the same thing is grievously to insult him.

New York is a great picture mart, and it has attracted to itself, in consequence, a few remarkable, and a multitude of clever, sculptors and painters. Sculptures and mural paintings abound in the more luxurious of the new buildings. Statues of real artistic merit are being erected in the public squares and parks. Art exhibitions are numerous and meritorious. The Metropolitan Museum has become a collection of world-wide importance, and is keenly alive to its educational opportunities and responsibilities. The Municipal Art Society is doing much to elevate the taste of the public. Notwithstanding all this, New York is as far from having an art atmosphere as it is from having a literary atmosphere. There is no such diffused, fiery glow of artistic fervor as there is in Paris. Its art activities, like its literary activities, are fragmentary and discursive, and its artists, though more gregarious than its writers — through the compulsion of the studio building — are not more recalcitrant to commercialism. They, too, make it a point of honor to compete with money-makers on their own money-making ground.

The abundant and vigorous, but haphazard, intellectual activity of New York results, like the haphazard building of the city, in much that is grotesque. The big, sprawling, ill-balanced New York Sunday paper, for instance (whose few excellences are buried under so much trash as to be like the proverbial two grains of wheat hid in two bushels of chaff), is the most perfect conceivable expression and emblem of intellectual incoherence, at the same time that it is an admirable counterpart of the sky-scraper of the material city,—between which and it an ingenious psychologist would probably be able to establish a subtle vital connection.

Alongside the Sunday papers, and, in a way, consequent upon them, have sprung up a number of magazines which are likewise indifferent to literary form, and which have succeeded, incredible as it may seem, in outdoing the Sunday papers in scrappiness. Indeed, one of these bewildering publications advertises not only the number of pages, but the number of words — why not also the number of letters? — it contains. Now the man, woman, or child does not exist who can read week in and week out, month in and month out, year in and year out, such a motley array of totally unrelated facts as the Sunday papers and these magazines provide, without becoming afflicted ultimately with locomotor ataxia of the mind through the gradual loss of the power to coördinate ideas. Reading that thus disintegrates the reasoning faculties is several degrees worse than the no reading at all which the purveyors of this sort of literature would convince us is the only alternative on the part of those to whom they cater. It is vastly better to be ignorant than to be imbecile.

As the scrappy, scatterbrain magazine has appeared on the scene to supplement the scrappy, scatterbrain newspaper, so the yellow weekly and the yellow magazine have appeared on the scene to supplement the yellow newspaper. Several weeklies and monthlies, flying, with a vast display of superior virtue, the audacious flags of "the new journalism" and "the fighting journalism," are taking it upon themselves to do the work of the courts and the police. The first duty of their editors and contributors is to provide sensations, — sensations at any cost. If they can write also, well and good. But if only they are expert detectives, — one is tempted to say "spotters," — it matters very little whether they can write or not, since they have at their beck and call plenty of penny-a-liners who can be counted upon to lick their material into printable shape.

Paris also likes sensations, — but in its own peculiar, cheery, Parisian way. Paris, although quite capable on occasion, as history has shown, of transforming a "sensation" into a tragic revolution, does not as a rule take "sensations" too seriously. It has seen too many of them. A Paris "sensation" is usually launched in a highly artistic fashion (even Zola's *J'accuse*, for instance, was a little masterpiece of invective rhetoric), and is judged by Parisians as a form of art. Their mocking skepticism refuses to see anything more formidable therein than a *jeu d'esprit*. If it is artistically promulgated, it is a welcome break in the monotony of existence, a thing that provides a new topic of conversation, and so helps to pass the time agreeably; an event equally important with the *apéritif*, perhaps, but not nearly so important as the dinner. If it is not artistically promulgated, it is dismissed with a shrug, and that ends the matter.

In New York, on the contrary, sensation-mongering is not a fine art, but a trade; and a New York sensation is usually a mighty grave and ponderous affair, — to be taken angrily or apologetically, as the case may be, but never flippantly. Consequently, the first impression of the New Yorker who returns here now from abroad, even though he comes from sensation-loving Paris, must be that New York has gone sensation-mad. And it may be that it has.

Certain it is that New York has latterly taken to reckoning time by its sensations, like the village gossip. When one counts the number of murders, kidnappings, abductions, and marital scandals which have held the front of the stage in quick succession; the number of demagogues who have advertised themselves into office; the number of leaders, wearing the halo of reformers, who waited for the psychological moment to arrive before they espoused reform; the number of fortunes that have been piled up by the exploitation of "exposure;" the number of philanthropists who have used the Devil's own weapons in fighting the Devil; the number of terribly energetic women who "know so many things that ain't so,"

and make so many bad matters worse by acting accordingly; and the number of would-be exquisites who wax lyric over "the City Beautiful," — shall we have violets beautiful, women beautiful, and babies beautiful next? — when a little more attention to their ash-barrels, and a little less tax-dodging on their part, would go far toward making New York a beautiful city; when one recalls the sorry, spasmodic efforts to establish a censorship of the stage and to compel Sunday observance; the society "revivals" from which sinners without invitation are excluded; the preponderant rôle of profanity in police reform, and of theology in maintaining race-track betting; the laughable spectacle of the enforcing of the anti-spitting ordinance by expectorating policemen; the rapid rise and spread of the Socialism of the boudoir and the Anarchism of the drawing-room; when one recalls, further, the ease with which the public has been stampeded for mutually antagonistic men and measures; for the most unrighteous and irrational as well as the most righteous and rational causes; for bonanza speculations and denunciations of speculation; for lavish generosity in providing campaign funds and for opposition to the use of money in elections: when one thinks of the frequency with which this same public has raised the savage cry "Crucify him! Crucify him!" — when one considers all this, and more to the same general effect, it is impossible not to be indulgent to the person who affirms that New York is suffering from one of the worst cases of extreme nervousness on record, and that, having formed the sensation habit, it can no more get along without its daily sensation than the dope-fiend can get along without his daily dope. Walt Whitman's memorable query, "But say, Tom, is n't it" (New York) "a sort of delirium tremens?" appears almost dismayingly pertinent at this time.

On the other hand, it is possible, and even probable, that this singular, turbulent city which is straining to take on an adequate body and acquire an adequate mentality is straining also to develop a moral personality. The bizarre spasms which appear to the superficial observer to be caused by disease may be incident not to the workings of toxins in the system, but to the expulsion of toxins from the system. The ethical upheavals, which are as graceless and unimpressive in their way as the most grotesque excrescences and eruptions of the material and intellectual city, may be the signs of an awakening to moral self-consciousness which will result eventually in a comprehensible and consistent moral code. The first flower to bloom in this latitude, when the winter frost loosens its grip upon the sod, is not the fragrant arbutus, nor the delicate hepatica, nor the waxen bloodroot, as the poets would have us think, but the gross, uncouth, and noisome skunk cabbage; and this same skunk cabbage is, for all its grossness and noisomeness and uncouthness, at once a product and a prophecy of the oncoming spring. If a great moral transformation is really going on in New York, it is only natural that it should be attended, as great moral transformations nearly always have been, with unlovely excesses.

The genuineness of this moral awakening would be less dubious, however, if it were marked by a general renunciation of the worship of the Golden Calf which lies at the root of the evils against which it claims to protest; if the public at large, instead of putting the cart before the horse, as they are doing now, were as eager to reform themselves as they are to reform the erring financial magnates and political bosses and grafters, of whose success they are unquestionably jealous. In every stratum of society a man wears a financial tag; he is a $500, a $1000, a $5000, a $10,000, a $30,000, a $100,000 man. So that he be strenuous (and strenuous in this connection is invariably given its lowest and narrowest, sordid, money-grubbing meaning), nothing else matters so very much. Even petty clerks and laboring men talk "finance." They

are amusingly contemptuous of low figures, and compute in millions as glibly as if they possessed millions. The very youngsters lisp in millions. They will name you with gleaming eyes the whole list of money kings, and tell you more about them than these celebrities know about themselves.

Prosperity exhibited in Board of Trade tables is the only prosperity that is generally understood in New York. "That conception of social progress," to borrow a phrase of Herbert Spencer, "which presents as its aim increase of population, growth of wealth, spread of commerce," still holds the field against all comers. Money has not been displaced as the supreme object of desire. The Dollar has not been dethroned as the New York divinity. Life has not become more sane and equable. Quite the reverse.

To the hard, metallic accompaniment of the tramway gong, the telephone bell, and the clicking telegraph-machine and typewriter, the toiling for the dollar goes on, quite as if there had been no mention of such a thing as reform. The toilers themselves have taken on a metallic look, and seem to be moved by invisible wires rather than to move of their own volition. The set, blank faces and fixed gaze of the men and unsexed women, as they rush silent and smileless to and from their offices and workshops, justify the remark of the Frenchman who, contrasting these expressionless New York throngs with the laughing and chattering throngs of Paris, said that the streets of New York were full of "dead persons running and walking;" for dead indeed do they appear to sunshine, to beauty, to suffering, to sorrow, to everything human and divine except the immediate business on which they are bent. Their thoughts and their hearts are where their treasure is, and their treasure is where the money-changers most do congregate. They are flawless money-making machines, — their very aspect is machine-like, — and they merit the admiration that is accorded to any other ingenious and effective mechanical device; but if they possess any of the finer attributes of our common humanity they keep them carefully out of sight.

The typical New Yorker is always in such a hopeless hurry to make his fortune that he is impatient of small things in every relation of life. He has no time to eat or drink like a civilized being, — witness the barbarous noon-lunch counter and the still more barbarous bar. He has no time for the little courtesies which go to make up manners; for the reading and reflection conducive to culture; for edifying conversation in which no "promoting" is involved; for discrimination between comely splendor and vulgar display; for the whole-souled expansiveness which is the zest of good-fellowship; for the services and self-sacrifices which are the warp and woof of friendship; for the delicate attentions and tender ministrations indispensable to the rich and full emotionalism without which the family and the home are doomed.

The Londoner is said to take his pleasures sadly. The New Yorker takes his hurriedly, as if — rush is so much second-nature with him — he were anxious to get them off the docket as expeditiously as possible. In short, he has no time to live a well-rounded life. He uses up so much energy in getting together a heap of dollars that he has no energy left for living. And yet he looks down upon the Latin as an inferior, and pronounces him a decadent because he holds that "work is for life, not life for work."

The Parisian is as superior to the New Yorker in the ability to organize intelligently his individual existence as Paris is superior to New York in its ability to direct properly collective activities and growth. And the wonder and the glory of it are that this is quite as strikingly true of the Parisian laborer as of the Parisian man of means and culture. Whatever his station in life, the Parisian possesses a fine sense of proportion, grounded partly in a highly developed social instinct, and partly in a wholesome social philosophy. It is this sense of proportion, this appre-

ciation of what the French call *nuance*, which the New Yorker almost utterly lacks (because he has allowed all his faculties but his money-making faculty to atrophy through disuse), that explains the Parisian's well-rounded manner of living, and that renders Paris so much more democratic than New York, in every sense of the word democratic but the narrow political one.

New York's disconcerting sky-scrapers are vastly picturesque, and even grandiose in certain lights. On winter afternoons, when the dusk comes early, their myriad lamps afford a spectacle which outclasses in brilliancy the grandest electric displays of the greatest world's fairs.

Athwart the moonlit or starlit sky, their soaring masses stand forth black and ominous, like the donjon keeps of colossal castles; and, under these conditions, the lower end of Manhattan, where they most abound, might almost pass for the Mont St. Michel of the New World. In a night of rain, the ruddy reflections of their lights incarnadine the clouds till the entire city appears to be the prey of a monster conflagration. Under the slanting glow of the rising or the setting sun their tops take on the gorgeous iridescence of the peaks of Mont Blanc, the Rigi, or the Matterhorn, and one quite forgets, as in the Alps, to be critical of imperfect form. Finally, a fog softens their hard and crude lines into a close approach to cathedral lines, lending them thus a poetic charm, an air of mystery that becomes them well, and that puts them into harmony with one another and with the city as a whole.

Similarly the most sprawling and grotesque intellectual and moral manifestations of this big, inchoate city take on a species of grandeur and beauty under certain lights, and it may be that it is these lights which reveal them most truly. With the aid of a bit of propitious haze, for example, they assume their fitting places in a really, impressive ensemble.

Materially, mentally, and morally, New York is growing helter-skelter, very much as the untouched forest grows, — big trees and little trees, straight trees and crooked trees, saplings, bushes, brakes, ferns, flowers, mushrooms, and toadstools in a bewildering tangle, — and it exhales a similar aroma of unjaded life, which cannot fail to thrill every man who has a drop of red blood in him.

It is not to be expected that a new civilization should be as coherent as an old civilization; and it would be surprising, indeed, if New York were either materially, intellectually, or morally as coherent as Paris, which is so thoroughly organic that it has not so much as a vermiform appendix, so to say, to spare. Formlessness is a reproach only when it is a finality, the end of a devolution instead of the first stage of an evolution. This glorious earth itself — both science and revelation are agreed — was once upon a time "without form and void;" but there was unexhausted energy, and the rest came in good time. New York, whatever its defects, is not lacking in energy, and here too, in good time, the rest must come. Confusion worse confounded may be the order of the hour, but sooner or later this seething chaos is bound to become splendidly articulate. Exaggerations may be rife, — the earth also, during a long time, dealt freely in exaggerations, going in for bigness rather than symmetry, very much as New York is going in for bigness rather than symmetry now. No one doubts that unity of language will one day supersede in New York the present diversity of tongues. Why, then, be skeptical regarding the ultimate triumph of unity in the other fields where diversity now prevails? It is not optimism, but simple good sense, to expect such a result.

New York may not plead its youthfulness forever in extenuation of its vagaries, of course; but it may plead its youthfulness legitimately for some time longer. It is still, whatever airs of manhood it may assume, in the awkward "high-water-pants" age of its career, and it is folly to denominate such a callow youth as this

an utter reprobate because he displays a tendency to sow wild oats. At his age it is his privilege, if not his function, to be "fresh."

New York can be appreciated only if it is viewed less as a city than as the force of nature which it really is; one of "those great blind forces which are so much more perspicacious than the petty, peering, partial eyesight of men," — a sort of first cause, irrational, irresponsible, and reckless in outward seeming alone. In the presence of a phenomenon of this order dogmatic criticism is out of place. A force of nature cannot be put into cold type, nor be measured with a tape measure. Its present cannot be understood, nor its future divined, by a finite intelligence. Its equation cannot be computed from the height of a building, the cleanliness of a street, the makeup of a newspaper, the form of a popular novel; nor even from the curriculum of a university or the vigor of a campaign against graft. It is a problem, like that of the cubic contents of the eternities, only for the higher mathematics of the gods.

The horripilant spectacle afforded by the earth when it was still a cosmic welter "without form and void," before it had evolved so much as a sheet of crested note paper, a silk hat, a cravat, or a trousers' crease, would have hopelessly shocked the delicate sensibilities of the *raffiné*, the dilettante, the snob, the critic whose ambition in life is to determine the difference betwixt tweedle-dee and tweedle-dum, — and yet this very cosmic welter was playing a part in the harmony of the spheres.

Only he who has been vouchsafed a revelation of "the glory of the imperfect" can find his account in such a spectacle as that which contemporary New York presents. Charles Lamb, who had received such a revelation (as his "Complaint on the Decay of Beggars" conclusively shows), tells somewhere of "standing in the motley Strand and weeping for fulness of joy at so much life." Lamb, we may be sure, would have loved and revered New York, because he loved and revered life. And he would have been right; for life, when all has been said, is an end in itself. What matter jarring notes, if jarring notes are vital throbs? Besides, who knows that the jarring notes are not part of a marvelous harmony whose secret is yet to be revealed?

The tardy apotheoses of Richard Wagner, Walt Whitman, and Claude Monet, have demonstrated that in music, poetry, and painting, the discords of one generation may be the harmonies of the next. What if it should be true of other things than music, poetry, and painting? What if it should be true all along the line? Why not take the broader view, when it is at least every whit as plausible as the narrower view?

But if to believe that the noisy, tumultuous New York of to-day is producing a harmony too subtle and complex for untrained ears to grasp puts too great a strain upon credulity, is it too much to believe that the present discord is a necessary preliminary to the harmony which is to ensue?

> "Why rushed the discords in, but that harmony should be prized?"

May it not be that the most wonderful orchestra the world has ever produced is tuning up its varied instruments for the richest and fullest symphony of all time?

ROMANTICISM IN MUSIC

BY DANIEL GREGORY MASON

I

HISTORIANS of music are accustomed to speak of the first half or three quarters of the nineteenth century as the Romantic Period in music, and of those composers who immediately follow Beethoven — including Schubert, Schumann, Mendelssohn, Berlioz, Chopin, Liszt, and some others — as the Romantic Composers. The word romantic, as thus used, forms, no doubt, a convenient label; but if we attempt to explain its meaning we find ourselves involved in several difficulties. Were there, then, no romanticists before Schubert? Have no composers written romantically since 1870? Such questions, arising at once, lead us inevitably to the more general inquiry: What is Romanticism?

In the broadest sense in which the word "romanticism" can be used, the sense in which it is taken, for example, by Pater in the Postscript of his *Appreciations*, it seems to mean simply interest in novel and strange elements of artistic effect. "It is the addition of strangeness to beauty," says Pater, "that constitutes the romantic character in art; and the desire of beauty being a fixed element in every artistic organization, it is the addition of curiosity to this desire of beauty that constitutes the romantic temper." Romanticism is thus the innovating spirit, as opposed to the conserving spirit of classicism; romanticists appear in every age and school; and Stendhal is right in saying that "all good art was romantic in its day." It is interesting, in passing, to note the relation of this definition to the widely prevalent notion that romanticism is extravagant and lawless. To the mind wedded to tradition all novelty is extravagant; and since an artistic form is grasped only after considerable practice, all new forms necessarily appear formless at first. Hence, if we begin by saying that romantic art is novel and strange art, it requires only a little inertia or intolerance in our point of view to make us add that it is grotesque and irrational art, or, indeed, not art at all. Critics have often been known to arrive at this conclusion.

Suggestive as Pater's definition is, however, it is too vague and sweeping to carry us far in our quest. It does not explain why Monteverde, with his revolutionary dominant-seventh chords, or the Florentine composers of the early seventeenth century, with their unheard-of free recitative, were not quite as genuine romanticists as Schubert, with his whimsical modulation, and Schumann, with his harsh dissonances. We have still to ask why, instead of appending our label of "romantic" to the innovators of centuries earlier than the nineteenth, we confine it to that comparatively small group of men who immediately followed Beethoven.

The answer is to be found in the distinctness of the break that occurred in musical development at this time, the striking difference in type between the compositions of Beethoven and those of his successors. From Philipp Emanuel Bach up to Beethoven, the romanticism of each individual composer merely carried him a step forward in a well-established path; it prompted him to refine here, to pare away there, to expand this feature, to suppress that, in a scheme of art constantly maturing, but retaining always its essential character. With Beethoven, however, this particular scheme of art, of which the type is the sonata, with its high measure of formal beauty and its generalized expression, reached a degree

of perfection beyond which it could not for the moment go. The romantic impulse of Beethoven's successors had to satisfy itself, therefore, in some other way than by heightening abstract æsthetic beauty or general expressiveness:[1] until new technical resources could be developed, the limit was reached in those directions Beethoven had himself, meanwhile, opened the door on an inviting vista of possibilities in a new field,—that of highly specialized, idiosyncratic, subjective expression. He had shown how music, with Mozart so serene, detached, and impersonal, could become a language of personal feeling, of individual passion, even of whim, fantasy, and humor. It was inevitable that those who came after him should seek their novelty, should satisfy their curiosity, along this new path of subjectivism and specialized expression. And as this music of the person, as we may call it, which now began to be written, was different not only in degree but in kind from the objective art which prepared the way for it, it is natural that in looking back upon so striking a departure we should give it a special name, such as Romanticism.

As for the other line of demarcation, which separates the romantic period from what we call the modern, — that is purely arbitrary. "Modern" is a convenient name for us to give to those tendencies from which we have not yet got far enough away to view them in large masses and to describe them disinterestedly. As the blur of too close a vision extends back for us to 1870 or thereabout, we find it wise to let our romantic period, about which we can theorize and form hypotheses, end there for the present. But it already seems clear that the prevalent tendency, even in contemporary music, is still the personal and subjective one that distinguished the early romantic period. Probably our grandchildren will extend that period from Beethoven's later works to those of some composer yet unborn. And thus we have, in studying the romantic composers, the added interest that we are in a very real sense studying ourselves.

[1] It is true that the romantic composers found much scope for their ingenuity in the exploitation of the enlarged and perfected orchestra which nineteenth-century mechanical genius put into their hands. One reason for the richness of color of their music is this purely material advantage they had over earlier composers. But the mechanical development of instruments, and the richness of sensuous effect it brought with it, though they doubtless reacted on the character of this music, were, after all, incidental rather than essential to it. Romanticism is not a technique or a medium, but an attitude toward expression.

II

Difficult to make, and dangerous when made, as are sweeping generalizations about so many-sided a matter as the expressive character of whole schools or eras of art, there seem to be generic differences between classical and romantic expression which we can hardly avoid remarking, and of which it is worth while to attempt a tentative definition, especially if we premise that it is to be suggestive rather than absolute. The constant generality of classical expression, and the objectivity of attitude which it indicates in the worker, cannot but strike the modern student, especially if he contrasts them with the exactly opposite features of contemporary art. The classical masters aim not at particularity and minuteness of expression, but at the congruous setting forth of certain broad types of feeling. They are jealous of proportion, vigilant to maintain the balance of the whole work, rigorous in the exclusion of any single feature that might through undue prominence distort or mar its outlines. Their attitude toward their work is detached, impersonal, disinterested: a purely craftsmanlike attitude, at the furthest pole from the passionate subjectivity of our modern "tone-poets." J. S. Bach, for example, the sovereign spirit of this school, is always concerned primarily with the plastic problem of weaving his wonderful tonal patterns; we feel that what these

patterns turn out to express, even though it be of great, and, indeed, often of supreme, poignancy, is in his mind quite a secondary matter. The preludes and fugues of the "Well-tempered Clavichord" are monuments of abstract beauty, rather than messages, pleas, or illustrations. And even when this emotional burden is so weighty as in the B-flat minor Prelude or the B-minor Fugue of the first book, it still remains general and, as it were, communal. Bach is not relieving his private mind; he is acting as a public spokesman, as a trustee of the emotion of a race or nation. This gives his utterance a scope, a dignity, a nobility, that cannot be accounted for by his merely personal character.

Haydn and Mozart illustrate the same attitude in a different department of music. Their symphonies and quartets are almost as impersonal as his preludes and fugues. The substance of all Haydn's best work is the folk-music of the Croatians, a branch of the Slavic race; its gayety, elasticity, and ingenuousness are Slavic rather than merely Haydnish. It is true that he idealizes the music of his people, as a gifted individual will always idealize any popular art he touches; but he remains true to his source, and accurately representative of it, just as the finest tree contains only those elements which it can draw from the soil in which it grows. Mozart, more personal than Haydn, shares with him the aloofness, the reticence, of classicism. What could be more Greek, more celestially remote, than the G-minor Symphony, or the Quintet in the same key? What could be less a detailed biography of a hero, more an ideal sublimation of his essential character, than the "Jupiter Symphony?" And even in such a deeply emotional conception as the introduction to the C-major Quartet, can we label any specific emotion? can we point to the measures and say, "Here is grief; here is disappointment; here is unrequited love"?

In Beethoven we become conscious of a gradually changing ideal of expression. There are still themes; movements, entire works, in which the dominant impulse is the architectonic zeal of classicism; and there is the evidence of the sketch-books that this passionate individualist could subject himself to endless discipline in the quest of pure plastic beauty. But there are other things, such as the third, fifth, and ninth symphonies, the "Egmont" and "Coriolanus" overtures, the slow movement of the G-major Concerto (that profoundly pathetic dialogue between destiny and the human heart), and the later quartets, in which a novel particularity and subjectivity of utterance make themselves felt. In such works the self-forgetful artist, having his vicarious life only in the serene beauty of his creations, disappears, and Ludwig van Beethoven, bursting with a thousand emotions that must out, steps into his place and commands our attention, nobly egotistic, magnificently individual. And then there is the "Pastoral Symphony," in which he turns landscape painter, and with minutest details of bird-notes and shepherds' songs and peasants' dances delineates the external objects, as well as celebrates the inner spirit, of the countryside. These things mark the birth of romanticism.

For romanticism is, in essence, just this modern subjectivity and individualism, just this shifting of the emphasis from abstract beauty, with its undifferentiated expressiveness, to personal communication, minute interest in the uttermost detail, impassioned insistence on each emotion for itself rather than as a subordinate member in an articulate organism, and, in extreme cases, to concrete objects, persons, and scenes in the extramusical world. Musicians since Beethoven have inclined to exploit more and more that aspect of their art which is analogous to language, even when this means neglect of the other aspect, the nearest analogue of which is to be found in sculpture, architecture, and decorative painting. The modern watchword has come to be initiative rather than obedience, origi-

nality rather than skill, individuality rather than truth to universal human nature. It is, after all, one impulse, the impulse toward specialization, that runs through all the various manifestations of the romantic spirit, and may be traced alike in the lyricism of Schubert, the fanciful whimsicality of Schumann, the picturesqueness of Mendelssohn, the introspection of Chopin, and the realism of Berlioz and Liszt.

In Schubert, the first of the out-and-out romanticists, and the eldest of them all in point of time (his birth-date falls in the eighteenth century), we find a curious grafting of a new spirit on an old stem. Brought up on the quartets and symphonies of Haydn and Mozart, making his first studies in boyishly literal imitation of them, he acquired the letter of the classical idiom as none of the others, save Mendelssohn, ever did. His works in sonata-form written up to 1816 might well have emanated from Esterhaz or Salzburg; the C-major Symphony, so far as general plan is concerned, would have done no discredit to Beethoven. Yet the spirit of Schubert is always lyrical. It was fated from his birth that he should write songs, for his was a typically sentimental temperament; and when he planned a symphony, he instinctively conceived it as a series of songs for instruments, somewhat more extended and developed than those intended for a voice, but hardly different in kind. As a naturalist can reconstruct in fancy an extinct animal from a fossil jawbone, a musical historian might piece out a fair conception of what romanticism is, in the dearth of other evidence, from a study of "Erlkönig," or "Ständchen," or "Am Meer;" and the ideas he might thus form would be extended rather than altered by acquaintance with the "Unfinished Symphony" or the D-minor Quartet. The lyrical Schubert contrasts always with the heroic and impersonal Bach or Beethoven, much as Tennyson contrasts with Shakespeare, or Theocritus with Sophocles.

Schumann adds to the lyrical ardor of Schubert insatiable youthful enthusiasm, whimsicality, a richly poetic fancy, and a touch of mysticism. His songs are even more personal than Schubert's, and his piano pieces, especially the early ones, bristle with eccentricity. The particularity, minute detail, and personal connotation of the "Abegg Variations," the "Davidsbündlertanze," the "Papillons," the "Carnaval," the "Kreisleriana," are almost grotesque. He confides to us, through this music, his friendships, his flirtations, his courtship, his critical sympathies, his artistic creed, his literary devotions. Never was music so circumstantial, so autobiographic. In later years, when he had passed out of the enchanted circle of youthful egotism, and was striving for a more universal speech, his point of view became not essentially less personal, but only less wayward. Till the last his art is vividly self-conscious, — that is his charm and his limitation. No one has so touchingly voiced the aspirations of the imprisoned soul, no one has put meditation and introspection into tones, as he has done in the Adagio of the C-major Symphony, the "Funeral March" of the Quintet, the F-sharp major Romance for piano.

If Schumann sounds, as no other can, the whole gamut of feeling of a sensitive modern soul, Mendelssohn, quite dissimilar in temperament, correct, reserved, dispassionate, is nevertheless also romantic by virtue of his picturesqueness, his keen sense for the pageantry of life, his delicate skill as an illustrator of nature and of imaginative literature. His "Songs without Words" reveal a strain of mild lyricism, but he is never intimate or reckless, he never wholly reveals himself. His discreet objectivity is far removed from the frankly subjective enthusiasms of Schubert and Schumann. He was, in fact, by tradition, training, and native taste, a classicist; the exhibition of deep feeling was distasteful to his fastidious reticence; and he is thus emotionally less characteristic of his period than any of his contemporaries. But, for all that, he

shows unmistakably in the felicity of his tone-painting the modern interest in picturesque detail, in the concrete circumstance, the significant particular. Illustration rather than abstract beauty, — that is one of the special interests of the new school. No one has cultivated it more happily than the composer of the "Midsummer Night's Dream" music, the "Hebrides Overture," and the "Scotch" and "Italian" Symphonies.

Chopin presents an even more singular instance than Schumann of what introspection can make of a composer, of how resolute self-communion can individualize his work until its intense personal savor keeps little to remind us of other music. All Chopin's tastes were so aristocratic that the exclusiveness of his style seems a matter of course, and was probably to his mind a supreme merit. And if it debarred him from some musical experiences, if it made his music sound better in a drawing-room than in a concert-hall, it certainly gave it a marvelous delicacy, finesse, originality, and fragile beauty. It is, so to speak, valetudinarian music, and preserves its pure white complexion only by never venturing into the full sunlight. Here, then, is another differentiation in musical style, a fresh departure from the classic norm, due to the exacting taste of the mental aristocrat, the carefully self-bounded dreamer and sybarite.

Markedly specialized as the expression is, however, in Schubert, Schumann, Mendelssohn, and Chopin, and strikingly contrasted as it is with the serene generality of the classical music, the two schools, after all, differ rather in the degree of emphasis they lay on the various elements of effect, than in kind. Both, we feel, are using the same means, though to such different ends. But with Berlioz and Liszt we pass into a new world, in which not only emphasis and intention, but the actual materials and the fundamental principles of art have undergone a change. These men have pushed the romantic concreteness even beyond the range of sentiments and emotions, to invade that of facts and events. They are no longer satisfied with the minutiæ of feeling; they must depict for us the external appearance of the people who feel, give us not only heroes, but these heroes' coats, with the exact number of buttons and the proper cut according to the fashion of the particular decade. If Schumann and his fellows are the sentimental novelists of music, the Thackerays and the George Eliots, here are the naturalists, the scientific analysts, the "realists" with microscope and scalpel in hand, the Zolas and the Gorkys.

This insistence on the letter is quite instinctive with Berlioz. In the first place he was a Frenchman; and the French have a genius for the concrete, and in music have shown their bias by approaching it always from the dramatic, histrionic point of view. Opera is the norm of music to the Frenchman. For him music originates in the opera-house, quite as inevitably as for the German it originates in the concert-room. Berlioz's "symphonies" therefore took, as a matter of course, the form of operas, with the characters and action suppressed or relegated to the imagination.

In the second place, in Berlioz's personal temperament, to a degree unusual even in his countrymen, the active impulses preponderated over the contemplative; he conceived a work of art in terms not of emotion, but of action; and his musical thinking was a sort of narration in tones. He accordingly wrote, with ingenuous spontaneity, in a style that was, from the German standpoint, revolutionary, unprecedented, iconoclastic, — in a style the essence of which was its matter-of-fact realism. His "Symphonie Fantastique," which Mr. Hadow well describes as "Berlioz in quintessence," sets forth the adventures of a hero (whose identity with the composer is obvious) in five movements or acts, and with the most sedulous particularity. We first see him struggling with love, tormented by jealousy, consoled by religion; then in a

ballroom, pausing in the midst of the dance to muse on his beloved; then in the country, listening to idyllic shepherds, and hearing the summer thunder. . . . He dreams that he has murdered the beloved, that he is to be beheaded at the guillotine; he is surrounded by witches, his mistress has herself become a witch, the *Dies Irae* clangs its knell of death across the wild chaos of the dance.

Now in all this the striking point is the concreteness of the imagery, the plenitude of detail, the narrative and descriptive literalness of the treatment — and above all the subordination of the music to a merely symbolic function. Berlioz here brings into prominence for the first time the device, so frequent in later operatic and programmistic music, of treating his themes or motives as symbols of his characters, associated with these by a purely arbitrary but nevertheless effective bond. When we hear the melody we are expected to think of the character, and all the changes rung on it are prompted not by the desire for musical development, but by psychological considerations connected with the dramatic action. Thus, for example, in this symphony the motive known as *l'idée fixe* represents the beloved; its fragmentary appearances in the second, third, and fourth movements tell us that the thought of her is passing through the hero's mind; and in the last movement, when she endues the horrid form of a witch, we hear a distorted, grotesque version of it sardonically whistled by the piccolo. Highly characteristic of Berlioz is this use of melodies, so dearly valued in classic music for themselves alone, as mere counters for telling off the incidents in the plot, or cues for the entrances of the *dramatis personæ*.

Liszt, a man of keener musical perception than Berlioz, placed himself also, in obedience to his strong dramatic sense, on the same artistic platform. In such a work as the "Faust Symphony" we discern a more musical nature producing practically the same kind of music. There is the same narrative and descriptive intention; the three movements take their names from the chief characters in the action, Faust, Gretchen, and Mephistopheles; and though the second is more general in expression than Berlioz ever is, the other two are good examples of his method. There is also the same machinery of leading motives and their manipulation according to the requirements of symbolism, even to the parodying of the Faust themes in the "Mephistopheles" section. In the symphonic poem, "Les Préludes," however (and in the "Dante Symphony" and other compositions), Liszt shows his German blood in a treatment more imaginative, the actuating subjects being often not persons and events, but emotional and mental states. But the fact that many of the transformations of the themes are, from the musical standpoint, travesties, justified only by their psychological intention, shows that the attitude even here is still that of the dramatist, not that of the abstract musician. The art, in a word, is still representative, not presentative and self-sufficing. Again, the representative function of music for Liszt is shown by his tendency to approach composition indirectly, and through extraneous interests of his many-sided mind, instead of with the classic single-mindedness: his pieces are suggested to him by natural scenery, historical characters, philosophic abstractions, poems, novels, and even statues and pictures.

In all these ways and degrees we see exemplified the inclination of the nineteenth-century composers to seek a more and more definite, particular, and concrete type of expression. Subjective shades and nuances take the place of the broad ground-colors of classicism; music comes to have so personal a flavor that it is as impossible to confound a piece of Chopin's with one of Schumann's as it is difficult, by internal evidence alone, to say whether Mozart or Haydn is the author of an unfamiliar symphony; ultimately, insistence on special emotions opens the way to absorption in what is

even more special — individual characters, events, and situations — and on the heels of the lyrical treads the realistic. The artistic stream thus reverses the habit of natural streams; as it gets farther and farther from its source it subdivides and subdivides itself again, until it is no longer a single large body, but a multitude of isolated brooks and rivulets. Our contemporary music, unlike the classical, is not the expression of a single social consciousness, but rather a heterogeneous aggregate of the utterances of many individuals. What is most captivating about it is the sensitive fidelity with which it reflects its composers' idiosyncrasies.

III

All things human, however, have their price; and romanticism is no exception to the rule. The composers of the romantic period, in becoming more particular, grew in the same proportion less universal; in bowing to the inexorable evolutionary force that makes each modern man a specialist, they inevitably sacrificed something of the breadth, the catholicity, the magnanimity, of the old time. It is doubtless a sense of some such loss as this, dogging like a shadow all our gains, that takes us back periodically to a new appreciation of the classics. There is often a feeling of relief, of freer breathing and ampler leisure, as when we leave the confusion of the city for the large peace of the country, in turning from the modern complexities to the old simplicities, and forgetting that there is any music but Bach's. The reasons for this contrast between the two schools must, of course, lie deeply hidden in the psychology of æsthetics, but a clue to them, at least, may be found near at hand, in the conditions of life, the everyday environments, of the two groups of artists.

It has often been remarked that the composers of the nineteenth century have been men of more cultivation, of greater intellectual elasticity and resulting breadth of interest, than their predecessors. Palestrina, Bach, Handel, Haydn, Mozart, even Beethoven, concentrating their whole minds on music, were far less curious as to other human pursuits than their later brethren. The six composers we are studying are impressive instances of the modern many-sidedness of mind. At least three of them, Schumann, Berlioz, and Liszt, were skilled journalists and men of letters: Schumann with the finely judicial, fancifully conceived sketches of his *New Journal of Music*, Berlioz with his brilliant, fantastically humorous feuilletons, and Liszt with his propaganda, in book and pamphlet, of Wagner, Chopin, and other contemporaries. (Fancy Bach interrupting his steady stream of cantatas to write an exposition of the genius of Handel!) Schumann was, moreover, something of a poet, and Mendelssohn was one of the most voluminous and picturesque of letter-writers. Chopin was as versed in social as in musical graces, and Liszt was — what was he not? — a courtier, a Lovelace, a man of the world, and an abbé. Schubert alone, of them all the eldest and the nearest to classical traditions, was a composer pure and simple.

The versatility of these men was no accident or freak of coincidence; it was the effective trait that made their work so profusely allusive, so vividly minute, — in short, so romantic. And, what is more to our present purpose, it was the underlying cause of a defect which is quite as symptomatic of romanticism as its merits. So various a mental activity must needs lack something in depth; if attention is spread wide it must be spread thin; thought given to avocations must be borrowed from the vocation. We should expect to find, accordingly, division of energy resulting, here as elsewhere, in a lack of concentration, a failure of power; and herein we are not disappointed. With the possible exception of Mendelssohn, no one of our six composers can compare, simply as a handicraftsman, with Bach or Mozart. Schubert was so little a contrapuntist that he had just engaged lessons when death

interrupted his brief career. Schumann and Chopin, in their youth, gave innumerable hours that should have counted for systematic routine to the fanciful improvisation so seductive to poetic temperaments. Berlioz kicked down all the fences in his coltish days, and ever after looked askance at the artistic harness. Liszt, for all his diabolical cleverness, remained the slave of mannerisms, and became a dupe of his own rhetorical style.

Now there is doubtless in all this waywardness something that strikes in us a chord such as vibrates in sympathy with the small boy who, regardless of barbed wire, invades the orchard and carries off the delectable green apples. It is a fine thing to be young; it is glorious to be free. But sober second thought relentlessly follows: we know that apples must be sent to market in due course, and that that exciting green fruit is, after all, indigestible and unripe; and we know equally that musicians must undergo their apprenticeship, and that all art executed without adequate technical mastery is crude. The crudity of the art of our musical orchard-robbers becomes at once evident when we compare a single melody, or an entire movement, of Schubert or his successors, with one by Mozart or Beethoven.

The single melody is the molecule of music, the smallest element in it that cannot be subdivided without loss of character. Every great melody has an indefinable distinction, a sort of personal flavor or individuality, which we may discern, but cannot analyze. It has also, however, an organic quality, depending upon both the unity and the variety of its phraseology, that we can to a certain extent study and define. Assuming, to start with, the subtle distinction without which it would sink into the commonplace, we can compare and contrast it with other melodies in respect of its organic quality, its simultaneous presentation of unity and variety, — in a word, its plastic beauty. Such a melody as the second theme of the first movement of Mozart's G-minor Quintet for example, gains a wonderful charm from the complexity, and at the same time the final simplicity, of its phrase-structure. The several musical figures, or motives, of which it is composed, follow each other without the least impression of crass mechanical dovetailing; yet one feels, as they proceed, such a sense of logical progression, of orderly sequence, that the final cadence seems like an audible "Q. E. D." Contrasted with such dexterous phrase-weaving as this, many of Schubert's and Schumann's tunes, with their literal repetitions of short phrases, their set thesis and antithesis, seem bald and trite. It is hardly fair to take extreme cases, but they best bring out the point. Schubert's "Drang in die Ferne," ten consecutive measures of which repeat literally the same rhythm, and the theme in Schumann's "Abegg Variations," in which a single phrase recurs sixteen times, will make it almost painfully evident. This tendency to rhythmic monotony, to an unvaried sing-song reiteration of phrase, besets constantly these two composers, too often takes Chopin in its grasp, and in Mendelssohn is aggravated by an inclination to stay in one key, page after page, until our heads droop with drowsiness. Berlioz, on the other hand, errs in the opposite direction. Variety, with him, degenerates into a chaotic miscellaneousness, and what should be an agreeably diversified landscape becomes a pathless jungle. In both cases there is a failure of the constructive faculty, due to a lack of mental coördination and concentration. The price paid for interesting detail is monotony or instability in the organism.

Similar weaknesses reveal themselves when we pass from considering the elemental melodies to survey the ways in which they are built up into larger sections and whole movements,—when we pass, that is, from form to structure.[1]

[1] Properly speaking, "form" refers to the molecular constitution of music, to the ways in which relations of pitch and rhythm are

None of the romantic composers attained a breadth, diversity, and solidity of construction in any wise comparable to Beethoven's. Schubert was intellectually too indolent, if not too indifferent, to attempt intricate syntheses of his materials, but relied instead on their primitive charm to justify endless repetitions. Schumann, less tolerant of platitude, and gifted with more intense, if hardly more disciplined, imagination, resorted to constant kaleidoscopic change, resulting in those "mosaic forms" which are related to true cyclic forms much as a panorama is related to a picture. Mendelssohn was naturally a better master of construction, but the knots he ties are somewhat loose, and inclined to ravel out. Chopin, a born miniaturist, obviously fails to make his sonatas and concertos anything but chance bundles of lyrical pieces. As for Berlioz and Liszt, they frankly faced their dilemma, and had the shrewdness to disclaim the desire to do that for which they wanted the faculty. They fell back on the "poetic forms," and let their works pile up without internal coherence, held together only by the thread of the story they were illustrating.

For this failure to work out the highest degree of plastic beauty possible to them, the romanticists frequently have to pay in a serious loss of power. Keenly interesting as are the details of their work, the whole impression is apt to lack fusion, clearness, integrity. Not without terrible risks may the musician neglect form, since form is itself, for him perhaps more than for any of his brother artists in other mediums, a fundamental means of expression. Of this matter popular thought is inclined to take a superficial view; it is fond of confusing vital form with dry formalism, of speaking contemptuously of formal analysis as the pedantic dissection of lovely melodies, the plucking and counting of the petals of the flowers of art, and of reiterating *ad nauseam* its irritating half-truth, "Music is the language of the emotions."

Popular thought would do well to pause and consider; to ask itself whether language, too, has not its form, without which it is unintelligible; to inquire how much of the expressive power of a lovely melody would remain were its pitch and time relations (that is, its form) materially altered; how long we could be inspired by the most exciting rhythms, were they ceaselessly reiterated without relief; and how eloquent we should find even the most moving symphony, were it written all in one key, or in several keys that had no relation to one another. Such considerations soon suggest the truth, which impresses us the more, the more deeply we study music, that there is a general expressiveness underlying all particular expressions, a fundamental beauty by which all special beauties are nourished as flowers are nourished by the soil; a symmetry and orderly organization that can no more be dispensed with in music without crippling its eloquence than a normal regularity of the features can be dispensed with in the human face without distorting it into absurdity or debasing it into ugliness. Without its pervasive presence, all special features, however amusing or superficially appealing, fail to inspire or charm. They become as wild flowers plucked to languish indoors, as seaweeds taken from their natural setting of liquid coolness. Or again, the particular expressions of music may be compared to the strings of an instrument, of which the sounding-board is plastic beauty: without its sympathetic reinforcement the strings, strike them as we may, give forth a scarcely audible murmur; with it there is clear and powerful sonority. So the most ingenious music is dull and dead if it lack the vitality of organic form; but if it be beautiful it will make its way to the heart.

manipulated in melody and harmony; "structure" to the molar constitution of music, the subsequent grouping of the melodies into complete pieces. The difference between a sonata, a fugue, and a nocturne is a difference of structure; the difference between a good melody and a bad one is a difference of form.

IV

A slightly different angle of approach to this whole problem of musical expression is afforded by psychological analysis. Here again, as we might expect, modern theory, the learned as well as the popular, is somewhat biased by the prominence in modern practice of certain special features of effect. The psychologists dwell with a pardonable partiality of vision on the means of special expression; to complete their theories the reader has often to add for himself a consideration of the psychology of form. An article by M. Edmond Goblot, entitled "La Musique Descriptive," [1] is interesting, like others of its kind, both for what it explains and for what it ignores.

M. Goblot classifies expressive music under three headings, to which he gives the names of *la musique émotive*, *la musique descriptive*, and *la musique imitative*. His first rubric is somewhat vague, a sort of ragbag into which he stuffs "*toute musique qui provoque l'émotion sans aucun intermédiaire conscient.*" The other two are not only more precise, but serve to call attention to devices which have become very prominent in romantic, and especially in modern realistic, music. "Imitative" music, by reproducing literally sounds heard in the extra-musical world of nature, suggests to the listener the objects and events associated with them. Examples are the bird-notes in Beethoven's "Pastoral Symphony," the thunder in Berlioz's "Symphonie Fantastique," the bleating of sheep in Strauss' "Don Quixote," the striking of the clock and the wailing of the baby in his "Symphonia Domestica." "Descriptive" music suggests actions and events by means of analogies, chiefly of movement and of utterance, between the music and the object, and is, of course, far commoner than the more literal and narrowly circumscribed imitation. Beethoven is descriptive when he represents the even flowing of the brook, in the "Pastoral Symphony," by rippling figures in eighth-notes, or when, in the bass recitatives of the Ninth Symphony, he suggests the impassioned utterance of an imaginary protagonist; Mendelssohn describes in his "Hebrides Overture" the heaving of the ocean, and in his "Midsummer Night's Dream" the dancing of fairies; Saint-Saëns reproduces in "Le Rouet d'Omphale" the very whirr of the spinning-wheel, and Wagner in his fire-music the ceaseless lapping of flames.

Such devices as these certainly occupy a prominent place in modern music. Almost every composer of the later nineteenth century has taken his fling at this sort of sketching from nature. One cannot resist, nevertheless, the suspicion that M. Goblot attaches too great an importance to what is, after all, a casual and desultory element in most compositions, and that he inclines to lay on the narrow shoulders of imitation and description a greater burden of explanation than they can carry. Beethoven's birds and brooks are attractive features in a great work; Saint-Saëns' spinning-wheel makes a charming arabesque on a harmony of solid musicianship; but what are we to say to M. Goblot's assertion that a passage cited from Alexandre George, modulating upward by whole steps, is emphatically expressive because it "reminds us of a person reiterating, with growing exaltation, the same authoritative or impassioned affirmation, and each time advancing a step, in an attitude of menace or defiance?" Can we accept as unquestioningly as he does a series of thirteen consecutive fifths, descriptive of sunrise, on the ground that it "wounds our ears as the light of the sun wounds our eyes?" And listen to his comment on Schubert's "Trout," that long-suffering denizen of Teutonic waters: "En courant sur son lit de pierres, elle se creuse de plis profonds, se hérisse de crêtes saillantes, et ces plis et ces crêtes se croisent obliquement en miroitant." Schubert's fat shoulders, we suspect, would have shaken or

[1] *La Revue Philosophique*, vol. LII.

shrugged, could he have read this ingenious commentary on his work.

If such finical transcription of natural sights and sounds is the aim of music, why do we prefer Beethoven's thunder, which clings cravenly to the diatonic scale, to Berlioz's, so much more realistic in its daring dissonance? Why do we not forthwith turn about-face on the road our art has so long been traveling, and forsake musical intervals, those quite artificial figments, for the noises which surround us everywhere in the actual world? Noise is, indeed, the hidden goal toward which all description and imitation aspire; and sound could never have passed into music under their guidance, but only in quest of a far deeper, more subtle expressiveness. It is hard to believe that any sane listener would long continue to patronize music in which there was not something more truly satisfying than the lapping of brooks, the crashing of storm or battle, and the whirring of spinning-wheels or the creaking of windmills. If such were the case, we should have to admit sadly that music had fallen to the level to which dramatic art falls in the real-tank-and-practicable-sawmill melodrama, to which painting falls in those pictures from which we try to pluck the too tangible grape.

M. Goblot evidently realizes himself that there is a subtler appeal than that of description and imitation; for it is in order to account for it that he makes his separate heading of *la musique émotive*, by which he indicates all music which acts directly upon the emotions, without the aid of any recognition of external objects, any intellectual concepts, or, as he says, *aucun intermédiaire conscient*. The appeal he here has in mind is that of thousands of melodies which, without describing or imitating any concrete object, suggest vividly special states of feeling, by recalling to us, in veiled, modified, and idealized form, those gestures or cries we habitually make under the spur of such feelings. Since the spontaneous vocal expressions of strong emotion — wailing, crying, pleading, moaning, and the like — have all their characteristic cadences, which can be more or less accurately reproduced in a bit of melody, and since the natural bodily gesticulations can be similarly suggested by divers rhythmical movements, music has the power to induce a great variety of emotional states by what we may call direct contagion, without the intermediation of any mental images. It can act upon us like the infection of tears or laughter, to which we involuntarily succumb without asking for any reasons. And it certainly exercises this power much more constantly and steadily than it imitates or describes. Almost all lyrical melodies, such as Schumann's "Ich Grolle Nicht," with its persistently rising inflection of earnest protestation, or Chopin's "Funeral March," with its monotone of heavy grief, will be found on analysis to reëcho, in an idealized and transfigured form, the natural utterance of passion. This kind of expression, which has often been described, appeals to our subconscious associations rather than to those conscious processes of thought by which we follow realistic delineation. Operating at a deeper level in our natures, it is proportionately more potent and irresistible.

But is even this type of expression, more general and pervasive though it be than the types so interestingly studied by M. Goblot, — is even this type of expression universal, omnipresent, fundamental? Does it suffice to explain the overwhelming emotional appeal of an organ-fugue of Bach, for example, of which the impression seems to be vague, general, indefinable in specific terms, in the exact measure of its profundity? If *la musique émotive* works at a deeper level and upon a more subconscious element in our nature than *la musique imitative* and *la musique descriptive*, is there not still another kind of music, which we may perhaps best call simply *la musique belle*, which, addressing still deeper instincts, exercises an even more magical persuasiveness?

The case of the Bach fugue forces us to the conclusion that there is indeed a kind of expression depending neither on the portrayal of natural objects, nor on the suggestion of such special feelings as joy and grief, but penetrating by a still deeper avenue to the primal springs of emotion. The more compelling the experience, it seems, the more is it idealized away from concrete references and provocations in the direction of abstract musical beauty. By presenting to us a perfect piece of form, a highly complex yet ultimately single organism of tones, it calls into full play our most fundamental perceptions; and this satisfying exercise of our faculties gives us a pervasive happiness, a diffused sense of efficient vitality, ineffably more delightful than any particularized emotion or isolated intellectual process. Perfection of form thus turns out to be the most indispensable of all the means of expression at the command of the composer.

Psychological analysis, carried to its legitimate end, verifies, we see, the conclusions of the naïve musical observer. All expression, for psychology, is the product of an association of two "terms" in the mind:[1] the first, that which is given by experience, the expressive object; the second, that system of thoughts and feelings at which the mind arrives through the associative act,—that which, as we say, is expressed. This being the case, it is evident that, other things being equal, that expression will be most potent, the first term of which most deeply stirs our instinctive subconscious life. When the first term is a basic activity of our minds, such as the perception of a beautiful form, the feelings to which it leads us will have a peculiar depth and amplitude. Our whole organism, like the sounding-board of the well-attuned instrument, will be set in vibration. When, on the other hand, the mental trigger pulled is only some special emotion, so that the stimulation is superficial or local, the impression will reverberate less far-reachingly; we shall be less profoundly moved. And when it is not even an emotion, however special, that starts off the train of thought, but the intellectual concept of some object or event, we shall likely be not so much moved as interested; our curiosity rather than our passions will respond; and we shall call the music bizarre, original, or striking, but hardly beautiful.

Something like the same gradation in the power of various appeals, according to their generality, is observable in ordinary life. To read a story of love, labyrinthine in minute detail, is a less seizing experience than to overhear the impassioned speech of some actual lover, even if we catch none of the words; and this in turn commoves us less than to feel in our own frames that boiling of the blood, that surging of the vitals, which is the raw material of love. Brisk exercise on a fine autumn day of sun and wind gives a richer happiness than is dreamed of in our philosophies. It communicates no particular ideas, but attunes our whole being so exquisitely that the fancies spring up spontaneously, So lovely music simply establishes in us a mood, leaving all the furniture of that mood to our imaginations. And this is why it is that artistic expression, as it becomes more minute and meticulously precise, is so apt to lose in persuasive power; and that the composer, if he understand his medium, must needs hesitate long before sacrificing the least degree of beauty, however interstitial and inconspicuous, to any isolated feature of interest, no matter how salient or seductive.

V

Perhaps it is not too much to hope that the foregoing analysis, incomplete and tentative as it is, affords us something like a rational basis for our instinctive attitudes toward the various types of music. Though its intention is to suggest rather than to dogmatize, it may by this time have fixed clearly in our minds certain fundamental principles of artistic effect; and by constant reference to these it may

[1] *Cf.* Santayana: *The Sense of Beauty*, p. 195.

have established in us a measure of judicial impartiality and poise. Especially, it may have clarified our notions, likely to remain confused so long as they are unconscious, of the essential achievements of the romantic school, both in its lyrical and in its realistic phases, as well as of the peculiar drawbacks and limitations to which it is subject.

The abiding charm of the lyrical work of the romantic composers, typical of which are Schubert's songs, Schumann's novelettes and *Phantasiestücke*, and Chopin's nocturnes and preludes, lies in its intimateness, its strong personal flavor. It fascinates us by its impulsive self-revelation, its frankness, spontaneity, and enthusiasm. Its subjectivity and introspection, even when they are troubled or touched with sadness, stir a sympathetic chord in the self-conscious modern breast. To those moods which the classic reticence chills and repels, romantic music speaks with tender, caressing humanity. Even its limitations are then an added appeal ; for when we are too weary or dull to brace ourselves to the perception of impersonal beauty, the accent of private grief, aspiration, struggle, and disappointment seems better pitched to our capacity, and has a pathos we can understand. Schumann and Chopin are the best companions for hours of reverie and self-communion.

On the other hand, when those hours overtake us in which we realize the pathetic incompleteness of all merely personal life, in which we discern what fragmentary creatures we are, how little of truth we can ever see, and that under how flickering a light, then all living to ourselves alone is touched with the sense of vanity. Then every utterance of our petty private griefs, and even of our nobler, but still private, joys, seems like a breath dissipated in a universe; we find true existence, solid reality, only in an identification of our interests with those of all mankind. As ethics finds its escape from this sense of the vanity of individual living in social devotion, æsthetics finds it in the impersonality of classic art. Romanticism is sometimes silent, or speaks to unattending ears. We turn from all special expressions, touched as they are with human mortality and evanescence, to the eternal abstract beauty.

If lyrical music is unsatisfactory to these moods of highest vitality and severest demand, realistic music is exasperating, intolerable. When we have nothing better to do, it is amusing enough to note the ingenuity with which a composer can introduce the bray of an ass into his delicate tissue of tones, as Mendelssohn does in the "Midsummer Night's Dream" Overture, or make three bird-notes sound a harmonic triad, as Beethoven does in his "Pastoral Symphony." There is a fascinating technical problem involved in the suggestion of natural noises by musical tones; and when we are indifferent to such technical interests, we may still find diversion in following a series of tonal cues to the events of a familiar story. But when we crave the sublimity of music, when we long to feel once more the thrill of its transcendent beauty, how can we endure to be put off with the barking of a dog, the mewing of a cat, the galloping of a horse, or the crying of a baby? Most program music is incredibly trivial in intention, and gives an impression of maladaptation of means to ends, the former are so elaborate, the latter so paltry and mean. To elicit from a modern orchestra of a hundred instruments a feeble imitation of a battle seems, as some one has piquantly phrased it, "like using a steam hammer to kill a fly."

We read with impatience the annals of this school. John Mundy, an English composer of the seventeenth century, writes a "Fantasia on the Weather," in four parts: "Faire Weather; Lightning; Thunder; a Faire Day." Adam Krieger, in 1667, composes a four-part vocal fugue "entirely imitative of cats," on a chromatic subject set to the words "Miau, miau." Dussek produces a series of pieces entitled "The Sufferings of the Queen of France," some of which are :

"The Queen's Imprisonment" (*largo*); "She reflects on her Former Greatness" (*mæstoso*); "Her Invocation to the Almighty just before her Death" (*devotamente*); "The Guillotine drops" (a *glissando* descending scale); "Apotheosis." We smile patronizingly over these first childish attempts of an art essentially childish. No longer satisfied with such innocent delineations of natural and political history, we must have autobiography, domesticity, and even metaphysics, translated into tones. But will posterity take a truly keener delight in our triumphs of realism than we do in the works of Mundy and Krieger? Already Mr. Arthur Symons, in his essay on Richard Strauss, cries in pardonable irritation: "If I cared more for literature than for music, I imagine that I might care greatly for Strauss. He offers me sound as literature. But I prefer to read my literature, and to hear nothing but music."

Were triviality the only sin of program music, we might leave it, without further ado, to the gradual oblivion which overtakes the jejune in art. But unfortunately, program music not merely bores the music-lover; it does him a positive injury, which criticism ought, so far as it can, to mitigate. By its false emphasis it distracts attention from what music can do supremely to what it can only botch and bungle, brings true masterpieces into discredit with hearers not sensitive or disciplined enough to appreciate them, and plunges the simple into a hopeless æsthetic quagmire. Pitiable is the frequency of such questions, on the lips of aspiring students, as "Ought I, when I listen to music, to have in mind a series of pictures, or a story?" To judge by the minuteness of its detail the art which, beyond all others, is great by virtue of indefinite suggestion, and inspires by appealing to faculties far below the level of intellectual consciousness, is to be sadly duped. "We forget," writes Vernon Lee, "that music is neither a symbol which can convey an abstract thought, nor a brute cry which can express an instinctive feeling; we wish to barter the power of leaving in the mind an indelible image of beauty for the miserable privilege of awakening the momentary recollection of one of nature's sounds, or the yet more miserable one of sending a momentary tremor through the body; we would rather compare than enjoy, and rather weep than admire."

The upshot of all this is that not even in enjoying the novel delights, the picturesque glimpses, the fancy-provoking allusiveness, which romanticism has introduced into music, should we give ourselves too unreservedly to what may be after all but a partial and limited pleasure. If these things make us indifferent to deeper beauties, they do us a disservice. If, however, we can keep, in spite of their seductions, our sense of proportion, our perception of relative values, we shall enjoy them in security. The romantic movement has undoubtedly led to a widening of our artistic sympathies, has enriched our music with new expressive possibilities and technical resources. It has been one of those periods of ebullience, corresponding perhaps in the consciousness of the race to the storm and stress of adolescence in the individual, which are bound to come so long as we are growing. We cannot fully maintain our poise at the very moment in which we are extending our field of experience; periods of conquest must alternate with periods of assimilation; and as in walking we constantly lose our balance in order to progress, so in mental life we willingly forego control until it can supervene on a broader consciousness.

The romantic composers, eagerly developing the expressive possibilities of music, may have forgotten sometimes in their enthusiasm the organic beauty without which music can never wholly satisfy, but nevertheless they enriched their art. The available resources of music are today more various than ever before. Not only have its mechanical facilities been wonderfully perfected by the ingenuity of the nineteenth century, but its poten-

tialities for vivid and detailed expression have been permanently raised by the subjective intentness of the modern temperament. It remains for future composers to make a new synthesis of all these novel elements, and without sacrificing their vividness, to impose upon them the ultimate integrity of impression which at present they too often lack. A classical unity and beauty must supervene upon our romantic multiplicity and interesting confusion. Expression, without losing the minuteness that modern speculation has gained for it, must reëndue something of the classical serenity. We have had already one musician who, profiting by his heritage, has vied with Schumann in versatility and with Bach in intimacy, who has combined in his single mind something of the sensitive sympathy of the romanticists and the rugged power of the classicists. It may be that Brahms but points the way to a music of the future which will be as grand as it is vivid, as universal in scope as it is personal in accent and inspiration, and in which beauty of form and richness of expression will be reunited in perfect coöperation to one great artistic end.

THE SATYR'S CHILDREN

A FABLE

BY EDITH WYATT

An aged satyr, living in the space between two rocks in an old Roman road, called his children to him as he lay dying.

"Remember that you are growing older every hour," he said. "I have always felt that your life in these damp recesses was too narrow. You had better go out into the world."

Within a few minutes he closed his black eyelids and died.

On the next midnight, which happened also to be at the full of the moon, the other satyrs came out of the grassy sides of the road, and buried their old companion in the middle of the plain it bordered. Here through the long night they played mournfully on their pipes, moaned, and flung themselves on the ground in an abandonment of grief. At about five o'clock in the morning a light shower arose; and with the breaking of the rainy dawn, by a sudden change of mood, they all clattered back into the road-bed, splashing each other in the little puddles, and shrieking with laughter.

The two young orphaned satyrs, who could not run so fast as the others, were left scampering behind. "What is going to be done about those little devils?" a good-natured old grandmother called in a gruff voice over her dark shoulder.

"Father told us to go out into the world," screamed the smallest satyr.

"Ho-ho! Ho-ho! Stay where you are, then," several of the big goat-men shouted. A cock crew; and all the laughing faces and twitching hairy ears vanished into the ancient way. The two little human beasts stood, stamping and crying, out on the wet plain. With the light the road had become a compact surface. It was impossible for them to find a chink through which they might creep back into their loamy, comfortable past.

At last, after running about in a panic for some time, they sheltered themselves under a little clump of chestnut brush. Here they lay close together, trembling as you would tremble cast away in gathering darkness on some undreamed, bar-

baric coast. So in the cool fall air they watched the strange light of day slowly dawning on them in an unknown country of civilization.

It rained until evening. Then the sky cleared in the darkness. The moon rose. The satyrs ran out, and picked and ate some late berries, wet and fresh, and chased each other over the plain. With the first faint tissue of morning light, they hid themselves again. In such wise they lived for nearly a week. On several occasions during this time three creatures passed, quite different from the fauns and satyrs and the forsaken gods and goddesses of their past existence under the plain and the wood through which the road ran. These three creatures were a student, a woodcutter, and his wife.

"Come, let's run out and snap at their fingers," whispered the little satyr girl. "Father told us to go out into the world."

"Oh, no, no," whispered the little satyr boy. "You know father may have been playing a trick on us."

So not one human being knew there were satyrs in the province till one still, bright afternoon, when the woodcutter's wife walked out over the plain with her knitting, and, in order to be in the shade, sat down close to the chestnut brush.

The little satyrs, almost breathless with terror, lay as still as death. The old woman's face, brown like a hard-baked biscuit, looked so fierce, her sabots looked so big, and her glittering knitting-needles looked so cruel. For ten terrible minutes there was not a motion over the whole plain but their quick, slight flitting. Not the shadow of a blade of grass quivered. At last the thread of the yarn fell tickling against the little satyr girl's ear; it twitched; the old woman saw the little hairy tip flick; she leaned around the bush, — and looked straight down into the eyes of the little human beasts.

The satyr girl sprang at her like a tiger, striking at her with her beautiful brown hands, and kicking at her with her white hoofs; and the satyr boy ran butting against her with his black head and white horns. The woodcutter's wife caught them both and held them fast in her arms, struggling with them and chuckling. They were too small to hurt her; and she stayed playing with them till the stars were all out, when she put them to sleep in her lap, and laid them back again under the brush.

The truth was that the woodcutter's wife, a rough, warm-hearted old woman, had a strong passion for all kinds of queer young creatures, funny, leggy calves, gawky colts, and round, clumsy babies. She was now ravished to the core of her nature by the young satyrs. She could scarcely wait to have them fast in her arms again, burrowing their heads against her shoulders, and biting at her fingers.

On the next morning she carried out to them a bowl of hot, salty, smoking porridge. After that she came every day to play with them, and to feed them. When the weather grew colder she gave them her woolly gray shawl, and an old dog-skin to cover themselves up with. But she said nothing about them to her husband, nor to the student, for fear they would think the little goat-children too queer, and would chase them away. However, when the equinoctial storms began to fall, the thought of the little satyrs shuddering in the wet brush nipped her like pincers. So she took from an old chest some clothes that had belonged to her own children, now grown up and gone away, and with these clothes she disguised the little satyrs. In smocks, with little caps pulled down over their horns and furry ears, in long stockings covering their graceful furry legs, and in sabots covering their hoofs, they looked just like little human beings, with unusually elusive, mocking faces.

Then the woodcutter's wife took them home, telling her husband they were two waifs she had found in the wood. At first he hated the idea of keeping them, and scolded about it constantly. But gradually he hated it less. Finally he liked it, and scolded only at intervals, for the sake of consistency. The student was delighted

with his two new little fellow-lodgers. He at once named the little girl Faustina, because he first saw her dark eyes sparkling under the edge of her white cap across the table from him, when he happened to glance up from his favorite volume of Faust legends. The little boy he named Vulpes, on account of his slight resemblance to a fox.

The satyrs made no trouble for him, for the woodcutter, or for any one else. They ran in the wood and over the plain all day. Late at night they crept up by outside stairs to the bed the woodcutter's wife had made for them in the warm, dark loft, where no one could see them taking off their stockings. At school, it is true, they were late and irregular. But they learned their lessons very quickly, especially the ancient history and the mythology; though in these classes they always laughed and wriggled so and looked at each other with such meaning that the teacher would be obliged to make them sit on opposite sides of the room. With the other children of the neighborhood they seldom played.

So they fared in the world for a year. Then what was inevitable happened. Every one learned the truth about them. It was on a cold Saturday afternoon. They had joined the other children in an autumn search for nuts. These they chanced to find in plenty in a little copse between the cluster of cottages where they lived and the city where Wolf studied and the woodcutter sold his wood. A light, cold wind blew. It seemed to have caught up and to be twisting around near the copse a small rising whirlpool of thousands of dead leaves. The children, Faustina and Vulpes with the rest, rushed and rustled around in it, kicking their feet in the leaves and shouting, while the wind blew as cold as water in their mouths.

Then suddenly Faustina's cap blew off — and she did n't care. Her flood of hair tumbled loose and black over her shoulders, with her little snowy horns pointing up through it at the temples — and she did n't care. Her brown ankles and white, fleet hoofs leapt free from her heavy sabots and stockings, — and glad enough she was to kick them off, and to fly and to vault in the great airy funnel of leaves, reckless, in the exhilaration of that free instant, of whatever might come after. Not Vulpes, who had also lost his cap, nor any of the rest, could possibly keep up with her. She ran as fast as an antelope, with her cloud of dark hair streaming behind her, her white blouse and blue skirt rippling about her, and her little hoofs leaping and stepping like lightning, so that you could hardly tell when she was on the ground and when she was in the air. The wind blew faster and faster, and she whirled around and around, buoying herself in its sweep, like a swallow, to the very tops of the little tamarack trees: until at last the breeze died down, and, swaying and dancing lightly with the last flickering leaf, she sank breathless on the brown heap, her eyes sparkling with still delight. Then, raising her glance over the heads of the children, as she shook back her hair to gather it up again, she saw the eyes of Wolf and of the woodcutter fixed upon her with coldness and with astonishment.

In returning from the town they had reached the copse a few minutes after Faustina's cap blew off. A great weight of gloom seemed to fall from them on all the children, and most heavily on Faustina. She put on her shoes and stockings, without daring to lift her eyes from the ground. All thought of nutting was abandoned. The children walked home together in little separate groups, with their bags hanging very limp over their arms. They whispered apart from the satyrs, who followed, sad and bewildered, the silent steps of the woodcutter and Wolf. It is so painful to find that one has not pleased the taste of those whom one likes.

Inside the house the satyrs sat together miserably, on the floor, under the table; and the husband buried his face in his hands, while Wolf, walking the floor,

poured out to the old mother an account of what had happened.

"See what you have brought us to," said the woodcutter. "No respectable people will ever look at us again. Such a thing has never happened to any one else we know. It is unheard of."

"I did n't think you would mind so much," said the old mother calmly. "The poor little things had nowhere to go; and how could I suppose Wolf would care? I thought he was pleased with unheard-of things, like stories about witchcraft, and Dr. Faustus, and his black poodle that was the devil."

"Dear me," said Wolf testily. "Those belong to the kind of quaint, romantic, unheard-of things that every one has known about and heard of. But who has ever had anything to do with goat-children? I would advise you to drown them."

"I am not going to drown them," said the old mother with placidity. "They are far too cunning and too good. As for their being partly goats, every one has something queer and fierce and like a beast in him. My husband has it when he breaks plates and scolds because he has to pay the rent he promised. Heaven knows I myself sometimes get up in the morning feeling as though I would like to bite out the eyes of the next person that spoke to me. And you are like that when you tell me to drown my nice children, who have never tried to hurt one hair of any one's head."

"Yes. Yes. She is right," said the woodcutter with a heavy groan. He was a morose and perverse man, but just. The little satyrs under the table butted their horns fast against each other, and the tears streamed over their faces.

Wolf now began to pile up his books and to fold up his gown to put into his ruck-sack. At last he exclaimed, in the gloomy silence,—

"You have no idea where those creatures came from in the very beginning, and you cannot tell what will become of them in the end."

"No," said the old mother quietly. "That cannot be known about any one."

Throughout the discussion she had been walking round the room, working and cooking. The little satyrs had crept away; and she now took their supper up to them in the warm, dark loft, where she hugged them and chuckled to them and told them not to mind. As the supper was very well cooked, both the men and the goat-children ate it up. Then they all went to bed in the comfort of the old mother's house, though very uneasy, — the satyrs because they had made so much bother, and the men because the little goat-children were so very queer.

The next day was stormy, cold, and miserable. Wolf was obliged to unpack his ruck-sack in order to take out what he needed in the house for the day; and after this it seemed undignified to pack everything up again; so that he did not set out at once.

After breakfast Christina, a neighbor, came in tears to talk to the woodcutter's wife, and to beg that the satyrs be sent away, because she feared having them so near her own children.

"Have they ever said or done anything that could harm your children?" asked the woodcutter gravely.

"No," said the neighbor, hesitating. "Oh, sir, I know it is a delicate thing to mention; but it does seem to me so fearfully peculiar for them to have goats' legs."

"Fearfully peculiar! A delicate thing to mention!" said the woodcutter, suddenly mimicking the unfortunate visitor in a niminy, squeaking voice of contempt. "My children," he added, with a sudden change of tone, "came as they are, hoof and hide, without disgrace from their old mother earth, — like you, like me, and every one. If your children are afraid, let them keep out of the way."

He picked up his pipe conclusively, and began smoking, while the neighbor crept out at the door. Throughout the discussion the old mother had been working about the room, burnishing the kettle and putting wood on the fire, quietly, but

with a slightly jocose expression. Well, well, she knew that Christina was right in considering the children's horns and tails odd. Yet there they were, — after all, not more freakish than her husband's perversity, or many another fact of nature through which, during a long life, she had been sustained by a sense of fun, still but powerful.

Now that everybody knew the little satyrs were largely beasts, the fact seemed to make remarkably little difference. Even when Vulpes, as he went to the head of his class in school, tore off his cap, shrieked at the top of his lungs, kicked off his sabots, and danced round and round the schoolroom floor, no harm seemed to result from his behavior. Even when, as the children sang, Faustina's voice, wild and ecstatic, rose above all the others with a buoyant tone like cool pipes in a wood, and when strange light calls and cries answered from outdoors, — even then life continued unbroken in its course.

But as time went on another load of care bore heavily on the woodcutter. "What will become of our goat-children when we are gone? We can leave enough to take care of one, but never to take care of two," he would say to his wife. "And they will always be prevented from doing well for themselves while there are fools in the world like Christina, such as there will always be."

"Our goat-children are happy now," said the old mother reassuringly. "And for the future, — why, time takes every one through everything."

So the years went by. Wolf finished his studies at the university, packed his rucksack, and really went away at last, but only by the convenience of circumstance. The woodcutter and his wife aged, and Faustina and Vulpes grew into the flower of their youth.

At about this time it happened, one rainy morning in spring, while the satyrs were in school, that the woodcutter and his wife, working in their kitchen with the door open, heard pipes near them playing an air lovely beyond belief, — so lovely that they left their fagot-tying, and stood listening on the threshold. But the pipes' notes stopped then. They saw no one near except an old man in a dark cape, evidently the artist they had heard spoken of as walking sometimes through the village.

The rain ceased to fall as he approached the door, asking for a boy named Vulpes; and he refused to enter. "I have come to strike a bargain with you about that goat-boy," he said. "I wish to hire him as a model for a statue."

"Have you ever seen our Vulpes?" said the woodcutter. "After you have, you may not care to make a statue of him. I cannot conceal from you that he is as ugly as possible to be."

"No matter," said the old artist grandly. "It makes not a bit of difference to me whether some turn of creation that attracts me goes by the name of beautiful or of hideous. What I like may be the foaming swirl of a splendid cloud, or it may be the texture of an alley ash-heap crumbling to black velvet dust in a shadowed corner. From all that I have heard I think that dark, fantastic boy would make a fine statue."

"Just exactly as he is?" said the woodcutter."

"Just exactly as he is."

The woodcutter thought for a while. "You would not care to put in his ears, I suppose."

"Yes. I should be obliged to put in his ears."

Again the woodcutter considered. "Surely you would not wish his tail, though. That would be beneath such a grand art as sculpture."

"The tail I must have," said the visitor with decision.

After that there was silence for some minutes. "It could never be concealed from any one again," said the woodcutter, "that Vulpes is half a beast."

"Never."

"He would be known to every one for just exactly what he is," put in the

old mother. "No better, and no worse."

"And what would you do for him in return?" asked the woodcutter.

"I would take the most responsible care of his entire future," said the artist quietly.

The woodcutter was silent with astonishment.

Just at that moment they saw the satyr youth, rough and shaggy, walking across the plain toward them.

"It is strange enough," said the woodcutter. "No one can tell how things will fall. We have always been anxious about our boy on account of the strangeness of his appearance; and now it seems to be the very thing in him that you admire, and that can provide honestly for him in the world."

"So you are willing I should make the statue?" said the artist. "And at last you will stand for the truth of nature. Enough! Enough! He is cared for forever." At that he gave a tremendous guffaw; and there, instead of the artist, stood a great god, half a goat and half a man, with horns and hairy ears wreathed with grape vine, and an oaten pipe in his hand.

At the first ecstatic notes he blew as he lifted it to his mouth, Vulpes leapt toward him in a transport of delight; and then, dancing and shrieking together, suddenly they disappeared from sight. Deep under the spring loam of the plain, fragrant with violets, wild hyacinth, and anemone, the notes of the pipes could be heard, fainter and fainter, and at last everything was still.

Some months after this it happened, one evening when the day had been warm, that the woodcutter was sitting with his wife near the door of their little dark summer kitchen, looking out at the wood and the plain all bathed in a great flood of moonlight. For long now another load of care had borne heavily on the good man. "What will become of my poor little Faustina when we are gone?" he said to his wife. "She will be all alone. Miseries will certainly, certainly come on her while there are fools in the world like Christina, such as there will always be."

And no words of sense could drive this worry from his mind. To-night, after his day of work, all was calm around him. His corduroy coat hung over the end of the bench. He had his pipe in his hand; and he tried to rest in the coolness and peace of the place. But he grew constantly more restless. While the torment of his anxiety for Faustina was nagging him most sharply, she appeared in the door. Her hair fell loose around her waist, and her little white hoofs shone in the moonlight. Never before had she looked so wild, so sweet.

Just as she had laughed on the days when she was hiding in the brush, she laughed now, and looked up at the old mother; and she kissed the woodcutter between his eyes. "It is a sin," she said, "to stay indoors on such a night. Besides, this has been Midsummer's Day. Come out with me to the edge of the wood," she whispered, "and I will show you something there."

And as she spoke, and as she stood there, all the ways of the manifold earth appeared to the woodcutter free and divine. Such a serenity breathed in the air about him, his every care had vanished. At that instant the odor of the pine bench, the dark wood and worn utensils of the familiar little kitchen,—every minute of his existence flying, flying past,—were as a miracle to him. His whole life there in the midst of creation was known to him to be a thing unaccountable as the flash of the Northern Lights in the sky, and as unreasonable a cause for care.

He rose. The little satyr girl ran ahead of him and the old mother to the familiar cluster of chestnuts; and here, sitting in the darkness of its shadow, they now watched her in her world, just as she had once watched them in theirs.

"Good-by. Good-by," she said, and she touched each one with a thrilling touch, and ran out into the plain. There they saw standing on the gray prairie a great white goddess with filleted hair,

starry eyes, and a silver bow and quiver. Beside her a stag with glistening antlers listened, still as the sky, to the wide whispers of the open.

She raised her horn, and blew a call on it. An answering call sounded from the wood; and at the same instant there was a sound of thousands and thousands of hurrying feet and voices. It came nearer and nearer, and then the little Faustina was lost to the hidden watchers in the midst of a great concourse of women, young, strong, and beautiful, coming out of the recesses of the wood into the open. The moonlight fell on their bare shoulders hung with quivers, their straight ankles, the turn of their twisted hair, and their white-feathered arrows.

Diana, standing before the dark, rustling grove, received the obeisance of all. Again she raised her horn to blow on it a call clear and light; and then, with one swift step, still as the fall of snow, she had leapt from the little mound, and was running, running, running like the wind, with all her nymphs, and none so fleet as she, behind her.

Like a marble frieze now the speeding huntress and her virgins streamed past against the starry distance of the sky, around the plain, and back again to the forest. Last of all ran the little satyr girl, throwing out her arms to the wood before her, all black-silvered and murmuring in the cool light, the roll of the pillared tree-boles gleaming, the dark glades opening like some spacious hall prepared free and fresh for hours of delight.

Long, long, the woodcutter and his wife looked at the path of the procession after its faintest glimmer had vanished, and the last white flick of the little goat-girl's hoof had disappeared in the big, still wood. Then they knew that she had gone forever, and they rose from the little copse and went home in the moonlight.

"Do you know what that wood is to-night?" said the mother, "the old, old wood they all came out of and they all went back to? It is the Past — and Death itself."

"Yes," said the woodcutter with calm, "that will be her future. None I could plan would be so beautiful for her." And he worried no more.

PICTURES FOR THE TENEMENTS

BY ELIZABETH McCRACKEN

Not very long ago I gave to a little girl I know a copy of one of Fra Angelico's angels. Somewhat later I heard her, in the next room, discussing the picture with a small guest. "It 's a *nice* angel," she explained; "painted in Italy."

"Ye-es," the other child acquiesced; "but — do you *like* it?" she added, half fearfully, half defiantly.

The possessor of the angel appeared to hesitate. "I — s'pose so," she said at length; "I know it ought to be liked!"

In the tenements one meets with a larger freedom of speech. One finds, too, rather a greater independence of thought, and a very much more unrestricted liberty of feeling. However nice may be the pictures of angels given to the dwellers in tenement neighborhoods, those pictures are quite openly rejected if not unreservedly liked. Their owners have not been informed as to what angels ought, and ought not, to be liked. But they know which they do like, and do not like; and they know why. Moreover, they are not afraid to tell.

Once, at Christmas, I sent to a woman of the tenements who was a friend of

mine, and who, I knew, had a fondness for pictures of winged children, a print of Raphael's Cherubs. "They 's real sweet," she said to me, when next we were together; "but there's lots prettier ones on the Christmas cards my boy has got from the Sunday School."

It was through this woman's younger sister that I came to see more clearly the place that what we have been solicitously trained to designate as the best pictures may take in the lives of people who must measure those pictures for themselves, unhelped, and unhindered, by traditionary standards of measurement. Going with her one day to help in the selection of her wedding dress, I noticed in the window of a picture shop we were passing an unusually fine photograph of La Gioconda, and involuntarily stopped to look at it. My companion, waiting for me, also contemplated the picture.

"Who is it?" she asked with some curiosity.

I told her a little about the Lady Lisa.

"What 's she smilin' at?" was the next question.

I spoke of the Renaissance in Italy. "She lived then," I supplemented.

"But why did it make her smile that way?" my companion pursued.

Whereupon, as we continued on our way, I quoted what Walter Pater had said about "the presence that thus rose so strangely beside the waters."

"I should think she would 'ave *cried*," my friend made comment. "I don't see why she *smiled!*"

"No one has ever quite seen," I found myself replying. "Every one has a favorite theory. A friend of mine says that it is because she never forgets that life is short; she does not weep, no matter what happens to herself, or to any one else, because she is remembering always that nothing happens for very long."

"But," objected my companion, "everybody knows we can't live forever! I don't see why the idea should 'ave struck the Lady Lisa as so uncommon funny! She must 'ave been an out o' the ordinary person."

My friend said nothing further that day concerning La Gioconda; but the memory of the first glimpse of the baffling face lingered with her, as it lingers with us all. She confided to me one evening that she did not care for the picture, but that she could not put it out of her mind. "I 'd like to look at it jes' till I found out why she is smilin'; and then never see it no more," she added.

"But why no more?" I queried. "She is so beautiful."

"I don't think her beautiful," was the reply; "she 's only int'restin'-looking; and she would n't be that, if people knowed why. I wish I could find out."

She was calling upon me. On the wall of the room was a small print of the picture. "Please take it!" I said.

When next I went to see her the picture was in a position of honor, over the middle of the mantel in the "best room" of her new home. On its right side hung a campaign portrait-poster of President Roosevelt; on the left a gaily lithographed Priscilla, cut from one of the *Youth's Companion's* current calendars. The only other picture in the room was a framed photograph of my friend and her husband, in wedding array.

Within the year a child, a little boy, was born to them. The baby, even while he was still very tiny, had a way, as he was held in his mother's arms, of resting his head against her breast and turning his eyes away from her face, that reminded me of the child in the lap of the Madonna of the Chair. I mentioned this to my friend; and one day I gave her a photograph of the picture. She received it with far more pleasure than that with which she had accepted La Gioconda; but she did not put it in the place of Leonardo's picture, nor, indeed, bring it into any especially close proximity. She fastened it to a narrow bit of wall between two windows; beneath it was a photograph of her baby, taken by me on the day of his christening.

There were, when we met, so many other things to discuss that the woman did not speak, for a long time, of either of the two pictures; and I supposed that they had come to be regarded by her in a purely decorative light.

But one night, before he had lived quite a year, her little son died. The morning of the day after the funeral I sat with the bereaved mother in the "best room," so lately given over to such pitiful uses. Glancing about to assure myself that its former order had been quite restored, I noticed that the Mona Lisa was no longer over the mantel, nor in any other place in the room. Where she had been, the Madonna of the Chair now was. My friend, as if replying to my unspoken question, said quickly: "Nobody else did that! I did it myself!" She grasped my hand; holding it closely, she continued, "Yesterday, after they took my baby away, an' I got back home, an' my husband, bein' awful tired, was sleepin', I came in here, 'cause the baby, he 'd been in here. An' that lady in the picture, she smiled and smiled! Her smilin' had int'rested me before; I had n't never liked it, but I 'd sorter liked wonderin' 'bout it. But last night it did n't int'rest me none! She could n't 'ave been tender-hearted; or she 'd 'ave knowed that there 's nothin' to smile at in learnin' things don't last very long — same as me 'avin' my baby did n't! I wished she' d stop smilin'; but, knowin' she could n't, I stopped lookin' at her, and looked at the other picture you gave me, 'cause o' your sayin' my baby made you think o' the baby in it. An' the lady in that, it seemed as if she would 'ave knowed, bein' here, how I was feelin', — which the smilin' one would n't 'ave. The more I looked at her, the more I thought so. It seemed as if she 'd even, bein' here, 'ave let me hold her baby a little while, mine bein' gone. So I took down the smilin' picture, and put the other one up there."

She lifted her head, and gazed at me, wondering if I understood. "I could n't 'ave done dif'rent," she said simply.

"No; and there was no reason why you should have," I agreed.

She had transferred the Mona Lisa, she told me, to an acquaintance in the tenement above, an older woman. "You don't mind, do you?" my friend inquired. "My upstairs neighbor, she used to come in here, and look at it. She took real comfort out o' it; so I went up this mornin' and gave it to her. I 'm glad if anybody can find it comfortin'! You don't mind my givin' it away, do you?" she repeated.

I assured her that I did not. Afterward, when the "upstairs neighbor" questioned me similarly, I made her the same assurance. "Whoever wants the picture ought to have it," I added.

"I have always wanted it, ever since I first seen it downstairs," the woman confessed. "I like her smilin'! I don't think it 's 'cause she ain't got no sorrow for anybody or anythin' that she smiles; I think it 's 'cause she *has*, and has got grit, too. It heartens me up surprisin', to look at her!"

An artist to whom I recounted both these incidents granted them, not without reluctance, a certain significance, but urged me not to imagine for an instant that they contained any elements whatsoever of artistic criticism. "A picture cannot properly be viewed in any such semi-literary, semi-didactic light. The important thing about it is, not what it means, but how it is done!" he pronounced.

In the tenements, however, I found the reverse of this proposition to be true. What a picture might mean, and not at all how it was done, proved, almost invariably, to be the important thing about it. A literary or a didactic light, or that commingled literary and didactic light respecting which my artistic friend had expressed himself at once so unfavorably and so uncompromisingly, seemed, in nearly every instance, to be just the light in which a picture could be — if not with most propriety, certainly with most distinctness — beheld.

During a winter, several years ago, at

the college settlement in which I was especially interested, it chanced that I had charge of a considerable number of "sight-seeing" parties. One of these, composed of girls of from fifteen to seventeen years of age, I guided one afternoon through the rooms and corridors of the Museum of Fine Arts. The time at our disposal being so short, and the list of things to be seen so long, I made but few comments, and these of the smallest, upon any of those things.

A number of the girls came subsequently to the settlement to ask for further information concerning various pictures, and statues, and curios, that had aroused in them, severally, a particular interest. One girl desired to hear more about Greek vases. "I got much pleasure from them," she exclaimed; "the shape of them, I liked it much, and the pictures on them!"

I told her somewhat regarding Greek vases; and then, when she asked me to tell her still more, I read aloud Keats's Ode.

"Oh," she said happily, as I closed the book, "I like that! It 's exactly as lovely as the vases!"

She wished to copy the lines; so I lent her the volume. The next morning, on her way to the factory in which she was employed, she called to see me. The settlement family was at breakfast. I overheard the protectively inclined maid-servant at the door mentioning my name, and this fact, in rather a prohibitive tone of voice; and hastened into the hall.

"Who is it?" I inquired.

"It is I," replied the girl, as the servant allowed her to enter; "that would give you again your book, and ask if that pot of basil, it is this one? What I would say," noting my bewilderment, she elucidated, "is, is the Isabella in the picture in the Museum the one in the poem within your book?"

When I replied in the affirmative, my caller's regret that she had not sooner been made aware of Isabella's pathetic story was as frank as it was keen. "Why did n't you tell us?" she sighed. "I wish you had! I got but little of enjoyment from the picture; if the story I had known, much would I have got! So strange is it, so sweet, so sad!"

I seized the first opportunity to make reparation, by inviting her a second time to visit the Museum with me, as a member of my very next party; upon which occasion, she lingered long, gazing absorbedly at Mr. Alexander's painting.

On the other hand, another girl, who, before she heard the weird tale, had been decidedly attracted to the picture, after she had listened to it declared herself to be quite undesirous of looking at The Pot of Basil ever again. "I would n't have admired it in the beginning," she explained quaintly, "if I'd known it had such a haunted-house kind of story to it."

Another friend of mine in the tenements, a woman of middle age, became disaffected with Leonardo da Vinci's portrait of Beatrice d'Este, when, to her dismay, she learned that the young duchess was not "the most gentle lady" of the *Vita Nuova*. She had made acquaintance with the picture through a photograph of it, exhibited in a shop window that she passed twice daily, on her way to and from the restaurant kitchen in which she was employed as cook. A salesman in the shop, of whom she had been emboldened to inquire regarding the original, had, to be sure, answered, "An Italian lady of olden times, named Beatrice."

Seeing a copy of the portrait in *The Most Illustrious Ladies of the Italian Renaissance*, which I, going to call upon her, had carried with me to read in the trolley car, she would have greeted it as a picture of Dante's Beatrice. "Why, I thought there was only but one!" she sighed, after hearing my explanation.

Her interest in Dante and his Beatrice had sprung directly from the curiosity that had been awakened in her mind by a print of Mr. John Elliott's picture of Dante, that she saw by chance one day in the house of another of my friends.

"What is his name?" she asked me,

her eyes bent upon the picture. "He looks like a lot had happened to him."

At her urgency, I related, from time to time as we met, no small part of all that had happened to that "youth of the Alighieri." My friend presently tired of my references to the Guelphs and the Ghibellines, and even to the city of Florence; but she remained insatiable in her eagerness to listen to the smallest fact or legend concerning Beatrice. Though she gave up, after the first canto, an attempt to peruse Dr. Cary's version of the *Divina Commedia*, she read the *Vita Nuova*, in Professor Norton's translation, with rare delight.

I had duly given her the Beata Beatrix, telling her that it was an "imaginary portrait." Some one had sent me a magazine containing reproductions of the famous contemporaneous portraits of Dante; this, too, I presented to my friend. These she preferred to Mr. Elliott's and to Rossetti's pictures of the poet. "Maybe they ain't good likenesses of him," she declared; "but anyway, the people who did 'em had *seen* him! They had *him* to go by, in paintin' 'em!"

Because the creator of the Beata Beatrix had not had her to go by, the woman seemed unable to accept the picture, even as an "imaginary portrait," very seriously. For this reason she was the more disappointed to discover that, though the painter who had done the portrait of Beatrice d'Este had seen that lady frequently, Dante had never seen her at all.

"An' I'll never know how she looked?" she queried plaintively.

"I hardly think," I ventured, "that the outward appearance of Beatrice was what so interested Dante."

"It must ha' been," my friend rejoined. "She never talked to him; she never did nothing for him. He just saw her! That was all. It must ha' been the way she looked that mattered to him. I ain't speakin' o' the color o' her eyes an' hair, or anything o' that kind," the woman explained; "I'm speakin' o' her *expression*. If only I know'd what it was!"

"There are persons," I suggested conservatively; "who think that it was quite as much because Dante was a wonderful man as because Beatrice was a wonderful woman that she inspired his poetry."

"Was n't there a lot o' other wonderful women livin' then?" my friend demanded. "I'd only like to know," she added more mildly, "why he chose her, out o' them all!"

I could but reply that only that was exactly what we all should like to know.

A paragraph in the *Vita Nuova* brought her into the happy way of another story of a poet and his love. One evening, calling upon me at the settlement, she suddenly inquired, "Where is that picture o' an angel that Dante, he drawed?"

"It is lost!" I replied.

"What a pity!" the woman exclaimed regretfully. "I have been wishin' I could see it."

The settlement family were perfervidly studying Browning that winter. Books of his poems and dramas were scattered somewhat profusely about the house. I found a volume belonging to me, and read aloud a portion of "One Word More." Then, another visitor interrupting me, I said to my friend; "I will gladly lend you the book, if you care to finish the poem."

She accepted my offer with alacrity. The next day I met her on the street. "Who was E. B. B.?" she asked abruptly. "The piece 'bout Dante's angel was wrote to her," she annotated.

Her pleasure, upon hearing, was lovely to see. "He was powerful fond o' her, was n't he?" she observed. "Did she think as much o' him?" she added anxiously.

By way of reassurance, I gave her the *Sonnets from the Portuguese*. Also, I lent her that one of my volumes of Browning's works containing "By the Fire-Side." It contained, too, "The Guardian Angel;" and had for a frontispiece a reproduction of Guercino's picture. The picture led my friend to read the poem. I had already given her, in response to her half-wistful, half-eager inquiries as to "how Mr. and

Mrs. Brownin' looked," first, a small picture of the poet's wife, and later an accompanying one of the poet. When she came to return my books, she said: "I like the poetry; I read more'n you told me 'bout. One was 'bout the angel on the front page. It 's nice to think o' them two, Mr. and Mrs. Brownin', a-sittin' there in that church together, lookin' at it, same as he tells."

Some little time afterward I was so fortunate as to discover Guercino's angel among the Perry Prints. Without further delay I took it to my friend. She placed it beneath the pictures of the two who had sat together and looked at it in its own chapel. On the opposite wall were Dante and Beatrice.

"My pictures is good company," she once said to me; "I can think of a lot o' beautiful things that 's true, when I look at 'em."

None of those things that she seemed to think about most were, or had ever been, hers. Her husband, whom, as well as her three children, she supported, was a drunkard. He was never kind, and often cruel, to his wife. But coarse and ugly as the realities of her life were, she had her ideals; and these were of an exquisite delicacy and loveliness.

One evening, to my discomposure, she spoke to me about the recently published *Love-Letters of Robert and Elizabeth Barrett Browning*. "I saw the books of 'em on the table in the Public Library the other night when I was waitin' there to meet you."

"I suppose you read some of them?" I said noncommittally.

"I started to," the woman from the tenements replied; "but," she unexpectedly continued, "I did n't keep on. I could tell, after I'd read no more 'n two or three of 'em, that they was private. How 'd they get round, for anybody happenin' along to see?" she questioned curiously.

The zestful spirit of the collector is not lacking in the picture-lovers of the tenements. The collections are made, and arranged, by subjects rather than by schools.

I know one woman who is interested in the acquisition of pictures of children. She possesses, among many others, reproductions of Sir Joshua Reynolds's Little Samuel, and Millais's Two Little Princes in the Tower, and Velasquez's Infanta Margarita, and Whistler's Little Rose, and the portrait of Longfellow's small daughters. A more sophisticated collector, to whom I quoted this partial list, said that, to his mind, it appeared not to be confined very closely within the limits of its subject.

A boy I know, an ardent maker of a collection, allowed himself even greater liberty in the admission of additions to his catalogue. One day, feasting his eyes upon a picture of the Bunker Hill monument that I had given him as a memento of a joyous pilgrimage he had made with me to the celebrated battleground, he ejaculated; "I'm awf'ly glad to have it, part-ways 'cause it was fun goin' where it is, and part-ways 'cause it's so tall. I like things as goes far up!" Therefore I very shortly sent him prints, respectively, of Giotto's Campanile and of the Leaning Tower. The inclination thus kindled, the boy began to amass tall pictures, — of other towers, and of churches with spires, and of columns, and of obelisks. Recently I encountered him on the street. "How lucky to meet you!" was his greeting. "I've jest got a new goin'-up-far picture! I tore it out of an old magazine I bought for two cents!" He held it before me. It was a reproduction of a sketch of the Flat-Iron Building.

"But," I demurred, "it is different from your others!"

"Dif'rent!" he reiterated. "Course it ain't a church, or a tower, or anything o' those kinds, same as my others; but it's high, same as them!"

Only a short time ago a girl who had seen on a coin-pin that I was wearing an enameled representation of St. George, advised me, after listening to the legend of that "most Christian knight," to col-

lect "pictures of people who slew dragons." By way of practical encouragement she followed up her counsel by sending me a penny print of Guido Reni's St. Michael.

Another, an older woman, collects Madonnas, — chiefly as they appear in penny prints and on souvenir postal cards. She has three by Botticelli, and five by Raphael, and two by Murillo; and she has Bodenhausen's, and Holbein's, and Dagnan-Bouveret's, and many another. The last time I saw her she told me that she had a new one, which she had brought to show me. It was a photograph of Michael Angelo's Pietà.

Most of us number among our acquaintances at least one individual who, impelled by a real or fancied resemblance to the personage of some famous picture, has been photographed, or has had a child photographed, attired in the costume, and posturing after the manner, of that personage. In the tenements an identical impulse occasionally manifests itself. I once attracted a somewhat dense crowd of small boys and girls, by essaying, as she posed uncertainly on the steps of the settlement house, the photograph of a girl, as Queen Louise of Prussia. The picture was a familiar one in the neighborbood. To very nearly every person there it was known as the trademark of a particular brand of shoe. The girl had frequently been informed that she was strikingly like it, — as, in fact, she was. Finally, after having for a week devoted her spare hours to contriving the comparatively simple royal habiliments, she requested me to take her picture, in character.

A young mother, when, one warm July day, I arrived by appointment to photograph her two-year-old baby, put on the head of the child, whose customary summer headgear was a sunbonnet, a close cap she had just completed; and arranged in his restless little hands a battered tennis ball. "He's allus 'peared to me to favor in looks that Stuart baby in the settlement house sittin' room," she said gravely; "so I want him took like that."

Only the other day a little girl of twelve, to whom I had given several prints of Madame La Brun's pictures, petitioned the loan of my muff. "I showed my school teacher the pictures you gave me," she explained; "and a lady where my mother works, she's got a camera, and she said she'd take me, fixed up like one of the pictures my teacher said I had a look of!"

A young boy whom I knew detected a likeness, not between himself and the central figure of a picture, but between one pictured hero and another. He had seen, and been deeply impressed by, my treasured copy of Dürer's Knight, Death and Devil. "A brave man, a knight he did need to be, in old days," were his meditative words; "death being at hiss side; and a good man, the devil being at hiss back, — both so near!"

"Yes," I agreed.

The boy continued to gaze at the picture; but he said nothing more about it, and neither did I. Several months passed; and, though I saw the boy a number of times, he made no further mention of the picture, which, when I had shown it to him, I had said was a favorite of mine. I supposed he had forgotten it; but I found that I was mistaken.

He was painfully, though not seriously, hurt in a railway accident. Calling to see him, I noticed on the wall over his narrow cot a picture of Galahad the Deliverer, cut from a catalogue of the Copley Prints, which a friend of mine had, as I recollected, given to him.

"A knight haf I also," he said shyly, indicating the picture of the "haut prince," mounted upon his horse, his face set toward "a city that hight Sarras." The boy continued: "In the Library, I see first hiss picture. Like your knight, he doess ride; like yours, he hass a brave face, and a good. Death, I see it not near him, nor the devil. But, not being seen, near are they."

"They are never quite so far away as we would wish," I said, as he paused for a response.

"No," the boy went on earnestly;

"they are not! This knight, ass yours, they follow. Like yours iss this picture. I keep it in my room to see often, that I not forget for me, ass for all, in and out of pictures, it iss that we need to be brave and good."

A girl, one of my dearest friends in the tenement, discerned rather a more subtle bond of similarity uniting, at least for her, two pictures. She had seen, and much admired, Bastien-Lepage's Jeanne d'Arc. I gave her a print of the picture; and, in reply to her query relative to the Maid of Orleans, lent her Mr. Lowell's history of Joan of Arc, which she read with enthusiasm.

One evening she brought to the settlement what she described as a Confession-Book; in which she soberly asked me to record my "true opinions." These opinions, as a cursory examination of the book revealed, were to take the form of answers, written in blank spaces provided for them, of such questions printed opposite as, "What is your favorite feminine name?" and "Who is your favorite poet?" and "Which is your favorite flower?"

Among the baits to catch "true opinions" was the inquiry, "Who are your favorite heroes in history?" The verb being plural, I filled in the blank space with several names. One was that of Savonarola. The owner of the Confession-Book instantly solicited an account of this hero, unknown to her. "I'd like to hear more about him," she exclaimed, when I had replied to her inquiries as fully as I might in the few moments at my immediate disposal.

Romola chanced to be in the house. I lent it to the girl. "This will tell you more," I said.

She read the novel with the most vivid interest. "Oh, if only I might have seen Savonarola!" was her exclamation. "How wonderful he was!"

My copy of Fra Bartolommeo's portrait of the monk so appealed to her that she searched the picture shops until she found another copy, which she bought. She pointed it out to me when next I called. It was beside the picture of Jeanne d'Arc.

"I put them together," she told me, "because they were alike."

"Alike!" I echoed.

"Why, yes," she rejoined; "don't you think so? They both saw visions, and heard voices speaking to them, and bidding them save their nations! And they both tried to do it; and both were burned at the stake, because of trying!"

It must be admitted that sometimes a book, coming between a picture and a spectator, totally eclipsed the picture. A young woman who, seeing a photograph of the Satyr of Praxiteles, had been incited by it to read *The Marble Faun*, received without great avidity my suggestion that she seek out the cast of the statue in the Museum of Fine Arts. "It did n't have as much to do with the people in the story as some other things!" she said, in extenuation of her indifference.

Nevertheless, one Sunday afternoon,—Sunday being her only free day,—she accompanied me to the Museum. Leaving her with the sculptures, I went up stairs, to look at the Botticelli Madonna. But I did not get so far; for, in an adjoining room, I saw, standing before the Slave Ship, a little girl whose mother, lately dead, had been a dear friend. Her father was with her. Recognizing me, they pointed to the painting, and simultaneously cried, "Ain't it queer!"

"What's the sense of a picture like that?" the man asked.

Not being quite bold enough to venture upon an answer, I lent him a volume of Ruskin. Somewhat to my amazement, he not only read it, but asked for "more books, if any, written by the same man."

He was a stone mason. So far as I was aware, he previously had read little outside of newspapers and the reports of trades-unions. "Does the Slave Ship interest you more, after reading what Ruskin says about the painter of it?" I inquired one evening, when he came to borrow a fifth volume of Ruskin's works.

"No," he answered bluntly; "nothing could make me take interest in a picture that's so mixed up. I like things plain. It ain't for what he writes 'bout pictures I wants to read Ruskin; it's for what he writes 'bout work an' pay. He makes it plainer 'n the paintin' man he cracks up makes pictures," he added with a laugh.

To a girl who asked of me other tribute to the Medusa than that of Pater, I had, of course, given Shelley's poem. An older girl, whose imagination was stirred by Mr. Elihu Vedder's Cup of Death, received, perforce, the *Rubáiyát;* and a woman to whom the Blessed Damozel had appealed could not be denied an introduction to Dante Gabriel Rossetti in the rôle of a poet. But it has been my not infrequent experience among the people of tenement districts that, when a picture possesses no verbal prototype or reflection, they are apt to bestow one upon it.

One day, meeting in a trolley-car a boy, a former member of one of my clubs at the settlement, I removed the wrappings from a Japanese print which I had just purchased, in order that he might see my new acquisition. The picture was merely a study of deep brown shadows and thin gray lights. A tangle of grasses lay dark against a misty lake; here and there, from the narrow leaves, and out of the black sky, fireflies shone with a faint yellow brightness.

"I know why you got it," the boy informed me; "'t was on 'count of its being in *Hamlet*" —

"*Hamlet!*" I interposed.

"Yes," said my companion; "I remember where in it, too!" And, with triumphant pride, he quoted: —

> "The glow-worm shows the matin to be near,
> And 'gins to pale his ineffectual fire!"

An older boy with whom I had acquaintance descried, no less obviously, in some verses upon which he chanced, what he announced to me as "the words to Millet's Sower," a photograph of which I once sent him, in consequence of the pleasure he had taken in a little plaster bas-relief of it that he had seen at the settlement. I had lent him, in order that he might memorize "The Wonderful One-Hoss Shay," for declamatory purposes, a worn and much penciled volume of the *Songs of Three Centuries*, compiled by Whittier. When he came bringing the book, to make trial of his memory and his elocutionary power, in connection with the Deacon's Masterpiece, he said to me almost reproachfully "You did n't tell me the poem for my picture was there, in the book, too!"

"What poem?" I queried. "I don't recall one," I added apologetically.

"It's marked, with a ribbon," the boy observed; "but," he conceded generously, "I suppose you can't remember everything."

Opening the book, he read aloud, with genuine feeling, Mr. Gilder's lines: —

> A Sower went forth to sow,
> His eyes were wild with woe;
> He crushed the flowers beneath his feet,
> Nor smelt the perfume, warm and sweet,
> That prayed for pity everywhere.
> He came to a field that was harried
> By iron, and to heaven laid bare;
> He shook the seed that he carried
> O'er that brown and bladeless place.
> He shook it, as God shakes hail
> Over a doomed land,
> When lightnings interlace
> The sky and the earth, and his wand
> Of love is a thunder-flail.
> Thus did that Sower sow;
> His seed was human blood,
> And tears of women and men.
> And I, who near him stood,
> Said: When the crop comes, then
> There will be sobbing and sighing,
> Weeping and wailing and crying,
> And a woe that is worse than woe.
>
> It was an autumn day
> When next I went that way.
> And what, think you, did I see?
> What was it that I heard?
> The song of a sweet-voiced bird?
> Nay, — but the songs of many,
> Thrilled through with praising prayer.
> Of all those voices not any
> Were sad of memory:

And a sea of sunlight flowed,
And a golden harvest glowed!
On my face I fell down there;
I hid my weeping eyes;
I said, O God, thou art wise!
And I thank thee, again and again,
For the Sower whose name is Pain.

One of my friends, to whom I narrated this occurrence, was inclined to be doubtful of the satisfaction such an alliance between the painting and the poem might furnish either the painter or the poet. "They were never intended to be joined together!" he irrevocably affirmed.

I repeated the remark to the boy of the tenements. "That makes no difference," he maintained, "if they belong together; and not hard is it to see they do!"

Easy it assuredly had been for him. Did not Emerson once say that half of what any of us at all see in a picture, only ourselves have put into it?

MY SHAKESPEARE PROGRESS

BY MARTHA BAKER DUNN

My acquaintance with Mr. William Shakespeare began at a comparatively early age. In my father's library there was a set of odd, ugly bookcases built against the wall, with paneled doors shutting each compartment in by itself, a privacy which, to my young imagination, was not without its charm. The books seemed thus to be divided into separate settlements, and one might knock at one particular door without bringing all the neighbors to peer from their windows.

In one of these settlements dwelt — and to this day continues to dwell — William Shakespeare, a Johnson and Steevens edition of him, in eight pasteboard-covered volumes; books light to the hand, of clear print, illustrated after a fashion which embodied all my early ideals of the necessities of the case, and which I still find endearing.

It was during a passage through the joys and sorrows of measles that my more familiar acquaintance with the Shakespeare family began. It is characteristic of a light-minded temperament to reckon most phases of life by their advantages rather than by their inconveniences; and if one must indulge in measles, one finds it well to realize that there are pleasures as well as pains to be wrested from this doubtful recreation: there was distinct joy in standing before the glass and watching one's self break out with rosy blotches which, before one's eyes, became one blotch; there was joy in finding one's self transformed from comparative insignificance to a position of importance in the family circle; there was joy above all other joys in seeing the library become a bedroom, and a massive bedstead with rolling head and footboards erected therein for one who had never before been chosen of the gods to occupy it in solitary grandeur.

There were evenings when the sister who wore her hair in puffs had engagements elsewhere, and the sister whose hair curled in her neck was studying silently in her corner; when the younger members of the family — after all, even from one's vantage point as invalid, one was forced to envy them — were playing paper dolls on the dining-room table; and the quiet of the family circle was broken only by my father's voice reading aloud some paragraph from his book or newspaper, or by my mother, who, never long silent, often announced, "I shall talk, whether anybody listens or not," and then proceeded to put this promise into execution.

On such evenings I amused myself by

holding a bed of justice modeled after a picture which I had often studied in an old French History: "Bed of Justice held by Louis XV during the Regency." The bed I occupied seemed to me quite as stately a piece of furniture as that represented in the picture, and I felt myself just as capable of presiding at such a function as Louis XV could have been at the age of five years. At this august ceremony I summoned the persons who resided in the bookcases to appear, marshaling them methodically from their different compartments. I had a speaking acquaintance with a good many volumes of whose contents I knew little.

Zimmermann *On Solitude* and Edwards *On the Will* stepped down from one particular top shelf, hand in hand with Young's *Night Thoughts* and the works of John and Charles Wesley. From a dark corner, also high up in the world, came Eliza Wharton, the heroine of a melancholy tale which I was forbidden to read. Eliza went astray with a long *f*, and, notwithstanding I had stood at her bedside and seen her pass away in great agony, I had no slightest idea of the nature of her fault. Expurgated editions for the young are often a needless precaution. An innocent mind is its own best expurgator. There was, indeed, a gloom about Eliza which made her a far from agreeable companion, but I did not dream of adding to the mysterious woes she had already suffered by omitting her.

Mr. and Mrs. William Shakespeare and their six children belonged to a long row of gray books, bought in 1828. If one might judge by the recurring date written on the fly leaves of these volumes, 1828 was a year when the almanacs commanded "About this time begin to buy books." It is very probable that my acquaintance with the Shakespeare family might have, for some time longer, remained a mere cursory intercourse, had it not been for one of those evenings when my bed of justice became a bed of education. On such nights, outside the radiant line of light which penetrated my darkness, a blazing fire illumined the faces gathered around it. In my outer blackness the sound of its crackling came to me like the sound of music. I pictured it to myself as the very embodiment of desire. To be grown up, to sit in the circle of dignitaries, always to be privileged to listen to the conversation of "comp'ny," — that best comp'ny that really has something to say, that brings a message, — what could one ask more?

Now some one read aloud, — the latest speech in Congress, some new poem of Whittier, of Longfellow, Gail Hamilton's last essay. Sometimes it was one voice that came to me, sometimes another; sometimes I fell asleep in the midst of the reading; but there was one deep tone that always held me spellbound when it took up the strain. It was like a many-keyed instrument, this ever-varying voice, that could be full or soft, trumpet-clear or gentle as the summer night. Often I sat upright at the very sound of it, as if it called me, as I knew it had called others, — and one night the Voice read *Hamlet*.

My great bed that evening was lapped about with velvet blackness, and through the lighted line of the door-crevice came the silken voice, outlining upon the inky shadows the portrait of a "black velvet prince," for so Hamlet revealed himself to my childish mind. I was, indeed, only a child; I drank the story in, unformulating, uncriticising; yet it seems to me that even then it was not the wrecked and ruined Hamlet whose picture grew, vaguely enough, in my young thought, the Hamlet to whose poisoned spirit "this brave o'erhanging firmament, this majestical roof fretted with golden fire, appeared no other thing than a foul and pestilent congregation of vapors;" — I saw rather the splendid young prince that might have been,

> The expectancy and rose of the fair state,
> The glass of fashion, and the mould of form,
> The observed of all observers.

That "serpentining" voice that read and shaped and interpreted seemed to hold all things in its compass; and out of its

windings the reverse of the dark picture shone like a golden intaglio graven on a background of jet: Hamlet of the noble mind, —

> "The courtier's, soldier's, scholar's eye, tongue, sword," —

the loyal son, the lover, passionate, yet never "passion's slave," the Hamlet who, even while he gave, withheld, so that the questioning years have never yet plucked the heart out of his mystery.

I do not say that I, a mere child, realized all this. Wrapped in my blanket, sitting up in my dark bed and filled with a sense of tragedy and loss, I yet felt as if my childish lips had been touched by a draught of that wine of the gods that never ceases fusing and transfusing in mortal veins so long as life lasts. Many a time since that night the vision of that darkened library has brought back the splendid, tragic young Hamlet whose picture grew amidst its shadows, and there is magic for me still in the very name of Elsinore.

The *Tempest* was my next Shakespeare acquisition, and I read it in the spring, when the narrow brook in our garden surged into a torrent, and called all day and all night like the voice of the sea. I cannot say that, outside the matter of personal liking or disliking, there was to me in those days any great or small in the choice of literature. Plato' s Dialogues, which I heard discussed in the family circle, *Lucy's Conversations* in the Abbott series of children's books, *The Lamplighter*, *Ida May*, the story of Dr. Kane's Arctic expedition, which I was devouring in my leisure moments, — I lumped them all together, and cheerfully supplemented them with Shakespearean tales.

I could not think the plots of these stories natural, but I did find them charmingly unnatural. Their author possessed a magic talisman which made all things not only possible, but probable. Shakespeare could always bring

> "The time and the place
> And the loved one all together."

In real life one finds many delightful backgrounds for events that do not materialize, but Shakespeare's scenes were never unpopulated; his characters met him halfway.

Here, for instance, was a beautiful isle of the sea, inhabited only by a banished Duke of magical powers, — Shakespeare always had a banished duke "up his sleeve," — the duke's lovely daughter, "made up of every creature's best," and a man-monster, unique even in Shakespeare creations. In an everyday sort of world the fair maiden might very probably have blushed unseen and wasted her sweetness on the island air, — in everyday life, but never as the heroine of one of the Bard of Avon's competent creations. It was the most inevitable thing in the order of things that a handy shipwreck should bring to these very shores all the persons whom the deposed duke would naturally care to meet, and that among them, preluded by the wild waves singing "Hail, the conquering hero comes!" should appear not merely the most beautiful prince that ever was seen, but *the* prince, the one and only gentleman born and predestined to set wrongs right; and in the midst of Prospero's hocus-pocusing, and Ariel's gentle spiriting, and the love-making of Ferdinand and Miranda, full of sweet and buoyant youth, all the characters gradually got into line, the deposed duke came to his own again, and even poor, monstrous Caliban saw a future of promise. What more in the way of a story could a child desire?

In the Shakespeare land of probable improbabilities all things worked together for good. If any fair-faced but restless maiden chose to go masquerading around the world in man's attire, no ill-judging interference was to be expected on the part of parents or guardians, nor did inconvenient suspicions as to the real sex of the disguised one awake in the minds of the spectators to spoil the climax. Viola, bearing Orsino's messages to Olivia, does not hesitate to sport with the occasion. "By the very fangs of malice," she assev-

erates, "I swear I am not what I play;" yet no prodigality of hints would prevent the unquestioning Olivia from bestowing her affections upon the pretty youth. Julia, in page's dress, follows her lover in his travels, is daily in his presence, acts as his go-between in his courtship of Silvia, well knowing that Proteus would never be mean enough to recognize her until the appointed hour had struck. Portia, after settling her love affairs by the ingenious and fascinating device of the three caskets, slips on the robe of a doctor of laws and hurries off to Venice to save Antonio's life, entering immediately into court practice without protest or suspicion on the part of either plaintiff or defendant.

In fact, in all Shakespeare's "story plays," as I used to denominate them in those days of their first reading, the most delightful conditions existed. The pastimes of childhood which charmed one most were those which began with the magic words, "Let's Pretend," and Shakespeare was surely the prince of pretenders. One read his pages with delightful certainty that at the crucial moment things would balance up. Puck might be relied upon to happen around in season for the anointing of the eyes of the unseeing; all the resolved and stiff-necked bachelors would be cozened into happy wedlock; the reprehensible Leontes would find that Hermione had been kept for him on ice, in order that she might appear in the freshness of youth as a due reward for repentance.

The tragedies of Shakespeare, which I essayed next, did not especially appeal to my immature taste. Othello was, after all, only a blackamoor with a talent for smothering; the story of Lear wrung my heart; and the knocking on the gate in *Macbeth* made me tremble in my bed when I woke "in the dead waste and middle of the night." *Julius Cæsar* I found thrilling but sanguinary, so I turned to what I called "the Kings," and there found solid ground. These monarchs I associated in my mind with those depicted in Kings First and Second of scriptural origin, though I much preferred Shakespeare's sovereigns, on the whole, as less joined in recollection to sobriety and family prayers.

Now, for the first time, separate scenes and utterances began to write themselves into my memory, though perchance, even yet, I did not sufficiently discriminate between Falstaff enjoying "a last year's pippin, with a dish of Carraways" in Shallow's orchard, and Somerset and Warwick plucking the red rose and the white in the Temple garden.

John of Gaunt, "a prophet new-inspired," apostrophizing from his couch

> This royal throne of kings, this sceptred isle,
> This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,
> . . . . .
> This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England,

spoke to unforgetting ears. Henry the Fifth's broken French wooing; Buckingham on the scaffold calling on

> All good people,
> You that thus far have come to pity me,
> Hear what I say, and then go home and lose me;

Queen Katharine's swan song, —

> When I am dead, good wench,
> Let me be used with honor.
> . . . . .
> Although unqueened, yet like
> A queen and daughter to a king, inter me; —

these, and others chosen by one knows not what process of random selection, shaped themselves for me into the eternal ramework of things. But it was in the first part of *Henry IV* that I most delighted. Romeo was but a lover, Hamlet a prince of tragedy; but Harry Monmouth and Harry Percy revealed themselves as the very apotheosis of hot-hearted gallant youth.

> "The nimble-footed, madcap prince of Wales
> . . . that daffed the world aside,
> And bid it pass;"

and Hotspur Harry Percy assuring his Kate, —

> "when I am o' horseback, I will swear
> I love thee infinitely; — "

these were creatures of deeds, not words

alone. "What can a poet do better," asks Theodore Roosevelt, "than sound the praises of a good fighter and a good lover?"

Now, too, there were incredible beginnings of war in our own land to make Shrewsbury, Agincourt, and the rest seem like nearer and more probable tales. On the "State grounds" at Augusta tents were clustering into white villages; school days were interrupted by the tramping feet of marching infantry or the resounding hoofs of long cavalry battalions, breaking into quiet recitation hours and scattering the old echoes of Homeric legends and Cæsar's wars.

These were the same gay young fellows that Shakespeare wrote about, —

> As full of spirit as the month of May,
> And gorgeous as the sun at midsummer;
> Wanton as youthful goats, wild as young bulls.

They filled the hours with new and unwonted emotions, emotions with which, in those early days, forebodings of death and disaster had little part. For myself, fortunately or unfortunately, — since this was the heroic chance of a lifetime, — none of my nearest and dearest steamed through the town in those long railway trains filled with blue-coated warriors, trains which I persistently ran away from school to gaze upon; so, held back by no personal feeling, I mixed the old wars with the new, and Walter Blunt dying for his king, Harry Monmouth lamenting over Hotspur slain, —

> "This earth that bears thee dead
> Bears not alive so stout a gentleman," —

wove themselves into my thought with the story of Ellsworth giving his life for the flag and Theodore Winthrop perishing in the zenith of manly promise.

After I had grown to womanhood I gained a new association to join with my old childish memories of Harry Monmouth and Harry Percy. Among the numerous wanderers on the face of the earth who have at various times come to my doors, there chanced along one summer evening a dark-faced Southern boy fleeing from an uncongenial home and from the consequences of a student brawl. A crude and ill-balanced creature one found him, full of undeveloped possibilities, yet wholly unreasoning, and worse than untrained. He was willing to work at the most menial occupation, to tear his unused hands with pick and shovel, if need be, that he might be indebted to no one for the poor living he gained; but by reason of his hot temper, hot prejudices, and hot impulses, he continually ran counter to those who sacrificed most to help his need. For some weeks I served as a sort of mother confessor to this untamed wanderer, the only person to whom he condescended to pour out all his woes. He came to me alike for the healing of his spirit and his undergarments, to tell the tale of the waning of his patience and his stock of cigarettes. Most of all he came for books, for this poor waif was an omnivorous reader. The only fragment of a library which he himself possessed was a ragged copy of Shakespeare's *Henry IV*, and Hotspur Percy was his cherished hero.

One bright evening I was summoned from a table full of guests to meet my *protégé*, and we sat down on a garden seat in the green angle of turf by the back door, — for his lofty spirit forbade front entrances to one engaged in menial toil, — while he brought his history up to date. On the preceding day it seemed that work and money had both failed, and since he would not cheat the poor woman with whom he lodged — though she would gladly have trusted him — out of any portion of her scanty emolument, he had betaken himself to the fields, and there spent the night upon the lap of earth. He told me of the spot he had chosen, an open meadow lying level under the stars, with hills rising all about it. And, waking in the coolness of the early morning to find himself shivering on his dewy bed, he had chosen to forget his discomforts by fighting the battle of Shrewsbury over again, with new results, for this time it was Harry Percy who triumphed.

"It warmed me up so that I forgot everything else," said this forlorn one, "just to think of licking old Bolingbroke."

I know the spot where this famous battle was refought, and I have never passed it since that day without a vision of a lonely wayfarer, a poor youth not without his own chivalries, sitting huddled in that green hollow of the world to watch Harry Monmouth and Harry Percy ride over the hills of dawn.

It was as a seminary student that I was introduced to Shakespeare's sonnets, though, indeed, no such treasure-trove was included in the published curriculum. In that halcyon time the joy which created the evening and the morning into a new day found its keynote in the billet which one's table-opposite handed one each morning at the foot of the dining-room stairs; and the buoyant young man who lent me his company at mealtimes was a person of many resources. He loved poetry only less than he loved mischief, and he found in it not only a possession to joy in and assimilate, but also a polished weapon for use. In that pretty game of compliment which we played with one another, he never spoiled the idyl by holding back anything that seemed necessary to render the illusion artistically perfect; and there was a period when fragments of Shakespeare's sonnets alternated with Mrs. Browning's in giving these morning missives point.

"I only give you the tag ends of the Shakespeare sonnets, and ought not to use those," wrote this precocious commentator, "because Mrs. Browning's are so much more *respectable;* but when you read the Shakespeare love story — four or five years from now; don't do it sooner — you'll tumble into the abyss of its fascination just as I have. And may I be there to see!"

When, in later years, I did fall under the charm of the sonnets, I think their fascination was intensified because the dark thread of Shakespeare's love and mystery — the strength in weakness and weakness in strength — was brightened by another inwoven thread, — the tender memory of one, no longer a "fool of time," whose grave was already green.

But that infinitely sad and human world of the sonnets never marred the splendid sanity of the world of the dramas. There is an ever-recurring tendency in human nature which is aptly illustrated in the reply given the other day by a young acquaintance of my own who had been overtaken in a fault.

"No," he asserted stoutly, when questioned concerning his personal responsibility in the matter, "I don't blame it on myself. I blame it onto God!"

Shakespeare saw life in large, and wrote as he saw. He never "blamed it onto God." His pages are full of the inexorable sequence of cause and effect, and the swift march of deeds points the moral of individual responsibility. If things were "rotten in Denmark," it was because the fathers had eaten sour grapes and the children's teeth were set on edge; if Macbeth trembled at the knocking at the gate, it was because conscience doth make cowards of us all; if Wolsey, that had

> "once trod the ways of glory,
> And sounded all the depths and shoals of honor,"

fell from his high estate, it was because he had forgotten to be just, and fear not. The ghosts that haunted Bosworth Field were of Richard's own creating; and Regan and Goneril, desperately dead, reap but their inevitable due, when

> "This judgment of the heavens that makes us tremble,
> Touches us not with pity."

In short, Shakespeare's message is the message of a robust manhood and womanhood: Brace up, pay for what you have, do good if you wish to get good; good or bad, shoulder the burden of your moral responsibility, and never forget that cowardice is the most fatal and most futile crime in the calendar of crimes.

> "Cowards die many times before their deaths;
> The valiant never taste of death but once."

TO A CHILD JUST AWAKENED

BY CAROLINE STERN

What thro' the night hours hast thou seen?
Within what spirit world hast been? —
That thou, last eve a bit of clay,
A little satyr worn with play,
The tender scorn of one and all,
A rosy little animal,
Shouldst wake at morn a thing divine,
A mystic who has crossed the line
Into the world unseen? There lies
Its awe in thy wide-lidded eyes.

A RELISH OF KEATS

BY BRADFORD TORREY

In all the writing of genius, which is a power that possesses its so-called possessor rather than is possessed by him, there is much that seems like accident. Many things — all the best ones, it might not be too much to say — are contributed by the pen rather than by the man. The man had never thought of them: it was no more within his intention to write them than to write another Hamlet; and suddenly there they are before him on the paper. The handwriting is his, but as to where the words came from he can tell hardly more than his most illiterate neighbor. From No-Man's-Land, if you please to say so.

Keats was proudly conscious of this mystery. There is nothing, indeed, upon which he, or any poet, could half so reasonably felicitate himself. His divinest verses, he knew it and owned it, were traced for him "by the magic hand of chance." A great thing, a power almost omnipotent, is this that we call by that convenient, ignorance-disguising name. It made not only Keats's verses, but Keats himself. Otherwise how explain him? — son of a stable-keeper, a play-loving, belligerent, unstudious boy, a surgeon's apprentice at fifteen, dead at twenty-six, and before that — and henceforth — one of the chief glories of England, a poet, "with Shakespeare."

He himself suspected nothing of his gift, so far as appears, till he was eighteen. Then he read the *Fairy Queen*, fell under its enchantment, and immediately, or very soon, minding an inward call, began trying his own hand at verses. At first they were no more than verses, "neither precocious nor particularly promising," says Mr. Colvin; things that a man takes a certain pleasure in doing, —

> "There is a pleasure in poetic pains
> Which only poets know," —

and finds, it may be, a certain kind of profit in doing, but sees to be of no value as soon as they are done

At twenty the vein began to show the gold. He assayed the shining particles, for by this time he had been reading Shakespeare and Milton, and knew a line of poetry when he saw it,[1] and, like the man in the parable, he did not hesitate. He knew what he wanted. He would sell all that he had and buy that field. "I begin," he said, in one of the earliest of his extant letters, "I begin to fix my eye upon one horizon." He would be a poet, because he must. He would not be a surgeon, because he must not. He had done well in his studies, we are told, and was in good repute at the hospital, whither by this time he had gone; but a voice was speaking within him, and there was never an hour but he heard it. "The other day, during the lecture," he said, "there came a sunbeam into the room, and with it a whole troop of creatures floating in the ray; and I was off with them to Oberon and fairy-land." "My last operation," he tells another correspondent, "was the opening of a man's temporal artery. I did it with the utmost nicety, but reflecting on what passed through my mind at the time, my dexterity seemed a miracle, and I never took up the lancet again."

It was a bold stroke,—no prudent adviser would have borne him out in it—to forsake everything else to be a poet. But never was a luckier one. He had but four or five years to live, and (a comfort indeed to think of!) he did not waste them in making ready to earn a living he was never to have. It was a plain case of losing one's life to find it.

Only four or five years, but with what a zest he lived them! Misgivings no doubt he had, enough and to spare. Now and then, to use his own words, he was pretty well "down in the mouth." "I have been in such a state of mind," he writes to Haydon, "as to read over my lines and hate them. I am one that 'gathers samphire, dreadful trade'—the Cliff of Poesy towers above me." He knew also the canker of pecuniary difficulty ("like a nettle leaf or two in your bed," his own expression is); and then, when he was but beginning his work, there fell on him the stroke of a mortal disease, recognized as such from almost the first moment. But in spite of all, and through it all, what a fire he kept burning! How gloriously happy he often was! He hungered and thirsted after beauty, and he had the blessedness that rewards such a craving. For blessedness (and that is the best of it) consists perfectly with a low estate and all manner of outward misfortune. It can do without gold, and even without health. As for resting in comforts and toys, easiness and fine clothes, a great aim, if it does nothing else for a man, will at least save him from that pitch of vulgarity. A great aim is of itself a great part of the true riches. As Keats said, having found it out early, "our prime objects are a refuge as well as a passion."

Such delight as the right men must always take in some of his letters!—especially, perhaps, some of the earlier ones, written in the period of his first fervors as a reader. He had never been a bookish boy (and no very serious harm done, it may be—for himself, at any rate, he was no believer in precocity), and now, when he fell all at once upon the great poets, it was as if he had been born again. What a relish he has! How he smacks his lips over a line of Shakespeare,—who "has left nothing to say about nothing or anything." Here was a poet who read the works of poets. Possibly if he had lived to be old, he might have changed his practice in this regard, finding his own works sufficient, as other elderly poets have before now been charged with doing. As it is, his raptures make one think again and again of Hazlitt's outburst, "The greatest pleasure in life is that of reading, while we are young;" which, if it does not

[1] How largely he profited by his study of Spenser, Shakespeare, Milton, and other poets, especially in the enrichment of his vocabulary, is shown by M. E. de Sélincourt in the notes and appendices to his recent admirable edition of Keats's Poems. The subject is interesting, and is treated in the most painstaking manner.

hit the white, is at least well within the outer circle.[1]

His method was unblushingly epicurean. Like a bee in a field of flowers, he was always stopping to suck the sweetness of a line. For that very purpose he was there. The happy boy! He had found out what books were made for. For a second time, nay, rather, for the first time, he had learned to read. A great discovery! — old as the hills and new as the morning. But new or old, a great discovery. For an intellectual youth, there is none to match it, as there is no schoolmaster to teach it. And with what a gusto he describes the process! You would think he had found Aladdin's lamp. His fancy cannot see it from sides enough; as a child dances about a new toy, and can never be done with looking.

"I had an idea," he says, "that a man might pass a very pleasant life in this manner. Let him on a certain day read a certain page of full poesy or distilled prose, and let him wander with it, and muse upon it, and reflect from it, and bring home to it, and prophesy upon it, and dream upon it: until it becomes stale. But when will it do so? Never. When man has arrived at a certain ripeness in intellect any one grand and spiritual passage serves him as a starting-post towards all 'the two-and-thirty palaces.' How happy is such a voyage of conception, what delicious diligent indolence! A doze upon a sofa does not hinder it, and a nap upon clover engenders ethereal finger-pointings; the prattle of a child gives it wings, and the converse of middle-age a strength to beat them; a strain of music conducts to 'an odd angle of the Isle,' and when the leaves whisper it puts a girdle round the earth."

This he calls a "sparing touch of noble books." It is too much to be expected, of course, that readers in general, whose idea of intellectual delights is of a new novel every other day, should be contented with a method so parsimonious. If this is what you call epicureanism, they might say, pray count us among the Stoics. And for all that, as applied to Keats's own practice, "epicurean" was the right word.

What he would have been at forty or fifty there is no telling. For the present he was not much concerned with whole poems as works of great constructive art. He was of an age to be (what Edward FitzGerald is said to have always been) "more of a connoisseur than a critic, a taster of fragrant essences, an inhaler of subtle aromas." He loved beauty as at that stage he mostly found it (as the bee finds sweetness), in the individual flower, thinking far more of that than of the plant's symmetrical structure, or the composition of the landscape. In this particular he resembled Lamb, who, if he called himself "an author by fits," was no less truly a reader by fits. "I can vehemently applaud," he said, with characteristic half-true self-depreciation, "or perversely stickle, at *parts;* but I cannot grasp at a whole."

It was an admission of defect — he meant it so; but it is no slander to say that lovers of poetry are in general of substantially the same mind. Their taste is selective. They love short poems, or the beauties of long ones. Many of them have confessed as much, and many others could do no less were they called into the box. Lowell, whose standing as a critic nobody questions, though some may be bold enough, or "perverse" enough, now the man is dead, to rule him out of the class of poets, bids us remember how few long poems will bear consecutive reading. "For my part," he says, "I know of but one, — the Odyssey." And Samuel Johnson, who, great critic or not, had "a good deal of literature," told Boswell "that from his earliest years he loved to read poetry, but hardly ever read any poem to an end."

[1] At this very time, by the bye, Hazlitt was lecturing, and Keats, after hearing him, reports to his brother (February 14, 1818), "Hazlitt's last lecture was on Thomson, Cowper, and Crabbe. He praised Thomson and Cowper, but he gave Crabbe an unmerciful licking."

The boy Keats, then, was not so utterly out of the way, at all events he was not without the support of good company, in taking for his own the motto of Ariel, —

"Where the bee sucks, there suck I."

And a good time he had of it; reading and idling, reading and writing, not too much in a hurry, no busier than a bee, following his bent, finding Shakespeare and the *Paradise Lost* every day greater wonders to him; looking upon fine phrases like a lover; more and more convinced that "fine writing, next to fine doing, is the top thing in the world."

"Next to fine doing," he said, — and meant it; for his life and his own doings chimed with the word. Nor does the word, even as a verbal confession of faith, stand alone. On the testimony of his friends, and on the testimony of his letters, Keats was no selfish weakling, no puny luxuriator in his own emotions, no mere hectic taster and maker of phrases. He worshiped beauty; he was born a poet, and rightly enough he followed his genius; but he was born also affectionate and generous; in his nature there was much of that glorious something which we call chivalry; and he knew as well as all the preachers could tell him that in any true assize high conduct must always bear away the palm. No more than the apostle of old had he any "poor vanity that works of genius were the first things. No! for that sort of probity and disinterestedness which such men as Bailey possess does hold and grasp the tiptop of any spiritual honors that can be paid to anything in this world." Truly said, of this world or any other; for many things may be great, but the greatest of all is charity.

It might almost have been expected that genius so sudden in its flowering, so amazingly exceptional, as Keats's, one of the wonders of human history, would be attended by some strain of disease, some taint, more or less pronounced, of mental or moral unsoundness. It is the more to be rejoiced in, therefore, that his nature, mental, moral, and physical (except for the tuberculosis which he doubtless contracted from his mother, over whom, in her last illness, he, a boy of fifteen, watched with all a son's and daughter's faithfulness), was to all appearance eminently sane and normal. As a boy, undersized though he was, he would always be fighting (which is normal, surely), and as a man he showed habitually, with one distressing exception, a manly, self-respecting spirit.

The single exception has to do with his passion for Fanny Brawne, concerning which it may be enough to say that when a man is head over ears in love with a pretty girl, or a girl whom he thinks pretty, and is by her, or by some perversity of Fate, put off, he is *never* sane. The letters that Keats wrote to his inamorata may have been, as his friendly critic says, "the letters of a surgeon's apprentice." For ourselves we will take the critic's word for it. We have never read them (in our opinion it was indecent or worse to print them), nor should we feel sure of our ability to tell in what respect the love letters of a young doctor might be expected to differ from those of a young schoolmaster or of a young duke of the realm. To be crazy is to be crazy. Enough to say that they were not the letters of the poet Keats. Alas, alas! What a tragedy is human life! What a weak and silly thing is the human heart! A man sees a girl's face, and behold, he is no longer a reasonable being; his peace of mind is gone, his work hindered, his day shortened, his fame tarnished, his name a laughing-stock. It is that which hath been, and it is that which shall be. As was said of old, so one may feel like saying still, "A man hath no preëminence above a beast; for all is vanity."

And for all that, considering Keats's genius, its early development and its miraculous quality, and comparing him with men of his own kind, we must account him on the whole a man surprisingly well-balanced and sane. Call the roll of his famous poetic contemporaries, and few of them will be found saner. Good

Archdeacon Bailey, who had abundant opportunity to know, said that common sense was "a conspicuous part of his character." Of how many of the others would it ever have occurred to any one to say the like?

He seems not to have been either crotchety or boastful, though he believed in aiming high and made no scruple of professing, in so many words, that he "would rather fail than not be among the greatest." Born fighter that he was, born, too, of the *genus irritabile vatum* ("when I have any little vexation," he once wrote, with Lamb-like exaggeration, "it grows in five minutes into a theme for Sophocles"), he loved peace, and in the Biblical phrase pursued it, for which Mr. Arnold, it is pleasant to see, awards him full credit; but he was not to be trodden upon, he held the popular judgment of poetry in something like contempt (as all poets do, it is to be presumed), and he would not be crowded too hard even by the chiefest of his brethren. The most thorough-going Wordsworthian must read with amusement, if not with temptations to applause, the few clever sentences in which the youthful aspirant for poetic honors, in one of his letters, hits off some of that great man's foibles. He has no thought of denying Wordsworth's grandeur, he declares; but not for the sake of a few fine imaginative or domestic passages will he "be bullied into a certain philosophy engendered in the whims of an egoist." "Every man," he goes on, "has his speculations, but every man does not brood and peacock over them till he makes a false coinage and deceives himself. . . . We hate poetry that has a palpable design upon us, and, if we do not agree, seems to put its hand into its breeches pocket. Poetry should be great and unobtrusive, a thing which enters into one's soul, and does not startle it or amaze it with itself — but with its subject. How beautiful are the retired flowers! — how would they lose their beauty were they to throng into the highway, crying out, 'Admire me, I am a violet! Dote upon me, I am a primrose!'"

To another correspondent he expresses a fear that Wordsworth has gone away from town "rather huffed" about something or other, the nature of which does not precisely appear; but adds that he ought not to expect but that every man of worth should be "as proud as himself;" a remark concerning which we are bound to acknowledge, sound Wordsworthians as within reason we esteem ourselves, that we rather like the sound of it.

An artist cannot well be without some of the defects — or what more steady-going, lower-flying people are wont to account the defects — that go naturally, if not of necessity, with the artistic temperament. For one thing, he must work more or less by fits and starts. Poems are not to be made — unless it be by a Southey — as a shoemaker makes shoes, so many strokes to the minute. It is a wonder how much Keats accomplished in his few years, and this even if we take no reckoning of his experiments and failures; but there were times, of course, when he could do nothing, and then, equally of course, he could invent the prettiest kind of excuses for himself, excuses that were themselves hardly less than works of genius. At such a minute he would say, for instance, "Neither Poetry, nor Ambition, nor Love have any alertness of countenance as they pass by me; they seem rather like figures on a Greek vase." Or, if the beauty of the morning operated upon a sense of idleness, he would declare it "more noble to sit like Jove than to fly like Mercury." "Let us open our leaves like a flower," he would say, "and be passive and receptive; budding patiently under the eye of Apollo and taking hints from every noble insect that favors us with a visit. . . . I have not read any books — the Morning said I was right — I had no idea but of the Morning, and the Thrush said I was right — seeming to say,

> "'O fret not after knowledge — I have none,
> And yet my song comes native with the warmth.
> O fret not after knowledge — I have none,
> And yet the Evening listens.'"

Not that he was ever foolish enough to despise knowledge, or trust overmuch to impulses "from a vernal wood," as if a poet could subsist on inspiration. A few weeks after the date of the letter just quoted, a letter which he himself qualified before he was done as "a mere sophistication," we find him renouncing a proposed pleasure trip. There is but one thing to prevent his going, he tells his correspondent. "I know nothing," he says, "I have read nothing, and I mean to follow Solomon's directions, 'Get learning, get understanding.' I find earlier days are gone by — I find that I can have no enjoyment in the world but continual drinking of knowledge. . . . There is but one way for me. The road lies through application, study, and thought. I will pursue it."

But as we count it fortunate that he had already had the courage to forsake everything else for the pursuit of poetry, so we must be thankful that now, feeling his educational deficiencies, he did not do what nine professors out of ten, had he had the ill-fortune to consult them, would — very properly, no doubt — have advised him to do; that is to say, cease production for the time being and devote himself to study. That would have been a loss irreparable. His sun was so soon to go down! A mercy it was that he made hay while it shone.

For much of the hay that he made was as good as the sun ever shone on. That it was a short season's crop may pass unsaid. It is not within the possibilities of human nature, however miraculously endowed, to be mature at twenty-five. Enough, surely, if at that age a man has done a good bit of work of the rarest, divinest quality, — work that, within its range and scope, the greatest and ripest genius could never dream of bettering. That is Keats's glory. So much as that one need not be either a poet or a critic to affirm; the critics and poets have agreed to affirm it for us. If Tennyson said, as reported, that "Keats, with his high spiritual vision, would have been, if he had lived, the greatest of us all; there is something magical and of the innermost soul of poetry in almost everything which he wrote; " and if Arnold put him, in two words, "with Shakespeare," why, then, for the present, at least, the case is judged, and we who are neither poets nor critics, but only tasters and relishers, can have no call to argue it.

So much being admitted, however, it is not to be assumed that here is an end of things. One may still like to talk a little. Hearing him praised, one may still say,

> "'T is so, 't is true,'
> And to the most of praise add something more."

Life would be a dull affair for the smaller men if comment and side remark were forever debarred as soon as the bigwigs had settled the main contention.

Leaving on one side, then, the odes and other pieces which by universal consent are perfect, or as nearly so as consists with human frailty,[1] let us content ourselves with intimating the profit which readers of a proper youthfulness and other needful, not over critical, qualifications may derive from some of the other and longer poems, which by the same common consent, as well as by the acknowledgment of the man who wrote them, are in every sense imperfect.

Indeed, there are few things in Keats's letters more interesting in themselves, or more characteristic of their author, than his apologies for these same longer pieces, especially for *Endymion*.

"Why endeavor after a long poem?" he has heard some one ask. And this is his answer: —

"Do not the lovers of poetry like to have a little region to wander in, where

[1] We speak thus without forgetting that an American poet once wrote (what a reputable American periodical printed) a revised version of one of the odes, just to show how easily Keats could be improved upon. The good man might have been, though we believe he was not, brother to the one of whom we have all heard, who declared his opinion that there were n't ten men in Boston who could have written Shakespeare's plays.

they may pick and choose, and in which the images are so numerous that many are forgotten and found new in a second reading; which may be food for a week's stroll in the summer? Do not they like this better than what they can read through before Mrs. Williams comes downstairs? a morning work at most."

Evidently his "lovers of poetry" are of the tribe of those whose practice we have heard him describing as "a sparing touch of noble books;" lovers rather than critics or students; browsers and ruminators; not determined upon devouring whole forests, or even entire trees, but content with getting here and there the goodness of a leaf or the sweetness of a blossom. He foresees that *Endymion* is doomed to be in one way a failure; he knows that his mind at present, in its nonage, is "like a pack of scattered cards." The words are his own. Yet he confides that there will be poetry in his long poem, and that the right spirits will find it. And so they do. He has touched their disposition to a nicety. They love to "wander in it." They may never have tried very hard to follow the story; they may not care to read any special student's supposed discoveries as to just how this part of the action is related to that or the other. But they like the poetry. They never read the poem, or read *in* it, without finding some. They do not wish it shorter, nor are they conscious of any very sharp regret that it is not better. Wisely or unwisely, they accept it as it is, and are thankful that the young man wrote it, and, having written it, took nobody's advice against printing it. If they read *in* it, as we say, why, that is mostly what they do with the *Fairy Queen* and *Paradise Lost*. It may be the fault of the poem, or it may be the fault of the reader; or it may be nobody's fault.

In the case of *Endymion*, indeed, it requires no exceptional acumen to perceive that the work hangs feebly together, that its construction, its architectonic, if that be the word, is defective past all mending. "Utterly incoherent" is Mr. Arnold's dictum, and for ourselves we have no inclination to dispute him. Our fault or the poet's, we have always found it so. But like Mr. Arnold, we feel the breath of genius blowing through it, and therefore, as we say, we find in it not infrequently an hour of good reading.

Such reading, it has sometimes seemed to us (and the poet's apology, now we think of it, comes to much the same thing), is like walking in a forest, where we cannot see the wood for the trees. All about us they stand, dwindling away and away as we look, till, whichever way we turn, there is no looking farther. Above our heads is a canopy of interlacing branches,

> " overwove
> By many a summer's silent fingering,"

through which, densely as it is woven, steals here and there a sunbeam to play upon the carpet underneath. In such a place we know little and care less whither we may be going. Standing still is a good progress. Not a step but something offers itself, — a flower, a bed of moss, a trailing berry-covered vine, a tuft of ferns. A brook talks to us, a bird sings to us, a vista invites us, a leafy spray, as we brush against it, whispers of beauty and the summer. These, and trifles like these, are what we could specify. All of them together do not make the forest, yet the least of them is not only part of the forest, but is what it is because of the forest. The soul of the forest speaks through it. How incomparably significant becomes of a sudden every common sound. If two branches but rub together, we must stop and listen. If a thrush whistles, we could stand forever to hear it. Not a sight or sound of them all would mean the same, or anything like the same, if it were encountered in the open and by itself. It is the old lesson. The sparrow's note must come from the alder bough, the shell must be seen on the beach with the tide rippling over it.

And the magical verse, if it is to exercise its full charm, must be found, not in a book of extracts, nor as a fragment, but at home in its native surroundings. It must

have been born in the poem, and we must discover it there. The poem which has made the verse must also have put us into the mood to receive it. How often have all readers found this true by its opposite. How often a line quoted is a line from which the glory seems to have departed, a line *dépaysé!* — as the tree, the bird, the leaf, if we see them in the open country and in the mood of the open country, can never be the same as if we saw them in the forest and in the mood which the forest induces.

We think, then, that the poet's plea is sound; that his long poem, whatever its shortcomings, is abundantly justified as a good place to wander about in; that there is poetry (one of the rare things of the world) in it which never would have been produced elsewhere, and which, now that it has been produced, can only be appreciated when read, as scientific men say, *in situ*. To transfer its beauties to a commonplace book would be like putting roses into a herbarium, or, more justly, perhaps, like setting a seashell on a parlor mantel.

In the long poem, too, as in the forest, though we were near forgetting to speak of it, there is always the chance of finding something unexpected; a line, an epithet, an image, that seems to have come into being since we were last here. Every perusal is thus a kind of voyage of discovery. It is as if the season had changed. New flowers have blossomed, new birds have come from the South, and the wood is a new place.

In all the work of genius, as we began by saying, there is no small part that seems to come from almost anywhere rather than from the mind and intention of the writer. And the more genius, we must believe, the more of this appearance of what is known (or unknown) as inspiration. Yet in the case of Keats, a man of genius all compact, one has only to read his letters to see (and glad we must be to see it) that, for all his youthfulness and comparatively slight acquaintance with books, he was pretty well aware of himself, having withal a kind of philosophy of life and many shrewd ideas concerning the poetic art. His gift was no external, detachable thing, an influence of which he could give no account, and over which he had no control, like, shall we say, the inscrutable, uncanny, unrelated mathematical faculty of a Zerah Colburn, a thing by itself, significant of no general capacity on the part of its possessor. The man *himself* was a genius.

And being such, he was safest when he followed his own leadings. When he humbled himself to write what he hoped men would pay for, as, under pressure of his brother's and sister's need, he persuaded himself he might do ("the very corn which is now so beautiful, as if it had only took to ripening yesterday, is for the market; so, why should I be delicate?"), he was mostly wasting his time. "I have great hope of success," he writes, "because I make use of my judgment more deliberately than I have yet done." It was a vain dependence. "Live and learn," says the proverb. And, prose men or poets, the brightest must mind the lesson. But Keats, alas, could not live. He was "born for death," and was already marked. His work, the best of it, was already finished. Racked and broken, devoured by the very madness of passion and wasting away with incurable disease, his tale henceforth is pure tragedy. If his passion was a weakness, — and no doubt it was, — to colder-blooded men a state of mind incredible, and to Pharisees and fools a thing to mock at, — so let us call it, and there be done. It was past cure, so much is certain. Here and there in his letters there are still gleams of brightness, sad touches of pleasantry. To his sister, about whose health he is continually in a fever, lest she should be going as his mother and his brother Tom have gone (and he himself far on the road), he is always a little improved, always making the most of the doctor's words of encouragement; but between times, to some other correspondent, he shows for a moment the plague that is consuming his

life. It is heartbreaking to hear him. "If I had any chance of recovery this passion would kill me." He cannot name the one of whom he is night and day thinking. "I am afraid to write to her — to receive a letter from her — to see her handwriting would break my heart." Even to see her name written would be more than he could bear. "Oh, Brown, I have coals of fire in my breast. It surprises me that the human heart is capable of containing and bearing so much misery."

And strange it is how cruel a price a man can be made to pay for what, at the worst, is only a piece of natural foolishness.

> Well and wisely said the Greek,
> Be thou faithful, but not fond;
> To the altar's foot thy fellow seek, —
> The Furies wait beyond.

Never man found this truer than Keats.

There is but one letter more, — dated a month later, and addressed to the same friend. This time the dying man knows that he is taking leave, though he still quotes a doctor's soothing diagnosis. He is bringing his philosophy to bear, he says; if he recovers, he will do thus and so; but if not, all his faults will be forgiven. And then: "Write to George [his brother] as soon as you receive this, and tell him how I am, as far as you can guess; and also a note to my sister, who walks about my imagination like a ghost, she is so like Tom. I can scarcely bid you good-bye, even in a letter. I always made an awkward bow. God bless you!"

How wasteful is Nature! Once or twice in an age, one man out of millions, she brings forth a poet; and then, while his powers are still budding, she sends on them a sudden blight, and anon cuts him down. Wasteful, we say. But who can tell? Perhaps she also, like the rest of us, is doing what she can, and, like the rest of us, is disappointed when she fails.

THE FORCIBLE COLLECTION OF INTERNATIONAL DEBTS

BY JOHN H. LATANÉ

I

THE internal disorders common to certain South and Central American republics, of which Venezuela and Santo Domingo have recently afforded typical examples, have always been a fruitful source of embarrassment to the United States. During such disorders, these countries, by their disregard of international obligations, frequently lay themselves open to European intervention. The result is that foreigners have fallen into the habit of appealing to their governments for the redress of grievances, real or alleged; and certain of the European powers have shown a disposition in recent years to intervene in Latin America on very slight grounds of provocation.

Claims of citizens of one country against the government of another may arise in several ways. They may be based, in the first place, on injury to person, such as cruel or inhuman treatment, false imprisonment, or mob violence. Where such injuries are real, — whether committed directly, by the officers or authorized agents of the government, or indirectly, by the failure of the government to afford protection, — and where legal remedy is denied, it is the right and duty of the state whose citizens have suffered, to come to their assistance and to demand redress.

A second class of claims arises from the destruction or confiscation of the property of resident aliens. The property may be taken for military purposes as a matter of necessity; it may be destroyed in the ordinary course of military operations; it may be taken by forced loans; or it may be pillaged by the military or by mobs. Cases of this kind present innumerable difficulties and in turbulent countries are of constant recurrence. The general rule of international law applying to such cases is that resident aliens are entitled to no greater exemption or protection than citizens. This is a principle that the nations of Europe too often fail to remember in their dealings with Latin-American states. The alien must exhaust every means of redress which the courts of the country afford before appealing to his government to interfere in his behalf. In cases of denial of justice or of flagrant injustice, his government should intervene diplomatically with the object of securing a settlement of the claim by negotiation or arbitration. When the ordinary means of diplomacy fail, either the case is dropped or the state whose subject has suffered may, in its discretion, resort to forcible intervention.

There is a third and distinct class of claims, however, with which we are especially concerned in this paper, and in regard to which the practice of states is not so well settled. I refer to claims based on breach of contract. Such claims are referred to usually as "pecuniary" claims, and the contracts on which they are based may be government bonds, charters, or concessions for the construction of railroads or other works of internal improvement, the guaranty of dividends on investments, or contracts for military supplies furnished to the government. This class of claims has not, as a rule, received the attention of writers on international law, for the reason that states have usually drawn a sharp distinction between contractual and other claims.

The policy of England with regard to the claims of its citizens against foreign governments was made the subject of a circular dispatch by Lord Palmerston in January, 1848. In this dispatch, which has been much quoted, he held that every state had the perfect right to take up, as a matter of diplomatic negotiation, any well founded complaint which any of its subjects might prefer against the government of another country; that the government of Great Britain had always considered it undesirable that British subjects should invest their capital in loans to foreign governments, instead of employing it in profitable undertakings at home; and that with a view to discouraging hazardous loans to foreign governments, the British government had hitherto thought it best to abstain from taking up as international questions complaints made by British subjects against foreign states. These principles of policy, as laid down by Lord Palmerston, were reaffirmed by Lord Salisbury in 1880.

The policy of the United States in regard to contractual claims, which, as outlined in a long list of dispatches from the days of John Quincy Adams down, is in full accord with the principle set forth in Lord Palmerston's dispatch, is well summarized in a dispatch of Mr. Bayard, dated June 24, 1885: —

"1. All that our Government undertakes, when the claim is merely contractual, is to interpose its good offices; in other words, to ask the attention of the foreign sovereign to the claim; and this is only done when the claim is one susceptible of strong and clear proof.

"2. If the sovereign appealed to denies the validity of the claim or refuses its payment, the matter drops, since it is not consistent with the dignity of the United States to press, after such a refusal or denial, a contractual claim for the repudiation of which there is by the law of nations no redress."

II

The first serious case of intervention in the affairs of an American state for the forcible collection of debts was that of

the governments of England, France, and Spain in Mexico in 1861. The political character which this intervention rapidly assumed, and the exciting episodes of Maximilian's career, have obscured the fact that the alliance of the three powers above named, like the late Anglo-German alliance against Venezuela, was in reality a debt-collecting agency organized in the interest of bondholders. Yet such was the case, although the ostensible grounds of intervention included claims of indemnity for injury to the persons and property of the subjects of the intervening powers. The British and Spanish claims had been recognized by the Mexican government and arrangements had been made by which the debts were to be paid off by a percentage on import duties at certain designated custom-houses. The French claims, however, were of a decidedly questionable character. During Miramon's administration in Mexico, arrangements had been made through the agency of Jecker, a Swiss banker, by which $750,000 were to be raised through an issue of $15,000,000 of bonds. These bonds fell into the hands of Jecker's French creditors and were pressed by the French government, which thus demanded the repayment of twenty times the original sum advanced. A claim was also made for $12,000,000 for torts on French subjects.

When the Liberal Party came into power again in 1860, they were unable to meet the situation, and showed a disposition to question the obligatory force of engagements entered into by their various revolutionary predecessors. In July, 1861, President Juarez brought matters to a crisis by the publication of a decree declaring the suspension for two years of all payments on the foreign loans. This act led to the London Convention of October, 1861, and to the joint intervention in Mexico of the three powers concerned.

So great was the uneasiness occasioned in the United States by the determination of the powers to intervene in Mexico, and so strong was the desire to ward off the threatened danger to republican institutions on this continent, that Mr. Seward authorized the negotiation of a treaty with Mexico, providing for the assumption by the United States of interest on the Mexican debt at three per cent for a term of five years. By way of security the United States proposed a mortgage upon all public lands and mineral rights in the Mexican states of Lower California, Chihuahua, Sonora, and Sinaloa. Against such an arrangement France and England both protested, and while the negotiations for the treaty were still in progress, the United States Senate passed a resolution "that it is not advisable to negotiate a treaty that will require the United States to assume any portion of the principal or interest of the debt of Mexico, or that will require the concurrence of European powers." Not long after the occupation of Mexican territory by the allied forces, England and Spain became convinced of the duplicity and ulterior designs of the French government and ordered the withdrawal of their forces and agents from Mexican territory. The subsequent career of France in Mexico was wholly of a political nature, and her schemes were ultimately doomed to failure. As a debt-collecting agency, the alliance of 1861 against Mexico was not a success.

The intervention of England and Germany in Venezuela in 1902 presented many points in common with the action of the powers in Mexico nearly half a century ago, though there were some striking points of difference and the outcome was wholly different. The claims were of the same general character in both cases. In the case of Germany, though the facts were somewhat obscured, the real purpose of the intervention was to collect claims which originated in contract between German subjects and the government of Venezuela. One claim was for the recovery of interest seven years in arrears on five per cent

bonds, for which Venezuelan customs were pledged as security. Another was for seven per cent dividends guaranteed by the Venezuelan government on the capital stock of a railroad built by German subjects at a cost of nearly $20,000,000. There were still other claims amounting to about $400,000 for forced loans and military requisitions.

These claims were brought to the attention of the United States government by the German ambassador on December 11, 1901. Their dubious character, regarded from the standpoint of international law, led Germany to make a frank avowal of her intentions to the United States, and to secure for her action the acquiescence of that government. Her ambassador declared that the German Government had "no purpose or intention to make even the smallest acquisition of territory on the South American continent or the islands adjacent." This precaution was taken in order to prevent a subsequent assertion of the Monroe doctrine. In conclusion the German ambassador stated that his government had decided to "ask the Venezuelan government to make a declaration immediately, that it recognizes in principle the correctness of these demands, and is willing to accept the decision of a mixed commission, with the object of having them determined and assured in all their details." At the same time the British government demanded a settlement of claims for the destruction of property and for the ill treatment and imprisonment of British subjects in the recent civil wars, as well as a settlement of the foreign debt.

On December 16, 1901, Mr. Hay replied to the German note, thanking the German government for its voluntary and frank declaration, and stating that he did not consider it necessary to discuss the claims in question; but he called attention to the following reference to the Monroe doctrine in President Roosevelt's message of December 3, 1901: "This doctrine has nothing to do with the commercial relations of any American power, save that it in truth allows each of them to form such as it desires. In other words, it is really a guarantee of the commercial independence of the Americas. We do not ask under this doctrine for any exclusive commercial dealings with any other American state. We do not guarantee any state against punishment if it misconducts itself, provided that punishment does not take the form of the acquisition of territory by any non-American power."

A year later, after fruitless negotiations, the German government announced to the United States that it proposed, in conjunction with Great Britain and Italy, to establish a pacific blockade of Venezuelan harbors. The United States replied that it did not recognize a pacific blockade which adversely affected the rights of third parties as a valid proceeding. The powers then proposed to establish a "warlike blockade," but "without any declaration of war." This device was resorted to at the suggestion of the German government, in order to avoid a formal declaration of war, which could not be made without the consent of the Bundesrath. Meanwhile, Venezuela's gunboats had been seized and her ports blockaded, acts which Mr. Balfour admitted on the floor of the House of Commons constituted a state of war; and on December 20 a formal blockade was announced in accordance with the law of nations, which created a status of belligerency.

The hostilities thus commenced were brought to a close by the diplomatic intervention of the United States. In an agreement with the powers, Venezuela recognized the justice of a part of their claims and agreed to set aside thirty per cent of her customs receipts for their payment. The powers, on the other hand, agreed to submit their claims to the arbitration of mixed commissions. The situation was, however, further complicated by the demands of the blockading powers that the sums ascertained by the mixed commissions to be due them should be

paid in full before anything was paid upon the claims of the peace powers. Venezuela insisted that all her creditors should be treated alike, and at the insistence of President Roosevelt, it was finally agreed that their demand for preferential treatment should be submitted to the Hague Court for arbitration.

During the summer of 1903 ten mixed commissions sat at Caracas to adjudicate upon the claims of as many nations against Venezuela. These commissions simply determined the amount of the claims in each case. The awards of these commissions are very instructive, as they show the injustice of resorting to measures of coercion for the collection of pecuniary claims which have not been submitted to arbitration. Belgian claimants demanded 14,921,805 bolivars and were awarded 10,898,643; British claimants demanded 14,743,572 and were awarded 9,401,267; German claimants demanded 7,376,685 and were awarded 2,091,908; Italian claimants demanded 39,844,258 and were awarded 2,975,906; Spanish claimants demanded 5,307,626, and were awarded 1,974,818; United States claimants demanded 81,410,952, and were awarded 2,313,711.

The decision of the Hague Court, which was rendered February 22, 1904, held that the three allied powers were entitled to preferential treatment; that Venezuela had recognized in principle the justice of their claims while she had not recognized in principle the justice of the claims of the pacific powers; that the neutral powers had profited to some extent by the operations of the allies, and that their rights remained for the future absolutely intact. This decision, emanating from a peace court, and indorsing the principle of armed coercion, was received with no small degree of criticism.

During the discussions on the Venezuelan situation that took place in Parliament in December, 1902, the members of the government repeatedly repudiated the charge of the opposition that they were engaged in a debt-collecting expedition, and tried to make it appear that they were protecting the lives and liberties of British subjects. Lord Cranborne declared: "I can frankly tell the House that it is not the claims of the bondholders that bulk largest in the estimation of the government. I do not believe the government would ever have taken the strong measures to which they have been driven if it had not been for the attacks by Venezuela upon the lives, the liberty, and the property of British subjects."

During the same discussion, Mr. Norman said: "This idea of the British fleet being employed to collect the debts of foreign bondholders is assuredly a mistaken one. It was said by Wellington once that the British army did not exist for the purpose of collecting certain debts. It is still more true of the British fleet that it does not exist for the purpose of collecting debts of bondholders. People who lend money to South American republics know what the security is and what they are likely to get in return, and they ought not to have the British fleet at their backs."

To this Mr. Balfour, the prime minister, replied: "I do not deny, in fact I freely admit, that bondholders may occupy an international position which may require international action; but I look upon such international action with the gravest doubt and suspicion, and I doubt whether we have in the past ever gone to war for the bondholders, for those of our countrymen who have lent money to a foreign government; and I confess that I should be very sorry to see that made a practice in this country."

In spite of disclaimers like the above, when we take into consideration the real character of the claims in question, we are forced to conclude that the action of Germany and England constituted a decided innovation in the practice of nations. That both powers were conscious of this fact seems apparent from their manifest endeavor to disguise the real character of the claims they were trying to collect. It is perfectly apparent to those who have

followed closely the controversy that the foreign debt was the real question at issue and that intervention was undertaken in the interest of bondholders. But this is an age of world commerce and of financial transactions of world-wide scope; capital is no longer satisfied with the interest earned at home, but ever seeks new fields of investment in foreign lands. In South America, in South Africa, in Egypt, and in China we see the foreign construction of works of internal improvement and the foreign exploitation of internal resources. Commercial interest in many cases involves sooner or later political intervention. England's interest in the Suez Canal gives her a moral right in Egypt which the powers of Europe cannot gainsay. Temporary intervention in 1881 for the protection of her interests has assumed a character of permanent occupation. Russia's commercial exploitation of Manchuria led to a military occupation which was terminated only by the bloodiest war of modern times.

That states should collect the debts due their subjects in foreign lands seems but an incident of the rivalry of the nations for a world-wide extension of commerce. The states of Europe are encouraging their subjects to build up commercial and business interests in all parts of the world, and they cannot refuse to protect these interests. In recognition of these changes the United States acquiesced in the intervention of England and Germany in Venezuela in 1902, and President Roosevelt has declared upon several occasions that such action was not contrary to the Monroe doctrine.

Against President Roosevelt's interpretation of this doctrine, however, Signor Drago, Minister of Foreign Relations of the Argentine Republic, vigorously protested in a note dated December 29, 1902. This note contained a statement of the "Calvo doctrine," which takes its name from the celebrated Argentine publicist who died last May. In his well-known work on international law, Calvo contends that a state has no right to take up, even as a matter of diplomatic action, the pecuniary claims of its citizens against another state. This doctrine, which has received the indorsement of most of the Latin-American states, was so ably expounded in the note above referred to that it is now usually known as the "Drago doctrine." Signor Drago held, first, "that the capitalist who lends his money to a foreign state always takes into account the resources of the country and the probability, greater or less, that the obligations contracted will be fulfilled without delay. All governments thus enjoy different credit according to their degree of civilization and culture, and their conduct in business transactions," and these conditions are measured before making loans. Second, a fundamental principle of international law is the entity and equality of all states. Both the acknowledgment of the debt and the payment must be left to the nation concerned "without diminution of its inherent rights as a sovereign entity."

He said further: "As these are the sentiments of justice, loyalty, and honor which animate the Argentine people and have always inspired its policy, your excellency will understand that it has felt alarm at the knowledge that the failure of Venezuela to meet the payment of its public debt is given as one of the determining causes of the capture of its fleet, the bombardment of one of its ports, and the establishment of a rigorous blockade along its shores. If such proceedings were to be definitely adopted they would establish a precedent dangerous to the security and the peace of the nations of this part of America. The collection of loans by military means implies territorial occupation to make them effective, and territorial occupation signifies a suppression or subordination of the governments of the countries on which it is imposed."

III

Should forcible collection of international claims of a purely pecuniary origin

be adopted as a general practice by the great powers, the means of coercion would have to be clearly defined, as well as the rights of third parties. Under present conditions, however, the forcible collection of such claims raises several questions of a very perplexing character.

The first consideration is one of equity between the repudiating and the coercing state. Intervention, such as that of Germany and England in Venezuela, coming in the midst of civil insurrection, endangers the very existence of the state, and the right to a continued existence is the most sacred of all sovereign rights. It is not always possible for a state to pay its debts, and of that fact the state itself is the sole judge. If foreign states are to be the judges whether a state is able to pay its debts or not, the very existence of that state is at the mercy of its creditors. The most that a foreigner has a right to expect is that his claims shall receive the same consideration as those of subjects.

The second consideration in interventions of this kind involves the claims of third parties. Intervening states are not usually the only ones holding claims against the debtor state, yet when a settlement is forced, the coercing states usually demand preferential treatment. In 1902 a committee of foreign bondholders of Guatemala in London invited the United States to join England, France, Germany, and other European powers in securing an adjustment. The United States replied that "While the government of the United States is indisposed to join in any collective act which might bear the aspect of coercive pressure upon Guatemala, this government would reserve for its citizens equal benefits with those which might be obtained for creditors of any other nationality in the adjustment of the Guatemalan foreign debt; and the United States minister to Guatemala will be instructed to advise the Guatemalan government of this attitude on the part of the United States." It appears that the representatives of England, France, Germany, and Belgium notified the Guatemalan government that if arrangements were not made to satisfy their respective creditors on a specific date, a man-of-war would take possession of each of the principal ports of that republic. To this ultimatum Guatemala yielded and promptly paid a large part of the foreign claims. It is needless to say that the claims of the United States, which had shown such friendly consideration, were not among those settled upon this occasion, and the United States felt called upon to remonstrate against this discrimination. The question of preferential treatment was later decided by the Hague Court in the Venezuelan case, already referred to, in favor of the powers who resorted to coercive measures, so that in future the United States will be at a distinct disadvantage if it continues to adhere to its policy of not coercing an American state.

A third and still more difficult problem is how far measures of coercion should be allowed to interfere with the rights of neutral states. This consideration raises the question as to the means to be employed in the act of coercion. The most effective measure falling short of war is "pacific blockade," but the United States does not recognize such a blockade as binding upon third parties. When the powers of Europe blockaded the Island of Crete in 1897, the United States declined to concede the right to establish such a blockade and reserved the consideration of all questions in any way affecting the commerce or interest of the United States. This position was in accordance with the views of the Institute of International Law, which, in 1887, endorsed the practice of pacific blockade under the following conditions: (1) Ships under foreign flags may enter freely, notwithstanding the blockade; (2) the pacific blockade must be declared and notified officially and be maintained by a sufficient force; (3) ships of the blockaded power may be sequestrated, but at the termination of the blockade must be restored, with cargo, to the owners, who

are to have no claim for compensation. Such a blockade would, of course, be ineffective for the collection of debts, for the blockaded power could simply transfer its commerce to foreign flags. As we have already had occasion to notice, in the Venezuelan affair of 1902 the United States refused to recognize either a "pacific" or a "warlike" blockade, and England and Germany were compelled to resort to a regular blockade creating a status of belligerency. Such extreme measures are usually undesirable; for the status of belligerency seriously interferes with the commerce of belligerents, as well as with that of neutrals.

The only other effective measure of coercion seems to be the seizure of customhouses and the collection of dues; but such a step frequently leads to the permanent occupation of territory, which in the case of American states is in direct conflict with the Monroe doctrine. President Roosevelt's solution of this question is stated in his message of December 6, 1904: —

"Any country whose people conduct themselves well can count upon our hearty friendship. If a nation shows that it knows how to act with reasonable efficiency and decency in social and political matters, if it keeps order and pays its obligations, it need fear no interference from the United States. Chronic wrongdoing, or an impotence which results in a general loosening of the ties of civilized society, may in America, as elsewhere, ultimately require intervention by some civilized nation, and, in the western hemisphere, the adherence of the United States to the Monroe doctrine may force the United States, however reluctantly, in flagrant cases of such wrongdoing or impotence, to the exercise of an international police power."

The last clause of this message contains the principle upon which the President's Santo Domingan policy was based. We have here a bankrupt republic, hard pressed by its European creditors, appealing to the United States for protection. In the protocol concluded between Santo Domingo and the United States, February 4, 1905, it was provided that the United States government should guarantee the territorial integrity of the Dominican republic, take charge of its custom houses, administer its finances, and settle its obligations, foreign as well as domestic. In short, the Dominican republic was to be treated as a bankrupt corporation and the United States was to act as receiver. The Senate failed to ratify this agreement; but under a *modus vivendi* the president of Santo Domingo appointed a receiver of customs, named unofficially by President Roosevelt, who has since administered the affairs of the island, under the protection of the United States navy, in accordance with the original programme.

The President's solution of the difficulty, if it had been concurred in by the Senate, would have converted our navy into a debt-collecting agency for the powers of Europe, for the bankers of Europe would have found it profitable to buy up all doubtful claims, of whatever character, against American states and urge their governments to press for payment. The only escape from such a predicament would have been the establishment of a protectorate over all the weaker Latin-American states and the enforced adoption by them of a provision like the "Platt Amendment," by which Cuba has bound herself not to contract any foreign obligations the payment of which cannot be provided for by the ordinary revenues of the island.

Admitting President Roosevelt's major premise, that European powers have the right to collect by force the pecuniary claims of their subjects against American states, and his minor premise, that the only effective means of collecting such debts, namely, the seizure of customhouses, is contrary to the Monroe doctrine, his conclusion that the United States should act as the agent in such collection, is perfectly valid. The President was, however, in the opinion of

many competent critics, at fault in his premises. In the first place, it may be seriously questioned, on grounds both of expediency and of public law, whether the United States should ever recognize a pecuniary claim which has not been submitted to adjudication; and, secondly, it is certain that the collection of port duties need not necessarily lead to the permanent occupation of territory.

It may be contended that the main difficulty is to get a Latin-American state to agree to arbitrate such claims; but a number of Latin-American states have already put themselves on record in this matter. At the Second International Conference of American States, held in the City of Mexico in 1901, a treaty was signed containing the following clause: "The high contracting parties agree to submit to arbitration all claims for pecuniary loss or damage which may be presented by their respective citizens, and which cannot be amicably adjusted through diplomatic channels, and when said claims are of sufficient importance to warrant the expenses of arbitration." It was further provided that all controversies of this character should be submitted to the Hague Court for arbitration, unless both parties should prefer that a special tribunal be organized. This treaty was signed by the representatives of the Argentine Republic, Bolivia, Colombia, Costa Rica, Chili, the Dominican Republic, Equador, Salvador, Guatemala, Hayti, Honduras, Mexico, Peru, Uruguay, and signed "ad referendum" by the representatives of the United States, Nicaragua, and Paraguay. It was ratified by Guatemala, April 25, 1902; by Peru, October 29, 1903; by Honduras, July 6, 1904; by the United States, January 25, 1905; and by Mexico, May 22, 1905.

In view of its great importance, the question is still being very generally agitated and has been given a prominent place on the programme of the Third International Conference of American States, which convened at Rio Janeiro, July 21, 1906. The programme of this conference shows as its fourth item, "A resolution recommending that the Second Peace Conference at The Hague be requested to consider whether, and, if at all, to what extent, the use of force for the collection of public debts is admissible." This subject is not one for the Peace Conference to determine, as the right of a state to resort to force when it considers its interests affected cannot be limited except by treaty.

It will be seen from the facts presented in the foregoing discussion that the question here stated is one of the most perplexing and troublesome in the whole range of modern diplomacy. International law, as at present recognized, furnishes no clear rules on the subject, and the opinions of states differ. There can be no solution of the question in the near future except through treaty agreements. The pecuniary claims convention adopted by the International American Conference of 1901 should therefore receive the most careful consideration of all the great powers.

Now that the United States has ratified this convention, we are under no obligation to countenance any measures of coercion for the collection of pecuniary claims against any American state which is willing to arbitrate. The adoption of such a policy by the United States would undoubtedly force the remaining American states sooner or later to announce their adherence to the convention. Such a solution seems the only feasible one, and there is no reason to doubt that it would be satisfactory and just, for experience has shown that a state rarely refuses to pay a claim which has been adjudicated.

HIS COMRADE

BY CLARE BENEDICT

I

"To-night I have brought the chart," he said excitedly.

Miss Livermore smiled at the newcomer. "I am afraid I was stupid last evening?"

"Not stupid," he assured her, "the thing is very complicated."

It certainly looked so from the young man's preparations; he carried a package of notes, a long sharpened pencil, and, under his arm, a stiff pasteboard roll.

"This will make it clearer," he began; "it is roughly done, of course, still the color scheme is suggested, and the four-part symbolism —"

"Did you do it last night?" she asked.

"Yes, I did n't feel like sleeping after — our splendid talk," he said.

She brightened. "Does it really help to talk things over?"

Roscoe Manning surveyed her for an instant; she was a slender, gray-eyed woman with delicate hands and ears.

"It is everything," he replied, "to have a listener."

Mary Livermore returned his gaze solicitously. "You promised not to work at night, you know?"

"Ah, but I don't, except when the spirit moves me. When it does, the precious moment must be seized."

He drew his chair up to the table. The room was small, a kind of improvised parlor; in the corner there was a curtained alcove for the bed.

"Had n't you better sit a little nearer?"

The girl complied; his eagerness was infectious.

He spread the chart out feverishly as he spoke. "Can you hold one end?" he asked. "Now what is your first impression?" His eyes were on her.

"It is wonderful," she faltered, "especially the color scheme. How splendid it will be upon the stage!"

His face lit up.

"Yes, I thought so. You see the scenes as if by flashlight? But I will just run through them hurriedly — you can follow my pencil, can't you, on the chart?"

"Yes," she murmured, bending forward patiently, — how often she had listened to his résumés before! It had been her pleasure, though, — her one diversion after the hard day's work was done; they both worked hard, and so they prized their evenings, passed together since the time when he had first proposed the plan. Their meeting-place had always been Miss Livermore's room, because, being a woman, its mistress had made the most of its poor possibilities, concealing drawbacks and emphasizing good points, until, at least to Roscoe Manning, the bare, back bedroom seemed a paradise of cheer and comfort.

"Always keep in mind, please, that in my drama all the arts combine in one great whole — music, painting, architecture, dancing, the elements, the seasons, poetry in all its forms. This is the background out of which the human figures emerge and sing their life song, The Epic of Neurosis."

"Oh, do they sing?" she asked.

The man looked annoyed. "I did n't mean that literally," he said.

The girl drooped; of late he had been sharp with her, — or was it that she was growing dull? "The idea is such a vast one, I get confused sometimes in details."

She glanced at him a little wistfully; they had talked about the play for sixty nights.

"I love to hear," she went on hastily, "I am so proud that you will tell me; you

said, I think, that no one knew except myself?"

Her wistful eyes still asked a question.

"No, I do not talk about it," he said, "but we digress. The first scene (I will sketch the whole impressionally, but you must always keep the main idea in mind) the first scene stands for youth, — green woods in spring, sweet breezes, flowers, dancing, lyrics, — the beginning of things."

"It will be a lovely scene," the girl put in, eager to retrieve her earlier blunder.

"It will be the simplest one," he said.

Again she felt that she had failed to understand him.

"The chief personages appear, the youthful lovers, unconscious as yet of their inheritance, though seized already by the restless longing — the desire for life, they call it. This is the one dark point in a scene otherwise quite charming, the sign of incipient neurosis in both boy and girl. On the chart I have tried to show an earthly paradise, where, but for the fatal nerve disease, my people might have lived in peace and joy, — you see that, don't you?"

"Yes," she murmured. What she did see was that his hands were shaking.

"The second scene," he continued eagerly, "represents summer, — the sea, love rhapsodies, — the color, blue, — the element, water, — the music, stormy, full of passion, — the setting, angry waves — a mighty ocean steamer, on board of which the same two people meet again, no longer boy and girl, but man and woman. Each has tasted life, and each has broken down under it. Each seeks recuperation; they find each other, — the jaded broker and the weary beauty — "

"Will people understand what comes between?" the girl asked timidly.

Manning frowned. "You forget, that is all explained in their interview; you liked that dialogue especially."

"Yes, I remember, it was magnificent; your dialogues are splendid. I think if we leaned back that we could hold the chart up so that we could see?"

They were sitting bolt upright on their stiff bedroom chairs. "I am quite comfortable," he said.

"The third scene, — autumn on a windy moorland, — color, brown, — element, earth — the return to nature; the same two people reappear; they are taking enforced rest after serious nervous breakdown; they are at an institution of some kind. This is the final phase before complete prostration: the music is elegiac, the setting mournful, the language weak and disconnected; passion is gone, ambition, love of action; their minds are torpid, their wills diseased, their faculties benumbed.

"It is splendid, having the chart," she murmured, "especially — "

"Especially for the last scene," he interrupted. "You have never had the final scene, you know?"

His comrade wavered. "You are going to keep that back a little?" she suggested.

"No," he cried, "I am going to tell it to you. I was afraid it might depress you; but to-night it won't, — we both feel sane and rested."

She braced herself obediently. "If it will help you," she began, and then she changed it. "I am eager to know the end," she said.

"Are you ready?" he asked. "Prepare yourself. I don't want you to be frightened."

She looked at him in sudden perturbation; his eyes were hard now, almost cruel. Her heart revolted, and then, seeing his strained anxiety, her tenderness returned again.

"I shan't be afraid," she said gently.

"Then look!"

She bent down nervously; a corner of the chart had been concealed hitherto by Manning's arm.

"What do you see?" he cried.

"Fire."

"What else?"

"Two figures dancing."

"And?"

"A room with grated windows!"

"Ah!" he said.

The girl drew back. "You never told me it would end in that?"

"I thought you knew; what else could it end with?"

Mary Livermore rolled the chart up with decision. "I can't bear any more to-night."

Manning's eyes flashed; he rose abruptly. "I am sorry that I have tired you so," he said.

The girl sprang up and stood beside him; she only reached as high as his stooping shoulders. "Don't," she begged; "you know I did n't mean it that way! I was only nervous and — upset. Oh! won't you stay a minute? I — I — have something for you."

Politeness forced him to do as she desired; he waited gloomily while she sought the curtained recess. When she returned, she brought a small, flat parcel.

"I had an extra one," she explained, "auntie sent me several; she knew I hated cotton. If you are like me, you will sleep much better on a linen pillow case."

He took the parcel awkwardly; he was not used to presents; he had no womankind to give him any. "It is very sweet of you," he stammered. "I shall value it extremely."

She smiled. "You won't work to-night?" she urged.

"Only a little at the last scene — I feel just like it. Oh, by the way, here are the sheets to be re-typed at your convenience."

Mary Livermore took the loose pages from him. "You won't do that scene?" she begged, "not at night — you must not."

"Yes," he said, "I must!"

She tried again, although she knew it would be useless. "But people recover," she ventured, "even after serious breakdowns?"

"My people could n't recover; it would be an anti-climax. Besides, when once the boundary is overstepped — "

He looked at her, and a nameless terror held her speechless.

"Good-night," he said.

She put her hand out; he took it vaguely.

"To-morrow I will read you the last scene!"

II

The next day, however, the journalist was stretched upon his bed, incapable of moving; the landlady called in a doctor, who shook his head and promised to return at night. When he did return, he shook his head again and gave the landlady some directions, which she received unwillingly.

"He can't afford such things," she objected. "He is only a poor newspaper man."

"Well, he must be looked to, all the same. Has n't he a mother, or a sister?"

"As far as I know, not a blessed soul."

The doctor moved down the stairs; his time was very precious; the landlady in her alarm had summoned the nearest physician, who happened to be a famous specialist for nerves. At the first landing — Manning occupied a third-floor hall bedroom — the physician was intercepted by Mary Livermore.

"I have just heard that Mr. Manning is ill," she said.

The doctor paused, surveying the slight figure. "You are not a relative?"

"Oh no," she stammered, "just a friend."

"Ah, then I can tell you; the fact is I am extremely anxious about that young man. The landlady seems quite incompetent; he needs care, tact, devotion, patient nursing. She tells me that he has no woman belonging to him?"

At the doctor's first remark, his listener had turned faint and sick and giddy; but she made a resolute attempt to steady herself.

"No," she murmured, "he has no near relations; but," she added timidly, "I am his comrade — I might perhaps be able to help?"

The specialist again surveyed the fragile speaker. "H'm," he said, "it's not an easy job. Of course you know what is

the matter with him? No one could be with him without discovering that!"

Mary's eyes were wide with fear, but the doctor did not notice.

"He has pronounced neurosis with certain madness coming, — certain, that is, unless he pulls up sharply; and he is in no state, poor chap, to do anything of the kind."

The woman staggered slightly, but the hall was dark and the doctor's thoughts were elsewhere.

"Yes," he went on, "if he had a mother, as I said, or a devoted sister, or better still a wife or sweetheart, — some one who would watch him ceaselessly and keep his mind off from that confounded play."

"The play?" she gasped.

"Yes, that is a bad symptom — a fixed idea; they often have them. He talked about the thing to me at once. He has probably been dwelling on it continually until he can't keep his thoughts for long on anything else. Well, that must be stopped; but how to do it?"

"Will you tell me how you think it might be managed if — he had a woman belonging to him?"

The doctor threw her a shrewd glance, after which his manner became more kindly.

"Well — when he recovers from this temporary breakdown, — he will recover from that in two days at most, — he should resume his work; that won't hurt him; it will keep his mind off from that pernicious play. Now come the evenings; he probably gets home about six-thirty?"

"Yes, sometimes later."

"Then something should be planned to fill the evening hours; the best thing would be a walk in this fine weather; the streets are lively, the air and exercise would do him worlds of good; or occasionally a music-hall, — not the theatre, that might recall his play; but a little cheerful music would n't be bad. When it rains, a game of cards, or even a ride round town on the electric car, — anything to keep him occupied. Above all, no work at night, — no brain excitement; it will be difficult, I know, for he is very obstinate, — nervous patients usually are, — nor can you deal with them by direct methods; that nearly always drives them into open war. And then he must be made to take more nourishment, — a glass of milk at Caswell's on his evening walk. That would help him more than anything, for he is exceedingly run down. Well, these are hasty suggestions; the main point, of course, is to keep his mind from that brain-killing play."

The girl had listened breathlessly. "Are you coming again?" she asked.

"No, I can't do anything; it rests with the nursing. Physically, as I said, he is temporarily used up, — mentally, he is very ill indeed."

These words hurt the girl like the sharp edge of iron.

"One thing more," she panted, for she saw he was impatient. "If his mind could be diverted, how long would it be before the — worst danger would be over?"

"Oh, supposing the best possible conditions — I should say two months. If he is n't worse by that time, but distinctly better, then the immediate danger would be past."

The girl drew a long breath. "Will you give me your address, please?"

The doctor gave her his card, after which he shook hands with her warmly.

"Don't forget," he said, "that sick nerves must be treated tenderly, — no abruptness, no prohibitions, no hint, above all, that the sufferer is not himself! All tact, all cheerfulness, incessant watching!"

She assented faintly.

"He is not brain-sick yet?" she faltered.

"Not about anything except his play, poor fellow. It is a case of madness for fame — 'Grössenwahn,' the Germans call it. Well, most sane people have it, too. Good-by, Miss — ?"

"Livermore," the girl answered in a low voice.

"All the same," the doctor thought, as

he drove away in his victoria, "I wish the fellow had a mother to coddle him; that young woman is well-meaning, but the task is quite beyond her, — besides, she can't be with him, as a mother could."

Mary Livermore got upstairs and into her back bedroom; then she sank down on a chair and cried despairingly. After that she stumbled to her feet and paced the narrow chamber; she did not know how long she walked that floor. Suddenly she paused, and stood as if transfigured; her face, which had been haggard, looked almost happy. In a moment she sat down and proceeded to think out some complex problem; finally, by her tremulous sigh, she seemed to have succeeded.

"So help me God!" she whispered, and rose again. Her manner was no longer groping; she appeared to be inspired by some great, illuminating idea.

On the table there was a vase containing a few carnations; she had meant them as a surprise for Manning when he should, as usual, seek her room. She now pulled out the flowers, wiped them off, and clutched them firmly in her left hand; then she went out into the hall and stole upstairs to Manning's door; she knocked and heard his answer, then she turned the knob and entered the room. Her friend was lying on the bed; the gas was burning dimly. The girl advanced and laid the flowers on the quilt.

"I have come to bring you these and to beg you to get better!"

The man's wild eyes caught hers and held them. "I want to talk to you," he cried.

"Not now," she said. "The doctor does not wish it; he says that if you rest, you will be able to work again much sooner, — in two days, he thinks."

His face lit up. "I want to work."

She knew he meant the play and hastened to speak further. "Well, then you must do exactly as he says."

She lifted the untouched glass of milk and offered it to him.

He shook his head. "I can't, it chokes me."

"Then you can't work."

"Did the doctor say that?"

"He said that plenty of nourishment would bring you up sooner than anything else."

He raised the glass and drank down its contents slowly.

"There," he said, "that shows what will can do."

"Yes," she assented. "Now I must go; but I will come up every evening, until you are well enough to come to me. In the mean time, don't worry; I will see to everything, — all you have to do is to get well."

She smiled at him; the man's face quivered.

"If you could only stay! I can't keep my thoughts in order, I have such ugly fancies when I am alone."

"I know," she said, speaking very quietly; "I have them, too; that's why I want you to get well quickly. My evenings are so dreary when I'm alone!"

The man looked pleased. "Well, I will try," he said.

She took his hand and pressed it; the soft, warm contact seemed to comfort him.

III

"There," she cried, "I said you would be up again in two days."

Roscoe Manning greeted her rather languidly; the girl's eyes sought the chart and found it, protruding from beneath the young man's arm.

"Shan't we sit down?" she said. Her head was dizzy. "Do you notice anything different?" she went on.

He glanced about him. "It all looks very cheerful. May I clear the table off? There won't be room enough."

The woman flinched; she had bought a few cheap photographs and arranged them carefully where she thought they would attract his eye; in the centre of the table there was a vase of bright carnations. Mary herself was wearing her best gown.

"Don't you think," she urged, — her

voice had a little quaver in it, — "that we had better look at the photographs to-night? You are not quite strong yet, — and the play is so exciting."

"The play is what will cure me," he replied. He drew his chair up to the table and began to push the pictures aside impatiently.

Mary watched him for an instant; her face was very white now.

"I am sorry — but I shall have to tell you."

"Tell me what?" he asked; but his eyes were on the table. He was planning how he could best remove the other things.

"The fact is — Oh — you must really pay attention!"

The sharpness of the cry made the man look up.

"What is it?" he asked.

"I have been to see your doctor!"

"Indeed!" he said. The subject did not seem to interest him; he was chafing at the unfortunate delay.

"He is a great nerve specialist," she continued desperately; "he told me something startling, — that I was extremely nervous, though I never knew it. He said I was neurotic in the highest degree."

Manning gave a start, then he looked at her more attentively.

"Nonsense," he said; "you have n't any nervous tendencies. I know enough about nerves to tell you that!"

"That 's what I thought, until the doctor frightened me; but you see of late I have been feeling very queer. I have n't talked of it, because there was no one to talk to; but when I told him the feelings — "

"What were the feelings?" her friend inquired, still rather listlessly.

"Oh, I can't describe them — but — they are very terrible — when I am alone I get beside myself. I — "

At that the girl broke down; the collapse was unexpected; Manning sprang up and stood above her. He had never seen her cry before.

"You must n't," he said, and touched her shoulder. The movement was uncertain, full of vague alarm.

"You must n't," he said again, this time more decidedly; he had put the chart down on a chair near by.

"I can't help it," she sobbed. She was trembling uncontrollably. The man surveyed her in increased alarm — what had she heard? what had the doctor told her?

He seated himself beside her and took her hands.

"You must tell me everything the doctor said to you — everything!"

"What good would that do?" she demanded passionately. "It would only make you wretched, too."

"Let me be the judge of that," he said.

She glanced at him sidewise; his eyes were anxious.

"He said I was on the eve of a bad nervous breakdown."

"What else?" he asked.

"Is n't that enough?" she cried.

"You must tell me everything," he insisted.

"He said that if I did n't get rid of this fixed idea of mine, he would n't answer for the consequences."

"What fixed idea?"

The girl looked stubborn. "I can't tell you."

"Oh yes, you can," he said.

"I can't," she panted; "don't ask me!"

"I do ask you, and you must tell me."

She raised her eyes to his; the pupils were dilated.

"I have known for some time," she whispered, "that I was the woman in your play!"

She paused, for Manning had started violently.

"What do you mean?" he asked.

"You know it, too," she cried, "I see by your expression. Yes, I am that woman — I think as she does — I feel as she does — and — I shall end as she does!"

Manning dropped her hands, his own

were shaking; his terrible responsibility turned him sick and cold.

"You are *not* my woman," he cried. "I know, because I made her — you are *not* my woman!"

His voice was husky; it was difficult for him to articulate his words.

"You are trying to put me off," she muttered, "but I know I am that woman!"

He laid his hand upon her shoulder.

"You must stop this," he said.

"I can't. You said she could n't stop things, — when once the boundary was overstepped."

She burst into tears again and pulled away from him, burying her head against the cushion of her chair.

Manning braced himself determinedly; the necessity for action had restored to him his shattered self-control.

"Sit up, please," he said. "Stop crying; I must know exactly what the doctor said."

To his intense relief, the girl obeyed him — at least, she sat up miserably and wiped her eyes.

"Now what did he advise?"

She laughed hysterically. "Just about everything that I could not do!"

"But what, — he must have told you something?"

"Well, first, he ordered Lakewood!"

Manning frowned.

"The fool! What else?"

"Oh, more air, more nourishment, more diversions, no thinking, no work at night, no mental worry — nice little easy remedies for me."

Manning brightened.

"Did n't he go into particulars? Try to remember everything!"

"Particulars?" she cried, "why, I should think so — he mapped out a month for me elaborately! He said that I must go out every pleasant evening and walk about the streets for a couple of hours; he said the streets were gay — that they would amuse me! He advised a glass of milk at Caswell's at the start; he said a little music would be good — or an evening auction. On rainy nights he suggested a game of cards with friends!"

She spoke sarcastically, but her friend listened eagerly.

"That doctor's not a fool," he cried; "you'd better try his treatment."

She stared at him.

"What! drag myself about the streets at night when I am tired? My evenings are the only time I have. Besides, do you think it would amuse me? What's the fun in wandering about alone?"

"You would n't be alone," he said. "I should go with you."

He rose abruptly and gathered his things together.

"I am going to undertake this case," he said; "but you must follow my directions. My first one is to get your hat and come with me this instant."

The girl's lips trembled.

"You would hate to have me break down in the street?"

"You won't break down! Now it's understood, Miss Mary, you are going to put yourself in my hands."

She slipped her hand into his without replying; her head was lowered.

"Ah!" he said, "I shall come back for you in two minutes."

When he returned, he found her waiting for him on the landing, and together they descended the dark stairs.

IV

That walk was the beginning, — many others followed; for seven weeks the treatment was maintained. At first it was an hour; afterwards the hour was doubled; it took a very bad night, indeed, to keep them in. To start with, they each drank a glass of milk at Caswell's, for Mary had refused to take her dose alone, and Manning had indulged her; it was strange how he enjoyed indulging her — except when a point of health was involved; then he insisted on obedience. It was strange how she enjoyed obeying him!

And so the haggard man and the white-

faced woman walked about the town each night from eight till ten; and by degrees he grew less haggard and she less white-faced, though each watched the other with unflagging care.

Manning planned their expeditions elaborately. It was some time before he would consent to any variation in the routine, — a stroll along Broadway, a glance at the bright windows, a little cheerful talk, then home again.

One night, quite unexpectedly, he took her to a popular concert; they both enjoyed it hugely.

Once or twice the treatment was disturbed, though very slightly. Manning had, at these times, come home with the old harassed expression; and instantly the girl, too, had drooped. Seeing this, the man had always rallied, exerting himself to drive away the cloud.

And now June had arrived and the evenings were very sultry; but the friends enjoyed their walks as much as ever. One night, however, — it was just seven weeks after the original expedition, — Manning fancied that the girl was anxious to get home; he thought, too, that she said good-night a little hurriedly, — usually they had lingered at her door.

Fifteen minutes later, Manning had occasion to go downstairs again; he had left a book he wanted in the lower hall. He paused — what was that noise? It came from Mary's bedroom. He listened. Yes, it was unmistakable, — the steady tick-tack of her Remington.

He knocked; the sound ceased; Manning opened the door and entered. Mary Livermore was seated at her typewriting machine.

She rose precipitantly. "I never do it: this is the first time. They asked me at the office; it was only a matter of an hour's work."

"You promised not to do it."

"I know," she admitted. "But that was when I was so miserable; now I am entirely myself again."

"You are better," he corrected. "Who knows whether you are well yet? Besides, you promised."

She saw that he was hurt. "I won't do it again. I am sorry!"

Her eyes were penitent.

"Will you stop now," he asked, "and go to bed?"

She hesitated; she needed the extra money; there had been expenses which she could not well disclose to him.

"I must really finish this," she stammered.

Manning started forward and caught her hands up from the machine; then he caught her whole small person up and set her on her feet.

"I must have the right to know what you *are* doing, both by day and night," he cried.

At these words the hot blood mounted to her forehead; but she stood quite still where he had placed her.

"If you could care, — if you could only care!" he urged vehemently; "if you could only love me even half as much as I love you! I can't expect that you should feel as I do — but —"

"But I do feel so," she cried, and hid her face against him. The next instant he had clasped her to his heart.

When they could speak, — they had been murmuring to one another, — Manning took her face between his hands.

"You are much too rare for me," he said. "Don't think I do not know it, you little fragile lily. Now, when shall we be married?"

She laughed and blushed, and then grew strangely sober.

"I can't promise anything until I see the doctor."

"But why?"

"Because I must have his opinion. You said yourself that I was not entirely cured."

"Nonsense!" he exclaimed, "you are positively blooming; besides, I thought I was your doctor, now."

"So you are; but I want a consultation. If you and he agree — then —"

"You will marry me? But I intend to

have you whatever he says, — don't you know that — don't you know that you belong to me, nerves and all?"

She gave him one long look. "Yes," she murmured, "I am yours whatever happens, whatever happens — always — to the end!"

He kissed her and she returned the kiss with tremulous solemnity.

"And now," he cried, "when can the man be seen?"

She smiled; Manning had always been impatient.

"We must make a special appointment," she began. "I will write and ask him to let us come some evening; he knows we can't get to him in the day. And, you will go in with me, won't you, and let him take a look at you? You've been all right, of course, since that little attack in April; still, for my sake?"

Manning smiled indulgently.

"Yes, I will go," he said. "Besides, I can explain things. You won't tell him that you need a permanent nurse!"

He stroked her soft brown hair; his fingers were not quite steady.

"We will have a little flat," he murmured. "I'm sure we can afford it, and you will make the place a little palace, with all your pretty touches. I know it from the way you've fixed this room! Your own home — think of it — our home together!"

She put her arms up and clung to him.

"I think I am too happy, dear," she said.

V

"Ah," the doctor cried, "good-evening, Mr. Manning. When last we met things were not so bright?"

He spoke facetiously. The three were standing in the doctor's small reception-room.

"Suppose we sit down," the specialist suggested. "Miss Livermore is, of course, my present patient; but I may consider you a kind of former one, may I not?"

Manning bowed; to him this seemed unnecessary, — a most unnecessary waste of time. Still if Mary preferred to begin with his small ailments, she must be allowed to have her way. So he answered the doctor's questions, though rather shortly. The girl listened anxiously. At last the doctor rose.

"That is all, I think, for you. Now, Miss Livermore, will you give me a few minutes? Will you come with me into my other room?"

Mary sprang up and so did Manning.

"But she has n't told you," the young man cried impulsively, — "she has n't told you why we are consulting you to-night! It is because she has agreed to marry me, — if you pronounce that she is well again. That is her idea, but I tell her that as I'm her under-doctor, my opinion ought to be sufficient — and my opinion is that the wedding should be next week!"

The doctor stared, but Mary answered quickly.

"Yes," she said, "he has been most strict with me; he has made me follow your rules exactly. Once I disobeyed, so now he does n't trust me; he wants to have me always under his eye!"

She broke off nervously, for she had caught the doctor's curious glances.

"I will do my best," the latter said, addressing Manning, "but I can see already that she looks immensely better in every way."

Manning beamed upon him. "Ah! what did I tell you?" he exclaimed.

When Miss Livermore and he were alone, the doctor began immediately.

"Really, I am greatly mystified. I did as your note requested, but you — my patient? And what have you done to him?"

"Done to him?" she cried, "Oh, surely you don't see anything?"

"See anything? Why, my dear young lady, he is cured!"

She flushed and then grew white; the long suspense was over, — the fear that had tormented her at night.

"Oh, are you sure? Could you judge?

Is all danger past? He never talks about his play."

"But how, by all that's wonderful, was it accomplished?"

"Oh, I just twisted things. I said that *I* was on the eve of a nervous breakdown." She told him the whole story.

The doctor's eyes sparkled. "Magnificent — superb. My dear Miss Livermore, I have no words, — I feel like a schoolboy!"

"Something had to be done," she said simply, "and I was the only one to do it. But what I want to ask you is whether I can tell him? I can't bear to marry him until he knows."

The doctor shook his head.

"No, no, don't tell him, — not, at least, at present. You have made a brilliant cure; don't run the risk of spoiling it; if he should learn the truth, it might unsettle him. Let him think of you and watch over you — it is the best possible preventive. Good Heavens, if I could only get my other nervous patients to interest themselves in some one else's cure! Yes, let him nurse you; don't be too energetic; it does him good to consider you — his anxiety has made another man of him. And let me say, his case has made another woman of you!"

She smiled and then grew wistful. "So you think I ought not to tell him?"

"No, don't tell him, but marry him — God bless you! And," he added, smiling, "should you ever want a job — I doubt if you ever will, though — come to me and I will recommend you as my prize nurse for neurosis! Bless me, what a clever idea it was!"

VI

"What did he say?" Manning asked her, as the doctor's front door closed behind them.

"Oh, everything nice!"

Her elation was so apparent that her lover questioned confidently.

"That you are cured? that we can be married?"

"That I am cured — and that with care —"

"Care?" he interrupted. "Oh, you shall have that, don't you worry! But did he say the nerves were working as they should?"

"He said we could be married!"

"My little girl," he cried, "my little woman!"

"Yes," she said, "your woman!"

The words slipped out, but instantly she regretted them, for Manning turned towards her, in quick alarm.

"Not that," he murmured, "never that. But I wanted to tell you that — she — no longer exists. I could n't bear the sight of her, — so now we need n't think of her again."

Finally they reached their own dim street. Suddenly the man stooped and kissed the woman. She shrank a little, glancing round.

"Oh, no one can see, except the dear old streets," he cried. "Don't you love them? Think what they have done for us! I love even the ugly parts of them, — the rough pavement, the dirt, the dinginess! That 's why I want one of them, at least, to see our happiness! Don't tell me that streets can't see!"

She looked up at him admiringly.

"What pretty thoughts you have! Yes, I like the streets, especially this one; it was the first to welcome us, the last to greet us on our walks!"

"The last?" he echoed. "Are n't we going to walk when we are married? I had planned all sorts of expeditions; are n't you coming with me?"

"Yes," she answered, "always with you — always with you — wherever you wish to go!"

The man's eyes grew strangely dim; he mounted the steps in silence. At the top, he paused and looked behind.

"Dear old streets," he murmured, "between us we have cured this little girl!"

Mary leaned against him; her eyes, too, were shining.

"Dear old streets — God bless you!" she whispered under her breath.

MORE'S SHELBURNE ESSAYS

BY GEORGE McLEAN HARPER

CRITICISM in our country at present is mainly either erudite or temperamental. The former kind can scarcely avoid the appearance, at least, of jejuneness; the latter incurs the risk of being mere appreciation, over-emphatic or otherwise remote from universality. There has been very remarkable work of both orders in the last few years. Neither kind, however, fills the large field of the professed literary critic. The special scholar who gives adequate literary form to a work of investigation and interpretation comes into this wider field only incidentally. So does the poet or novelist who indulges himself in a free expression of opinion about some piece of literature which has produced in him a peculiar reaction.

These excursions into the field of criticism on the part of men who are distinguished for learning and men whose principal activity is in the region of imaginative creation do not, however, suffice. There is a place still for the official critic, the writer whose function is that which Sainte-Beuve only late in life and with a certain degree of half-pleased resignation acknowledged his to be. Probably Lowell came as near being a great official critic as any one in America has been hitherto, though even he will appear to have been a critic only secondarily and incidentally, if we compare him with Sainte-Beuve. There is no question here of great constructive criticism, or, more properly, of prophecy coupled with the energy to make prophecy come true, which belonged to Lessing and Wordsworth. It is a question of interpretative criticism; and of this we have had in former generations no succession of masters to be compared with the dynasty who have ruled in France.

Several advantages and exemptions go to the making of such a critic. He must be learned. His literary knowledge must be, of course, exact and wide, including several, at least, of modern literatures, the main currents of mediæval literature, and, indispensably, classical literature. And he must, in his experience, have courted more than one muse. Every art and science, every branch of philosophy, upon which he has ever expended enthusiasm, will be a gain. There will be scars innumerable of old flames burnt into his heart. He will be capable of interpreting literature from the standpoint of one or more systems, though he may actually and for himself have realized the insufficiency or the excess of every system. System indeed, or complete accord with a philosophy of whatsoever kind, he will probably have eschewed. His partisanships will be rather memories than sources of expectation. Ordinarily, too, the official critic might reasonably be expected to stand free from any assumptions based upon his personal affiliations. He must remain at all costs morally detached. He will be more effective the less he insists. What he writes must wear the grace of perfect ease, of that spontaneous and familiar confidence which savors of unconcern. He is privileged to rise above his own learning and is not so subject to condemnation for minor inaccuracies and inconsistencies as is the professed specialist. Indeed, consistency, in so far as it may imply insensibility to novel facts or to fresh emotional impressions, is not, in fairness, to be demanded of an exclusively critical writer.

It may seem pedantic to begin a notice of Mr. Paul Elmer More's *Shelburne Essays*[1] by referring to standards so defin-

[1] *Shelburne Essays.* By PAUL ELMER MORE. Series I, II, III, and IV. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1904–1906.

ite and exacting. But perhaps it will be admitted that this course is justified, first because Mr. More will readily appear, from the scope of his productions, to be qualified for consideration as a professed literary critic, and secondly, because the readers of these thirty-three essays will inevitably, for a while and until aided by reflection, be disposed to deny him the qualities of grace and detachment.

With but one or two exceptions the *Shelburne Essays* appeared originally in periodicals between 1899 and 1905. Many of them were conceived and in part elaborated during years when their author dwelt in solitude at Shelburne, in the White Mountains. The amount of purely self-determined reading which must have preceded their production bears witness to a degree of leisure which it would be hardly possible for an active intelligence to enjoy in the midst of ordinary pursuits. With amazing fertility, Mr. More continues to print once a month, in the New York *Evening Post*, articles of the same general quality. Some of his subjects in the three volumes that have thus far appeared were evidently chosen with complete freedom, in the days of retirement, and because he had a message to deliver; others were accepted because they came to him as a watcher of the stream of current publications, who seizes now and again upon a remarkable book. The range is wide. We have here remarks on English literature from Shakespeare to Kipling, including not only British and American work, but the revival of Irish epic; we have a somewhat technical discussion of the science of English verse, philosophical dissertations on the Greek oracles and the Greek idea of Nemesis, a study of Japanese religions, an essay on Sainte-Beuve, and a review of Tolstoi's theory of art.

It is soon apparent that Mr. More deals competently with all or nearly all of his topics; he writes on the basis of an uncommonly broad and serious general preparation, and after supplying himself specifically with the knowledge appropriate to each task. There was evidently in every instance a reason of affinity or antipathy which guided him in his choice; the essays are not, after all, a heterogeneous collection. And from this determining personal interest there accrues to all Mr. More's work an earnestness which lifts it out of the reach of certain dangers incident to ordinary reviewing. It never appears insincere. There is perhaps in these three volumes not a single line which bids for favor or popularity. His work is never trivial. There are few condescensions or concessions of any sort. The address is to no special audience, yet Mr. More assumes that his readers are worthy of his best. He makes a considerable demand upon our attention at times, for some of his arguments are elaborate and his point of view is often unusual. With a more intricate and pretentious style, and with a few passes of intellectual legerdemain, Mr. More could easily have made an appeal to the love of mystery and the flattering sense of being admitted to a recondite philosophy, for which the ears of a large public are always open. In many of the essays he does not even attempt to exercise a legitimate charm of style, and is content to expound his views clearly, on the principle that good wine needs no bush. In moments of increased seriousness the style is indeed not heightened, but lapses into a tone of insistence.

This trait is significant. It is an indication of what appears to be Mr. More's characteristic excess. When he originally printed these essays, in periodicals, the minds of readers who followed him assiduously had time to relax; we felt no sense of monotony, but rather a grateful admiration of his versatile powers. Now, however, when the full array is marshaled before us, we cannot help observing that rank upon rank wears the same uniform and follows in the same direction. The tread at times is heavy; its regularity is a little oppressive; and there is something vexatious in seeing these brilliant squadrons wheel at the same point in one fatal

direction. Yet when we discover what this objective is, when we look back through the three volumes and re-read the passages which by their frequent iteration wearied us perhaps and made us think Mr. More was narrow in his conception of art, we shall confess that no generalization about human life could really be wider and more richly suggestive than his dominant idea, which reaches perfect expression in the last essay of all.

"Faith," he here says, "is that faculty of the will, mysterious in its source and inexplicable in its operation, which turns the desire of a man away from contemplating the fitful changes of the world toward an ideal, an empty dream it may be, or a shadow or a mere name, of peace in absolute changelessness." And art is nothing other than a mode of "contemplating the fitful changes of the world." He quotes with approval Joubert's *mot* that *l'illusion et la sagesse* are the essence of art, *sagesse* being interpreted to mean disillusion, or the deeper wisdom that remains when the puppets have been withdrawn, the purification we experience when our heated imaginations, after due exercise, repose in the pale, remorseless light and the lonely silence of a truth too austere for art to express.

Art, he teaches, deals chiefly with the most shadowy deceptions with which humanity appeases itself, — with the lust of the flesh, and the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life. Musicians, painters, and poets do but deck with flowers the devoted victim of perpetual change, do but beguile us to admire "this ever-shifting mirage of our worldly life." We may admit nonchalantly enough that art finds her favorite pigments in the iris of our dreams, but Mr. More asks us to lay aside our jaunty assurance and follow him on a journey which may make us blench. What if art herself be an illusion? To Plato she was suspect. Augustine stopped his ears to her voice as to a siren's call. Philosophers and ascetics, Greeks and Hindus, and almost the whole of ancient and mediæval Christianity have felt the cold touch of this doubt. It is no mere passing mood with Mr. More, but an indwelling, regulating master-thought, which dominates and in the end formalizes his conceptions of every subject, — the thought, almost the dogma, that art is but the dream of a dream. In many ways and places, here by implication, here again in a subtle argument, and here again in a flash of frank abandon, but never at all with petulance or with bravado, he manifests his conviction — or shall I say his suspicion — that beauty is impermanent and art deceptive.

"The haunting dread," he confesses, "will thrust itself on the mind, that in accepting, though it be but as a symbol, the beauty of the world, we remain the dupes of a smiling illusion. And something of this dread seems to rise to the surface now and again in the works of those who have penetrated most deeply into art and life."

For confirmation of this view he refers us to Oriental poetry and bids us hear the undertone of lament in Greek poetry and in Shakespeare. It is one of Mr. More's advantages that Hindu literature forms a portion of his background; but it is natural for us to be more easily convinced by citations from Sophocles and Shakespeare than by Vedic hymns. And it is true that Sophocles brought "the eternal note of sadness in." Flux and illusion, the dying cadence of a dream, deception, nothingness, — what else does the chorus sing in *Œdipus*: —

> Ah, race of mortal men,
> How as a thing of naught
> I count ye, though ye live;
> For who is there of men
> That more of blessing knows
> Than just a little while
> To seem to prosper well,
> And, having seemed, to fall?

And again: —

> Happiest beyond compare
> Never to taste of life;
> Happiest in order next,

> Being born, with quickest speed
> Thither to turn again
> From whence we came.

That to Shakespeare the tangle of passions was "woven on a web of illusion," Mr. More infers from "the great moments when the curtain of disillusion falls." And no doubt there is a mood of Shakespeare when he turns with satiety and disappointment from the pageants of his imagination to some profounder truth, or, as Mr. More would have us believe, to bottomless despair. The most poignant of all Shakespeare's cries of disillusion is when Macbeth, in the ghastly awakening after the debauch of his superb imagination, rends the veil that masks both life and art, with the words: —

> Life 's but a walking shadow, a poor player
> That struts and frets his hour upon the stage
> And then is heard no more: it is a tale
> Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
> Signifying nothing.

No doubt this is one of Shakespeare's tragic moods; and both Sophocles and Æschylus touch this nadir too. But Æschylus, through the Chorus of *Agamemnon*, and surely in no shallow vein, protests against the doctrine of despair which was current even in his age. And though I would not imply that Mr. More makes an unfair use of the groans wrung from Shakespeare in a tragic mood, it should be remembered that to Shakespeare the tragic world was not the whole of life; and furthermore we can make a distinction between two ways in which he solves his tragic problems. There is, no doubt, the tragic blame for which he offers no palliation, the tragic crime which can never "trammel up the consequence," the sowing of seed merely evil, for which no mortal eye can foresee any other harvest than ten-fold wrong. What is left but broken loyalty and disheartening fear, when Macbeth has fought his course? But, on the other hand, from *Romeo and Juliet*, *Hamlet*, *Lear*, and even *Othello*, we rise with a sense of clearing air, a sense that the clouds have lifted. Something hard breaks within us, and there is surcease of pain. It is not that guilt is an illusion; Shakespeare offers us no sentimental sop. But he gives us a glimpse of the larger frame of things in which each tragedy is held, a world into which he projects a hope of atonements and reconciliations unimaginable. If Romeo and Juliet perish, love still exists and has been vindicated by their death for love. If Lear holds the lifeless form of Cordelia in his dying arms, he has yet gained more than his kingdom and poor dignities in the knowledge that she loved him. Othello's is a bitterer case, and palliation of his fury is impossible; yet why do they stand side by side in our memories, not as victim and assassin, but inseparably united, "the gentle Lady married to the Moor?" There is in this type of Shakespearean tragedy — and it is the main type — a nobility in the heroes and heroines which nothing can debase, and sometimes after the most terrific catastrophes the final word is calm. It is the:

> "Good night, sweet prince,
> And flights of angels sing thee to thy rest"

of Horatio; and it is Antony's praise of Brutus: —

> "This was the noblest Roman of them all."

What abides in our spirits after reading *Romeo and Juliet* or *Lear* or even *Othello*, and still more distinctly after finishing a Greek trilogy with *Antigone* or the *Eumenides*, is not a sense of disillusion, a feeling that the world of phenomena affords no point which can be grasped and clung to; it is, on the contrary, a conviction, transcendent and inexplicable often enough, but none the less important, that even this welter of change keeps time to some normal rhythm, — an assurance of rest for one whom the storm of life

> "With peace and consolation hath dismissed,
> And calm of mind, all passion spent."

Of Dante, perhaps no less than of Sophocles and Shakespeare, it may be said that he "penetrated deeply into art

and life;" yet I cannot think of any passage in the *Divine Comedy* that really strikes the jarring note of disenchantment. There are many lines in Dante on the perishability of human joy and the brevity of life; but nowhere else than in these very lines does poetry afford a more vivid, penetrating sense of reality. What disturbs the ascetic part of Dante's nature is precisely the inalienable and unchangeable qualities of things; he is not haunted by any doubt whether things *are*. Matter and form, phenomenon and conscious observer, past, present, and future, earth and the nine heavens, and finally God himself have for Dante intense and at times unwelcome and disquieting actuality. He, the greatest of all visionaries, is never a showman of phantoms. Of him Mr. More's statement is decidedly not true, namely that "no poet ever causes the hearts of his hearers to expand with the larger joy who does not lift the veil occasionally and destroy the illusion he is himself creating." It is almost impossible to take the *Divine Comedy* too seriously. It is so magnificently artificial that we may fail to observe that Dante himself, with calm assurance and unvarying earnestness, represents his journey through Hell, Purgatory, and Paradise as having really happened.

Mr. More's skepticism in regard to art is fundamental and systematic. It is not a playful fancy with him, and no one who has read the *Shelburne Essays* would think of charging him with using this fascinating philosophy as a device for making a systematic approach to his varied subject-matter, though it serves this purpose well, especially in the analysis of decadent literature, such as the poems of Mr. Arthur Symons and of Mr. Swinburne, and of certain sonnets of Shakespeare. It is of great use to him, also, when he comes to explain how " the jaunty optimism of Emerson" imposed on a strong-minded generation of Americans, not because it coincided with their experience, but because it was expressed with steadfast cheerfulness, not unaccompanied by something which only Mr. More's reminiscent piety keeps him from mentioning outright, namely, a touch of charlatanry.

Whether it appear only a mannerism, as perhaps it may to casual readers, and be therefore annoying to them, — or whether it be seriously appreciated, in which case it will awaken disquietude, — a sense of illusion in life and art is expressed throughout these essays. With what appears to be the intuition of fellow-feeling, Mr. More gropes among the heartstrings of Tolstoi, who has reached assurance of negation in questions where Mr. More only doubts. It is curious that here only, in the case of Tolstoi, Mr. More loses poise, making statements in the heat of his aversion which it is almost certain he will, in cooler moments, wish he had expunged. "It needs no more than a glance," he says, "at the rigid, glaring eyes of the old man to feel that the soul within him feeds on bitter and uncharitable thoughts, and it needs but a little familiarity with his later work in fiction to learn that the ground of his spirit is bitterness and denunciation and despair. It is natural that a writer of Tolstoi's gloomy convictions should deny the validity of beauty and should call the Greeks ignorant savages because they believed in beauty. His own later work shows an utter absence of the sense of beauty and joy."

Using again the leverage of his illusion-theory, he lifts into view with admirable ease two peculiarites of Carlyle, which he names, with memorable aptness and distinctness, "the outer sense of illusion, joined to an aggravated self-consciousness." " To the Hindus' belief in the illusion of life and in the mystic dominion of Works, he [Carlyle] added an emotional consciousness foreign to their temper. This was an exaggerated and highly irritable sense of his individual personality." Here at least Mr. More's doctrine has borne good fruit, in this illuminating criticism of Carlyle.

By means of it he has also added to our

stock of preconceptions — for in most cases we possess no other information — on Celtic literature and the Celtic spirit. What little most of us know on this subject we have accepted from Matthew Arnold, as he accepted his charming and all too harmonious view from Renan; and we have rested content with a smattering of jargon about "natural magic," only proving, whenever we attempted more consecutive analysis or any practical application of Renan's and Arnold's theory, how much in their picture is composed of the incommunicable quality of style. To imitate them was like taking a lovely medusa out of the water or crushing a dewy cobweb in one's hand. Mr. More tells us that besides the natural magic by which the Celtic imagination is enabled to feel at one with certain moods of sky and heath, there is the quick impatience and suspicion of the Celts, inviting them to comment poetically on the evanescence of beauty. This again is good critical service.

It may be doubted whether he has helped us to a true conception of Elizabethan sonnets and particularly of Shakespeare's. It is really too difficult to perceive anything Oriental in the Elizabethans. And skepticism as to the power of any man to find the right lock in Shakespeare's heart for the mysterious key of the sonnets is as good a touchstone in its way as Mr. More's illusion-theory.

In one of his playful passages — if indeed I be not over-fond in imagining it playful — Mr. More attributes to Nature herself the ghostly character which for him is worn by art. And why not, if art, as Dante fabled, is the child of nature? "Nature is feminine," says Mr. More, "and loves to shroud herself in illusions, as the Hindus taught in their books. For they called her Mâyâ, the very person and power of deception, whose sway over the beholder must end as soon as her mystery is penetrated." If, as Mr. More concludes, "it was the Hindu mysticism" of Carlyle "that rendered his doctrine utterly unavailing in the end to influence the current of public opinion," it is not difficult to understand why insistence on this enfeebling speculation should render the *Shelburne Essays* less effective than they would be if they were free from the burden of dogma. For, after all, literature chiefly lives because it imparts a sense of reality and joy, a sense that life is worth while, and furthermore, that the poet's presentment is a reproduction of the truth, and as such is itself vital. When Thackeray tells us his men and women are but puppets and says, "Here I sit, pulling the strings," we never quite believe him, and he did not intend that we should. Did we believe him, we should close the book.

It is in passages where he suffers from the obsession of his theory, instead of enjoying its usufruct, that Mr. More appears, as I have said, to be lacking in the qualities of detachment and grace. Most of the topics which have to be considered by a general literary critic are, happily, not capable of being treated in this high tragic way. And the critic is doomed to fall short of the highest usefulness who forcibly applies an inappropriate method or proves to be the servant of a system.

In his lively enjoyment of Sterne, Cowper, and Crabbe, there is evidence of an approaching reaction, in Mr. More, against his Orientalism, which has been for a while so stimulating and in the end so depressing. One of the advantages of eighteenth-century literature is that it inspires a secure sense of the reality of life. It sets before us a well-ordered scheme. God, Nature, and Society move in their respective spheres with distinct outline. We may indeed protest that in the eighteenth century conception God holds himself aloof from Society and Society lives apart from Nature; but at least there is the solid comfort of knowing what we have to deal with. The Romanticists introduced confusion, and it is not hard to imagine the sinking sensation of a settled disciple of Pope and Dr. Johnson when he came to read "Manfred" or "Alastor." I partly sympathize with a

person who cannot breathe the thin air of Shelley. Pseudo-orientalism played a large part in the fusing together of subject and object, God and nature, which is the least satisfactory practice of English and American Romanticism; and it is no wonder that Mr. More, who apparently knows Oriental literature as Emerson never did, should revolt against his vague fluidity and facile optimism. He finds relief—and this speaks well for his taste—in the firmer, though less passionate and high-colored thought of the older period.

It is easy to assert that Shelley wrote poetry and Crabbe did not. But it would be comprehensible and a mark of a certain refinement of taste if Mr. More should prefer Crabbe. He writes about him with unusual zest, in one of his lightest and pleasantest essays; and though humor be still absent there is a substitute in his evident feeling of release. In like manner he turns from Emerson to Whittier, giving the impression that he enjoys the simple old-fashioned realist more than the apparently simple but actually complex mystic. For, as between them, it was not the Quaker who was the mystic. It is refreshing to read the passage, quoted with relish by Mr. More, in which Whittier criticises Baxter for his other-worldliness: "He had too little of humanity, he felt too little of the attraction of this world, and lived too exclusively in the spiritual and the unearthly." As the shadows fall upon us in this life, is it better to yield to the repeated suggestion that life is a dream, and endeavor to fix our hearts upon a hope of some future reality? Should we not rather sharpen our eyes to discern fresh colors and a better harmonized composition in the changed but still familiar landscape about us? This was a form of spiritual courage in the eighteenth century; it was fine and wise, and not mere shallowness, as some would have us think.

Mr. More is so free from cant and posture and undue self-consciousness that he lets himself obey frankly these impulses of reaction against his own general tendency. He relishes our literature of the eighteenth century, although it would be difficult to find a more positive and unspiritual phase of art in any age among the same people. And in this elasticity lies the most encouraging promise for his future career. There is something childlike and even winsome in the self-surrendering joy of this austere scholar, and his impulsiveness it is, if anything, that will break out of the *impasse* in which, I say with diffidence, I think his spirit has come to a stand.

This open-mindedness will restore the grace which attracted us in that early essay on "The Solitude of Nathaniel Hawthorne." Many readers of the *Atlantic Monthly* will recall the peculiar sense of personal charm communicated by a long passage in that article, which was first printed in this magazine in November, 1901. The passage began: "I remember, some time ago, when walking among the Alps, that I happened on a Sunday morning to stray into the little English church at Interlaken." The whole essay is an unusual blending of scholarly analysis with an intimate confession of personal experience, the former supporting the latter. Sympathetic divination by itself might have left us unpersuaded. Analytic search for the mystery of Hawthorne through his romances would certainly have appeared inept.

In the Second Series of the *Shelburne Essays* Mr. More, having lost the secret of persuasive grace, discusses Charles Lamb. The result does credit to the critic's independence, but betrays the fact that he has been wandering through dry places; for it would be difficult to form a wish less likely to be shared by those who appreciate that unique being, all fire, all air, all whimsy, and all gallantry and close-mouthed suffering, than this wish of Mr. More's: "How refreshing it would be if a little oftener this much-enduring man would lay aside his pose and speak out straight from the heart, if

he could find confidence to lose his wit in the tragic emotions that must have waked with him by day and slept with him by night." Mr. More is grieved at Lamb's "persistent refusal to face, in words at least, the graver issues of life." Strange demand! Are there so many burning hearts who can consume their own smoke? May we not cherish this illusion, if no other, that Charles Lamb was a happy man and a sincere man? Among our many causes for gratitude to him, we have this above all, that he is not tragic, *in words at least*. Which of "the graver issues of life" are, then, more to be considered than how to be happy and make others happy, how to be gay without hollowness, how to attempt with success a little of that restorative service which nature, other than our poor human-nature, so freely and benignly dispenses? We are much deceived by names, and it is only because we are all the "lackeys of fine phrases" that we bestow on philosophers and preachers and philanthropists a more exalted regard as guides to right living than we give to any man, woman, or child who makes the heart leap up with innocent joy. But I am afraid I shall be thought to rank Charles Lamb with the organ-grinder at the street-corner, who fits so charmingly with the tender leaves of spring. To such lengths of opposition may one be driven by a dismal page of inappropriate dogmatism unlighted by a twinkle.

It remains to be seen whether this page of the *Shelburne Essays*, which has its fellow here and there, is due to the excess of a philosophizing spirit in Mr. More or to something more radical,—the absence of humor. He has proved possession of almost every other quality desirable in a critic; but the light touch, the graceful *sprezzatura*, which he himself praises, the humorous disdain which includes one's own pet theories among things which may be waved aside upon occasion — has he this quality, which in several well-known cases makes all the difference between a talented reviewer and a delightful author? He has at least something else which is not so very unlike it — an unaffected and sweet simplicity.

Somewhat too systematic for a great official critic, he has thus far, perhaps, been; let us, however, do justice to the integrity and coherency of his work. A writer is conditioned by his background. It is comparatively easy for a critic with a background of merely contemporary culture to form a consistent philosophy, or for one whose reading has been chiefly English. Considering the extent of Mr. More's studies, it will seem remarkable that he should entertain a harmonious view of life or art at all. When to this wide sweep of scholarly experience are applied the habit of seeking consistency and an instinct of frankness, we have a critic who is fit for even harder problems than those involved in the æsthetic exposition of literature.

The test comes in that final estimate of directions, that guess as to the point where certain lines will meet, in making which the critic acts as a religious teacher. There is a whole side of literary criticism which runs up directly into religion. Sainte-Beuve, in his own despite and partly just because he yielded only upon inner compulsion to this law of his nature as critic, is probably the fullest interpreter of the religious tendencies of France in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. Mr. More comes late enough to know better than to decline his inevitable task. Every thoughtful reader of the *Shelburne Essays* must perceive that in them a nice adjustment of religious values is attempted, and an effort, not merely unconscious, is made, to answer the question, What is the religion of Europe and America today? Surely this question forces itself so pertinently upon no one else as upon the literary critic, under whose eyes pass the records of contemporary experience carefully selected and elaborately analyzed and synthesized. Surely no one else is better qualified to draw conclusions on this subject. But the validity of such conclusions increases in proportion to the

breadth of the critic's view. Part of Sainte-Beuve's shrinking from this task was, as has been remarked, due to unwillingness to commit himself; he was sick at heart with the changes of opinion he had undergone; he was, however, incompletely equipped for it, and we see him endeavoring to make up the deficiency by studying English writers who represent particularly the extremes of religious thought under Protestant influence — Gibbon and Cowper, for example. But, after all, religion continued to present itself to him as it presents itself to most men of Latin race — in its relation, namely, to the contrast between the sensuous paganism and the ascetic Catholicism of Southern Europe: enjoyment of nature versus renunciation of nature.

It is of inestimable advantage to Mr. More, as an observer of the religious meaning of current literature, that his background includes Greek philosophy and the theosophic systems of India. He writes as a man who has at one time dwelt at home among the religious instincts and standards both of India and of ancient Greece, and yet as one who has emerged from both atmospheres. He has emerged too from New England transcendentalism, and without forfeiting his sensibility to religious impressions. It would not be surprising if he should surrender himself next — and from the point he now appears to have reached he could do it consistently — to the mediæval Catholic conviction that the visible universe exists merely to give to human souls an opportunity for renunciation in favor of a spiritual existence. The scope and fineness of Mr. More's religious perceptions at present will be disclosed to one who reads consecutively his essays on Lafcadio Hearn and on J. Henry Shorthouse. I do not remember to have seen anywhere a more suggestive remark on the Oxford Movement than Mr. More's observation that "this ecclesiastical battle, if paltry in abstract thought, was rich in human character and in a certain obstinate perception of the validity of traditional forms; it was at bottom a contest over the position of the Church in the intricate hierarchy of society, and pure religion was the least important factor under consideration." A mind which can roll at ease on the ground-swell of Buddhism and then dabble complacently and to some purpose in the shallows of the High Church controversy may be said to have scope at least.

Background, method, sensibility, and scope, — these primary qualifications of a general or official critic Mr. More certainly possesses. To him, if to any American in our generation, we may look for the exercise of a function which is important in proportion to the abundance of good contemporary writing. The intellectual centres in America are numerous and scattered. They are found in unexpected quarters. In none of them do the flames of common effort and mutual support burn high enough to lighten the darkness of isolation. In all of them are solitary minds, lacking the support, the comfort, the rebukes, the ridicule, the give and take of other minds, and either unconscious of this need or crying in vain to have it satisfied. There are wanting standards of taste and especially an accepted historical perspective which shall recall us at every moment to conscious connection with one another and with the men and women of past ages.

For three centuries France has never been without such standards and perspective. They have been kept distinct and prominent by Boileau, Voltaire, and Sainte-Beuve. In England, notwithstanding the national spirit of individualism, Dryden, Addison, Pope, Johnson, and Arnold have, much less successfully, to be sure, but still in a degree hitherto unmatched in America, kept alive the tradition of unity. Mr. More's essay on Sainte-Beuve, which is the most complete and substantial of his works, proves that he appreciates what criticism may be made to accomplish.

An official critic in America to-day and as far ahead as we can foresee, will have a

more complex duty than Sainte-Beuve's. We have so few recognized superiorities; the complacent optimism of our people is so incorrigible; the genius of our literary aspirants is so erratic, diffuse, and recalcitrant; timidity and incompetence have so long sheltered themselves under the flabby amiability of our professed organs of literary review, — that the task of Mr. More, or whoever else shall undertake to discipline us, will be one of unparalleled usefulness and stupendous difficulty. But, rightly understood, nothing should be more welcome than such ministrations; for discipline is the cement of society, and without it we must suffer the consequences of isolation. And what are these but languor and sterility?

THE ORPHAN BRIGADE

BY N. S. SHALER

EIGHTEEN hundred and sixty-one:
There in the echo of Sumter's gun
Marches the host of the Orphan Brigade,
Lit by their banners, in hopes best arrayed.
Five thousand strong, never legion hath borne
Might as this bears it forth in that morn:
Hastings and Cressy, Naseby, Dunbar,
Cowpens and Yorktown, Thousand Year's War,
Is writ on their hearts as onward afar
They shout to the roar of their drums.

Eighteen hundred and sixty-two:
Well have they paid to the earth its due.
Close up, steady! the half are yet here
And all of the might, for the living bear
The dead in their hearts over Shiloh's field —
Rich, O God, is thy harvest's yield!
Where faith swings the sickle, trust binds the sheaves,
To the roll of the surging drums.

Eighteen hundred and sixty-three:
Barring Sherman's march to the sea —
Shorn to a thousand; face to the foe
Back, ever back, but stubborn and slow.
Nineteen hundred wounds they take
In that service of Hell, yet the hills they shake
With the roar of their charge as onward they go
To the roll of their throbbing drums.

Eighteen hundred and sixty-four:
Their banners are tattered, and scarce twelve score,
Battered and wearied and seared and old,
Stay by the staves where the Orphans hold

Firm as a rock when the surges break —
Shield of a land where men die for His sake,
For the sake of the brothers whom they have laid low,
To the roll of their muffled drums.

Eighteen hundred and sixty-five:
The Devil is dead and the Lord is alive,
In the earth that springs where the heroes sleep,
And in love new born where the stricken weep.
That legion hath marched past the setting of sun:
Beaten? nay, victors: the realms they have won
Are the hearts of men who forever shall hear
The throb of their far-off drums.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

CONCERNING HAT-TREES

It is well sometimes, when we are puffed up with our achievements as a race, — our conquest of the elements, our building of mighty bridges and lofty sky-scrapers, our invention of wireless telegraphy and horseless carriages and dirigible balloons, — to indulge in the chastening reflection that there are still some things we cannot achieve. We may reflect that the appleless Eden has not yet been discovered, or that the actor without vanity is yet unborn, or the treasonless Senate yet unassembled. My own method is to reflect that the ideal hat-tree has never been constructed.

At present I have no hat-tree, because I live in New York, and there is no room for one in the flat. This is the only advantage I know in living in New York. But occasionally I call at the homes of wealthy friends, who can afford real houses in this city of cliff dwellings, and again I come in contact with hat-trees. I was to take a walk with one of these friends the other day.

"Wait," he said, pausing in the hall, "till I get a pair of gloves." Stooping over, he pulled at the hat-tree drawer. First it stuck on one side; then it stuck on the other side; then it yielded altogether, without warning. My friend sat down on the floor, the ridiculously shallow drawer in his hand, between his feet a sorry array of the odds and ends of the outside toilet, — broken hat pins, old veils, buttons, winter gloves rolled into wads, old gloves, new gloves, gloves pulled off in a hurry with the fingers inside out, dirty white gloves belonging to his charming sister. I turned away, feeling that I gazed on a domestic exposure. My friend spoke softly to the drawer.

"Sh!" said I, "your family! Put the drawer back."

"I will not put it back," he said. "We would never get started. Let the —"

Again I cautioned him, and we set out on our walk leaving the litter on the floor; and as we tramped through the marvelous sky-scraper wilderness which is Manhattan, we talked of hat-trees, and the futility of human effort, and sighed for a new Carlyle to write the philosophy of the hat-tree drawer.

How well I remembered the hat-tree that sheltered my caps in youth, beneath the protecting foliage of the paternal greatcoat and the maternal bonnet! I did not always use it; the piano was more convenient, or the floor. But there it stood in

the hall in all its black-walnut impressive ugliness, with side racks for umbrellas, and square, metal drip pans always full of the family rubbers. There was a mirror in the centre, so high I had to climb three stairs to see how uncle's hat fitted my small head. There were pegs up both sides; but, as is the way with hat-trees, only the top ones were useful; whatever was hung on them buried everything below. The only really safe place was the peak on top, just above the carved face of Minerva. Sometimes the paternal greatcoat lovingly carried off the maternal shawl of a morning, which would be found later somewhere between the door and the station. And this hat-tree also had a drawer, of course. There was the rub, indeed!

Summer or winter, wet or dry, that drawer always stuck. It had but one handle, — a ring in the middle. First one side would come out too far, and you would knock it back and pull again. Then the other side would come out too far, and you would knock that back. Then both sides, by diabolical agreement, would suddenly work as on greased ways, and you stood with an astonishingly shallow drawer dangling from your finger, its long-accumulated contents spread on the floor. The shock usually sent down two derbies and a bonnet to add to the confusion. When you had gathered up the litter and stuffed it back, wondering how so small a space ever held so much, the still harder task confronted you of putting the drawer in its grooves again. Sometimes you succeeded; more often you left it "for mother to do" — that depended on your temper and the time of your train. The drawer was a charnel-house of gloves and mittens and veils. When you cut your finger you were sent to it to get a "cot," and it had a peculiar smell of its own, the smell of the hat-tree drawer. A whiff of old gloves still brings that odor back to me, out of childhood, stirring memories of little garments worn long ago, of a great blue cape that was a pride to my father's heart and a wound to my mother's pride, — but most of all of lost temper and incipient profanity caused by the baulky drawer.

My friend's recollections but supplemented and reinforced my own. We called to mind other hat-trees in houses where we had visited, and one and all they were alike perverse, ridiculous, ill-adapted for their mission in life. We thought of various substitutes for the hat-tree, such as a pole with pegs in it, which tips over when the preponderance of weight is hung on one side; the cluster of pegs on a frame suspended from the wall like a picture, while a painted drain pipe courts umbrellas in a corner; a long, low table (only possible in a palatial hall) on which the garments are placed by the butler in assorted piles, so that you feel like asking him for a check; the settle, often disastrous to hats. We found none of them satisfactory, though they eliminate the perils of the drawer.

Only the wooden pegs which were driven in a horizontal row into the board walls of grandfather's back entry ever approximated the ideal. But such a reversion to primitive principles would now be considered out of the question. The problem of a satisfactory hat-tree, which baffled the genius of Chippendale, is still unsolved in Grand Rapids, and it probably will remain unsolved to the end of time, unless Eden should be found again, where the hat-tree is the least of the arboreal troubles.

MRS. HOWE AND HER COMMENTATOR

THE poem entitled *Rouge Gagne*, by Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, has been pronounced by some critics to be her most original and powerful poem, after her *Battle Hymn;* and one of her oldest friends recently supplied a supplement to it on her late birthday. Both poems are here printed. It is to be remembered that in the game of "Rouge et Noir" the announcement by the dealer, "Rouge gagne" implies that the red wins, while

the phrase "Donner de la couleur" means simply to follow suit and accept what comes.

ROUGE GAGNE

THE wheel is turned, the cards are laid;
The circle 's drawn, the bets are paid:
I stake my gold upon the red.

The rubies of the bosom mine,
The river of life, so swift divine,
In red all radiantly shine.

Upon the cards, like gouts of blood,
Lie dinted hearts, and diamonds good,
The red for faith and hardihood.

In red the sacred blushes start
On errand from a virgin heart,
To win its glorious counterpart.

The rose that makes the summer fair,
The velvet robe that sovereigns wear,
The red revealment could not spare.

And men who conquer deadly odds
By fields of ice, and raging floods,
Take the red passion from the gods.

Now Love is red, and Wisdom pale,
But human hearts are faint and frail
Till Love meets Love, and bids it hail.

I see the chasm, yawning dread;
I see the flaming arch o'erhead:
I stake my life upon the red.

LA COULEUR

"I stake my life upon the red!"
With hair still golden on her head,
Dame Julia of the Valley said.

But Time for her has plans not told,
And while her patient years unfold
They yield the white and not the gold.

Where Alpine summits loftiest lie,
The brown, the green, the red pass by,
And whitest top is next the sky.

And now with meeker garb bedight,
Dame Julia sings in loftier light,
"I stake my life upon the white!"

THE NEWSPAPER AS AN EDUCATOR

To an unæsthetic phase of my aunt's passion for cleanliness, I frankly attribute my present reputation for having an appalling store of useless knowledge. It was her custom to shroud those household articles that would not be the better for daily soap and water, in layers of newspaper. Newspapers protected the section of tinted wall behind the kitchen sink; newspapers protected the splasher that protected the wall behind my washstand. And it was my happy custom to forget the unpleasantness of the duties I was forced to perform in both spots by losing myself in the fascinating columns hung so conveniently before my eyes. Oft the stale journals told of nothing but the births, marriages, and other misfortunes of the world that lay within my farthest milestone. But I can remember, too, a learned article — the *Dial's*, I think — on the Napoleonic revival, that hung before my gaze for a week. I can say it now — word for word — to the first row of tacks that held it in place. I had washed the dishes, every meal, every day, with my eyes glued on it; and I read it through each washing time. The denominational weekly that kept the oilcloth covering of the kitchen table from stain gave me a biased but consistent view of church history. The upper and lower shelves of the range set forth, respectively, for two weeks, the "Tendency of Modern Philosophy" and the "Cause of the Democratic Disintegration."

When, later, by reason of my exceeding plainness of feature, I was sent to college to acquire that wisdom that is mistakenly supposed to atone for lack of beauty, my wasteful habit stood me well. For a month I had been tonguetied in the Latin class of a professor who made every fresh occasion of our ignorance on any topic the subject of a philippic against the home, school, and state. When, on a day, this terrible one broke into a lesson with a sneering question as to recent investigations on the sites of some ancient towns that inconsiderately turned up in the notes, I rose to a height, and delivered a review of the work of Flinders Petrie. The class was open-mouthed, and the professor pop-eyed with wonder. They

had not seen me hang over the dishpan with Flinders neatly pinned round the soap-box that fronted my nose. That was but the first time. Equally startled was the botany instructor when I gave some expert information on the variations of the orchid, gathered from my bureau cover. In a literature class, with facts gleaned from the place on the cellar wall where the coalman might put his hand, I delivered an address on the Pre-Raphaelite movement, as shown in the works of Rossetti. The climax of my manifestations of endless knowledge came when I saved an awful dinner-table by conversing with a reformed missionary on the tribal ceremonies of some inner African races. He wondered even while he listened. I had not been sent to dust the leg of a paper-swathed piano for nothing. In spite of my mediocre lessons I became in the course of time a by-word and a Phi Beta Kappa, and — but I hate to write the word. For there are days when I fear that I shall never have use for the facts I have gleaned from the scratchable back of my mahogany chair, on "How to Plan the Trousseau." And to add to the store of my useless information, a gilt-framed ancestor disappeared for the summer behind a sheet that explains with distracting pictures, "What Baby Needs."

NATURE'S LADIES

A YOUNG woman remonstrated with her sister upon her choice of a costume in which she was to meet a stranger of importance. "Why do you wear a shirt-waist?" she asked. "Don't you want to look like a lady?"

"I'm a self-made lady," the sister replied. "I'm one of Nature's ladies."

Now the question as to whether Nature can turn out ladies as she is said to furnish gentlemen is one open to discussion. One will say that she does; that a feminine creature of good moral character, of gentle manners, of careful grammar, and irreproachable turnovers cannot help being a lady. This appears a broad-minded and reasonable statement; but there will be found dissenters.

"My daughter-in-law is a horror," complained a matron recently, "but I ought to be thankful I suppose, — she is a perfect lady." A perfect lady who is a horror seems a little of a paradox at first glance. But we have all met people — mostly young men perhaps — who assert that perfect ladies often fill them with a sensation which, from their description of it, may well be classified as a sort of horror. This would hardly be the effect of the simple feminine creature of our definition; and we must conclude that the horror produced in the young man's breast is akin to that feeling we all have when we see certain circus or vaudeville performers: they are like ourselves in the number and arrangement of their limbs and features; but they are doing things so alien to our familiar human tastes and powers, twisting themselves into such abnormal and difficult positions, that their resemblance to ourselves only makes them the more repellant and embarrassing.

This is perhaps an extreme illustration, and seems to throw a reproach on the other difficult (and admirable) art of being a lady, which should be far from the thoughtful mind. But it brings us to the point of view opposite to that of the simple definition with which we started.

This other view is that a lady is a product of education, — a creation of art, as a violinist is, as a fencer is; and that she could n't by any possibility be the result of unschooled genius, even assisted by a gentle voice and perfect turnovers. The practicing of a code till it becomes ingrained is expensive and laborious, like the high French polish of a piece of mahogany; but it gains that sense of security and calm which only ritual can give its devotees, and which a lady must have before she can gently overwhelm and crush her neighbor, as we know ladies sometimes have to do.

"I know what 's manners in Dubuque," coldly said a little lady of mine, when an

elderly person from Brooklyn, not her mother, presumed to correct her. Until you lose faith in the manners of Dubuque, the Faubourg St. Germain can have no terrors for you.

There are then so many varieties of ladies, and ladies are, of their nature, so indefinite, elusive, and chameleonic, that we may study them more coolly perhaps by examining preserved specimens — the dear dead women of fiction.

Emma Woodhouse is very elegantly and delightfully a lady for art's sake. Her character may lack largeness, her habit of mind be intriguing, but her manner is never at fault. She is never too surprised, or too hurried, or too agitated, to keep her poise, to think "without a thud," and to express herself with decision and simple elegance. When Mrs. Elton invades the quiet of Highbury with her horses and carriages and family very much on her mind, Emma entertains her with dignity and poise, but recognizes her as "an insufferable woman" with the swiftness and sureness of an expert. She navigates the troubled waters of unsuccessful matchmaking, a false love affair, and (a much more trying test for a lady's manners) a real *affaire de cœur*, and arrives at the end of the volume serenely successful, and in love and charity with rival, rejected suitor, false lover, and betrothed. "Good God, this has been a most unfortunate mistake" is all the sharpest anguish can wring from her, and this is hardly a stronger expression than "Great Scott" would be on the lips of a young lady of to-day, for she employs it on several occasions, without great provocation.

Emma's technique is so finished, her polish so high, that she would be a safe and delightful addition to any small dinner party. She would feel, in countless vibrations, a kinship with the grand vague ladies of George Meredith, even the swimming and hill-climbing ones who must have been trying to live with. No inmate of the House of Mirth could exchange calls with her; but oh! the doors of King's Port would open to her at once. Mrs. St. Michael and Mrs. Weguelin St. Michael would be conquered at their first visit of curiosity. She would detect Hortense Rieppe as an insufferable woman indeed, and she would contrive to let her see it. She might have a little difficulty in pardoning the Ladies' Exchange, for her code would not admit of young ladies selling things across a counter; but she would ultimately swallow Lady Baltimore with grace, and admit that Eliza La Heu was a fully qualified member of the mystic order, and moreover a match for herself with the foils. There is a sweetness and a depth in John Mayrant's character that she would admire, while appreciating clearly that none of it was in her own, and she would entertain them agreeably at a house party at Hartfield (should they visit England), to which the sprightly Frank Churchill would be invited; and who would blame her if Mrs. Elton was not, or if "Lady Baltimore" was never mentioned at the Knightleys' dinners?

THE AUTOMOBILE AS A REST CURE

A great cry has gone up out of the land against the automobile as a disturber of the peace, a breaker of quiet and of bones, and an agent of unrest. Such is the habit of man when considering a new thing. He seizes upon the obvious and ignores the real significance of the object of his scrutiny. Even a writer in the Contributors' Club once voiced a protest. In this circle one would naturally look for maturer judgment and a more philosophic point of view; but he too seized upon the obvious, and carried away by the impulse of the moment, said much that he must remember now with shame and mortification. He said, "I, for one, cannot see that rational speed can exist at the expense of all the other pleasures of the road," and again, "I like traveling, and I like racing; but I do not care to be implicated in this disreputable debauch of hurry. Our love of haste has made real

travel almost as rare as real correspondence."

But this was all two years ago. He is wiser now, I hope, and begins to realize the true mission of the automobile, and to understand that, instead of being a disturber of the peace, the automobile encourages the calm pleasures of repose and reflection. To be sure it is an occasional breaker of bones; but that is due alone to man's propensity to blunder. To realize how the automobile induces to quiet living and high thinking one has but to own one, or better still, to have a friend who owns one.

My friend Oliver is a substantial man of affairs, much engrossed in the duties and responsibilities of a successful professional career. Realizing the danger of "nerves," he purchased an automobile, and frequently invites me to accompany him on his trips into the country. I can never repay his kindness, for these trips have wrought in me a great change. I never knew before the pure delights of repose and contemplation.

I recall an afternoon in early May when I first realized the possibilities of the automobile as a rest cure. We spent the afternoon in the cool recesses of a half-deserted garage. The oil-soaked asphalt floor, the white beams overhead, the silent machines in quiet rows against the walls, made a picture of peace and tranquillity. The listless movements of the picturesque workmen as they talked their strange jargon in subdued undertones, and frequently rested from their labors, seemed in tune with the place and time. For three long hours Oliver and I sat and rested amid these ideal surroundings. We returned to our homes restored alike in mind and body.

Again, one breathless August afternoon Oliver and I were far afield close to Nature in the noonday of her maturest summer charms. That afternoon again we rested by the highway. We smoked and talked and waited. We observed every growing, flying, creeping, or swimming thing about us. We listened to the dry cicada in the treetop and grew wise in Nature's lore. We came to know each other as we never had before, and when our peaceful afternoon was ended, we returned to town through the summer twilight, slowly, with no undignified haste, in tow of a helpful friend who chanced our way.

Then there was that glorious autumn day when we roamed far from home, enticed by beautiful foliage and stimulating autumn air. I still remember the journey home. How quiet, and uneventful it all was! The machine, as if realizing its high mission, demanded frequent pauses and went only with gentle sighs of protestation. And when, amid the gathering darkness, we essayed to make haste, it uttered a final groan of anguish and remained immovable and mute. How thick the stars came out! How lovely the moonlight! How plaintive the whip-poor-will as we thought of far-off friends and dinners!

Since I have become the friend of an automobilist I am a changed man. I am calm and philosophic, a lover and observer of nature and my fellow-men. It is a mystery to me that enterprising manufacturers have so long failed to exploit the restorative qualities of their machines. But it will come before long, for in the minds of thinking men there begins to dawn a faint conception of the untold possibilities for good, in this restless age, of the automobile as a rest cure.

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THE FIFTY-NINTH CONGRESS

BY SAMUEL W. McCALL

It is easy to overestimate the historical importance of our contemporary politics, although it is far from being the worst fault that we should treat them too seriously. Questions that are discussed with a vast deal — I will not say of passion, for there is little genuine passion in our current politics — but with a vast deal of noise, are somehow quickly displaced by other questions no more important nor more closely related to the real life of the nation, and permanently disappear. We have witnessed in the last decade the sudden rise of statesmen, almost purely the creatures of executive favor, who have in a moment blazed from the horizon to the zenith, whose greatness has been established by executive proclamations and solemnly ratified by university degrees conferred with academic eloquence, and we are already asking ourselves what they really said or did that history will trouble itself to recall. Its verdicts we may be sure will not be greatly influenced by the extravagance of contemporary censure or contemporary praise. Whether or not a President really said not long ago, as reported, "In Mr. —— I have a great Secretary of State, in Mr. —— a great Attorney-General" — and so on throughout nearly the whole Cabinet list — and then, "in Mr. —— I have the greatest war minister that has appeared on either side of the ocean in our time," there are plenty of contemporary utterances to prove amply that now, not in the troubled times that try men's souls, but in the fat era of a gross material prosperity, the real golden age of statesmen has at last dawned.

All this leads to caution in expressing emphatic opinions concerning contemporary politics, although the extreme of censure is more often met with than that of praise in dealing with Congress, except when it suits the whim of the moment to treat that department of the government as the mere organ of the executive. It is somewhat the fashion to rank the present Congress, in the importance of its work, with the congresses immediately following the Civil War. I think this opinion may safely be treated as an exaggerated one; and that it has done nothing that can equal in constitutional importance the first act for the government of Porto Rico, or, in point of industrial importance, the Wilson or the Dingley Tariff Act, or that can approach in the logical response to a critical condition of the country the repeal of the silver-purchasing clause of the Sherman Act. And if one ventured farther back he would find other legislation of equal importance this side of the period of Reconstruction.

But the record of the first session of the Fifty-ninth Congress is very notable both for what was done and what was not done, although the balance is strongly in favor of actual achievement. It failed to pass the bill granting free trade to the Philippine Islands, and the tariff escaped that judicious revision which it has so often been proclaimed to be the peculiar prerogative of its friends to bestow; but it passed the bills for untaxed industrial alcohol, for meat inspection, for pure food, for the admission of the territories, and for a form of government railroad rate-making. It also displayed a remark-

able capacity for spending money, and granted a total of appropriations of almost fantastic proportions.

The membership of the two houses in point of character and ability will compare not unfavorably with the best congresses that have ever been sent to Washington. Although they lacked the very few overshadowing figures associated with the congresses of past times, they contained men of rare talent, while their average membership was of a character scarcely to encourage those who delight in disparaging their own time in comparison with the past, or with the future their imaginations paint.

It would not be difficult to name a score of senators who in debate or in some other important feature of the work of a senator will be likely to be remembered at least by the next generation. "There does not seem to be a quorum in the divine presence," Mr. Reed once sarcastically observed, as he entered the Senate Chamber when a senator was delivering an elaborate and carefully prepared speech to a small number of sleepy colleagues. But Mr. Reed, who signalized his speakership by his daring way of counting a quorum, and who always went to the heart of the subject himself, rarely making a speech in the House over fifteen minutes long, did not regard with favor the average set speech. The set speech of a senator is usually one of portentous length. Senatorial dignity seems to demand the quality of length as a tribute to the importance of the rule for unlimited debate. Many long speeches were spoken in the Senate during the late session, some of them unnecessarily long doubtless, and devoted to the elaboration of points that were not always of the first magnitude, but on the whole the debates in that body, especially that upon the railroad rate bill, displayed a very high order of ability. Some of the strongest men in the Senate had previously been members of the House, where they had passed unrecognized by the public at anything like their real value. Men who had served in the House with Mr. Bailey, for instance, knew that he was a man of rare talent; but the newspapers, which generally employed themselves in ridiculing him at that period of his career, made the discovery after he became a member of the Senate that he was a debater of commanding ability.

The House did not lack in able men. It chose as Speaker the most picturesque character in current American politics, a very efficient presiding officer, but seen at his best in debate upon the floor of the House. The floor leaders of the majority were Payne, the chairman of Ways and Means, and Dalzell and Grosvenor of the Committee on Rules; and when to these are added Hepburn, Hitt, Williams, Littlefield, Burton, Clark, Cochran, Russell, and others whom space forbids to name and whom not to name seems invidious, there is presented a variety of talent that would add strength to any legislative chamber in the world. Ninety men, the number of the membership of the Senate, might be chosen from the House, and in aggregate of ability they would equal the present Senate.

The bill for free trade with the Philippine Islands passed the House, but failed in the Senate. It was supported by the Democrats generally and by a majority of the Republicans, but it encountered the opposition of a formidable contingent of Republican members who came chiefly from the agricultural states, and feared that the unrestricted competition of Philippine sugars would have an adverse effect upon our beet sugar industry. As an economic measure simply, little could be said in its favor save from the standpoint of absolute free trade, for no people in the world differ from us more widely in their social system, standard of wages and of living, and in industrial conditions generally. From considerations of commerce and industry alone, there is scarcely a country in the world with which we should not more quickly have free trade than with the Philippine Islands. And

as to their importance to us as customers, the grandiloquent prophecies so freely indulged in, in 1898 and 1899, about the markets for our products that we were about to conquer, become for the first time impressive, when we read them to-day in the light of that magnificent total of $6,000,000 of exports, which we have at last been able to attain after eight years of benevolent assimilation, to say nothing of reconcentration and war. But from the standpoint of justice the measure was irresistible. Having forcibly taken from them and arrogated to ourselves the power of deciding what taxes those people should pay, having levied in all their ports our own high duties against other nations, and especially against those nations with which they would naturally trade, it would not merely be unjust, it would be inhuman, for us to deny them the benefits of the system of which we had imposed upon them all the burdens. They should have nothing less than free trade with this country until we shall again remember our own history and reëstablish the principles upon which our government was founded. When that time shall come, the people of those islands will decide for themselves what taxes they shall pay.

The most important measure of the session from an industrial standpoint was the "denatured" alcohol bill, so called, as if the prime object of nature in making alcohol was to provide a beverage. The bill removed the entire tax from alcohol which had been rendered undrinkable, so that this important agent in the arts might be used with comparative freedom. The tax remains as it was before upon alcohol which might be used for drink. Free alcohol in the arts was a feature of the tariff act of 1894, but Mr. Carlisle, then Secretary of the Treasury, found difficulty in preparing regulations which would clearly separate alcohol used in the arts from that used as a beverage, and prevent frauds upon the treasury; and the provision, although the law of the land, was never put in force. But some foreign countries have successfully employed the device of mingling with the alcohol substances that would render it poisonous or revolting to the human stomach, and have thus baffled the ingenuity of those who would sell it for drink. The legislation of the last session was based upon the experience of those countries, and it cannot fail to have a most important effect. Free alcohol in the arts lies almost at the basis of industrial Germany, which employs it to the extent of 75,000,000 gallons a year. Our own tax of $2.18 on each gallon was practically prohibitive, and in those important manufactures which depended upon its use we were at the mercy of our rivals. The possibilities of the employment of alcohol in producing light, heat, and power are also enormous, as gallon for gallon it has a far greater potency than the best grade of refined petroleum, and need not much, if at all, exceed it in price. The only opposition to the bill came from the wood alcohol interests, but as the use of that article even in the arts is attended with danger to life and health, no reason appeared for taxing for its benefit a more efficient and safer rival product, and the bill passed by a nearly unanimous vote.

The pure food bill was designed to prevent the transportation across state lines of adulterated, deleterious, and misbranded foods, and the chief instrumentality created to accomplish this purpose was a system of federal inspection supported by penalties of varying degrees of severity. The bill was based upon an enlarged, and possibly an unjustifiable, construction of the commerce clause of the Constitution, just as the taxing power has been amplified and often employed, not to provide revenue, but for purposes essentially foreign to it, and to regulate, suppress, and promote business and industry. The passage of the bill was largely due to Mr. Hepburn, chairman of the Committee on Inter-State and Foreign Commerce, under whose leadership it had, in a modified form, passed the House of Representatives in a previous

congress. The most valuable portion of the legislation is that aimed at the traffic in patent medicines, containing deadly poisons covered by false and attractive labels, — a form of industry which all the resources of federal and state law might well be employed to suppress.

Of the same general character as the pure food law was the meat inspection amendment to the Agricultural Appropriation Bill. The methods of preparing animal food even in the best regulated home kitchens would not always seem appetizing, if reported with a too close attention to detail, lit up by a sufficient play of fancy. But the colossal slaughter houses of Chicago, however well conducted, would inevitably afford a field for the higher imagination, which, if properly exercised, would turn the stomach of an Esquimaux. But it is sufficient to say with regard to this amendment that it was not at all necessary to nauseate a nation, and strike down for the time an important foreign trade, in order to obtain an enactment which the great packers themselves may well have been eager to secure. For, in addition to the benefit of the certificate of purity, placed upon their product at the expense of the Government, the law will tend to drive out of the interstate and foreign trade some of those establishments which are too small to occupy an inspector, and will thus still further centralize the industry.

The legislation to which I have just been referring illustrates very well the striking principle dominating the work of the entire session. Congress was apparently animated by a profound faith in the infallibility of federal supervision. That the federal inspector was made of the same stuff as the state inspector, that some of the most sweeping financial swindles of the age, some of the most appalling disasters upon the ocean, occurred under a system of direct federal supervision, were facts that either were lost sight of entirely or were not regarded of the first consequence. And it is probably correct to say that Congress was responsive to the popular opinion of the moment. It is a most attractive way of dealing with an evil, not for one to fight it himself and face the disgusting details, nor for the community which is immediately affected to combat it, but to call upon the great central deity at Washington. What more powerful fulmination can there be against crime than a federal statute? Against this magnificent device the old-fashioned notion of keeping power near the people has little weight. The inhabitant of a city sees the water works which have been stolen, he knows the aldermen who helped to carry them away, and within fair limits he can reach a just conclusion upon the questions of guilt or innocence, and whether the law has been justly enforced. But the distance of the Washington stage is suited to sleight-of-hand and the red fire of the tableaux, and it matters not that the guilty may be dramatically absolved and the innocent attacked, and that mere suspicion or laudation may more easily take the place of proof, if only the central performer on the stage is willing to work the machinery of justice for political ends. The unknown and the distant have an obvious advantage over the near and the commonplace, for they strongly appeal to the imagination.

Excessive federal supervision of course disregards the boundaries that have been established between the national and state governments, and by centralizing authority more and more at a greater distance from the mass of the people it causes power when exercised to strike with a heavier incidence, just as a falling body acquires momentum and strikes the harder the farther it has fallen. But still worse, it tends to establish a relation between the government and the individual which ought never to exist, and which leads him to rely upon the government to do those things which he should do for himself. The debate upon the appropriation for the geological survey well illustrates this tendency. When once an

executive bureau has been established it is the well-settled rule for it, not merely to "grow up with the country," but to expand with far greater rapidity than the country's growth. In reaching out for an enlarged jurisdiction it not infrequently duplicates the work already performed by some other bureau. If a special appropriation is granted it for a temporary work, the temporary appropriation is apt to grow into a fixed or an increasing annual charge upon the Treasury. The splendid proportions to which the appropriations for the geological survey have grown showed that that excellent bureau was no exception to this rule. A few years ago a special work of testing such substances as fuels and building materials was put in the charge of this bureau. This special work was established in connection with the St. Louis Exposition, which, of course, has passed into history. But it was proposed on an appropriation bill at the last session to continue this work, which was not the testing of materials and fuels upon the public domain, but of materials and fuels belonging to private individuals. It proposed to have the government do something at its own expense which the individual had in times past done for himself and done very successfully. But from the debate one would perceive the greatly superior way in which a private work could be performed by men holding an office under the government, — and at its cost; he would wonder that we had on the whole made some progress upon individual initiative, and that the telephone, the telegraph, and the other marvels of invention had not first been brought to light by men in the classified service or wearing a federal uniform; and listening to the debate, he would have marveled still more when he recalled some government institution, — the naval observatory for instance, with its wonderful equipment of telescopes and other instruments, its large and talented staff paid by the government to explore the heavens, and its magnificent appropriation, — and remembered that — omitting one rare man — its discoveries would not compare in importance with those of some half-starved college professor in charge of a meagre and poorly equipped observatory upon some New England hillside. A noteworthy feature of the incident was that the appropriation was favored by conspicuous members of the party claiming as its own the time-honored creed that the government which governs best governs least.

I have referred to the efficiency of the present Congress in the expenditure of public money. The total appropriations of the session amounted to $880,000,000, and if the appropriations for the Panama Canal and on account of the public debt are deducted there will still remain nearly $800,000,000, as the cost of running all the departments of government for a single year, including the post office. It may perhaps be urged that appropriations amounting in all to $35,000,000, to cover deficiences in previous years, should also be deducted; but deficiency has become a regular feature of our budget, and, if we may judge from the precedents, Congress at a future time will be called upon to provide for the deficiencies of the current fiscal year. This total of $800,000,000 of annual expenditure is about $300,000,000 greater than the corresponding expenditures for the first fiscal year of the McKinley administration. This astounding increase of about sixty per cent in the period of nine years demands some scrutiny and explanation.

An analysis of the appropriations will show that much the larger part of the entire increase is due to our vastly greater expenditures for military purposes. That our appropriations for these purposes might be somewhat lessened with safety is doubtless true, but the greater part of the increase is the necessary consequence of the policy of empire and glory upon which we entered at the conclusion of the Spanish War. That policy affected the United States no more profoundly in the

principles of its government than in its military problem. In 1898 a great ocean separated our territory from every nation that might make itself formidable to us in war. If prior to that year Japan, for instance, had desired to attack us she would have been compelled to bring her war ships, with their limited steaming radius, and her armies, across the Pacific, and to fight us upon the American side of that sea — a task she could not hope successfully to perform. And the hopelessness of the undertaking would have made it practically certain that she would never attempt it. But to-day, if she determined to attack us, all she would need to do would be to seize some little island of ours lying at her own doors, and we should be compelled to cross the Pacific to give her battle; for as a practical question, I think no one doubts that the United States in the present temper of its people would defend the least of its possessions from forcible capture. In other words, our "world power" statesmen at a stroke of the pen converted this superb ocean rampart into a rampart for a possible foe, which it would be necessary for us to cross for the purposes of defending our own territory. Since then we have rendered ourselves so vulnerable to attack, it would scarcely be the part of wisdom to rely entirely upon the pacific intentions of other nations and permit an abject military weakness to appeal too strongly to their warlike ambition.

A further scrutiny of the appropriations will also bring to light the fact that there has been a very considerable increase in the cost of running the machinery of civil government, made necessarily large by the steady encroachment of the national government. The plea that our national expenditure on the basis of population is less than that of some of the other great powers contains an obvious fallacy. It does not take into the account the federated character of our system. Our state and municipal governments support the weight of public education, of constructing and maintaining roads, furnishing protection against fire, providing the courts which decide the great mass of controversies, and maintaining the internal peace and order. The people of Massachusetts, for instance, tax themselves each year about $25 per capita in order to carry out these great purposes of government which are partly or wholly performed by the more centralized governments of foreign nations. When all our governmental expenditures are taken into account there is not more than one great foreign power, if, indeed, there is a single one, that can vie with us in amount of taxation.

Undoubtedly the most important enactment of the session, judged by the effort expended to secure its passage, and by that feature of the legislation from which it took its name, was the Railroad Rate Bill. No subject in our recent politics has been talked about more vaguely nor been less understood than the precise form of the railroad question involved in the bill. It would not be an exaggeration to say that public opinion, the argument upon the subject in the first presidential message, and the body of the debate, were directed to a point which was absolutely unrelated to the controverted principle of the bill. Every feature of the legislation which might tend to prevent or punish discrimination by railroads could have been passed without debate and by unanimous consent; but when government rate-making was put forth as a cure for discrimination there was presented an economic non-sequitur, so palpable as not to stand the test of a moment's serious thought.

To understand the situation more clearly, and to discover how far, if at all, the rate-making provision of the bill responded to any evil related to it and to any well-developed public opinion, it will be necessary to revert to the session before the last, when the subject first engaged the attention of Congress. In his annual message in December, 1904, the President dealt at length with the evils of discrimination and the giving of rebates

by railroads, and concluded by proposing as a remedy that authority be conferred upon the interstate commission, when a given rate was complained of, to establish a new rate which should have effect immediately and stand until set aside by the courts. There was undoubtedly a strong public sentiment at that time against railroad discrimination, but such sentiment as existed in favor of giving the commission authority to fix rates was confined to the commission itself or to isolated utterances of a few individuals. Certainly, if one looks for the manifestation of a public opinion in favor of government rate-making prior to the last presidential election, in the important newspapers, the platforms of the great parties, or the utterances of their candidates, he will look in vain.

It was pointed out very early in the debate that followed the introduction of a rate bill in the preceding congress, that there was no logical relation between the fixing of rates by the government and the giving of rebates or secret rates by the railroads. If a governmental agency should set aside a rate established by a railroad and substitute another for it, the railroad could as easily give a secret rebate from the new rate as from the one that had been set aside. The making of rates by the commission would do no more to prevent rebates, as was said by Mr. Ackworth, a leading British authority, than would the reënactment of Magna Charta. Senator Dolliver, the leading Republican supporter, in the Senate, of government rate-making, formally admitted during the debate at the last session that it would not prove a remedy for rebates.

But the recommendation had been made by a Republican president, and it at once became party policy; it was enthusiastically supported by the Democratic party, with the modern principles of which it was precisely in line; every known instance of railroad favoritism, the grafting of insurance officials, the magnitude of swollen fortunes, almost every financial and economic evil of the times very naturally served the purposes of argument in favor of a measure the inception of which had violated every logical rule, and government rate-making finally passed with only seven dissenting votes in the House and three in the Senate.

The debate upon the bill will rank among the notable congressional debates of the generation. In the House, where the rules and the practice make it easy to limit discussion, it was much more brief than in the Senate, and for that reason perhaps the speeches were devoted much less to detail and dealt more broadly and comprehensively with the important features and the vital policy of the bill. If the volume of the debate in the House is reduced one half by rejecting the glowing anti-corporation sentiments which might perhaps be expected in a body whose members were about to come before the people for reelection, there will remain a thorough and informing discussion of the bill.

It was inevitable that so rare an opportunity should have been embraced to exhibit a lavish generosity that would cost the giver nothing. There was shown a tendency to overlook entirely the distinction between public property and capital invested in a public service, as if the capital invested in rendering a public service, with the result of making the present development of the country possible, was any less entitled to the protection of the law than those other forms of capital, sacred and inviolable to lawmakers, which were devoted to the making of beer or woolen goods or to any other selfish kind of industry. Some senators and representatives were generously willing to concede that the fabulous values created by the enterprise of the railroad builder should be further augmented at the cost of the wretches whose investments underlay the country's prosperity, but who had incautiously put their money where it could not get away. At least, the railroad scoundrels should

consider themselves fortunate if they were permitted a return of three per cent by an indignant people whose values had increased tenfold by the building of railroads.

Much was said in the debate about "Graft," which was declared, we may well believe with truth, to be the crime of the few and to be foreign to the great mass of business and to the general conduct of our people. But if anything would effectively prove its general prevalence and that it infected the whole body politic, it would be to have a public response to the appeals which in effect were made to have the farmer, the manufacturer and the merchant join hands under the lead of the politicians and treat the vast mass of capital invested in railroads as mere loot because it was guilty of performing a public service.

Most of the speeches in the Senate ignored the broad economic and constitutional grounds of debate, and there was an imposing display of technical but rather irrelevant learning. This scrutiny of detail resulted from the rules of the Senate, which secure the unlimited right of amendment and debate. But with the exception of the court-review amendment and that prohibiting common carriers from engaging in other forms of business, the contributions of the Senate to the bill were not of the first importance. Great legal skill was shown in debating whether the bill would be constitutional if it did not contain an express and broad provision for a court review, as if the courts would not protect all constitutional rights without the express direction of Congress. Whether the bill attempted to delegate legislative power was a much more robust constitutional point. This point received little attention in the Senate outside of the masterly speech of Senator Foraker, which in its luminous treatment of the broad legal and constitutional questions involved was the incomparable speech of the senatorial debate. Admitting for the purpose of argument that the making of railroad rates was within the power of Congress to regulate commerce between the states, Congress itself would have to exercise the power and could not delegate it to any other body. But it was asserted by the friends of the bill that in giving the commission authority to fix only such rates as were just and reasonable, Congress established the rule of rates, and that nothing was left for the commission but to perform a merely ministerial act without the exercise of any legislative discretion. This would seem equivalent to asserting that Congress itself does not exercise legislative discretion unless in such acts as are unjust and unreasonable. If Congress can confer the power to fix just and reasonable railroad rates upon a commission, then it can in the same way confer any of its other great powers, and commissions may be created to establish reasonable tariff rates or to declare just wars, or to make just and reasonable regulations upon any federal subject. The principle of the bill would thus seem to involve nothing less than congressional abdication.

The opponents of the bill contended that the law should require all rates to be just and reasonable, and that under such a provision the individual could always secure redress in the courts for any extortion by the railroad. Judging by the readiness of juries to award round verdicts against railroads for damages to persons and property, it cannot be doubted that the railroads would maintain a system of unjust or preferential rates at the peril of bankruptcy if the individual should proceed in the courts, which are the forum where rights are made practical, and a government by law is secured. If the commission were endowed with greater power to initiate proceedings where upon investigation it believed a rate to be unjust, the practical remedy against excessive charges would be more effective than in the Hepburn bill. The power of testing every rate exercised by judges scattered over the whole country would in no degree tend to centralization,

but the fixing of rates by a central commission at Washington, whose members were appointed by the President, and were subject to removal by him at any time, would mean centralization of the worst character. For what greater power could an ambitious president, seeking reëlection, ask than the power, by his coercive authority over the commission, to fix every freight rate between the two oceans, and to discriminate in favor of a community whose vote he was attempting to secure as against a community which was hopelessly antagonistic.

Fifteen years ago Chief Justice Cooley, then the chairman of the commission, declared that the task of fixing freight rates for the whole country would be a superhuman one for the commission to perform. To-day the task would be twice as great, owing to the expansion of our railroad system. Instead, then, of the flexible American system of adjusting rates to the demands of business and the competition of railroads and localities, any material interference by the commission in the making of rates would be likely to give us the unyielding and wooden schedules characteristic of bureau rate-making abroad; and instead of the low long-distance rate which has enabled the most remote parts of our country to trade with one another and has been responsible for the settlement of the interior portions of the Union, we should need to prepare ourselves, if foreign experience is of any weight, to witness a rate based upon distance which would be fatal to the long-distance traffic. An important practical safeguard against the chief evils of commission rate-making so far as the railroads are concerned will be found in the fact that their task, as Chief Justice Cooley said, is superhuman, and therefore impossible of performance, and in the sweeping provision for a court review.

So far as the prevention of discrimination is involved it is noteworthy that there is nothing in the bill which approaches in its definite and sweeping terms the Elkins Law, which had been upon the statute books nearly two years before the rate-making programme was proposed, and which had never been seriously enforced. There was nothing of mystery about this statute. It required no profound legal knowledge, but only the ability to read, to discover in its provisions the most comprehensive remedy for rebates, both against the railroad which gave and the shipper who received them. The effective proceedings against discrimination instituted under the Elkins Act during the last six months, which have almost uniformly been upheld by the courts, make it certain that if that act had been enforced prior to the President's first recommendation for commission rate-making, the recommendation, if made at all, would have been based upon some other ground than the prevention of rebates and discrimination. And as there was at that time no general complaint that railroad charges were excessive, the recommendation would probably never have been made at all.

The work of the Congress is, of course, not yet complete, although it is not probable that important legislation of a general character will be secured at the short session. The Immigration bill, which has passed both houses in different forms and is now in conference, may be enacted. The situation in Cuba may demand legislative action, which it is to be hoped will not destroy the independence of the little republic, in line with those flamboyant speeches which were made for Philippine annexation, and are now being repeated. But almost the whole time of the ten weeks' session will be required for the passage of the great annual supply bills.

I have referred to those features of the record of the session which seemed to me of the chief importance. It remains for me to suggest an obvious question of a general character, and not related to any particular measure. Did the course of leg-

islation show that enlarged participation of the executive in the work of Congress, the tendency towards which had been witnessed in recent years? To this question I imagine only a single answer will be given. The influence of the executive upon legislation is to-day by no means confined to those common constitutional methods of expression, the veto and the message recommending legislation, but it is chiefly shown by an influence exerted upon the individual members, upon the legislative machinery of the two houses, and even by special messages upon amendments proposed to particular bills, which in effect amount to written speeches upon the mere details and phraseology of measures, and are read in that House in which the debate is proceeding. There are concentrated in the person of the President the great authority of the party leadership and the far greater practical authority which results from the vast powers of his office, of which by no means the least important, and certainly the most corrupting, is the control of the patronage. Unless there is a scrupulous and restrained exercise of these enormous powers, the presidential office becomes a formidable engine for throwing the whole mechanism of the Constitution out of gear. The practical absorption of the great prerogatives of Congress has gone as far as it can be permitted to go with safety to our system of government.

After all the laudations upon mere rapidity of motion without regard to direction, and the supreme importance of "doing things," with discrimination as to the character of the "things" a secondary matter, something still remains to be said in favor of parliamentary institutions, which in Great Britain and in this country have furnished the world with the best models of free government. One representative will be slow, over-cautious, and never disposed to action; another will be all impulse, and in reaching his conclusions will scorn to indulge in the process of thought; but in a great body of representatives the influence of extremes will be largely nullified and a comparatively safe average will be struck. But where you have a government of one man, it is apt to be a government by fits and starts, depending rather upon individual traits than upon the law. If your ruler is ultra-conservative, your government may never move at all. If he is erratic and emotional, ready to settle over night the problems that have vexed the ages, you will have a government of instability, and the great ship will be sailed, not by the charts and the settled currents of opinion, but like a cat-rigged boat, trimmed to catch every whiff of wind that may at the moment be blowing. At a time when Parliamentary institutions are becoming more powerful in Europe, and our people are looking with extreme sympathy upon the attempt in Russia to establish a duma, it is significant that we should be regarding with silence and apparent unconcern a movement in the direction of the practical obliteration of the Congress of the United States, and that we should apparently be turning our faces away from those nations with which we are most closely allied in civilization and ranging ourselves by the side of those South American countries where congresses and even courts employ themselves in registering executive decrees. And although it must be confessed that executive government is likely to afford a loftier stage for the exhibition of those arts with which the rapidly increasing breed of political acrobats and sword-swallowers may thrill the galleries of the country, the American people are not yet ready consciously to adopt such a system however entertaining it might be. The clear and general understanding of the danger will provide a certain remedy.

THE IDEAL LAWYER

BY DAVID J. BREWER

THE ideal lawyer! Is such a being possible? To many the adjective and the noun stand in contradiction. As well speak of the ideal thief. "Ideal" in the best sense of the word implies supreme excellence. It suggests as to persons that moral superiority which attracts and compels admiration. But such a character is to many incompatible with the life and work of the lawyer. In the declaration of the Master, "Woe unto you lawyers," they see the deserved condemnation of the entire profession. In their judgment one may properly speak of the best, the most successful, the most active lawyer. Indeed, any superlative is accepted as appropriate which does not suggest morality. The early history of Massachusetts illustrates this.

Washburn, in his *Judicial History of Massachusetts*, says: "It was many years after the settlement of the colony, before anything like a distinct class of attorneys at law was known. And it is doubtful if there were any regularly educated attorneys who practiced in the courts of the colony during its existence. Lechford, it is true, was here for a few years, but he was soon silenced, and left the country. Several of the magistrates had also been educated as lawyers at home, among whom were Winthrop, Bellingham, Humfrey, and probably Pelham and Bradstreet. But these were almost constantly in the magistracy, nor do we hear of them ever being engaged in the management of causes. If they made use of their legal acquirements, it was in aid of the great object which they had so much at heart, — the establishment of a religious commonwealth, in which the laws of Moses were much more regarded as precedents than the decisions of Westminster Hall, or the pages of the few elementary writers upon the common law which were then cited in the English courts."

By an act passed in 1663, "usual and common attorneys" were excluded from seats in the General Court, as the Massachusetts Legislature is called. In 1656 the following statute was enacted: —

"This court, taking into consideration the great charge resting upon the colony, by reason of the many and tedious discourses and pleadings in the courts, both of the plaintiff and the defendant, as also the readiness of many to prosecute suits in law for small matters, it is therefore ordered, by this court and the authority thereof, that when any plaintiff or defendant shall plead by himself or his attorney, for a longer time than *one hour*, the party that is sentenced or condemned shall pay twenty shillings for every hour so pleading more than the common fees appointed by the court for the entrance of actions, to be added to the execution for the use of the country."

There was a crafty wisdom in this statute which commends itself to any one of much experience on the bench, and I venture to suggest that a similar act might to-day be sustained.

If the ideal lawyer is the one who stands at the head of his profession, and is regarded as the ablest lawyer, the question arises: What gives him his position, what is the general understanding of his characteristics and qualifications? Many would say that he is the one who has the greatest knowledge of the law and is most successful in keeping his clients safe from the consequences of their own wrongful conduct. The idea that he carries conscience into his own life, or into the advice that he gives his client, is repudiated. I remember listening to a severe denun-

ciation of the profession. After a while I ventured to ask the individual so denouncing, his reason therefor, and he promptly replied that once, when sued on a promissory note, he was pressed for money and wanted time. So he consulted a lawyer, who advised him that the statute of limitations was a perfect defense, and on his suggestion that plea was made, sustained, and judgment entered in his favor. He insisted that the lawyer ought to have told him that as an honest man he should pay the debt; that he should not have advised him to the wrong of pleading the statute of limitations. After some conversation I asked him if he had since paid the note. "Oh no," he promptly replied, "I have a judgment against the owner." He was abundantly able to pay, and the burden of his complaint was that, although the lawyer had stated correctly his legal rights, he had not at the same time assumed the prerogative of directing his conscience to the injustice of a technical defense to a just debt.

But a curious contradiction to this denunciation of the lawyer is his prominence in official life. Without stopping for statistics, which have been so often collated, it is enough to say that in the public life of this country the lawyer has been the conspicuous factor. The judiciary, of course, is altogether composed of members of the profession. In executive offices and legislative halls the law has predominated and still predominates over every business, and all other professions. Yet the public life of this country has been of the highest character. Acting for the public as the lawyers have done in these various fields of official labor, they have proved true to their employment, and it may safely be said that the scandals which have sometimes been found in official life have seldom attached to them. How can this be accounted for except upon the theory of a general personal integrity? It will not do to suggest that the office-holding lawyers are mere illustrations of that singular character portrayed by the novelist Stevenson, Doctor Jekyll and Mr. Hyde,—honorable, high-toned, faithful, in one aspect of life; dishonest, unreliable, base, in another. Neither will it do to say that they have been selected for official life only because of their capacity for drafting statutes, bills, and documents, their familiarity with the details of legislative and executive life, and that the public consciously ignores the want of character. Nor is it a sufficient explanation that, although the great mass of the profession is corrupt, there are a few who are reliable, and they are the ones whom the public select for official life. The truth is, their very prominence in public life, their fidelity to the trusts therein imposed, is evidence which cannot be ignored that the profession has and maintains a character for honesty and uprightness which attracts general confidence.

Beyond this official recognition is local prominence. Go into any village, town, or city and ask for the leading citizen or citizens, and you will be sure to hear the name of some lawyer. In our New England villages, Squire, as the lawyer was familiarly called, was generally named as the leading citizen. This official selection and social prominence furnishes satisfactory evidence that the profession is not destitute of moral superiority; for surely it would be an unjustifiable reflection on the American people, that they give official and local prominence to unworthy men.

Still again, no profession is to-day so singled out and entered upon by ambitious, brainy young men, as that of the law. No one is so crowded. It does not stand to reason that the high-spirited young Americans are pressing eagerly toward a profession whose practice implies dishonesty. Do not all these things point directly to the fact that there is an ideal lawyer, that moral superiority is consistent with and to be found in the profession?

Before, however, considering the characteristics of the ideal lawyer, let me notice some other charges against the profession. One is that it is a consumer and

not a producer. It adds nothing to the material wealth of the nation; it lives and grows fat on the mistakes and sins of others. The farmer, the miner, the mechanic, the manufacturer, all are adding to the general property. The artist, sculptor, painter, or architect leaves behind him, in statue, painting, or building, visible, tangible evidence of his contribution to the well-being of society. The lawyer does nothing in either of these directions; he is only a burden upon, and not a blessing to society. It may be conceded that he adds little to the material wealth of the nation, that his work is not with things that are tangible, and which perish with the using; but shall it be said that that profession which has produced the mighty structure of the common law, with its wealth of blessing to social, business, and political life, — which has stood in all the great epochs of Anglo-Saxon liberty as the earnest and strong defender of the common people, — has produced nothing of blessing?

Another charge is that it promotes quarrels. As it lives by the disputes of others, the more disputes, the better it lives. So it encourages litigation. It magnifies to the individual his supposed wrongs, and provokes a lawsuit, when a few kindly words would settle all controversy and leave friends where he has made enemies. In other words, it is a stirrer up of strife. A familiar saying is that two lawyers will grow rich where one will starve. No one is injured without some lawyer suggesting an action to recover damages. To preserve a semblance of respectability, he employs that phenomenon of despicability — in Western parlance called a snitch — to work up the lawsuit and secure his principal's employment. The existence of these legal parasites may be conceded. Unfortunately they are too numerous. But they represent the lower side of professional life and they speak for only the commercial fragment. They do not typify the profession, nor illustrate its ideals. Against them no war is so earnestly waged as that carried on by the bar itself. Indeed, the great lawyers, they who are the leaders, are more distinguished for their ability to settle than to promote litigation. The true lawyer is a peacemaker, a counselor rather than an advocate.

But I must not tarry on the lower phases of professional life. Let me rather discuss the higher. For it is the ideal lawyer I wish to present; and what has been said surely indicates that there is a higher side, that the term "ideal lawyer" is not necessarily or even generally a contradiction between noun and adjective.

Law is the potent force which binds all the separate, and often heterogeneous, individual atoms into a single social whole, unites protection to the individual with efficiency of combined action, and thus makes possible all the blessings which have come through increasing civilization and improving social order. And surely he who is the great artificer in the workshop of the law is not to be ignored in the consideration of the great problems of life. Indeed, strike from Anglo-Saxon history and present American life the lawyer and his achievements, and Sahara's shifting sands would present nothing more barren and hopeless.

So I pass to the question, Who is the ideal lawyer, what are his characteristics, what his essential elements and qualifications? And first let me say that he is honest, — honest with his clients, with the court and jury, with the public and himself. And this honesty is not, like good clothes, put on for prayer-meetings and social occasions, and put off in times of business or politics. It is that thorough, ingrained honesty which knows but one time, and that is life; but one duty, and that is action.

Every lawyer aims to be honest with his client, and with the court and jury: self-interest compels this. He knows that fidelity is essential to success. The most dissolute and depraved man, in the hour of sickness, seeks a doctor on whose advice he can rely, and who will be faithful

to his patient. Never does he call in one whom he cannot trust. So the worst of men, needing legal advice, go to a lawyer who will not betray them. And this is the general rule of all employment. I care not how corrupt a community may be, let it be understood that a lawyer is faithless to his client and betrays his interests, and he is shunned by all. He loses not only caste but business. Seldom do we hear of a lawyer who proves false to his client. Indeed, the complaint is that he is too loyal, and that in order to serve his client, he acts dishonestly to others and wrongs the public.

In like manner self-interest compels him to be honest with the court and jury. He knows that success depends largely on the confidence which they have in his truthfulness. I have been on the bench, trial and appellate, for forty-one and a half years, have held court in a dozen states, have had before me thousands of lawyers, and only in a single instance did I ever detect one in a deliberate, intentional lie, and I soon made his practice in my court so inconvenient that he left the state. I do not mean that I have not often found lawyers exaggerating or omitting facts. Generally these exaggerations and omissions were thoughtlessly made, and were due to the eagerness of counsel to impress the court with the merits of his client's case; but sometimes I fear they were intentional. I doubt not other judges would make a similar statement of their own experiences. Indeed the judge must largely rely on the statements of counsel, for in the vast volume of business which comes before most of them there is no opportunity for a personal examination of the truthfulness of every such statement.

Honesty with the public presents a more difficult and uncertain question. What does it require? In criminal law, for instance, many contend that duty to the client surpasses all obligations to the public and justifies counsel in resorting to every means or device, substantial or technical, to clear that client, even though he knows him to be guilty; while others insist that a lawyer should never forget that he is a citizen, and owes a primary duty to the public; that while he may make every substantial defense and present his client's conduct as fully as is consistent with fairness and truth, yet he is not justified in resorting to any technicality. The question is asked, Should he abandon his client's case if, having undertaken it in belief of his innocence, he finds from the developments of the trial that he is in fact guilty? The conduct of the two gentlemen, leaders of the bar in Buffalo, who were appointed by the court to defend the assassin of McKinley, is referred to as illustrating the measure of a counsel's duty to his client. They produced every witness whom he desired, drew out all the facts of the homicide, and then fairly stated the case to the jury. It has been said that Reverdy Johnson, who was a leader of the American bar, employed to defend parties in South Carolina charged with cruelty to negroes, was so shocked by the revelations of the conduct of his clients that in the midst of the trial he abandoned the case and left it to the care of junior counsel. It must be confessed that there is on the part of many engaged in criminal practice a desire to succeed even at the expense of justice, —delaying the trial by all the strategy known to the profession until feeling may be supposed to have died out, some of the witnesses have disappeared or their memories become uncertain, striving to get a friendly juror on the panel, seeking in all possible ways to cast some technical error into the trial in order that, if the verdict and judgment be against their client, a reversal may be secured in an appellate court; in short, so conducting the whole trial that justice becomes weary and the guilty escapes. Anything for the sake of acquittal is their motto, and a victory however gained is heralded as proof of their ability.

Much has been said and many articles written in the effort to formulate some rule by which the lawyer shall be limited and guided in his actions in behalf of his

client. Can any better rule be given than to be ever thoroughly loyal to honor and honesty? He who is honest with himself is honest with others.

> This above all; to thine own self be true,
> And it must follow, as the night the day,
> Thou canst not then be false to any man.

No lawyer is called upon to do any dishonest or dishonorable thing for his client. If the client demands it, declination is imperative, and if the demand is persisted in, termination of employment is equally imperative. Of course lawyers are subject to all the limitations and weaknesses of human nature, and profitable employment often clouds the vision. And here is where shines one characteristic of the ideal lawyer. His vision is not blinded. He looks above the golden calf and the shouting crowd, and ever sees on the lofty summits of Sinai the tables of stone chiseled with imperishable truth by the finger of God.

Were I called upon to name the one element most important in the make-up of the ideal lawyer, I should unhesitatingly say, Character. And wisely in the economy of life that is also the one element most essential to success. Brains without character may display a brilliancy of achievement. But pyrotechnics are short-lived. That which endures, upon which all rely, is Character. The lawyer who has it has the confidence of the judge and jury; he who has it not is suspected from the moment of his appearance. A story of Abraham Lincoln is an illustration: he was appointed to defend one charged with murder. The crime was a brutal one; the evidence entirely circumstantial; the accused a stranger. Feeling was high and against the friendless defendant. On the trial Lincoln drew from the witnesses full statements of what they saw and knew. There was no effort to confuse, no attempt to place before the jury the facts other than they were. In the argument, after calling attention to the fact that there was no direct testimony, Lincoln reviewed the circumstances, and after conceding that this and that seemed to point to defendant's guilt, closed by saying that he had reflected much on the case, and while it seemed probable that defendant was guilty, he was not sure; and looking the jury straight in the face said, "Are you?" The defendant was acquitted and afterwards the real criminal was detected and punished. How different would have been the conduct of many lawyers. Some would have striven to lead the judge into technical errors, with a view to an appeal to a higher court. Others would have become hoarse in denunciation of witnesses, decrying the lack of positive testimony and the marvelous virtue of a reasonable doubt. The simple, straightforward way of Lincoln, backed by the confidence of the jury, won. Let me give another illustration coming within my own observation: A lawyer not brilliant but reasonably well informed was prosecuting attorney. He had the confidence of the community. A brilliant and eloquent lawyer was counsel for nearly all the accused in important criminal cases. At the close of a (to him) very disastrous term he said in disgust, "What is the use of my trying to defend? I make an absolutely clear and convincing argument, and after I am through, the prosecuting attorney gets up, and stating a few facts says these show that the defendant is guilty, and the jury go out, and in a few minutes bring in a verdict of guilty, and all because they believe the prosecuting attorney knows and would not ask them to convict unless the defendant was in fact guilty."

But let me pass on. While the ideal lawyer must be an honest man, the converse is not true. An honest man will not always make an ideal lawyer. He must be a constant student. The law reaches in every direction, touching every branch of knowledge and life. The doctor may be sued for negligence or malpractice, the editor be called upon to answer the charge of libel; the inventor may sue or be sued for infringement, the writer charge or be charged with a violation of the law of

copyright. One claiming to be an artist may be brought into court to show whether he is an artist or a mere copyist. Every transaction of the merchant or manufacturer may be the subject of litigation. Even the preacher may be called upon to answer a charge of heresy. The alleged criminal's sole defense may be insanity. In this and similar cases expert witnesses may be produced for or against the defendant, and the lawyer must be so familiar with the details and reach of the scientific facts and theories in respect to which these witnesses are examined as to make clear to the jury the accuracy of his own witnesses and the mistakes of his adversary's. Every increase in civilization, making as it does the social and business life more complex, increases the demands for a larger storehouse of knowledge on the part of the lawyer. Two men living alone on an island, with no dealings save between themselves, require little but the simple rules of barter and sale; but one living and dealing in the whirl of New York business life has a right to expect from his counsel familiarity with varied branches of knowledge. A boy may use a jack-knife skillfully, but put him into a large manufacturing, transportation, or telegraphic office, and he is lost. So a lawyer may draft a good deed, but fail when consulted concerning the rights and obligations growing out of the complex bank or other business transactions of to-day.

Specialization in the law as elsewhere has become necessary. There are patent lawyers, admiralty lawyers, real estate lawyers, corporation lawyers, criminal lawyers, etc.; and yet even with this specialization and the restriction of one's work to a particular branch of the law, constant study is necessary to keep pace with the ever-increasing and diversified questions which are arising in practice. Inspiration is a lost art in the court-room. No true lawyer advises, prepares documents, or tries a case without careful preparation. Forensic oratory has passed away. No longer does the crowd gather in the county court house to listen to and be moved by the wit, pathos, and eloquence of the advocate, as for hours or days he addresses the jury. The court-room may be filled, but it is largely with the ubiquitous reporters, many of whom are as destitute of tears as Sahara of water, and as callous to emotion as the mummied sleepers of Egypt. No longer is it true that weeping men, and women with handkerchiefs to their eyes, are moved by the eloquence of counsel. Rather may it more truly be said that distant Texas and the far Pacific slope hang breathlessly on the reporter's imagination and manufactured eloquence. Time is a pressing factor. Facts rather than eloquence is the demand. "Are you going to talk all day? I want to go home and milk my cows," was the sudden appeal of a juror in my court to a counsel who was endeavoring eloquently, as he thought, to impress the jury. The rapidity manifested in other proceedings in life asserts itself in the court-room. The stagecoach and the canal boat have given way to the automobile and the palace car. Even the post-office is too slow. Transactions of weightiest import and involving millions are settled in a moment by telegraph or telephone, and the law must keep pace with this demand for speed, and it does strive to keep pace with it, — except when the interests of the client seem to the counsel to call for as much delay as possible. Arguments in the appellate courts are generally mere colloquies between court and counsel, the one seeking to obtain and the other to give the essential facts and the controlling principles.

One of my early experiences illustrates the change from the old to the new way. After the passage of the Union Pacific act, making large grants in land and money, the possession of the Leavenworth, Pawnee & Western Railroad, one of the beneficiaries of that grant, became a matter of large concern. The right of the one in actual possession was challenged by another, and suit brought in the Federal court by the latter to acquire possession. The former, unwilling to

trust local counsel, went to Ohio and employed the venerable Thomas Ewing (familiarly known as "the salt boiler"), paying him a retainer of one thousand dollars and promising four thousand dollars more. When the case came on for hearing and quite a volume of depositions had been read, counsel for the plaintiff talked for a day or more, then Mr. Ewing rose, spoke twenty-five minutes, and sat down. His client, the one in possession, was as furious as man could be. He employed all the vocabulary of denunciation known to a New York broker — and even imagination is exhausted by that illustration — in denouncing the profession in general and Mr. Ewing in particular, emphasizing every clause with a profanity that would have made a sailor or a cowboy blush for shame at his incapacity. "Five thousand dollars for twenty-five minutes' talk." The monstrosity of such robbery was to him appalling, and he was only partially reconciled when the court decided the case in his favor upon the single proposition made by Mr. Ewing.

But knowledge of the law is not alone sufficient. Making the brain a mere storehouse of information duly arranged and labeled, as a library is full of books properly marked and shelved, is not all. There must be that mental power which enables the possessor to apply his knowledge to the facts of the case and determine the controlling principles. Benjamin R. Curtis was in his day the leading lawyer of the nation and one of the greatest this country ever produced. I have heard one who was a Justice of the Supreme Court during the years of his practice before that tribunal say that Mr. Curtis never took over twenty or thirty minutes in the argument of a case, never had but one or, at the outside, two books from which he quoted; and while he did not win all his cases, every one was decided upon the principles which he discussed and presented as controlling.

I know there are many lawyers who do not realize how true this is. Some will throw at an appellate court a volume of three or four hundred pages, facetiously calling it a brief, making every conceivable point suggested by an examination of the record, in the hope that if unable to catch the court on one hook they may succeed on another. The modern digest is a great help to this kind of practitioner. It enables him to load down his propositions with a multitude of citations, without ever looking to see whether they are pertinent or not. This is purely mechanical law, which may be a bonanza to the printer, the clerk, and the lazy lawyer, yet is a burden and a curse to the client and the court.

The court-room is the place where the lawyer is seen, and the common opinion of him is based on what he there displays. The ideal lawyer is there often made manifest. In a trial his learning, his skill, his knowledge of human nature, are disclosed. His work is open. He cannot conceal his mistakes. There is a great fascination in seeing how he conducts himself and manages his case. It is not to be wondered at that the court-room used to be so crowded, and is now so frequently full. Some speak of it as a loafing place, but the many are really drawn by a not unnatural curiosity respecting the trial and the actors therein. How often have I from the bench watched with interest the adroitness of counsel, their knowledge of human nature, the skill with which they select jurors favorably disposed to their clients. I have many times asked a counsel why he rejected a juror, and been astonished at the accuracy of his discernment of something in the juror suggesting prejudice. The desired juror varies with the character of the case and the question to be decided, and the lawyer is often gifted with what seems like an instinct which enables him to select and reject according to the interests of his client. No place in life calls for a more frequent manifestation of that most uncommon possession, common sense. President McCosh, of Princeton, a canny Scot, once said to a group of students, "If you wish

knowledge of the languages, of mathematics, philosophy, medicine, law, or theology, come to us and we can give it to you, but if you want common sense, God pity you, we cannot help you." So the lawyer whose common sense enables him in the varying and unexpected contingencies of a trial to adjust himself to the calls upon him is the successful and in this respect the ideal lawyer, while the one who cannot so adjust himself, who is, to use the familiar illustration, trying to put a square peg into a round hole, is almost always a failure. Not alone in the selection of a jury but in the examination of witnesses is the skill of counsel manifested. There is no better test of a lawyer's ability than a cross-examination. Too often in his eagerness he overdoes the matter and only makes stronger the testimony given by the witness-in-chief.

The following story illustrates the exceeding cleverness of one of our leading counsel in this respect. A wealthy family in the West had an only son who came to an Eastern city and engaged in business. He left the West an unmarried man and lived for some years in the East. So far as his family knew he never married, but on his death a woman claimed to have been his wife, and sought a widow's share of his property. She had no certificate of marriage nor was there any registry of it. Most of the family, in order to avoid publicity, were willing to allow her something in compromise of her claim, but the mother, proud of the honor of her family, repudiated the idea of her son's clandestine marriage, and determined to fight the claim. On the trial it was shown that although the son frequently visited his home in the West, he never brought his alleged wife, never spoke of her, never suggested the fact of marriage; and the mother, testifying to all these facts, insisted that it was impossible that her son could have married without informing her, with whom he had been all his life on the most confidential terms, of the fact. After she had finished her testimony in chief she was turned over to the opposing counsel for cross-examination. She faced him with an air of determination as though she expected a protracted and bitter cross-examination and was ready to contest every inch. With the utmost deference and courtesy he said, "I understood you to say that your son was an honorable man." Quick as a flash the proud mother straightened herself up and replied, "The soul of honor, sir; the soul of honor." "That is all," was the counsel's comment, and the mother left the stand, astonished at his brevity. It appeared, however, in the case that the son had introduced this woman into the society of the city where he lived as his wife, had taken her to a hotel, registering himself and wife, and when counsel came to argue the case to the jury, the burden of his successful argument was that this man was the soul of honor and could not have done such a thing unless it was true, as she claimed, that they had been married.

The question is often asked, Is not commercialism destroying the character of the profession? Doubtless it has its hurtful influence. The golden calf has many worshipers both in and out of the profession. Indeed, it could hardly be expected that the community generally would be affected and lawyers escape untouched. It is said that it affects the legal profession more than others. It may be that its effect is more obvious, but there are sufficient reasons therefor, — and this without referring to the slurs sometimes cast upon the doctor and the minister. First, the lawyer is placed in more intimate touch with the intense business life of the day. He sees the great pecuniary rewards and how they are gained, and naturally is moved by an impulse to obtain the same for himself. Again, the legal profession is overcrowded. Multitudes of law schools scattered all over the land are annually turning out thousands of disciples of Blackstone. By reason of this multitude the struggle for subsistence becomes more intense, and in such a struggle the character of the means employed

is not infrequently ignored. On the other hand, the pulpit is not crowded. Indeed, the supply scarcely equals the demand. The doctors multiply almost as fast as lawyers, yet the sick-room does not afford the same publicity as the court-room, and while the doctor not infrequently graduates his charges by the wealth of his patient, he has not yet acquired the boldness of the lawyer in so dealing with his client. This rush into the profession is not to be wholly condemned, nor need we unduly lament the fact that a good farmer is sometimes spoiled to make a poor lawyer or doctor. Indeed, the eagerness to seek a professional life is evidence of a growing desire on the part of the young for the better things of life. They do not wish to give their time and strength to mere manual labor or even that which requires a preponderance of such labor. It is akin to the feeling which sends so many from the country into the city, and which makes it so difficult to induce those in the city, even the destitute, to go back. They realize that country life means not only constant and severe work, but large social isolation, while with all the privations they endure in the city they see the wondrous things of our high civilization. They are themselves part of its often thrillingly interesting life; and they prefer to enjoy even a vision of that, with all their privations, rather than to return to the solitude and toil of country life. Let us remember that every aspiration and struggle to secure a higher and better life is worthy of commendation rather than condemnation, whatever may be the result of the aspiration and struggle. The eager, enthusiastic American youth is not content to be always a hewer of wood and a drawer of water. He looks forward to becoming a potent factor in the marvelous life of the republic.

It must also be borne in mind that the thoughtful men of the profession are striving to put additional safeguards around their ranks, which will prevent the entrance of, and also remove after entrance, the unworthy and incompetent; and at the same time lift up its character. The time was, and that at no distant day, when a very brief study was sufficient to secure a license to practice law or medicine. Indeed, for a while one state in the Union authorized admission to the bar on a mere certificate of good character and without any evidence of a knowledge of the law. I was myself admitted to the bar before I was allowed to vote. In other words, the great state of New York, through its constituted authorities, certified that I was qualified to advise my fellow-citizens concerning their legal rights and remedies before it would permit me to hold office or even to cast a ballot. More stringent rules are everywhere now adopted. Longer periods of study, careful examinations, are insisted upon; and wisely so, for the problems of law and medicine are daily becoming more difficult, and clients and patients should not be called upon to suffer from the ignorance of counsel or physician, or to pay by their sufferings for the education of either. Not only in respect to the admission but also to the subsequent conduct is there increased watchfulness. Bar and medical associations exist all over the country, keeping watch upon their brethren, exposing wrong and bringing to just punishment the wrongdoer. Wide and potent is the influence they exert in maintaining the good character of the professions. At the meeting of the American Bar Association, which is the national representative of the profession, held in 1905, a committee was appointed to report upon the advisability and practicability of a code of professional ethics, and its report recently presented is worthy of notice. After affirming the advisability of such a code and denouncing the conduct of some lawyers, it adds, —

"Members of the Bar, like judges, are officers of the courts, and like judges should hold office only during good behavior. 'Good behavior' should not be a vague, meaningless or shadowy term, devoid of practical application save in flagrant cases. It should be defined and

measured by such ethical standards, however high, as are necessary to keep the administration of justice pure and unsullied. Such standards may be crystallized into a written code of professional organizations, local or national, formed, as is the American Bar Association, to promote the administration of justice and uphold the honor of the profession. Such a code in time will doubtless become of very great practical value by leading to action through the judiciary; for the courts may, as conditions warrant, require all candidates for the Bar to subscribe a suitable and reasonable canon of ethics as a condition precedent to admission. If this be done, the courts will be in an indisputable position to enforce, through suspension or disbarment, the observance of proper ethical conduct on the part of the members of the Bar so admitted. Indeed, eventually the people, for the welfare of the community and to further the administration of justice, may, either by constitutional provisions or legislative enactments, demand that all, before being granted by the state the valuable franchise to practice, shall take an oath to support not only the constitution, but such canons of ethics as may be established by law."

Such a declaration from that body is assurance that the profession recognizes that there is an ideal lawyer, and that it intends that no one shall be tolerated who does not possess one at least of the elements of such a lawyer, to wit: a high moral character.

I know that we hear of enormous fees. The oft-told story of the Jewish and Christian lawyer is suggestive. The two were employed in a single case. When it was finished, the former said that he thought their fee for the service rendered should be five hundred dollars, to be divided equally between them. The latter said, "Well, leave it to me." A few days thereafter he gave to the former a check for fifteen hundred dollars as his half of the fee collected. As the Jew received the check he looked at it carefully, and then at his Christian brother and said, "Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian." But the size of the fee is not always a decisive test of a spirit of commercialism. A fee, though large, may be justified by the difficulties of the case, the amount involved, and the length of time given to the service. There is no reason why great abilities in any profession, and successful conduct of difficult undertakings, should not be handsomely rewarded.

Neither should it be forgotten that in all the great charitable, educational, and religious movements the lawyer is present as counsel and guide, one without whose assistance many of them would fail; and that in them he acts without other compensation than that rich reward which comes from the consciousness of having striven to help others. In conclusion on this branch, let me say that while it must be confessed that the spirit of commercialism has touched the profession, as it has touched all other kinds of business, yet there is an active, aggressive movement on the part of the members of the bar to counteract its demoralizing influence, and to make the profession an abiding-place of men of the highest personal character.

Finally, it may be said that the true lawyer never forgets the obligations which he as a lawyer owes to the republic, that he always remembers that he is a citizen. In a general way it may be said that the duties of citizenship rest upon all, and that no one in this republic can ever ignore those duties and yet claim to live an ideal life. This may be conceded. But there are special obligations resting upon the profession, and this because of its prominence in public affairs. That prominence demands not alone the ordinary duties of citizenship, but also higher and special duties. The lawyer may not content himself with saying that he attended the primaries and there as well as at the election voted in response to his convictions. He must never forget that his local prominence gives importance to his views

and that his official recognition throws higher responsibilities. While acting for the people, certainly no less fidelity, courage, and wisdom are required than may be called for by an individual client. Indeed, when the possible outcome of his actions rises before him, the true lawyer will respond with a devotion, than which nothing can be more supreme and controlling. He is not simply vindicating one individual. He is prescribing the rules by which the rights of multitudes for years may be determined. On his actions may hang the weal or woe of communities, nay more, even of the nation itself. He who truly loves his country, rejoices in its past, and looks forward hopefully to all that it may yet be and do, must assume the burdens of legislation with a solemn sense of responsibility, or be numbered among the unworthy. That this republic has prospered so wondrously is evidence that the lawyer has not been found faithless in the past.

But aside from this responsibility is that which attends the administration of justice. Bench and bar are all of the profession. There are some lawyers, it is true, who regard the judge as the only representative and agent of justice, and themselves as free to act in any manner, worthy or unworthy, which they think will be of profit. But the ideal lawyer never forgets that he is an officer of the court, and that he as well as the judge is responsible for the just outcome of every trial. It has been well said that we are all workers on the loom of time, fashioning the fabric of civilization. The humblest as well as the highest has his shuttle and runs his thread into and through the fabric. And as we look upon the fabric of our American civilization in this morning of the twentieth century, we may well be proud of its splendor. To the thoughtful mind, nothing in the material world can compare with it in richness of beauty. But with that beauty it will crumble and fade like the civilizations of ancient times unless through all its warp and woof there run the golden threads of universal, equal, and exact justice. Beneath the fabric the weakest must rest in perfect security, and the strongest must never dare to break a thread. These golden threads it is the special work of the profession to run, and the ideal lawyer's threads will be as pure and clean as the sunlight, and stronger than the wildest passions of the most gigantic enemy of social justice.

I noticed in the papers a prediction, said to have been made by a distinguished lawyer of Chicago, that in eight hundred years there would be no lawyers. Prophecy is a lost art, and eight centuries are a long time for measuring the results of acting social forces. But from the lessons of the times I venture the prediction that at the end of the eight centuries the lawyer will not only exist, but be nearer the summit of social life than to-day. Criminals will be found, for that day beheld by the Seer of Patmos in which the new Jerusalem shall descend out of Heaven from God, adorned as a bride for her husband, will even then be a far-off day. As civilization with its marvelous inventions and great achievements advances, business and social relations will become more complex, and the wise, close student of the law will ever be sought by the most honest of men for advice as to their respective rights and obligations. Legislation, necessarily adjusting itself to the varied conditions of life, will require the most carefully trained minds. International relations, now so often settled by force, will be determined by the law. Right rather than might will be the rule, and he who by his study and training can most fully respond to the needs of the individual, the public, and the nation in these respects, — in other words, the cultured and able lawyer, — will be given the chief place in human life. And I may add, he only will be recognized and welcomed who carries into the performance of these duties that high moral character which I have given as the first element of the ideal lawyer.

So I sum the matter up with the state-

ment that the ideal lawyer will be thoroughly honest in all his relations to individuals and the public; that he will be a constant student; that he must possess brain power and common sense; and that he will never forget that he is a citizen, and that the weal or woe of the public depends largely on his loyalty to high ideals.

Does any profession appeal more strongly than that of the lawyer? The minister speaks for the life beyond. The doctor cares for our bodies. But the lawyer takes social and business men as they are, and strives to adjust their actions to the present wellbeing of all. Truly, without disparagement, I may claim for the profession to which I have given fifty years of constant devotion, that it makes high appeal to every brainy, honest young American; and add that to the great roll-call in the last assize the response of the ideal lawyer will be, Ever present and on duty.

SOME UNPUBLISHED CORRESPONDENCE OF DAVID GARRICK

EDITED BY GEORGE P. BAKER

[In June, 1899, a collection of some sixty-six letters and MSS. of David Garrick was offered for sale at Sotheby's Auction Rooms, London. The material had been collected by William Wright, a racing man, who, having the fad of extra-illustrating, had gathered for that purpose this collection and many other letters, some of them not concerning Garrick. Nearly all the letters and MSS. of the set, and a number of others by Garrick offered at the same time, were bought by Mr. J. H. Leigh, owner of a rich collection of theatrical portraits and memorabilia. Originally it was his intention to use his purchases for extra-illustrating, but as soon as their unusual value became apparent, he decided to keep the letters and MSS. together, and, when urged to print them, very courteously put the collection at the disposal of the editor for such publication as he should think best. The letters interestingly fill gaps in Boaden's huge and inept *Private Correspondence of David Garrick*, make important corrections in the biographies of Garrick, and throw much light on the man himself. In these two articles some forty letters and MSS. are printed, and for the first time. Of the remaining letters and MSS. in the collection, but not here reprinted, two letters have already been printed by Boaden, two bits of verse are already known, one letter concerns Garrick only indirectly, and the rest of the letters deal with unimportant business or social details. For the purpose of serial publication in the *Atlantic* a few letters have been omitted, as well as the numerous footnotes, biographical, bibliographical, and elucidative, which have been prepared by the editor. These will be reinstated when the letters are issued in book form. Defective places in the MSS. have been filled, but always in brackets.]

I

THE MAN AND HIS FRIENDS

"THAT young man never had his equal, and never will," cried critical Alexander Pope, on first seeing David Garrick act. Certainly the success of this young man of twenty-five was phenomenal. When he had had no more experience of the stage than one or two half surreptitious London performances and a brief summer season at Ipswich, he made his London début at Goodman's Fields Theatre, hitherto unsuccessful, and three or four miles from the fashionable centre of the town. How could he hope that his acting should at once set the town astir? Yet that is what his Richard III, first acted October 19, 1741, did. His insight, honest methods, his humor, his power, — in a word, his genius, — were more and more steadily

acclaimed as the season advanced. His second year of acting found him at Drury Lane, a favorite of the best, intellectually and socially, in London. By the autumn of 1747 he had become one of the managers of Drury Lane; by 1752, when he first crossed to the Continent for a vacation, he had become personally known to the artistic world of Paris. In brief, from 1741 till his death in April, 1779, honored and even sincerely mourned, he was one of the foremost figures of his time.

He was, too, one of the busiest, for not only must he act his many parts each season, — sometimes as many as one hundred, — watch over the business interests of Drury Lane, train young actors and actresses, sit for innumerable portraits, thread his way through a maze of social obligations, and read the piles of manuscript plays submitted to him, but he chose to tinker many of these plays, as well as to write plays of his own, and to turn out much occasional verse, — not merely prologues and epilogues, but epigrams and congratulatory or controversial stanzas. In addition, in those days when each man wrote his own letters, he was a voluminous correspondent. In the South Kensington Museum is a collection of some 2200 letters to and from Garrick, and these can be but a part of his correspondence, for poor indeed is the collection of autographs which has not something of his.

So varied were his powers, so mercurial was his temperament, that he has been a difficult subject for his biographers, and the portrait of him acceptable to a critical yet sympathetic student of his time remains to be drawn. His latest biographer, Joseph Knight, says of him, in closing his *Life:* "A curiously complex, interesting and diversified character is that of Garrick. Fully to bring it before the world might have taxed his own powers of exposition." Naturally, as a result of this complexity, many in his own day, and since, have failed to understand him; naturally, too, his great success made him intense enemies. Consequently he was not only directly vilified, but more insidiously attacked with the anecdote which told, not what his enemies knew to be true, but what they wished to have believed true. As a man he was, of course, said to be jealous, parsimonious, a toady to rank and title; as a manager, uninterested in the development of the drama as drama, arrogating to himself all the best lines, hard to his actors, etc., — in fact, guilty of the whole list of sins, in each decade, charged up by enemies against the popular actor or actress. These accusations against Garrick the letters of the Leigh collection do much to refute.

Before Garrick settled down to his life-work, he restlessly considered several means of winning his livelihood. The chief plan was the establishment, in 1737, with his brother Peter, of a wine business. David was to manage the London end, in Durham Yard, and Peter the business at Lichfield, the home of the Garricks. The Yard was near Drury Lane, and the associations were those most likely to foster the love of the theatre which showed as early as the age of ten, when, with a company of his playmates, he gave Farquhar's *Recruiting Officer*. Fitzgerald reports Garrick as saying that all that kept him from going on the stage was the pain he knew the step would mean to his mother. If, as his biographers report, she died very shortly after her husband, in 1737–38, this could not have been the only check, for the final step did not come till 1741. The fact is, the following letter shows that his mother did not die till 1740, probably not long after the date heading the letter. It is significant that the following spring shows Garrick producing the rough draft of his farce *Lethe*, and acting at St. John's Gate in Fielding's *Mock Doctor* and a burlesque of *Julius Cæsar*, and that the following summer brings his Ipswich experience.

The words, "I should be glad of some orders," of the last line of the postscript show that there was another incentive besides an instinct for the stage to force Garrick into acting.

Sepbr. ye 4th. 1740.

Dear Peter.

I have receiv'd Gifffard's Note safe, & he returns his Thanks & will pay you ye Expences You have been at when he sees you. Mr Hassell's shew'd me Yesterday a Letter from his Father wherein he mentions his having pa[id] You ye Money I lay'd down for him, if It is pay'd I must desire you to Send Me up a Bill asoon as possible, For Cash is rather Low & Brounker wants his Money, pray let me have It asoon as possible. I am very uneasy till you send Me a particular Acc't of my Mother; I hear by Severall hands she is in great Danger, pray my Duty, & I desire nothing may be conceal'd from Me. Doctor James is come to Town for good & all, I [hope] he 'll do very well. pray My Services [to Mr.] Nadal's Family, Love & Services to Brothers & Sisters & believe me

Dear Peter
Yrs. sincerely
D. Garrick.

The Ale I have receiv'd safe. ye Carriage came in all to about 11 shillings I believe I will[1] prove good.

I should be glad of some Orders.

Much mystery surrounds the origin of Eva Maria Violette, whom Garrick married on June 22, 1749. One story says she was "the daughter of the Earl of Burlington and a young Italian lady of position, after whose death in Florence she was compelled to take to the stage as a dancer for a livelihood. Her father had, it is said, looked with care after her education, but the money he forwarded for her use had been misapplied by his agents. As a means of getting her near him, he used his influence to secure her a London engagement, and then induced his legitimate daughter, subsequently the Duchess of Devonshire, to accept her as a companion." Another story "represents her as the daughter of a Viennese citizen, called Veigel, a name for which, at the request of Maria Theresa, she substituted that of Violette, the name of Veigel being a *patois* corruption of Veilchen, a violet. She was, however, unfortunate enough to attract the eye of the Emperor, and was hurriedly dispatched to England out of his way." What is certain is that she was so skilled a dancer on her arrival in London in 1746 that Walpole spoke of her as the finest in the world; that she became the fashion; that she was admitted to the best houses; and that the Burlingtons especially patronized her, Lady Burlington waiting for her in the wings when she was on. The story goes that Mlle. Violette saw Garrick act and fell so desperately in love with him that she became ill. The doctor summoned discovered the real situation, and, putting the case as a matter of life and death won the reluctant consent of Lady Burlington, who had designed to make a titled alliance for the girl. Clearly we have here the germ of the story which in various languages has been given dramatic presentation, and is best known as Robertson's *David Garrick*. Whatever the beginning of the affair, Garrick pressed his suit with ardor, some accounts asserting that once he even disguised himself in woman's clothes in order to elude the watchfulness of Lady Burlington. That he was much in love is shown not only by the letter which follows but by all the many years of perfect companionship which ensued. The following letter certainly shows that Garrick had no memories of serious opposition from Lady Burlington — *pace* the biographers — and that she was so well satisfied with the match that she evidently had been addressing him as *gendre* and *beau-fils*. Probably these terms are not to be taken too seriously, or they will go far to establish the relationship alleged between the Violette and Lord Burlington. The letter certainly favors, in its "our Mother at Vienna," the Viennese origin. It is a particularly characteristic letter of Gar-

[1] Probably *it will*. The two words are run together.

rick in his gayer mood, and shows how thoroughly he could put himself into his writing.

MERTON, Augst. 3d

I had this Day the Honr. of your Lady ship's Letter, dated from Londesburgh, which is the first I have been favour'd with, or at least that has come to my hand. I am affraid *that* from Chatsworth is miscarried if it was directed to ye Porter at Burlington House. I am sorry your Ladp makes no mention of a Letter of Mine wth Mr. Moore's Verses; it is something very Extraordinary to have two Letters lost in the space of a Week — what Answer can I possibly make to the Words, *being troublesome, & too importunate?;* this surely is so like Irony, that were I not well acquainted with your Ladp's goodness & Disposition, I should feel it much; Your Desire Madam of receiving News from Us, & about Us, cannot possibly equal our Joy & Pride in sending it: to give my Reasons for this Assertion I know would not be agreable to yr Ladp & tho *You* are too apt to forget such things as I hint at, yet I hope *We* shall always have Grace enough to remember 'Em. I shall be very carefull for ye future how I declare My Senti-me[nts] of some certain Persons, & tho I have a right from Every principle of Morality, & by ye Laws of Gratitu[de], yet my heart shall burst rather than . . . overf[low] & Give offence — yet sure I may be permitted to transcribe a part of a Letter I receiv'd last week upon this Subject — A most worthy friend of Mine sent me his Congratulations upon my Marria[ge] & desir'd to know whether Your Ladyp was for, or against Me; in his Reply to my answer, he hath these Words, (wch. I set down most faithfully) "I am not at all surpriz'd at Lady B——'s great and generous Behaviour to You, for I have a List in my heart (I am sorry I cannot say it is a long one) of those who, I imagine to have great Souls, and her Ladyp (tho I have not ye honour of knowing her personally,) stands very high in that List." You see Madam tho I am forbid to open my own Mouth on this Subject, I can speak from those of other People, which will be almost as troublesome; with this difference indeed, that I can bring proofs positive, of what they hold in Supposition only. Since I must not indulge Myself as I ought, & would do, upon this favourite topick, I hope I may have recourse to another, which is, that of praising Myself, *who, I myself (as Benedick says) will bear Witness is praise worthy* in this particular; I am so truly sensible of Every honour & Favour conferr'd upon Me, that even My Wife (belov'd as She is) cannot *Ingross* my Heart & thoughts: when we are alone, (which we think our happiest Moments) Your Lp comes as naturally in our Conversation, as our Words: this is ye time we speak the Language of our hearts, & no Wonder that *You* make the chief part of our Conversation. I own I have some vanity, & when it is so deliciously fed with *Gendre* & *beau fils*, how is it possible to confine it in decent bounds? I know who must answer for ye Consequences I have taken care of ye Lettr to Mr. Keith, & I will likewise take care that our Mother at Vienna (for whom I have the greatest tenderness) shall be made happy with regard to her Daughter; did she know my thoughts, she would be very Easy; but as it is very natural for her to have apprehensions, so I shall look upon it as my Duty to quiet 'em, as soon as possible: I love & regar[d] Every Body that belongs to her, & I flatter Myself that they will have Nothing to be sorry for, but the Loss of her, which (I can feel) must be no small Matter of Concern to 'Em. — The Gardiner sent us a Pine Apple & Melon Yesterday; the first we made a present of, to our good Neighbour, Mr. Metcalf; we are very happy in his Acquaintan[ce] Mr. Blyth din'd with us some Days ago, & a very civil sensible Man he is, & without Priesthood & Bigottry [;] he seems pleas'd that Martin has left us, he did not like her, & gave us his reasons; he

would have been much oblig'd to Lord Burlington for some Franks —

There is a very odd Story goes about of the Miss Draxes (I don't know how to spell ye name) at Greenwich, & some young Gentlemen; the Family is in great disorder about it; it makes a great Noise in Town, & I am affraid (tho very unaccountable) that it is not merely Report. Does not your Ladp perceive what Lengths I run from your Indulgence to Me? not content with four full Sides of Scribble, I am beginning a fifth! & where my Impertinence will end I cannot guess; The Family of ye *Allets* won't try your Patience half so much as I shall; I have had a full Description of 'em from a very good Painter, & most sincerely wish it was in my Power to Ease you of such an intolerable Tax upon yr. Goodnature—

Your Ladp. knows by this, that we have receiv'd your two last Letters from Londesburgh; they came to us this Morng. at Breakfast, I could heartily wish you had seen the Sudden Change of our Faces, & of the whole Œconomy of ye Tea Table—What we *think* was then to be *seen*, which surpasses Every thing we can *Say!* till we had read our Letters, & Each had read the Other's, more than once, the Breakfast was at a Stand! Mr. Maud's best Green cool'd in ye Cups, the Two Slices of Bread & Butter, (round the Loaf, and proportionably thick) which are cut & Eaten by Madam Garrick Every Morning, lay neglected & forgot! Mr. George who had been out shooting & ready to Eat his Fingers, sat with his Mouth open; till finding no probability of our returning soon to what he lik'd better, feloniously purloined one of the Lady's Slices, which occasion'd such a Battle, that had not I interpos'd, poor George's head & the China had Suffer'd — however, as we have very little Malice among us, Matters are reconcil'd, & ye family is at peace.

You see Madam what danger there is in *overcharging us with Joy*, (as Shakespear terms it); we are transported with *one* Letter, & out of our Wits at two — I cannot think the Miscarriage of that to Me about ye Verses, is owing to any Neglect at Burlington house, I am affraid It was very *awkwardly* put in at Chatsworth; I live in some hopes to see it yet, tho it is a *tedious Letter* I will very good natur'dly take *the trouble* of reading it. I beg you would keep ye Verses, & I Wish I knew yr. opinion of 'em; they are much admir'd in Town by the beaux Esprits. the same Gentleman (Mr. Moore) has sent Mrs. Garrick his *Fables for the female Sex* very finely bound indeed, & in the first Leaf are these four Lines to her:

TO MRS. GARRICK

Fine Binding! and but little in 't!
No matter, 't is a Friend in Print:
The Cover 's only for your View,
The Inside cannot tutor You.

I hope by this time the hurt receiv'd by the Two Accidents is well over; I have some fear for my Lord's Foot, & we all felt for your Ladyp's Eyelid—let my advice be follow'd, & It will hinder such Accidents for the future—If your Ladp. would amuse Yourself with a *Pen*, instead of a *Gun*, there would arise no Danger to yourself, & much Benefit to others, and if Mr. John Peters will be so kind to help his Memory by cutting of his Hair, or Mr. Knowlton will be so good to give his opinion of things himself, My Lord may live Many Years longer, & Numbers be the better for it.

I am glad yr. Ladp. approves of our Excuses to Lord & Lady Cobham, we have had other Invitations, & upon our not accepting th[em] we are told, Nothing but Chiswick will go down, & upon My Word they are in the right: we were going the other Night in Imagination to Londesburgh, & a Sweet Journey we had, *My Lady* was very near Desiring to make it real, but such Objections arose, that we were oblig'd to See It, only in the *Mind's Eye.* your Ladyp mentions in *her* Lett[r] something about Mr. Paysant & ye Gazette, I rec'd no Such Lettr. or Order, & Suppose it was Sent in the Unfortunate packet from Chats-

worth — Now for some News of very little Consequence — My Lord Radnor plagu'd our hearts to dine with him, we at last agreed (for we hate to dine from home) & he had invited the Parson's Wife to meet Mrs. Garrick — but such a Dinner so dress'd & so serv'd up in unscour'd Pewter, we never Saw; the Wine was worse, but made somewhat better by the dead flies, in Short, we were soon both sick & unsatisfy'd; & we rattled the one horse chair home as fast as we could, where we recruited our Spirits again, with a clean Cloth, two roasted Pigeons, and the best currant Pye in ye Kingdom, the county of York excepted. However My Lord was Extreamly civil, & mighty obliging in *his* way — There is a Report, which is believ'd by Many, that Lord Granville is got into the Ministry — Your Lp. will see by ye Enclos'd Prints, that a Much greater Man is attack'd upon his amours, — the little Savoyard Girl was certainly in ye forest: & it is confidently affirm'd, that she refus'd some Offers; she tells the Story & grinds her Musick for half a Crown in the purlieus of Covt. Garden — The other Print, is a second & more Accurate Description of Miss C——'s dress, some say laughingly, that this is publish'd by herself, to vindicate her Decency from false Imputations; the Gentleman talking to her in ye Domino, may be known by his Hat — what shall I now Say, for Sending yr. Ladp. such an incoherent Medley, such an unconnected illwritten Jumble of triffles; to return your Ladp. Counters for Sterling is no great Proof of my Modesty — I pay wt I have, & am happy they Will be receiv'd — I would write My Lettrs better, but a lame thumb, & a natural Carelessness hinder Me — however I shall be contented if through all this, your Ladp. sees, what I really am,

Your most Dutifull
& Gratefull Servant
D. Garrick.

At the time of the marriage it was reported that the settlement was £10,000, the Burlingtons providing six and Garrick four. Fitzgerald notes that Mr. Carr, Garrick's solicitor, "seemed to say that Mrs. Garrick denied ever receiving money from the Burlingtons, adding that she had only the interest of £6000, which was paid to her by the Duke of Devonshire." His son married a daughter of Lady Burlington, so that the Duke might naturally have been a trustee for the settlement. "It would seem probable, therefore, that the money came from Germany, furnished by the same high interest which had sent her to England." The marriage settlement, in the Leigh collection, throws needed light on these conflicting guesses. It shows that though Garrick settled £10,000 on Mrs. Garrick he had previously received from Lady Burlington £5000 as Mrs. Garrick's wedding portion.

Not long after the early triumphs, Garrick began to figure among the literary men of the time. In the following letter to Samuel Richardson, acknowledging the present of the three volumes of *Clarissa Harlowe*, Garrick's phrase at the opening of the third paragraph seems to thank the author for some compliment paid him in the third volume of the novel; but as none appears in it, he must mean merely to thank Richardson for the compliment which the present means. The letter is especially interesting for its evidence of one weakness from which no apologist can probably free Garrick, his morbid self-consciousness that kept him throughout his life far too alert for what the world might think or say of his actions. But, after all, that is the price which nearly every actor must pay for his endowment of double consciousness, the one creating, the other ever critically guiding by instinct and by closest observation of effects produced on the public.

Monday Decbr. 12th 1748

Dear Sir, —

Give me leave to return you my thanks for the three Vols. of *Clarissa*, & to confess to you how asham'd & sorry I am,

that I have not seen you for so long a time.

I would not have you imagine, I am so sillily ceremonious, to insist upon seeing you first in King's Street: I hate such formal doings; nor indeed am I so little Self interested to debar Myself the Pleasure of seeing You because you are too indolent to come to Me —

The honour you have done Me (& I do most sincerely think it a great one) in yr. last Volume, has flatter'd me extreamly; and had not a Visit from Me immedeately [on] the Receipt of Your present, appear'd m[ore] the Effect of your favours, than my Friendship I had seen you last Week; but as I ha[ve] now kept from you a decent time, I will wait upon you soon to thank you i[n] Person for your last good Offices to Me

I am
Dear Sir
Yr most Obedient
humble Serva[nt]
D. Garrick

Early in 1766, Samuel Foote, probably the cleverest mimic of his day, met with an accident which seemed at first likely to incapacitate him as an actor. Visiting at Lord Mexborough's with the Duke of York and a party of men of rank, he foolishly boasted that he could ride as well as most men he had known. Of course, he was given a chance to show his skill, and on a particularly mettlesome horse of the Duke's. It promptly threw him with such violence as to fracture one of his legs in two places. Amputation became necessary. Later, however, he became so expert with his cork leg that it in no way interfered with his career.

Though at the time of the accident Foote was manager of the Little Theatre in the Haymarket, formerly he had been a member of the Drury Lane company. There he had learned that his bludgeon wit could make Garrick acutely miserable, and had often delighted to make him writhe. Indeed, it is to him that we owe most of the stories of Garrick's stinginess. Nevertheless, when Foote met with the accident, Garrick at once wrote in the kindest manner, saying, "Should you be prevented from pursuing any plan for the theatre, I am wholly at your service, and will labour in your vineyard for you, in any capacity, till you are able to do it so much better for yourself." And he signs himself, "with warmest wishes for your recovery, Your most sincere friend and humble servant." Foote's answer to this seems to have brought another kind letter from Garrick, for Foote writes this very friendly reply on March 2, 1766. Yet Dr. Kenrick, the most diabolical of Garrick's detractors, dared in some verses to make Garrick refer to this very accident thus:

"Curse on his horse! One leg, but one to break."

Mch 2.

Dear Sir.

Before I had the favor of yours I had discoverd the Blunder with regard to My Letter it is transmitted to you by this Post. Davie's Letter was a noble present indeed, pray can you conceive what he means by the necessity he now supposes me under of growing speedily rich. if one could suspect so grave sententious and respectable a Character of the Vice of Punning I should imagine his insinuation to be that now I have but one leg it won't be so easy for me to run out, but here perhaps like Warburton on Shakespear I have found out a meaning the Author never had.

I was ever of opinion that you would find the Bath Waters a Specific. Sir Francis Delaval and Lady Deb Stanhope are particularly happy that you have Chosen this time, for say they Cannon park is between the two Roads to Bath, Andover, and Newberry, to Bagshot Basing Stoke Overton then four Miles to Cannon Park where you dine and lye then six Miles to Newberry and so on I wont tell you what my Wishes are upon this Occasion nor indeed any body here, for ever since I have been ill they have

refused Me every one thing that I have lik'd, I thank you for your Comedy Lady Stanhope has seen it and is Charmd, but I am determind not to look at a line, till I am quite out of Pain.

You will have this Letter by Capt Millbank who is calld to Town by an Appointment in Pye's Squadron for the West Indies; I think I am something better than when I wrote you my last tho I have not been free from Pain one minute since my Cruel Misfortune, nor slept a Wink without the Assistance of Laudanum. the People below expect to see you on Wednesday — you must allow for and indeed allmost decypher my Letters, but then consider my Dear Sir thirty days upon my Back: &c &c &c. I assure you it is with great difficulty, and many shifts I am obligd to make to be able to scribble at all. little Derrick will give the Etiquet of the Bath, and be exceedin[g]ly useful. . . . . I am quite exhausted, God Bless you Sir

SAMLE FOOTE

Cannon Park, Mar 2d

Between September, 1764, and April, 1765, Garrick was on the Continent, where, especially in Paris, his reception was a triumph. "Actors, dramatists, artists, were all carried away by his vivacity and charm. A record of his friends is a mere list of the celebrities of Paris." What is more remarkable is that Garrick, even in his exceedingly busy life, managed to keep up many of the friendships made at this time, writing in fluent if not always perfect French to his friends. Among these friends was Préville, of the Théâtre Français, of whom Garrick wrote from Paris in 1765 with almost unqualified enthusiasm. "He is rather a little man but well made; of a fair complexion, and looks remarkably neat upon the stage. . . . His face is very round, and his features when unanimated by his *vis comica*, have no marks of drollery. He is, though one of the most spirited comedians I ever saw, *by nature* of a grave cast of mind; and . . . he is a man of parts independent of the stage, and understands his profession thoroughly. . . . It is no small honour to Preville to say that he is always out of his sphere when he is out of nature. However, play what he will, he has such a peculiar pleasantry, that it must be agreeable to the generality of spectators. No comedian ever had a more happy manner in saying little things, but made capital by his comic power and excellence in pantomime — his genius never appears more to advantage, than when the author leaves him to shift for himself; it is then Preville supplies the poet's deficiencies, and will throw a truth and brilliancy into his character, which the author never imagined. In short, he is not what may be called a mere *local* actor, whose talents can only give pleasure at Paris; his comic powers are felt equally by Frenchmen and strangers: and as there are particular virtues which constitute a man a citizen of the world, so there are comic talents, such as those of Preville, which make him a comedian of the world." (Boaden.)

The incident referred to by Garrick in the opening paragraph of the following letter has often been told to illustrate his care for detail: "Returning on horseback with Préville from the Bois de Boulogne, Garrick said: 'Let us both imitate drunkenness.' This was done while passing through the village of Passy. Not a word was spoken, but the village emptied itself, to see two intoxicated cavaliers. Young folk derided them, women cried out for fear they would fall from their horses, and old men shrugged their shoulders in pity, or burst into laughter, according to their temperaments.

"'How have I acquitted myself, O Master?' said Préville, as they issued from the village. 'Well, very well,' said Garrick; 'but you were not drunk in your legs.'"

LONDRES Janvier 7e. 1775

Ne m'avez vous pas oublié cher Campagnon en ivresse? n'avez vous pas oub-

lié nos expeditions romanesques sur les boulevars, quand les tailleurs de pierre devenoint plus pierre que leurs ouvrages En admiration de nos folies ? — si je suis Encore Assez heureux d'avoir une place dans votre memoire permettez moi de vous recommander le fils de mon Ami particulier, pour avoir le plaisir de voir le grand favori de Theatre dans son propre Caractere.

Aije assez d'interest avec vous, de vous soliciter pour votre permission et amitié de vous voir tems en tems sur le theatre ? — si en retour, vous voulez m'envoyez une demi douzaine de vos amis les portes de teatre royal de Drury Lane, et de ma maison seront aussi ouverts que mes bras de les recevoir — faites mille et mille complimens a Madame votre femme de la part de Made Garrick et de son Mari — je suis avec le plus grande consideration pour vos talens rares, et vraiment dramatiques

votre tres humble
Serviteur et ami
D. Garrick.

Excusez je vous prie que jaye envoyè mes regards (et services) dans le plus mauvais français.

Hannah More once said of Garrick: "I suppose he had more what we may call particular friends than any man in England." One of the perfect friendships to which Garrick could look back as his life closed, was that of thirty years with the Rev. John Hoadley. A group of six letters of Garrick to Hoadley in the Leigh Collection show that in 1746 it was still in the stage of "Dear Sir" at the beginning of the letters. Four of these six letters antedate the first of many letters by Dr. Hoadley printed in Boaden, and all are by Garrick. John Hoadley and Benjamin were sons of Bishop Hoadley, the famous controversialist, who is more than once mentioned in the letters as "The Bishop." Both the sons had a strong liking for the stage. Benjamin's *The Suspicious Husband* is often ranked with Cibber's *Provoked Husband*, Colman and Garrick's *Clandestine Marriage*, Goldsmith's *She Stoops to Conquer*, and Sheridan's *School for Scandal*, as the five significant comedies of the eighteenth century. John's fondness for things theatrical lasted with his life, and his letters are always full of suggestions for new plays or adaptations of old ones. It is said, so great was his fondness for plays, that no visitor could be long in his house without an urgent request to act in something. When Sir Walter Scott applied the name Rigdum Funnidos (a courtier in Henry Carey's farce *Crononhotonthologos*) to Ballantyne, the publisher, he described him as "a quick, active, intrepid little fellow, full of fun, merriment all over, and humorous mimicry." Garrick had evidently much the same picture in mind in applying the name, in the first of the set of six letters, to John Hoadley, for his letters to Garrick show that the description fitted him. The delightful combination in him of hard sense and sentiment is admirably shown by the following from his last letter to the actor, dated February 22, 1776: "I hear the Poet Laureate [Whitehead] has lately offered you a comedy, which you refused. I suppose, duller as he grows older. I hear it had great merit, but you did not care to hazard it; particularly objecting to a character as unnatural, of a man who marries for love, and afterward wants to get rid of his wife. I take for granted his management had made it unnatural; for there cannot be a character more in nature or more frequent. It is seldom that men who marry for love have much more in their eye than the *person* of the lady, which is not foundation strong enough for a very lasting superstructure — or the opposition he meets with commonly from parents, etc. makes him more obstinate and resolved to carry on the siege —or, etc. You will say I write this with no very good grace when I tell you, yesterday (Ashwednesday poor Ben's birthday too) we two poor souls had been married forty years, and agreed we would do the same the next morning. And yet

think I married for love, as I never heard of fortune's being concerned in the matter." (Boaden.) Hoadley died some three weeks later, on the sixteenth of March.

Year in, year out, Hoadley watched with affectionate interest Garrick's career, sending him cordial, intimate letters constantly. Not even unfavorable comment on his plays, the rock on which many a pleasant relationship for Garrick split, made him waver for an instant in his loyalty. The first of the series in the Leigh Collection shows Garrick in boyishly exuberant anticipation of a visit to the country home of Hoadley, at Alresford, Hampshire. From the succeeding two letters, dated in 1746, and referring to the visit as just past, the first clearly belongs to 1746.

DEAR SIR,

I receiv'd yr Wellcome & Letter with ye Pleasure Every thing from you will allways give Me —

Your Invitation to Old Alresford I most cordially Accept of, & the little-ingenious *Garrick*, with the ingenious little *Hogarth*, will take the opportunity of the plump Doctor's being with you, to get upon a Horse-block, mount a pair of Quadrupeds (or One if it carries double) & hie away to the Rev'd Rigdum Funnidos at ye Aforesaid Old Alresford, there to be as Merry, facetious Mad & Nonsensical, as Liberty, Property & Old October can make 'Em! huzza! I shall settle the whole Affair with yr. Brother tomorrow & shall wait his Motions: I am, in raptures at the Party! huzza again Boys! shan't I come with my Doctor? Yes, he gives me the potions & the Motions? Shall I loose my Priest? my Sir John? no, he gives me the proverbs & the No verbs. My cares are over, & I must laugh with you: your French Cook is safe & sound & shall come with Me; but pray let us have no Kickshaws. Nothing but laugh & plumb pudding for

Yr. Sincere Friend
& Merry humble Servant
D. GARRICK.

from the Barber's Shop
up two pair of stairs this — Day of July
I am oblig'd to you for yr Wishes
& prayers, but pray let us
have some Beef & pudding when we come
to see you.

The last letter of the group, though unaddressed, from its contents was evidently meant for John Hoadley, for it chiefly concerns manuscripts of Benjamin Hoadley, who had died in August, 1757. The important part of it is made clearer by a letter of John Hoadley dated by Boaden April 28, 1771.

"My good sister tells me, that when you returned her a former packet, (of the 'Contrast,' &c of poor Ben's) you accidentally retained another piece of two acts: one act, as I believe, in the Doctor's hand, and the second in mine, foolishly supplied by me. The 'Country Burial' it was, altered by Ben. . . . You will be so kind as to look over your old stores, and if her surmise be true, to return it to her. You may perhaps find things of mine, as the 'Beggar's Garland,' all in songs, which you took from me at Bath; and the story of the Sea Captain's discourse with the Doctor of Divinity, about giving his black boy *Frank* Christian burial, in a letter; which you promised to return but forgot it again. Madam Charles Street has in many things shown herself so mercenary, that I cannot help thinking she would be glad to pocket a *little* money by any of the Doctor's even *little* things, after I shall be gone — *to Heaven*. I have taken good care that nothing of mine shall ever appear, and nothing where I have been concerned; but she seems to have a mind to claim a property in things of that sort, as the 'Contrast,' the 'Widow of the Mill,' the 'Country Burial,' — and I think that must be with some such view. — Mun! Budget!

"I dare say you will continue to be, as you have truly shown yourself already, an honest guardian of his fame as long as you live."

This, Garrick's answer, makes clear also certain passages in a letter of Hoadley's of September 1, 1771, printed by Boaden.

HAMPTON May 9th 1771

MY DEAR FRIEND.

As I was deaf, Gouty, flatulent, dull &c &c &c in London, I chose to defer answerg your very kind letter, till I return'd to Hampton & rigdum funnidos: I was operated upon this Morning for a Noise in my head, it has had a surprising Effect, for my disorder is gone, & my Spirits are return'd — Ergo, I sit down to gallop over a few pages of Nonsense to Thee, my dear Dr, who art ye Genius of Mirth & good fellowship — so have at Thee old Boy:

I have been really blighted with ye Spring, & till the Warm Weather came to make me bud a little with ye trees, I was resolv'd to send no cold-blooded prosing to Thee my Merry Wag of ten thousand! I am tight in my Limbs, better in my head, & my belly is as big as Ever — I cannot quit *Peck & Booze* — what's Life without such sack and sugar! my lips were made to be lick'd & if the Devil appears to me in the Shape of Turbot & Claret, my Crutches are forgot, & I laugh & Eat. . . . a Dr. Cadogan has written a pamphlet lately upon ye Gout, it is much admir'd & has certainly It's merit — I was frightened wth it. for a Week; but as Sin will outpull repentance when there are passions & palates, I have postponed the Dr's Regimen till my wife & I are tete a tete, & so make ye Mortification as compleat, as her father Confessor would prescribe to her in Lent — I rejoice that you wept at ye West Indian — there is great Merit, & for ye faults, he shall mend 'Em in his next play, which he certainly will do, if he goes on improving as he did from ye *Brothers* (his first play) to his last, the *West Indian:* I shall tell him of yr. Criticisms & I 'm sure he will profit by them: Our Friend Keate is very proud of his Manhood; & Struts before Me as a Game Cock before a Capon — I lower my flag to him, & tho I can not hate him for his fecundity I do envy him a little — but *poor Double 's dead — how are score of Sheep with you?* Keate (ye devil take him) is still harping upon Semiramis — he hints that alterations are made — *Your* hints, I suppose, of making the Language more poetical — that is, more inflated — & so to mend ye Matter, the poor Consumptive, feeble Brimstone is to have a complication of disorders, & die, & be damn'd with a dropsy — *here's fine revolution!* — now to be serious, & very serious for ye Cause demands it, & from us, my dear friend, in a more particular manner; I mean the reputation of our dear Brother, & beloved Friend the Doctor — I would not for all our Sakes & for his Memory, that any thing unworthy of him should be expos'd, let who will be ye gainer; Madam Charles Street would be Madm damnable of thrift-street if she, without a proper feeling of his Worth, would barter his fame for a few Counters, *for so much trash as may be grasped thus?* I cannot bear the thought of it, & I here promise & vow to keep the garland, which so justly has surrounded his dear honour'd head, & in ye placing of which I assisted with my little finger, from any blights of Envy, or Avarice — lay thy hand, my Worthy old friend, upon thy honest heart, & swear ye same — my Eyes are full of Water, while I write to you, but this is not ye token of Weakness, but resolution — now to yr Matter — I return'd *Every* paper I receiv'd from Mrs. Hoadley to her again; the *Country Burial* among ye rest, which if I remember right, she wanted to, shew to somebody. I must desire that this Matter be immediatly clear'd that we may have no Mistakes — if She still persists thatI have it, I will begin a Search that will end in Nothing, but what I have said before; indeed (my dear friend) you should stir a little in this business, have not you an undoubted right, to be consulted in these things *you* so well understand, & *She* so little?

If the *Contrast* could be made an En-

tertainmt for ye Stage I'll purchase it, & bring it upon ye Stage wth all my heart, or give ye usual benefits — but let us consult togeather, get ye Stuff into *Your* hands, & let *his* Friends determine.

I have sent you some of ye things you mention, wch were here — the *Beggar's Garland* is in London — that shall be with you soon too — I am vex'd about ye *Country burial*, but I will begin my Search; in ye mean time pray write to her & me.

Your Ever affectionate

D. GARRICK.

Love from me & mine to you & yrs

Some of Garrick's best friends, especially in his later days, were women. Lady Spencer, Mrs. Montague, Mrs. Clive, Miss Cadogan, as letters to follow make clear for the first time, and Hannah More, were in different ways tried friends. There are two letters to Miss More in the Leigh Collection.

On a visit to London, circa 1774, Hannah More writes to a friend: Garrick is "not well enough to play or see company — how mortifying! He has been at Hampton for a week. If he does not get well enough to act soon, I shall break my heart." Very shortly after this Miss More not only saw Garrick act, but met him. He had seen a letter from her to a common friend, describing the effect upon her of his *Lear*, which made him eager to meet her. They were promptly brought together, and, discovering mutual attractiveness, began a lasting friendship. Each year Miss More visited the Garricks, meeting through them many of the notabilities of the day, and discussing with Garrick her verse and her plays. Of the last, her correspondence shows that *Percy* and the *Fatal Friendship* owed much to suggestions of Garrick. Indeed she says herself in regard to *Percy*, "It is impossible to tell you of all the kindness and friendship of the Garricks; he thinks of nothing, talks of nothing, writes of nothing but Percy. . . . When Garrick had finished his prologue and epilogue (which are excellent), he desired I would pay him. Dryden, he said, used to have five guineas apiece, but as he was a richer man he would be content if I would treat him with a handsome supper and a bottle of claret. We haggled sadly about the price, I insisting that I could only afford to give him a beefsteak and a pot of porter; and at about twelve we sat down to some toast and honey, with which the temperate bard contented himself."

Some words in Garrick's hand on a letter of Miss More's, "Miss More alias the Nine," explain the name heading the next letter.

MY DEAREST NINE.

Ingratitude is the Devil my dear — said some Gentleman to his Lady upon receiving no thanks for a basket full of dainties — We have receiv'd a Hamper full, & no kind of Acknowledgments to our dear Friend at Bristol — the Pork was Excellent & so was ye Liquor we drunk your health in — no Matter for that — where is ye Letter say You, of ye real Correspondence — ? — I should have written a dozen before this, for I like ye business, but I have not had a Moment to Myself — before this Week is out, you shall receive some Nonsense, & which I beg you will put into ye fire, if you find it, as I fear you will, very unfit Company for his female Companion.

Madam sends her love, she has been much troubled with a bleeding at the Nose & a frequent head-Ach, She Eats & Sleeps & grows as fat as bouncing Bess of Brentford.

We have had great uneasiness at the Death of poor Mrs. Thursby, My Eldest Niece is married to Captn Shaw, my Nephew David will soon be married to Miss Hart, & I am to pay the Piper — May all of your family that want husbands, get as good ones, as this Country affords, & I'll answer, Whoe'er the happy Men are, that they will get good Wives, & that is a bold word, as times go

— Love to all — in great hurry — Ever Yours Most Affectionately

Hannah of all Hannahs

D. GARRICK

May 9th 1778.

Two letters to Mme. Riccoboni in the Leigh Collection fill important gaps in the correspondence of this Frenchwoman printed in Boaden, and the whole correspondence throws light on the interrelations in the eighteenth century of the sentimental comedy of England and the *drame larmoyante* of France. Marie Jeanne Laboras de Mézières, born in 1717, became the wife of Antoine François Riccoboni, best known for his *Histoire du Théâtre.* She is described as "beautiful, tall, with a well-made figure, black eyes, at once soft and expressive, and a countenance open and gay: her intelligence flashed out constantly in her conversation; and many graceful repartees by her were passed about." Her romance, *Lettres de la Comtesse de Sancerre,* 1766, she dedicated to Garrick. This and her later *Lettres de Sophie de Vallière* were published in England by Garrick's friend Becket. In 1768, as a letter in Boaden shows, she was full of enthusiasm for a scheme of making known to her compatriots the best English plays of the century. She wrote to Garrick, July 27, 1768, "It is not a mere whim that makes me wish for the plays of which I sent you a list. I am going to let you into my secret, for there is one. I am becoming weary of writing novels, right in the middle of that which I have half-written; distaste and boredom make me leave it there. Perhaps I shall take it up again. Meanwhile, to fill my time, I have undertaken, at the prayer of my publisher, a translation of your drama, that is of the new comedies. There have been many translations, but badly done. I shall put care into this work, and far from weakening the original, by slight changes I shall try to maintain the honor of that rascally nation that I can't help loving." She urged him to have written out for her a list of the comedies, and only the comedies, acted at Drury Lane and Covent Garden during the past twenty years. Evidently obtaining these specimen plays was no easy matter, for on September 7 she again wrote to Garrick "In the course of an entire year not to be able to procure from London some twenty comedies! I might have had them from China. . . . Having nothing with which to make a second volume, I have stayed the printing of the first; it will appear in two months at the earliest. Perhaps you will not be as satisfied with it as your predisposition in my favor makes you expect. You will find the dialogue greatly altered; I warn you that I have taken terrible liberties. The two English authors will cry out at the ineptitude, the ignorance; they will say that they have not been understood. They will be right in London and wrong here. I have not pretended to correct, but to make their work more likely to please my compatriots." She then adds the words which specially call forth the praise of Garrick in the first of the two letters which follow. "My friend the taste of all nations accords on certain points: the natural, truth, sentiment, interest equally the Englishman, the Frenchman, the Russian, the Turk. But wit, badinage, the quip, the pleasantry, change in name as the climate changes. That which is lively, light, graceful in one language, becomes cold, heavy, insipid or gross in another; precision, accuracy, the sources of the charm no longer exist. That which would rouse a burst of laughter in France, might cause a howl in London or Vienna. Everywhere humor depends on nothing, and often that nothing is local. Usually those who make a business of translating have very little idea of these delicate shadings: consequently I have never seen an endurable translation." Such golden rules of translation are worth repeating and worthy the praise Garrick gives them.

Septr. 13th 1768.

I have this moment receiv'd a most

charming letter from my dear, amiable Riccoboni — You have really given so true & ingenious Account of national taste with regard to the Drama, that it would make a great figure in ye very best Collection of letters that Ever were written — Your letter, up on my Soul, has charm'd Me; & tho I am in the Mids't of bustle, & business, I cannot stay a single Moment without answering it — You may depend upon my sending immediatly every Play, or dramatic piece as they are Acted, & before they are publish'd — but my dear good Friend, why will You talk of keeping an Account? Plays cost me Nothing & were they Ever so dear, You would overpay Me by the honour and pleasure I shall receive in your Acceptance of such triffles — no, no, my proud generous high-spirited Lady, we will keep no Accounts but in our hearts, and if you don't ballance the debt of Love & friendship you owe Me, I will use you, as such an ungrateful Devil ought to be Us'd — so no more of that —

I will not despair of seeing You some time or another at my sweet little Villa of Hampton; perhaps it will raise your curiosity ye more, when I tell you, that the King of Denmark came with all his Suite Yesterday to see my house & Garden, the Owner, & his Wife; you would think me vain should I tell you what he said, & I hope you will think me sincere, when I tell you that I had rather see You & yr friend there than all the Kings & Princes of Europe. A propos of my friend the Chevr. de Chastelux: we have a proverb that says — *out of sight, out of mind;* I fear it is so with him; I have written to him several times, being in great Anxiety for his Life, but since his very honourable Accident, he has forgot all his Admirers on this Side the Water — tell me honestly in Yr next, what he says about Us. I shall make out, as soon as possible, a list of our best *Modern Comedies:* I will consider them well & give You some Notes upon them — You shall have the Whole next Week wth all Murphy's plays — And so you don't like *Ranger?* You must know that the Author wrote the Character for my own (as he said) when I was Young; so don't take an Aversion to it, for positively if I can catch you in England I will muster up Spirits to Act ye Character over again to you, in spite of his very lively irregularities. I think you, & yr Companion have made a good Choice of the two Modern Comedies, — the Foundling (tho a little romantic) is something in yr Larmoyante way: Your Objection to *Faddle* is well founded; & it was so dislik'd at first by ye Public, that it had very near sunk the Play — Your Scheme of translation is a very right one, & Our Authors ought to thank you for making them palatable to the french taste; Your Ideas upon that subject are so very exact & Striking, that I would advise you, nay Entreat you, to enlarge what you have said to Me upon that head, & publish it, before your translation, by way of Preface — I am quite tir'd & so are You — My Wife sits by me, as jealous as the Devil, & asks me if I shall Ever have finish'd; however she pretends to love you still, & sends her warmest wishes with mine to you & yr Companion — so Heav'n bless you both, & love me, as I love you.

D: Garrick

Later Garrick sent the desired list, only to be told that Mme. Riccoboni had all the plays he named, and that only Kelly's *False Delicacy* and Murphy's *The Deuce is in Him* would suit French taste.

The second letter of Garrick to Mme. Riccoboni apparently answers a letter of hers dated October 1, 1770, in which she writes him about sounding Arthur Murphy as to translating her *Lettres de Sophie de Vallière,* — then in process of composition, — regales him with an anecdote of Rousseau, at that time in Paris, and expresses her anxiety in regard to threatening war between England and France.

Novr, 20 1770

My dear, and very dear Riccoboni —

I was upon the road from Bath when your most agreeable & delightful Epistle came to my house in London: this is the reason that you did not hear from Me ye next post: why did my amiable friend imagine that I should Scold, or be angry? does she feel that She merits my Anger? let her feelings be what they will, mine are all love, friendship, Sweetness, affection, & what not? — Mrs. Garrick who is sitting by me, (& who loves you as she possibly can love one, whom her Husband loves so much) desires that Every Warm Wish, & affectionate thought may be presented to you, which her friendly heart overflows with — now, my dear friend, I will finish this Love part of my letter with our best Compliments to your amiable Companion, & proceed to business —

Mr. Murphy, who is really much your friend, & burns to give you proof of his regard, is at present so much Employ'd in his profession of a Lawyer, & taken up With a great addition of business lately come upon him, that I fear, it will be impossible for him, to do that, which if it had come at ye time we expected it, would have been the highest pleasure to him — he has written to me, for I could not see him, that he begs to think a day or two upon ye Matter before he gives it up, but I fear tho his heart is warm in ye Cause, he cannot have time to Shew his friendship — therefore I must beg of you to send one of ye printed Copies to Me before you publish them at paris, & Becket & I will procure the best translator for yr work, had *I left ye Cursed Stage*, I would do ye business Myself — but indeed I am so hurried that I have scarce time to keep my Wife in humour, & say my Prayers —

I have so many friends that you must send to Becket 200 of ye f[irst] Copies, & I'll assist him in ye sale — the Sooner you send me ye Copy we are to translate ye better, pray let it be a printed one — I shall expect another letter with ye approbation of my Scheme, or I shall be Angry indeed — just going upon ye Stage in the Character of Sr. John Brute an ill-natur'd, peevish Woman-hating Brute — do you think I shall do it Justice —

I love you Ever & Ever

D Garrick

I hate ye thoughts of War & I dread It —

Mme Riccoboni's answer to this in Boaden opens with a swift sketch of Garrick too accurate not to be repeated. "There you are; I recognize you my very dear and very obliging friend, Prompt as lightning, impetuously carried away by the force of your natural obligingness, you have cried to poor Mr. Murphy; *Quick, quick, the book is done, read it, translate it, let us print it!* he, calm, balanced, thought, reflected, said *Yes*, then *But*, and drat it! you write me before he has finished speaking."

Another of Garrick's most sparkling correspondents, if not the surest in spelling, was Kitty Clive, Clivy Pivy as Garrick liked to call her. For twenty years she had acted at Drury Lane to the delight of audiences and the alternating delight and despair of her managers, as she was minded to be good, or minded to be very exasperating and wielded her pen or her even more stinging tongue in defense of what her warm temper at the moment told her were her disregarded rights. After her retirement in 1769 she let Garrick, whom she had often harried with her tongue, see how much she admired him, and their letters are memorials of a hearty friendship resting mutually on admiration for sterling character and finished art. Mrs. Clive's amusing account, in her letter, of the adventure with a highwayman is very characteristic of the decade of 1770–80. So wretched were police arrangements about London that Walpole wrote four years before the date of Mrs. Clive's letter: "Our roads are so infested by highway-

men, that it is dangerous stirring out almost by day. Lady Hertford was attacked on Hounslow Heath at three in the afternoon. Dr. Eliot was shot at three days ago, without having resisted; and the day before yesterday we were near losing our Prime Minister, Lord North; the robbers shot at the postillion, and wounded the latter. In short, all the freebooters that are not in India have taken to the highway. The Ladies of the Bedchamber dare not go to the Queen at Kew in an evening. The lane between me and the Thames is the only safe road I know at present, for it is up to the middle of the horses in water."

Twickenham June ye 10 1778

A thousand — and a thousand — and *ten* thousand thanks to my Dear Mr Garrick for his goodness and attention to his Pivy for the care he took in making her friends happy — *Happy that* word is not high enough; felicity I think will do much better to express *their* Joy when they found they were To see the Garrick — whome they had never seen before — And yet I must tell you, your Dear busy head had like to have Ruin'd your good designe for you dateed your note Munday four a Clock and to Morrow you said was to be the play — and pray who do you think set it righte — why your Blunder headed Jemy; I did not recive your letter till Wednesday Morning; so they was to set out for the play on thursday; but Jemy pouring over your Epistle found out the Mistake and away he flew to Mr Shirly's with your Letter and the newspaper from the Coffee house, to let the Ladies see the play was that day; this was between one and two Mrs Shirly ordered the horses to the Coach that Moment, and Dinner — Dinner — Lord they did not wan't dinner — and away they went to take up there party which was Gov Tryon Lady & daughter; every thing happened right they got their places without the least trouble or difficulty, and likd every Thing they saw — except the *Garrick* they did[n't] see Much in him — you may revers it if you please and assure your self They Likd Nothing else, they think themselves under Such obligations to Me for my goodness to them, that We are all Invited to dine there to day where I shall give you for My toast.

have you not heard of the adventures of your poor pivy I have been robd and murder'd Coming from kingston Jemey and I in a post Shey was Stop't At half past Nine Just by Tedington Church; I only lost a little Silver and My Senses, for one of them Came into the Carrige with a great horse pistol to Search me for my Watch but I had it not with me; but your Jemey Lost his; he was ten times More frightened then I was but he denies it, says it was only for Me; however after we came home and had frighted Mrs. Mestivier we sat down to Supper and I dont know that I ever Laught More in My Life. I hope My dear Mrs Garrick is well, I will not say any thing about you— for they say you are in such spirits that you intend playing till Next Septr

Adiue My Dear Sir be assur'd
I am ever
yrs
Pivy Clive.

We all joyn in our
Best wishes to Mrs Garrick.

Garrick, in a letter to John Hoadley in May, 1771, speaks of a recent publication on *Gout* by a Dr. Cadogan, but not as if he knew the author. William Cadogan (1711–1797), after study at Oxford and Leyden, began practice at Bristol. Later, when he had already won election to the Royal Society, he came to London, where he was very successful. He became a member of the College of Physicians in 1758. Besides delivering two Harveian lectures, in 1764 and 1792, he printed his graduation thesis, *De Nutritione, etc.*, an essay on the nursing and care of children, 1750, and, in 1771, the treatise on Gout already mentioned. The book went through ten editions in two years, something which speaks more

for the prevalence of the disease than the contributiveness of the essay, for it has been declared "sound as far as it goes" but "not a work of any depth." Dr. Cadogan was a man of pleasing manners, strong good sense, and, as references to him in the letters show, of humor and a bent for teasing.

Writing from Garrick's villa at Hampton in 1777 Hannah More said: "Dr. Cadogan and his agreeable daughter have spent a day and a night here. The Doctor gave me some lectures in anatomy, and assures me that I am now as well acquainted with secretion, concoction, digestion, and assimilation, as many a wise-looking man in a great wig." In Boaden there are two letters by the "agreeable daughter," Frances Cadogan, one hardly more than a formal request for a box, the other an interesting letter, but not clear in its references without a letter in the Leigh Collection. The Collection contains twelve notes and letters to Miss Cadogan and her father, and as a set, they for the first time reveal another charming friendship of Garrick's last days. Slight as some of the notes are, they seem worth printing, so much light do they throw on the intimate companionship of Garrick with his wife, his volatile spirit even after he withdrew from active life, and a playfully tender friendship of the two Garricks with the young girl. The actor, William Parsons, in whose behalf the first letter was written, described as "a thin and asthmatical man, but a good comedian," survived to mourn Garrick at the great pageant attending his funeral in Westminster.

My dear Dr.

Poor Parsons we fear is in a bad way — he has desir'd me to recommend him to any Physical friend of Mine, that will as he terms it *see him at an Easy rate* — will you be so kind to me, & him, as to see him tomorrow Morng? & let me know his Situation: 'tis of great Consequence to us — What shall I say to you for my impertinence — ? this I say — when you want any of your friends to be *merry* send them to *Me*, & when I want any of *My* friends to be *well*, I will send them to *You*. done — pray see Parsons to-Morrow Morning —

yrs Ever & most
affecty.

D Garrick

Parsons lives at No. 9
in Queen Street facing the
British Museum.
I have rec'd some sweet
Letters from yr Daughter

Perhaps the most noteworthy feature of the second letter, a single sheet written lengthwise on each side, is the gradual development from the formal *My dear Madam* to the intimacies of the last lines.

"My dear Madam I am sorry but My Box is Engag'd to day, the Dr. is the Cause that it is, having said to me, that it would not be in either of your Power to come to Drury-Lane before you go out of Town. Will you tell him that I dined out yesterday and was not the better for it. Adieu."

On the other side of the sheet is the following: —

"As you could go to the Play, why can you not come in *your night gown* and drink your Coffee & Tea at the Adelphi this evening? I am quite by Myself, my Husd. dines with Ld Mansfield but will come home time Enough to Kiss you. My Coach shall be with you about half after six. I take no Excuse — bring your work."

The next two letters, of uncertain date, explain themselves.

My dearest Dr

My poor Husd has been taken ill yesterday, and I shall not be happy till you come and tell me that he is in no Danger. As this is the day in which you are to be in Town, I will send our Coach to your house in the country where he will wait till you can come to Hampton; and if you cannot stay all night you shall be

carried home again at what hour you Please God bless You and Yours.

Ever Yours

M: GARRICK

Hampton Tuesday 6: o clock
July the 21 —

Thursday.

MY DEAREST SECOND

I write to you with my own hand that you may know I am better —

Mrs. Garrick's impudence of sending for Dr. Cadogan was unknown to me, & Nothing but her great fears to see me in such Agonies could have excus'd her —

I have got rid of two or three possessing Devils & the great Devil of 'Em all who has left me I hope Sulphur Brimstone & Sin but has taken the flesh & Spirit along with him too — I shall be well Enough to see you in a day or two or three & Expect Banquo's Ghost to appear in his pale-brown terrors before you — I would not frighten you if I could, but would always wish [to] give you a little flutter — this is Sentiment & ye only one, I have in Common with Boulter Roffey Esqr.

Yours Ever & most
Affecty

D. GARRICK

This is ye first
letter of any length I have written
or attempted to write
Omnia vincit amor!

The references in the following letter suggest that it was written in 1777, just before the visit of the Cadogans to the Garricks in which Hannah More met them for the first time, and was lectured by the Doctor. A letter to Hannah More exists, dated 1777, mentioning the distich as if recent.

Monday Night

MY MOST AMIABLE FRIEND

What a Charming Letter have you written to Me? — all the Nonsensical Prescriptions of yr most learned Father could not have a ten thousandth part of the Effect upon my animal Spirits as Your sweet Words have: There 's Magic in Every Line — and Miss Hannah More swears like a Trooper that it is ye best letter in ye Language — We shall wait for Sunday with impatience.

My Coach if you please shall meet you half way or rather come for You at yr own hour — so if you love me be free — my horses are young & have Nothing to do — but if yr Dr. will not suffer his Cattle out of his Sight, they shall dine with us, lie with us, or wt you will with us, provided he will not abuse Shakespeare, & his loving Patient — in short you are to command & we shall obey most punctually — pray send a Line to ye Adelphi with your pleasure at full

Ever my dear Miss
Cadogan's
most affectionate
Friend & Serv

D. GARRICK

You will be glad to know that Mrs. Barbauld late Miss Aikin wrote ye following distich upon Miss More's shewing her my Buckles my Wife gave her, which I play'd in ye last Night of Acting.

Thy Buckles, O Garrick, thy Friends
may now Use,
But no Mortals hereafter shall stand in
thy Shoes.

A. L. BARBAULD.

The references to Lord Palmerston's country seat in the next double letter and the letter following it show that they were written not far apart. The second letter is more than usually marked by inexplicable references. Miss Cadogan's evident anxiety for the mysterious "young man" is pleasantly suggestive of a love affair, but he may be only a prosaic brother; and just what Dr. Cadogan had been saying in jest to draw out the confusing sentence as to desertion is even more cryptic.

My Dearest of all dears! we shall set out for Hampton next Sunday which is the 10th now whether we can be back on

the 21th is not in my Power to say; but my Ld & Master may. All that I can tell you is, that I shall be very sorry not to see you on the 21th I have done, I see your impatience to come at what follows — Ever your

faithful

M: G — K

My dearest Second.

It was only this Morning at breakfast that the light of Conviction broke upon Me, as it did upon St. Paul, & I discoverd for the first Moment to whom I was indebted for ye most charming imitation of Horace — O You Wretched Creature! & so you would not tell Me or my Wife? — how could you keep such delightful flattery a Secret, for it has doubled in value, since I know ye hand that administer'd it — the Moment we can return from Hampshire I will give you Notice, & will send the Coach for You — I hope we shall be with you soon enough to take you on yr Way to Farnborough & I hope we shall catch you & keep you at your return.

Ever & most affecty

Yrs.

D. Garrick

Love to ye Dr.
I will write to You, from
Lord Palmerston's —

My dear Madam.

I must answer your most friendly affectionate Letter immediatly, tho you would Willingly excuse Me, & indeed, I am always ready to most of my Correspondents to lay hold of any Excuse to be idle — but were I flannel'd & muffled with ye Gout, tormented with a Worse disorder & roaring in my bed, I would say something to please Myself be the consequence what it would to my dear Second — I return the Young Man's letter, which is very Sensibly Written, but we have had Accounts as late as ye 6th of August, which gives a more favourable Account of Matters — I am afraid by what I have learnt here that, while he is in ye American Service, and Lord Howe, Commander of ye Whole, He must remain as he is — for Lord Howe will not let any preferment take place even by ye first Lord of the Ad—y Without his Approbation — his Lordship is very jealous of that part of his office, & I hear, made it one of his Chief Conditions When he Accepted of the Command — however I will seek farther before I give up Anything, on which You & my dear Dr. have set Your hearts — pray let Your Worthy Father know that I feel in my *heart of Heart*, all the kind Expressions of his Love & Affection to Me. but My health would be of very little Service to me, if I was to purchase it at ye Price of his being shot for a deserter; unless indeed before the Cap was pull'd over his Eyes, He would repent of the manifold Sins he has Committed against the God of my Idolatry — Shaksespear! — *Him him! He* is the *Him!* — there is no other.

My Love I beseech you to all where you are pray tell 'Em We will call on our return to take a kiss & away — As there will be no Turkey-pouts & ducklings and the Weather too hot for pig, I shall make ye best of my way home — & tell 'Em likewise I have answer'd the precious Cicester Gazette for which I thank them most sincerely — Lady Bathurst will let Em know what a poor figure I make against such an army of Wits, Virtues, Youth, & Beauties, — We expect to leave this place in about 8 or 10 days —

My Wife sends her warmest Love — We are very happy here — a good host a Sweet place & warm Wellcome —

Most Affectionately

& trly yrs

D: Garrick.

Broadlands near
Romsey-Lord
Palmerston's seat
Sept. 21st. 1778.

P S. —
Pray when you write to Miss Griffith let her know, if I could have answer'd her flattering Lines as they deserv'd she should have heard from Me, but I can-

not yet Write as I ought so she Must Accept my best thanks till I can have strength to mount my Pegasus. —

The effect of letters picked up as occasion served must necessarily be somewhat scrappy, but do not these from the Leigh Collection make clearer, not the variety in friends of Garrick, for that was clear enough already, but his variety in friendship, his readiness to serve, his thousand little gayeties, in brief his charm? Reading them, does not one understand better Hannah More's, "I can never cease to remember with affection and gratitude so warm, steady and disinterested a friend; and I can most truly bear this testimony to his memory, that I never witnessed, in any family, more decorum, propriety, and regularity than in his: . . . of which Mrs. Garrick, by her elegance of taste, her correctness of manners, and very original turn of humour, was the brightest ornament. All his pursuits and tastes were so decidedly intellectual, that it made the society, and the conversation which was always to be found in his circle, interesting and delightful." Yet, after all, what more convincing testimony to the worth and lovableness of this man of many friends than his wife's sad reply to Miss More's expression of surprise at her self-command just after Garrick's death: "Groans and complaints are very well for those who are to mourn but a little while, but a sorrow that is to last for life will not be violent and romantic." And hers did last for nearly forty years, for always "Davy" was in her thoughts.

(*To be continued.*)

THE ALIEN COUNTRY

BY HARRY JAMES SMITH

The Boy had come to them so unexpectedly, so, as it were, by accident, that the surprise of it never quite wore off. One afternoon just as they were finishing up the dishes, the apartment bell rang and Miss Rosie went to the door; and there she found him. He took off his hat with embarrassed courtesy and began, "I've come to inquire about the room if you don't mind."

Miss Rosie looked at him blankly. "I don't know what you mean."

"Why, is n't this Suite 19?" he asked in a tone of sudden misgiving.

"But we have n't any rooms," she replied. The color had come into her cheeks.

At this the Boy looked very miserable. "I suppose I must have made some mistake," he apologized. "But I thought I had it right."

He took a folded copy of the *Herald* out of his pocket and began hunting for an advertisement. Meantime Miss Rosie looked him over timidly. He was hardly a man yet, — not more than twenty, certainly, with a frank, irresolute smile, and blue eyes whose expression seemed always changing. She noticed how prettily his dark hair curled about his forehead; and it occurred to her that New York must be a very lonely place for a boy like this. And so full of temptations too! Miss Rosie's personal experience with such matters was slight, to be sure; but she had not needed to come to New York to learn that Cities and Temptations went together.

Then the Boy laughed. "Is n't that just like me?" he said. "It was West and not East Eighteenth. I'm ever so sorry I've made you all this trouble."

He thrust the paper into his pocket and started precipitately down the stairs; but something made her call him back. "Wait just a minute, please," she said. "I'll speak to my sister Electa if you'll step inside."

This was a strange suggestion for Rosie to make. She was painfully conscious of the fact herself, suspecting, as she led him into the "front room" that she was doing something not altogether right. Her cheeks flushed pinker, and she disappeared without any further word.

The Boy sat down in a wide old-fashioned rocker which was drawn up beside a little pile of stockings and darning materials on the window ledge. The more he looked about him, the harder it became to remember where he was. The bright-figured "ingrain" on the floor, the small rosewood table in one corner with its row of pious-looking books, the haircloth lounge, the crayon portraits in gilt frames on the walls,—it all had a transplanted look, as if a clump of petunias or some other homely annual had been set out by mistake in one of the flamboyant flower-beds of a city square.

He wondered who the little lady was. She had such a timid, half-frightened manner, and he had noticed the flush in her face. Despite the fact that she was certainly thirty-five or forty, she reminded him, somehow, of a little girl in the mistaken garb of a grown-up.

But his thoughts had not carried him far before the kitchen door opened and she appeared again, this time not alone. Her sister was of about the same height, but in other respects more amply proportioned, with a round, homelike face, upon which years of responsibility had forced an expression of anxious determination. She wore her hair parted in the middle and drawn back in smooth ripples already touched with gray. She gave one the impression of trying to look much bolder than her heart would give warrant for.

"My sister Rose tells me," she began, in a tone of business-like formality, "that you were making inquiries about a room and came here by mistake."

The Boy felt uncomfortable again. "Yes ma'am," he answered. "It was stupid of me, I know." He was conscious of being looked over critically. Sister Rose said nothing; but he felt that she was his tacit champion.

"Of course," went on Miss Electa, "we've never thought of such a thing as taking in an outsider; but lately something has happened in our family,"—she was beginning to speak rapidly as though in self-defense,—"and so there are only two of us left now, and as there happened to be a vacant room, we thought perhaps we might be willing to rent it to the right party. What do you think, Rosie?"

It was easy to see that when Miss Electa asked advice, she expected confirmation. "I'm sure I don't know what *is* right, sister," replied Rosie, — but the disguise in her tone was thin. "Perhaps we might consider the matter if the young man wished."

The young man smiled gratefully. They amused him, somehow, this strange little pair. He could n't help liking them either, and he had already discovered that they were good housekeepers. "You're ever so kind," he said, "and I'm sure I'd enjoy it here; but—" he hesitated,—"to tell the truth, I don't suppose the price would be quite down to my level. You see I have n't been in the city long, and it's rather tough, getting along at the start."

If he had been seeking to plead his cause he could not have made a more strategic remark than that. All the potential mother in Miss Lecky was touched at once. "You poor boy!" she exclaimed. Then she remembered that a commercial proposition was under discussion and made an effort, without much success, to reassume her formal tone. "Of course we would have to discuss the matter of price in detail later; but I think we could come to some satisfactory arrangement if —if it seemed best," she finished, rather at a loss.

The result of the interview was that the Boy, whose name was Ralph Hunter, came to live with the little Norton ladies; and he had not lived with them long, before he became an integral part of the family. It did seem too bad, they said, that he should have to go out to a boarding-house for his meals! They had heard things about the conditions in boarding-houses, — the Temptations must be dreadful there for a young man new to city life; and then, beside, they had got so into the habit of planning meals for three, that it came a great deal more natural than planning for only themselves. Therefore the Boy was established at the family table for two meals a day, occupying the seat that had been brother John's.

Every one who knew the little Norton ladies was aware that they did not approve of city life; that they had only consented to put up with it those two years because John had needed some one to make a home for him. Just why, after their sudden bereavement, they had stayed on there week after week in the little five-room apartment four flights above the noisy street, they would have found it difficult to explain themselves. Certainly not because New York was an endurable place of residence. The Elevated trains and the Subway — into which neither of them had yet consented to venture, — the crowded streets, the sky-scrapers, and the drunken men, — it was all one nightmare to her, so Miss Lecky never tired of repeating.

"Why, from our home in Sharon," she liked to say to Mrs. Meggs, the janitress, "we used to look right down across the big meadow and beyond the river, miles and miles, and we never thought that was anything at all."

"An' sure I am, ma'am, ye must be awful homesick," was Mrs. Meggs's sympathetic comment.

"I sometimes wonder how we get on at all," Electa would answer with a determined sigh.

But the months had passed and still they stayed on. And then the Boy had come, and somehow they had stopped talking about any change. It may be they found a furtive satisfaction in the idle luxuries of running water and bathtubs; and though steam-pipes made a horrible noise sometimes and had an unhealthy smell, yet the five little rooms did have a snug and cheerful look on a stormy day in winter, and there was an undeniable comfort in knowing that you were close to folks, even if you could n't call them real neighbors.

Every morning, unless the weather was too bad, the little ladies would go forth together to do the day's marketing on First Avenue. "Of course," Miss Electa admitted, "they 're all foreigners on First Avenue, and we never can think of pronouncing their names, and most of them, I suppose, are Romanists. But all the same they do treat you as if you was a human being."

It was into this life — quiet, regular, uneventful, like a little calm pool along the edge of a torrent — that the Boy found himself so unexpectedly introduced. It was a new and agreeable experience for him. It was pleasant to be sure that when you got home from work at night, tired and dirty, there would be a bathtub of warm water waiting for you and a crash towel on the back of a chair; and you could n't help being glad, too, that no matter how down on your luck you might happen to be, there was somebody who believed in you absolutely.

Ralph Hunter was only a draughtsman in a downtown city-office, — and he was not even a first-rate draughtsman. The assistant engineer who had charge of his work reported that he was careless and forgetful; but they kept him because he was a nice fellow, and because in the civil service it is easier to keep a man than to get rid of him.

"Never mind, Ralph," Miss Electa would remark reassuringly, if he ever spoke of being discouraged. "Rosie and I know what you can do, and we don't mind waiting till the time comes. You

must n't expect people who hardly know you to see what you're really good for."

But Ralph was not often discouraged. He had a way of expecting things to take a turn for the better soon. Every time he made a bungling drawing he said to himself that he would know better than to do it again. "Everybody's got to make his mistakes," he said, and there was some satisfaction in the thought.

On Sundays he frequently went with Miss Rosie to the Broadway Tabernacle. It gave him a comfortable feeling of doing something obliging; and anyway, Sunday morning was liable to be a pretty dull time. He did n't care much about reading, and he hardly ever wrote a letter. The only drawback in the matter of going to church was his fear lest he should happen to run across any of the men from the office on the way. He knew that they would think it a great joke and would never have done with asking him about his Sweet Sixteen. Fortunately one could forget all such disturbing possibilities in sitting down to one of Miss Electa's Sunday dinners of roast chicken and cranberry-sauce and hot mince pie.

It came about gradually, nevertheless, that as the months passed, the Boy found it less and less convenient to go to church very often. He would be so tired, it appeared, when Sunday came, — after his hard week at the office, — that he would feel as if he must get in as much rest as possible. So he would not get up until eleven o'clock or thereabouts, and then sit in his slippers reading a Sunday paper the janitress had bought for him, while Miss Lecky bustled about the kitchen over preparations for dinner.

"You poor boy!" she would say, noticing the dark circles under his eyes, — "how hard they do work you, don't they! It's a perfect shame."

The Boy blushed very easily, and such remarks always had the effect of bringing the color to his face. "Don't you worry about me," he would laugh with an effort at nonchalance. "It's all a part of the game."

"It is n't right, Ralph, for all that,' she would maintain. "Especially this way they've got into of giving you evening work to do. You don't get enough sleep."

The loyalty of the little ladies made him feel curiously ill at ease sometimes, — a bit sick of himself. But he found a convenient way of remedying that. "If only they had a little idea of what real life was," he would say to himself, — "why, then there 'd be some hope of making them understand a few things; but they think everybody else is built on the same plan as themselves."

Ralph, it will be noticed, had progressed from twenty to twenty-two. It is an easy progress. For a number of months now he had been making discoveries about real life. Perceiving that he was a boy no longer, he told himself that he must live a man's life in a man's way. Only he wished that the little ladies would not insist upon making sympathetic remarks.

But he liked them as much as ever, with something of the tolerant affection which a world-traveled navigator must feel for his kindred who still mend nets uneventfully on the shore at home. They were so gentle and simple-minded and kind-hearted; and he had a sincere desire to have them happy. Perhaps that was the real reason why he made up his mind to leave them. His affection was sincere enough to make him unwilling to keep on living with them under false colors. It was not quite loyal: it would be better, he concluded, to get out of the whole thing; to find a place to live where no one would take any personal interest in a fellow, and where you could go on your own way without criticism.

Besides, he did not like to face the possibility of the little ladies making discoveries. He did not want to have them disillusionized about him; because he had the feeling somehow that their belief in him meant a great deal in their lives.

A friend of his named Stone, who had a room in Harlem, had been urging him

for a long time to move up there. "What's the use," said Stone, "of cooping yourself up like that with two pious little old maids when you might just as well be independent, — free to come and go when you like, and no questions asked."

Ralph did not like Stone's manner of speaking of the little ladies; but he recognized the force of his arguments. And Stone was a very good fellow too, in his way: a man who had seen a good deal of real life and was glad to offer himself as a gratuitous guidebook.

Consequently, after a good deal of delay, the Boy made application for a transfer to the Harlem office, and it was granted without reluctance. Then he broke the news one night at supper, — untactfully, brutally, because he did n't know how else to do it.

"I've just found," he began, "that they've transferred me to 125th Street. I'm booked to begin work there next month, so I suppose that means I'll have to move."

Both of the little ladies looked at him speechlessly for a moment, and Rosie's hand went to her throat as if to check a slight cough.

"Ralph, that is n't really true!" exclaimed Electa weakly.

"That's the worst of it," said the Boy. "They're likely to change the force around like that any time. You never know what's ahead."

Rosie leaned forward excitedly. "Did you ever see anything like the way a man gets ordered about nowadays," she protested. "It's an outrage! Just as if he did n't have any rights of his own!"

Ralph felt his face growing red. "Oh, I would n't mind it so much," he went on, in a blundering effort to say the right thing, — "only I hate to think of leaving you people."

"Leaving *us*, —" Rosie gasped. "Why, —" she caught a warning look from Electa and stopped abruptly. Then there was a silence. Electa knew what her sister had been upon the point of saying; but she had suddenly grown aware that it was for the Boy and not for either of them to make any such proposal. And he did not make it.

Instead he sat there in embarrassed silence, jerking at the corners of his napkin.

Finally Miss Lecky managed to break the spell. "It will seem very lonely, Ralph, without you," she said, in a low voice that almost hurt him.

It was hardly to be expected that he would prove equal to the situation. He glanced nervously at the clock. "Golly," he exclaimed, "it's time I was off. Will you please excuse me?" In another second he had left the room.

The two sisters looked at each other across the table, which seemed empty.

"Rosie," said Miss Electa rather sharply, "we must n't make fools of ourselves." She got up from her chair and began to remove the dishes.

In the weeks that followed, the subject of the Boy's departure was never brought up at the table. The external regularity of life in Suite 19 was not in the least disturbed, and if the Boy had any suspicion of the truth underneath, it was only because he found himself more than ever the object of delicate attentions. Although it was now May there were waffles for breakfast every morning. At last the end of the month came and still there was no talk of the future. The Boy spent a good part of Decoration Day in packing up his belongings, while the two sisters hovered about, diffidently eager to be of assistance. When dinner was over he took his new straw hat and started out.

"I've got to go up to Harlem and make my last arrangements there," he said. "I'm not sure how soon I can get back."

"All right, Ralph," said Miss Lecky. "We won't worry about you."

Then the door shut behind him. Electa looked at her sister with a troubled expression and shook her head. "I can't quite feel comfortable, Rosie," she said, "over the way we've kept our plans all to ourselves and never told the Boy any-

thing. He's always been so fair with us, — it sort of hurts my conscience. And of course, now — there can't be any use in putting it off."

This was the first time either of them had admitted that their silence had been deliberate.

"We'll tell him to-morrow when we give him the picture," suggested Rosie.

Electa thought a moment. "Yes," she agreed, "we'll tell him to-morrow; but I don't think we'd better wait about the picture till then. You see he'd want to send that off with his trunk in the morning, and it ought to be packed to-night. I think we'd better put it on his dresser so he'll see it as soon as he comes in."

Rosie brought out the picture from their bedroom and they looked at it together. It was a large photograph of themselves sitting on the steps of the old homestead in the Litchfields. An itinerant camera-man had persuaded them one day five years ago to sit for it; and once persuaded, they had done it conscientiously. Rosie was seated carefully on the top step against the post, her gaze intently fixed upon a bouquet of coriander and sweet alyssum which she held judicially at one side; while Electa stood in the doorway, posed, the photographer had suggested, as if about to welcome a dear friend. The picture had just been framed.

"I think that will please him," said Miss Lecky, in a gratified tone. "Pictures brighten up a room so; and even if this was taken quite a while ago, it's about as good as it ever was."

They carried it into his room and gave it a conspicuous position on the chiffonier.

After the dinner dishes were washed and put away, Electa always read aloud until bed-time, while Rosie crocheted or did embroidery. To-night the reading did not go very well. Still it was probably better than doing nothing. At ten o'clock Electa was just shutting the book at a good breaking-off place, when Rosie suddenly remembered that they had forgotten to get any strawberries for the Boy's breakfast. The next to the last breakfast that he would have with them, too! She spoke of it to her sister.

"I suppose," she ventured timidly, "we might find some even now on First Avenue."

"What are you thinking of, child!" exclaimed Miss Electa, reproachfully. "You surely don't want to go out at this time of night "

"Of course I did n't mean that," apologized Rosie. "I was thinking we could get them before breakfast to-morrow, only he likes them better just out of the refrigerator."

"Well, I suppose you won't be happy now till you go, since you've got the idea in your head. Put on your things. We'd better get it done before it's any later." When Electa did something which her principles disapproved, she called it "humoring Rosie." But since the accident they had not once been out so late as this. The city at night — that is to say, after half-past eight — was an unknown and alien country, full of dangers.

Hastily they put on their white shawls and little black hats and set forth, clinging to each other for reassurance. City streets have a strange look under the flare and shadows of arc lights. Their shortest route would have been diagonally through the square; but instinctively they avoided it. It always gave one the feeling of intruding, Miss Rosie had once said, when one walked by the park benches of a warm evening. So they went along the end of the square instead.

With great relief they found that Pietro's stall was still open. The black-eyed little Sicilian greeted them enthusiastically. "But the hour!" he added. "It ees not ever like dis for you's ladies."

Miss Electa carefully selected her quart of berries. "What a lot of people there are on the streets," she said. "Don't they ever go to bed at all?"

"Bed, mees!" His smile showed all his white teeth. "For us here the night only begin."

Miss Electa sighed. "I never can get used to the way these city people live," she said to her sister as they set out once more for home. "It don't seem right to me. What was the night made for anyway? Sometimes I've thought I'd speak to Ralph about it, because I know he needs more sleep; but I don't like to preach to him, and besides, I suppose when you're in Rome you must do like the Romans do."

Electa rather plumed herself upon her liberal-mindedness. "When you've had as much experience with life as I have, Rosie," she would say, "you'll see that it don't pay to be too sure about anything but your own duty."

They returned home through the park, for a group of noisy boys had gathered on the corner. It was a very warm night, and Stuyvesant Square teemed with its usual summer population. Complacent German matrons from Avenue A sat in ample comfort on the high-lighted central benches near the fountain, while their flocks of young ones raced noisily about the open pavement. But in order to cross the square from any of its corners, one must pass by the less illuminated benches, and these were occupied too, but not by German housewives.

The Norton ladies dropped their eyes modestly as they passed, a little ashamed in the presence of what they had been taught to look upon as a kind of sacred mystery. There was something unabashed about city people. They seemed to know no respect for times and seasons. Miss Electa wondered who these girls' mothers were that they should allow them to be out like this, and so late, too.

"I suppose it may be all right in its way," she whispered incredulously, — "living as they do in such quarters; but I don't like to see such things go on in public and never did. It don't seem refined."

The words had hardly left her lips, when she felt Rosie's hand suddenly clutch her arm. She heard a little half-suppressed gasp, too, and felt her shrink back as if from something that had terrified her.

Instinctively Electa's eyes turned to the farther side of the path where the benches were, and then she grasped Rosie's hand, and they fled silently, without exchanging a look, to the outer gate. She felt Rosie's arm trembling. She wanted to speak; but for the moment no words would come. Up the four long flights they hastened, hardly feeling the stairs under their feet. It took a long time to get the key into its lock. But at last they were there, at home once more, inhabitants of their own particular world.

Rosie sat down on the edge of the haircloth lounge and began unsteadily to draw off her silk mitts. She kept her eyes on her hands; but Electa saw her lips quivering and noticed how the color had gone out of her cheeks. Still neither spoke.

Then Electa went into the Boy's room and brought out the photograph. "There's no use in giving him this — not now," she said. Her voice had a curiously impersonal and far-away sound.

She took it into their bedroom and laid it in the bottom drawer of the old-fashioned mahogany dresser.

"Thank you," said Rosie, without looking up.

A few minutes later they went to bed. But it was impossible to sleep. The night was breathless and full of street noises. Once a crowd of rowdies passed under the window singing. Lecky reached across the bed and put her hand lightly on Rosie's shoulder. "Rose," she whispered, "do you think Ralph knew it was us?"

"I'm sure he did. He — he tried to keep us from seeing him."

There was a long silence.

"I don't see why he did n't want us to know," said Electa at last with a baffled sigh. "We never tried to interfere with what he did."

"I'm sure it was n't that," said Rosie. "But perhaps — he might have thought we would n't understand. You'd better

tell him, Lecky, to-morrow, that it's all right."

They did not speak again that night, although a couple of hours later when the Boy came in, Electa's hand found her sister's and held it silently for a minute.

Ralph was not at breakfast the next morning. He had gone out quietly at six o'clock, leaving a note behind him to the effect that, as it was his last day in the downtown office, he wanted to finish up a lot of work and must get in as much extra time as he could. "I will be back for dinner, though," he ended.

He kept his word. He knew that he must. He would not let them think he was a coward, at all events. He was going to face it out and have it over with.

The little room which he had occupied for two years seemed strangely empty as he entered it. His trunk had gone. The narrow white bed, the fresh cover on the washstand, the dustless chiffonier — a feeling like homesickness came over him as he looked about him, and a sort of regret for the days when he had been able to live there without being ashamed. It did not occur to the Boy that he might seek to recall the past into being. Having undertaken to live a man's life, he had no thought of giving it up. But the old times seemed suddenly very sweet, and in the presence of the fresh little room with its muslin curtains, he looked back upon them with longing.

"Ralph, dinner is ready." It was Miss Electa's voice from the other side of the door.

To walk out into the dining-room just as if this night were like other nights cost an effort. He succeeded pretty well. He sauntered up to the table with his usual gayly-formal "Good-evening, ladies," and seated himself.

All three bowed their heads for a silent moment, and then Electa brought from the refrigerator a large pitcher of lemonade in which several strawberries floated blithely. "Something very special," she said, with a little laugh, "for the last night."

They all tried to laugh, but it sounded queerly; and then the conversation failed. Nobody seemed to know quite what to say next. The Boy noticed out of the corner of his eye that Miss Rosie's cheeks were pink and that she hardly touched her food; only now and then she would take a little sip from her glass of lemonade and then smile nervously, as if sharing with passive politeness in the ordinary small-talk of the dinner-table.

Miss Electa busied herself ostensibly with preparing some French dressing for the lettuce. The small business of an ordinary meal — the serving of the dishes, the passing of plates, the filling of the glasses — assumed undue conspicuousness from the fact that it was the only bulwark against a silence which every one dreaded.

"Rosie," said Miss Electa anxiously, "you look ill. Don't you think you'd better go and lie down a while in our room?"

The Boy had not looked at her directly before; but now his eyes met hers involuntarily, and he noticed two tears quivering on their lids. She rose hastily from her chair and hurried out of the room without a word. He felt the blood burning up to his temples.

There was a moment of intolerable silence. "Ralph," began Miss Electa at last, looking at him very bravely, "I've got to speak to you some time, and I suppose this is my chance. Sister and I are planning to go back to Sharon in two weeks. We did n't tell you before because we — because it seemed easier somehow not to. But we want to ask your pardon for keeping it to ourselves."

The Boy started. "Why, Miss —"

"That 's not all," she interrupted. Her voice was beginning to tremble; but she felt that it was her duty to speak. "There's something else."

Then she looked at him helplessly and lost her words. Before the Boy's mind flashed the picture of the previous night, — the two timid little women hurrying down the path under the trees, the sudden

look of recognition in Rosie's face, and the way she had shrunk back against her sister. All day long he had kept hearing that little gasping sob of hers, and had said to himself in the pity of self-accusation, "She's always done so much to make a fellow happy, it must have been pretty tough to find out all of a sudden he was that sort!"

But Electa had found her voice again. "Yes, there's something else," she was saying. "It seems to us as if we had n't quite understood each other, Ralph, and we can't bear to have you go off — like this, and everything, without having you know that we do understand — now — and that — that we're very glad indeed — and we hope you'll be so very, very happy together."

For a second the Boy's mind groped blindly; then in a flash he saw what she meant — and his lips said, "Thank you, Miss Lecky."

"And now," she went on tremulously, — "that we do know about it, we're so sorry that we're not going to be in the city any longer — because — Don't you see, Ralph, if you'd only told us, we could have asked her in to dinner sometimes — and then — afterwards, you could have sat in the parlor together, while we did the dishes."

ALLER SEELEN

BY MABEL EARLE

The mist in the air, and the moon in the sky,
And a wind from the pine-grown height;
The living years are a breath gone by,
And the dead years live to-night.

The mist in the air, rain-washed and sweet;
The moon on the pine-slopes blue;
The long thin hill-grass under my feet —
But where are I and You?

The rocks and the rain-sweet wind are here,
The moon and the mountain grass;
The living soul of a long-dead year
Walks on the pine-crowned pass.

But You and I have journeyed far
On a long unresting track,
From the Souls We Were to the Souls We Are —
A goal whence none go back.

The dead years rise on the rain-washed wind,
And walk in the world they knew;
But living or dead we shall not find
The souls that were I and You.

FOREIGN PRIVILEGE IN CHINA

BY HOSEA B. MORSE

THE newly aroused sense of nationality, of feeling that they belong to one common fatherland, which is at present seen to pervade the masses of China, has taken many aspects. Now it seems to be directed against the alien dynasty, now it manifests itself by resentment against local misgovernment, now, notably in 1900, it takes an anti-foreign form; but of any organized movement, sooner or later, the Asiatic instinct of strong government gets the upper hand, and agitation which might devastate the country is kept within restraining banks. The latest development of nationalism in China is the present movement against those privileges reserved for foreigners, to which the native can lay no claim; and foremost among these is the right of extraterritoriality, against which the battle will be long and stoutly contested. It will be well to inquire what it is.

In the earliest times the traveler was protected by no law: the Tyrian voyager along the coasts of the Mediterranean secured only such rights as he could buy or enforce; but he neither carried with him his own law, nor was he entitled to claim the protection of the law of those among whom he sojourned. With the extension of the Roman dominion went the *pax Romana* also, and every citizen who traveled was under the ægis of the *jus Romanum*. The principle established was that the Roman elsewhere than in Rome was extraterritorialized, — he was not required to submit to the territorial laws of the "foreign" country, but remained outside them and continued to enjoy the protection of his own laws. As an echo of this privilege we find that in the constitution of A. D. 824, imposed upon the people of Rome by Lothair, acting as vice-gerent for his father Louis the Pious, each inhabitant of the city was required to choose the code, Roman, Frankish, or Lombard, by which he wished to live, and was then judged according to the law selected. The underlying principle is obvious. It was recognized as inequitable that, for example, the Frank, who was entitled by his native law to compound for a homicide by payment of *Weregeld*, should by the accident of residence in what — though the capital of the empire — was still to him a foreign city, be compelled to pay the penalty of death, — a penalty which from his point of view must appear cruel and vindictive. And while he wished to preserve for himself his own law, he did not wish to impose it on the Roman people or on the Lombards who less than a century before had been masters of the city. The Frank in Rome was fully extraterritorialized, but of Rome the Frank was titular sovereign.

When the West first met the East on equal terms at shorter range than a lance's length, it was found that their laws were incompatible; that no Venetian or Genoese, the pioneers in commerce in those days, would willingly or could in reason be expected to submit himself to Moslem law, based on the stern requirements of the Koran; and that no follower of the Prophet could yield obedience to a code whose leading exponent was the Pope. There was no thought of requiring either to conform to the law of the other: as between one country of Europe and another the *lex loci* might be applied; but to assimilate the legal procedure of two diverse civilizations was the mingling of oil and vinegar. The question was one-sided, since no Moslem ever strayed from the fold, and the Padishah settled it offhand by bidding the Giaours judge, control, — and protect, — their own na-

tionals according to their own customs. While the trading states were weak and the Moslem power strong, the *imperium in imperio* thus created caused no more trouble than the old protection which the Roman citizen carried with him everywhere; but in the course of years the Turkish realm lost its old-time force, the more powerfully organized nations of Europe entered the field, and the obligation of extraterritoriality became a right, claimed by all strong enough to enforce it, enjoyed by all in the comity of nations, and ultimately sanctioned by the Capitulations. These are the charter of extraterritoriality in the Turkish Empire, and in the states now or formally vassal to it.

At first the natural assumption was, that the traveler carried his law with him, in so far as he was entitled to the protection of any law; but by degrees in the history of those countries whose government is based on law and not on the will of the governors, law became paramount, and the law of the locality was never set aside to pleasure a chance visitor. This is now the rule, the Capitulations in Turkey being merely survivals of the middle ages. When the European first came to the Far East, he had no thought that he was entitled to carry his law with him, and submission to the *lex loci* was merely an incident in his adventurous career, duly provided for in his profit and loss account. The Black Hole of Calcutta was typical of the treatment of the English in India at the time, when once removed from the protection of the British flag; the Portuguese in China enjoyed life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness only on condition of remaining safely in the tiny peninsula of Macao; and the Dutch in Japan, cooped up in Desima, made money, but were otherwise subject to the whims of the Japanese. At the opening of the nineteenth century the English and Americans resident in China were restricted to the "Factory" or trading post of Canton, privileged for exercise to walk a hundred paces in one direction, and then a hundred paces in the other. They were in general well treated, since the trade so profitable to them was equally profitable to the Chinese, and, so long as they were law-abiding, were not molested, — but law-abiding in the sense of abiding by the law of China. It was irksome to them to have no lawyer to instruct them in the law of the land, to have no fixed and certain law to appeal to, to be doubtful of the application of the law to any particular case, and to have no doubt whatever on the course likely to be followed by the administrators of the law; but this was all an incident of their position, and the rapid accumulation of fortune enabled them to shake the dust of the country from their shoes after a very short stay. So the position was endured, and the *lex loci* submitted to, — probably, from what we know of the English and American character, with many murmurs, but without overt opposition.

It is no part of my purpose to describe the state of the prisons of China, or the methods by which testimony and confession are elicited, or to demonstrate the insistent need to the Chinese people, of the article in King John's Magna Charta, "to no freeman will we deny or sell justice." The incompatibility of laws based on diverse civilizations is nowhere more marked than in China. There no bankruptcy law is possible: if a debtor's own estate will not suffice to pay his debts, the deficiency must be made good by his father, brothers, or uncles; if a debtor absconds, his immediate family are promptly imprisoned; if the debtor returns, he is put in prison and kept there indefinitely, so long as he can find money for his daily food, until released by payment in full or by death; — this is the law. When, in 1895, Admiral Ting found himself forced to surrender Weihaiwei and his fleet, he committed suicide; by this courageous step, technically dying before surrender, he saved his immediate family — father, mother, sons and daughters — from decapitation, and their property from confiscation, — the penalty when a commander surrenders an Im-

perial fortress; — this is the law. When in the old days, an English gunner caused the death of a Chinese by firing a salute from a cannon, from which, by oversight, the ball had not been removed, he was seized, tried, and executed; and in 1839, when in the course of a disturbance with English and American sailors at Canton, a Chinese was killed, the authorities demanded that, if the guilty person could not be detected and executed, the whole party should be handed over for execution; — this is the law. Intention is never taken into account. A dollar for a dollar, an eye for an eye, a life for a life, and all for the Emperor and his representatives, — this is the law of China.

The feeling against continued submission to this law and to its arbitrary and inequitable application had been growing; and when the Chinese authorities committed an overt act of aggression in seizing and destroying the property of the English and American merchants at Canton, burning their "Factory," in which alone, as in a Ghetto, they were permitted to reside, and forcibly expelling them from Chinese soil, the British took up the cudgels and the war of 1842 followed. The movable property destroyed consisted mainly of opium, and consequently the war is in common parlance called the "Opium War." This is an ill-chosen designation for the Americans, as for the English, since, as the direct result of the war, the American government secured a treaty containing even more favorable terms than the British treaty. In fact the direct cause of the war was the growing sense of the need for better protection to life and property, though behind this was the ground cause of the need for better relations generally. In the words of Dr. Hawks Pott's *Sketch of Chinese History*, "The first war with China was but the beginning of a struggle between the extreme East and the West, the East refusing to treat on terms of equality, diplomatically or commercially, with Western nations, and the West insisting on its right to be so treated."

As has been the rule from the outset, England bore the brunt of the battle in securing the rights of the West; and the privileges secured to her as the result of the war became the heritage of all the Western powers coming later into the field. Equality of treatment was conceded in 1842 on paper; but the execution of the concession in practice left much to be desired, and friction continued. There were, of course, faults on both sides, as is always the case where a bold, aggressive race comes, especially in matters of trade, in contact with a weaker race given to supplement its want of strength by methods of chicanery and indirectness; but underlying everything were the demand for equality of treatment and extraterritorial rights on the one side, and on the other, a stubborn disinclination to yield either. A second war became necessary, in which the French joined hands with the English; and a second time America and other interested powers came in and secured treaties simultaneous and identical with those signed by the British and French envoys. These treaties, signed independently by Great Britain, France, Russia, and the United States in 1858, by Prussia and the North German Confederation in 1861, and by other powers in later years, are still the charter of liberty of the foreigner resident in China; and in each of them, in addition to a "most favored nation" clause, is contained the stipulation of extraterritoriality.

The earliest treaties with China were made by Russia, whose envoys came by the Siberian route, and whose colonists and armed forces were in constant conflict with the Manchus and the sons of Han on the long frontier of the Amur and in Central Asia. The earliest of these treaties, that of Nipchu (or Nertchinsk) signed in 1689, contains (Art. VI) the following provision: —

If hereafter any of the subjects of either nation pass the frontier and commit crimes of

violence against property or life, they are at once to be arrested and sent to the frontier of their own country and handed over to the chief local authority, who will inflict on them the death penalty as a punishment of their crimes.

The treaty of the Frontier (called also the treaty of Kiakhta, at which place the ratifications were exchanged), signed in 1727, contains (Art. X) the following provision: —

Those who pass the frontier and steal camels or cattle shall be handed over to their natural judges [*leurs juges naturels*], who will condemn them to pay ten times, and for a second offense twenty times, the value of the property stolen; for a third offense, they shall be punished by death.

The supplementary treaty of Kiakhta, signed in 1768, contains minute stipulations for the arrest and extradition of criminals, but includes this provision: —

The subjects of the Middle Kingdom [China] who shall have committed acts of brigandage shall be delivered, without distinction of persons, to the tribunal which governs the outer provinces, and punished with death; the subjects of the Oros [Russia] shall be delivered to their senate, to undergo the same penalty.

Here, then, from one to two centuries before the first of the treaties with any of the maritime powers, we have the principle of extraterritoriality accepted; the penalties are prescribed by negotiation between the two powers concerned, but the culprits are to be handed over to their own natural authorities, — are to be judged and condemned according to the legal procedure of their native land.

The British treaty of Nanking, signed in 1842, as the result of the war of that year, contained provisions for uniformity of customs duties and equality of treatment for British officials; but the only reference to consular jurisdiction is found in Art. II, to the effect that consuls are "to be the medium of communication between the Chinese authorities and the said merchants, and to see that the just duties and other dues of the Chinese government as hereafter provided for are duly discharged by Her Brittanic Majesty's subjects."

The supplementary treaty of Hoomunchai (1843) contains provisions for extradition, but it too makes no provision for extraterritoriality. It was reserved for the United States of America, peacefully following on the sound of the British cannon, to step into the breach, and to supply the one condition which renders it possible for American, English, German, or other merchants to enjoy in quiet the fruits of their trading activity, or for their missionaries to prosecute their holy calling peacefully, and to carry back out of China the life they brought with them, subject to the laws of the land of their allegiance and not of the land of their sojourn. In the treaty of Wang Hiya, signed in July, 1844, Art. XXI reads as follows:

Subjects of China who may be guilty of any criminal act towards citizens of the United States shall be arrested and punished by the Chinese authorities according to the laws of China, and citizens of the United States who may commit any crime in China shall be subject to be tried and punished only by the Consul or other public functionary of the United States thereto authorized according to the laws of the United States; and in order to the prevention of all controversy and disaffection, justice shall be equitably and impartially administered on both sides.

The French treaty of Whampoa, signed in October, 1844, contained a similar provision that French subjects accused of any crime should be "livrés à l'action régulière des lois françaises," adding, however, an enunciation of the principle of extraterritoriality: —

Il en sera de même en toute circonstance analogue et non prévue dans la présente Convention, le principe étant que, pour la répression des crimes et délits commis par eux dans les cinq ports, les Français seront constamment régis par la loi française.

This is the principle adopted since that time in all treaty negotiations entered into with China by each one of the treaty powers, which, in the order of the dates of the first treaty with each, are Russia,

Great Britain, the United States, France, Belgium, Sweden and Norway, Germany, Denmark, the Netherlands, Spain, Italy, Austria-Hungary, Japan, Peru, Brazil, Portugal, and Mexico.

This is extraterritoriality, secured by two wars and by treaties with seventeen powers, each one of which must consent to its abrogation or modification. By it the foreigner resident in China is subject to no one provision of the law of China, as to either his person or his property, but at all times and in all places is entitled to the protection of his own national law administered by his own national officials. There are no two voices as to the necessity for this right among those resident in China, and the right has been recognized by the various governments as supplying the one condition under which their nationals can remain in that country. In its exercise some abuses have grown up, which may be considered later; but first it is needful to study its practical application.

We all know, or think we know, the ordinary functions of the ordinary consul. Practically they may be reduced to three. He is the commercial agent of his government, and in that capacity must study the commercial possibilities for American traders and manufacturers in the country to which he is accredited, and inform the nation by the reports which he writes. He is a notary public, certifying invoices for the United States customs, and attesting documents signed before him for use in the United States. Finally he is the adviser to Americans sojourning abroad, supplementing their ignorance of foreign laws and customs, and indicating to them the means by which they may be in the position, as to knowledge, which they would occupy in their own country. Coming to China we find the consul performing not only these functions, but many more besides, all of which add to his cares and his responsibilities.

First, by the direct action of the principle of extraterritoriality, he is a police magistrate to try offenses committed by American citizens, civil judge for suits brought against Americans by Chinese, by other Americans, or by foreigners of other nationalities, and criminal judge for more serious crimes committed by Americans, even up to murder in the first degree. From his decisions appeal is difficult. His judgment may be reviewed by the United States Minister at Peking, but this is in no sense a re-trial; and in certain cases an appeal may be taken to the United States Circuit Court, six thousand miles away, in California. His position is the more difficult from the fact that he has to administer, not the law of Massachusetts, or of New York, or even of California, the nearest state, but "American law," and this generally without the aid of trained lawyers; he must administer the common law unelucidated by any state statutes, and must often give judgments which Solomon would have envied. Besides American law he must have a sufficient knowledge of the *lex loci* (as in the case of a land suit in which an American is defendant), and instances have been known when his judgment has depended upon the right interpretation of the tenets of the Buddhist religion. With all this he has still to meet another element of difficulty: his instructions from the State Department require him first to bring two suitors to common terms of settlement; and if, after making the attempt, without giving one party a clue to the case of the other, he fails of success, he must then erase from his mind all he has learned in the matter and go on the bench to sit as judge.

Besides requiring him to act as judge, the extraterritorialized position of the foreigner in China places on the consul's shoulders still another burden of responsibility. Beyond the protection of American law, the American in China is safeguarded by the stipulations of the treaties. These specify — to select a few among the many instances — that customs duties shall be uniform, that inland tran-

sit dues (akin to octroi) may be compounded, that Americans may freely rent or charter houses, boats, etc., that they shall not be prevented from preaching the gospel, that the United States Minister may freely and safely reside in Peking. Though sitting as judge when an American is defendant, when an American has a plaint against a Chinese defendant the consul is by law the official advocate in the case, a position presenting some embarrassment in cross suits. When the plaint is against the Chinese government, the consul is the more necessarily an advocate from the need of interpreting and applying the stipulations of the treaties — not only of the American treaties, but, under the "most favored nation" clause, of all the treaties made with China. This makes of him a diplomatic representative, — not merely a representative of the minister at Peking but of the State Department at Washington; and in this capacity he has to present arguments and bring pressure to bear on the Chinese officials to an extent not sanctioned by procedure in European countries.

In cases of riot and disturbance in a country of weak government, the foreign military and naval forces must be called in to give due protection to their nationals. The consul is the natural diplomatic intermediary with the Chinese officials, and all representations, by way either of persuasion or of ultimatum, must pass through him. It is for him alone to judge when the toga must yield to arms; and, in addition to his other responsibilities, he is the resident civil authority in control of the armed forces of his own country.

By virtue of extraterritoriality, direct action against a foreigner's person or estate can be taken only through his own consul; and in the case of an arrest for contravention of municipal regulations, it is by him that the prisoner must be tried. The foreign communities are little self-governing and self-taxing republics, each in its square mile or two of territory; but even against their own members those communities cannot act through their own courts, which do not exist. If the municipal police arrest gamblers, let us say, among whom are men of six different nationalities, plaint must be made before six different consular courts, with the result, incidentally, that one culprit may be fined a dollar and another a hundred dollars on the same day for the same offense. The municipal council governing such a community is subject to no legally constituted tribunal, since none such exists of competent jurisdiction; and, being after all only a body of private gentlemen of many nationalities, with no official status, can communicate with the Chinese officials, with whom they have constant and important dealings, only through "their own" consuls. To meet these varying needs of the regularly constituted governing body of these little republics, the consuls take united action, holding deliberative meetings for that purpose, and act by the voice and pen of the "senior consul" — the consul longest in residence; and they appoint certain of their number to constitute a consular court, a tribunal before which the municipal council may be sued. This gives the consul an important part in the municipal control, not only of his own nationals, but of all foreigners in the community.

As we have seen, the consul in Europe is merely a commercial agent of his own government; to this function the consul in China adds those of judge, diplomatic agent, civil authority in control of the military, and has a potent voice in municipal administration. All this arises from extraterritoriality. This remedy for the intolerable situation of the first half of the nineteenth century has now been in force for sixty years, and through it life in China has been rendered possible for the American and other foreigners; without it, during those sixty years, the contention of the Chinese government that none of the outer barbarians should abide on the sacred soil of the Middle Kingdom would have worked

its own accomplishment. It is based on force, as was the first occupation of Massachusetts Bay and the progress of the Union from the Atlantic westward to the Pacific, and on manifest destiny, so long as its beneficiaries can compel destiny. It has no logical or moral argument to uphold it; and yet it is a necessity of the case, if the American merchant and the American missionary are to remain in the country; and so long as their stay there is legitimate, so long will extraterritoriality provide them with a buckler in following their lawful occupations.

There are some abuses connected with the practical working of this privilege which call for notice. Not all American missionaries can be trusted to temper zeal with discretion, and to distinguish what is right from what is lawful; nor can all American merchants be trusted to place integrity and honesty on the shelf from which they can most easily be reached down. The question of the missionary can be soon disposed of, since in his error he is at least honest. Not only in the treaty ports, the sole authorized places for foreign trade, is the American covered by his extraterritorialized position, but in every corner of this vast empire in which he may put his foot. When the missionary, far in the interior, many miles from the observing eyes of his consul, transfers a corner of his protecting cloak to his poor Chinese convert, he may be doing what is right, but it is not lawful; and this is the naked fact underlying many an episode leading to a riot. You cannot eradicate from a missionary's mind the belief that a convert is entitled to justice of a quality superior to that doled out to his unconverted brother; it could not be got out of your mind, nor out of mine, in a similar case. None of us could endure that a protégé of ours should be haled away to a filthy prison for a debt he did not owe, and kept there until he had satisfied, not perhaps the fictitious creditor, but at least his custodians who were responsible for his safe keeping. The case is particularly hard when the claim is not for a debt, but for a contribution to the upkeep of the village temple — the throne of heathendom — or of the recurring friendly village feasts held in connection with the temple — counterparts of Fast Day and Thanksgiving; and when conversion drives its subject to break off all his family ties by refusing to contribute to the maintenance of family ancestral worship and the ancestral shrine, the hardship is felt on all sides — by the missionary, who cannot decline to support his weaker brother in his struggle against the snares of the devil; by the convert, who is divided between his allegiance to his new faith and the old beliefs which made all that was holy in his former life; by the family, who not only regard their recreant member as an apostate, but are also compelled to maintain the old worship with reduced assessments from reduced numbers; and by the people and governors of the land, who may find in such a situation a spark to initiate a great conflagration. No missionary, none of ourselves, could refuse his support in such a case; and yet no missionary with whom I have spoken considers that the support should be given. To a man they think that they must regard in such matters, what is lawful and not necessarily what is right; and with them it is always "the other fellow" who does these things.

This contention is more nearly true of American missionaries than of those of some other nationalities, and among them it is almost absolutely true of the older established missionary bodies; but among other nationalities and newer missions interference in cases of "religious persecution," in suits for debt, and even in criminal cases, is only too common. The strength of a chain is that of its weakest link, and the rights of the missionary in the interior will have to be tested, not by the conduct of the decent majority, but by that of an aggressive minority bent, for one reason or another, on extending their own extraordinary rights to Chinese converts who otherwise must

share such justice as is meted out to their fellow subjects. Some day the missionaries will have to decide whether they will be content with protection to their own persons and property, or will lose even that in an attempt to secure to their converts a measure of justice denied to them when heathen.

All this, however, is a small matter when compared with the injury done to foreign reputation by the misuse of extraterritoriality in commercial questions. The treaties have secured to foreigners many privileges denied to Chinese. It is no part of my present purpose to inquire if these privileges are equitable or not; it is enough to say that they will be maintained so long as foreign nations are strong enough to insist on their maintenance, and that among them are rights second only to extraterritoriality as essential conditions for foreign residence in China as she is to-day. Among them are such provisions as the retention by consuls of the control over shipping under their national flag, the levy of uniform customs duties, the registration of land held by foreigners at their consulates, etc. Protection is thus given to foreigners in their daily business, such as Chinese do not enjoy; and it would be unreasonable to expect that no foreigner would be found ready, for a consideration, to lend a corner of his flag to cover the nakedness of the poor Chinaman. Among the foreigners resident in China there is the same proportion of good, bad, and indifferent as among the same class in the home lands, and the malpractice is common; but while the abuse of the flag provides a decent income to many among them, it causes great injury to the legitimate commerce of the countries from which they come, and disorganizes the methods of administration, right or wrong, just or unjust, of the land in which they live. Because an American can take certain goods from one place to another for a hundred dollars in taxes, while it would cost a Chinese twice that sum, provides no reason good in the eyes of the American nation, the American manufacturer, or the legitimate American trader, why the Chinese should be allowed to save half his outgo by the misuse of the American flag. The differential taxation is a matter between the Chinaman and his own government, and is no concern of the American nation; and yet, if an American has lent his name to the transaction, the American consul is bound to intervene to protect the Chinaman's goods. This is only one example of many in which extraterritoriality is abused to give to Chinese a protection from their own officials to which they could otherwise lay no claim.

Instances have been known where a foreigner with no capital, not a penny, opened branch firms in several places and ran steamers in his name and under his flag, but had no share in the working of the business, and was never heard of — except when it became necessary to call a case out of the Chinese magistrate's *yamen* to the foreign consular court. In one instance a small steamer was transferred within a few months, first to the British, then to the French, then to the American, then to the Italian flag, in order to keep her out of the Chinese court to which both the claimants to her ownership were subject; the transfers were frequent because the case was too notorious to be upheld even by the lax methods of China; but the legal machinery was there and was used. Each power professes to wish to stop these abuses, but nothing can be done except by unanimous consent of all the seventeen treaty powers: one recalcitrant power would provide for its nationals a rich harvest from the traffic denied to other foreigners, and it is unlikely that anything will be done, unless the great commercial nations put their foot down and say to the smaller powers, "This shall go no farther."

These are relatively minor defects, only important in so far as they tend to weaken the arguments of the upholders of extraterritoriality, which, with its concomitant privileges, is to-day, as it has been for

sixty years, an essential condition of the residence and business of foreigners in China; and the right will not, and cannot, be abrogated until the foreign powers concerned are unanimous in their opinion that residence in China will be as safe, and protected by guarantees as sound, as in other countries, — or until the growing strength and improved administration of China herself enables her to claim and to maintain the right of governing all within her borders.

THE AMERICAN GRUB STREET

BY JAMES H. COLLINS

NEW YORK's theatres, cafés, and hotels, with many of her industries, are supported by a floating population. The provinces know this, and it pleases them mightily. But how many of the actual inhabitants of New York know of the large floating population that is associated with her magazines, newspapers, and publishing interests? — a floating population of the arts, mercenaries of pen and typewriter, brush and camera, living for the most part in the town and its suburbs, yet leading an unattached existence, that, to the provincial accustomed to dealing with life on a salary, seems not only curious but extremely precarious — as it often is.

The free-lance writer and artist abound in the metropolis, and with them is associated a motley free-lance crew that has no counterpart elsewhere on this continent. New York's "Grub Street" is one of the truest indications of her metropolitan character. In other American cities the newspaper is written, illustrated, and edited by men and women on salaries, as are the comparatively few magazines and the technical press covering our country's material activities. But in New York, while hundreds of editors, writers, and artists also rely upon a stated, definite stipend, several times as many more live without salaried connections, sometimes by necessity, but as often by choice. These are the dwellers in Grub Street.

This thoroughfare has no geographical definition. Many of the natives of Manhattan Island know as little of it as do the truck loads of visitors "seeing New York," who cross and recross it unwittingly. Grub Street begins nowhere and ends nowhere; yet between these vague terminals it runs to all points of the compass, turns sharp corners, penetrates narrow passageways, takes its pedestrians up dark old stairways one moment and through sumptuous halls of steel and marble the next, touching along the way more diverse interests than any of the actual streets of Manhattan, and embracing ideals, tendencies, influences, and life currents that permeate the nation's whole material and spiritual existence. Greater Grub Street is so unobtrusive that a person with no affair to transact therein might dwell a quarter-century in New York and never discover it; yet it is likewise so palpable and vast to its denizens that by no ordinary circumstances would any of them be likely to explore all its infinite arteries, veins, and ganglia.

Not long ago there arrived on Park Row for the first time in his life a newspaper reporter of conspicuous ability along a certain line. In the West he had made a name for his knack at getting hold of corporate reports and court decisions several days in advance of rival papers. Once, in Chicago, by climbing over the ceiling of a jury-room, he was able to publish the verdict in a sensational mur-

der trial a half hour before it had been brought in to the judge. A man invaluable in following the devious windings of the day's history as it must be written in newspapers, he had come to Park Row as the ultimate field of development for his especial talent. To demonstrate what he had done he brought along a thick sheaf of introductory letters from Western editors. There was one for every prominent editor and publisher in the New York newspaper field, yet after all had been delivered it seemed to avail nothing. Nobody had offered him a situation.

"The way to get along in New York is to go out and get the stuff," explained a free-lance whom he fell in with in a William Street restaurant. "Get copy they can't turn down, — deliver the goods."

In that dull summer season all the papers were filled with gossip about a subscription book that had been sold at astonishing prices to that unfailing resource of newspapers, the "smart set." Charges of blackmail flew through the city. Official investigation had failed to reveal anything definite about the work, which was said to be in process of printing. In twenty-four hours the newcomer from the West appeared in the office of a managing editor with specimen pages of the book itself. Where he had got them nobody knew. No one cared. They were manifestly genuine, and within two hours a certain sensational newspaper scored a "beat." At last accounts he was specializing in the same line, obtaining the unobtainable and selling it where it would bring the best price.

This is one type of free-lance.

At the other end of the scale may be cited the all-around scientific worker who came to the metropolis several years ago, after long experience in the departments at Washington. Lack of influence there had thrown him on the world at forty. Accustomed to living on the rather slender salary that goes with a scientific position, and knowing no other way of getting a livelihood, he set out to find in New York a place similar to that he had held in the capital. He is a man who has followed the whole trend of modern scientific progress as a practical investigator, — a deviser of experiments and experimental apparatus, a skilled technical draughtsman, a writer on scientific subjects, and a man of field experience in surveying and research that has taken him all over the world. New York offered him nothing resembling the work he had done in Washington; but in traveling about the town among scientific and technical publishers he got commissions to write an article or two for an encyclopedia. These led him into encylopedic illustration as well, and then he took charge of a whole section of the work, gathering his materials outside, writing and drawing at home, and visiting the publisher's office only to deliver the finished copy. Encyclopedia writing and illustration has since become his specialty. His wide experience and knowledge fit him to cope with diverse subjects, and he earns an income which, if not nearly so large as that of the free-lance reporter, is quite as satisfactory as his Washington salary. As soon as one encyclopedia is finished in New York, another is begun, and from publisher to publisher go a group of encyclopedic free-lances, who will furnish an article on integral calculus or the Vedic pantheon, with diagrams and illustrations, — and very good articles at that.

Who but a Balzac will take a census of Greater Grub Street, enumerating its aristocrats, its well-to-do obscure bourgeois, its Bohemians, its rakes, and evil-doers, its artisans and struggling lower classes? Among its citizens are the materials of a newer *Comédie Humaine*. The two personalities outlined above merely set a vague intellectual boundary to this world. In its many kinds and stations of workers Grub Street is as irreducible as nebulæ. Its aristocracy is to be found any time in that "Peerage" of Grub Street, the contents pages of the better magazines, where are arrayed the names

of successful novelists, essayists, and short-story writers, of men and women who deal with specialties such as travel, historical studies, war correspondence, nature interpretation, sociology, politics, and every other side of life and thought; and here, too, are enlisted their morganatic relatives, the poets and versifiers, and their showy, prosperous kindred, the illustrators, who may be summoned from Grub Street to paint a portrait at Newport. This peerage is real, for no matter upon what stratum of Grub Street each newcomer may ultimately find his level of ability, this is the goal that was aimed at in the beginning. This is the Dream.

Staid, careful burghers of the arts, producing their good, dull, staple necessities in screed and picture, live about the lesser magazines, the women's periodicals, the trade and technical press, the syndicates that supply "Sunday stuff" to newspapers all over the land, the nameless, mediocre publications that are consumed by our rural population in million editions. The Bohemian element is found writing "on space" for newspapers this month, furnishing the press articles of a theatre or an actress the next, running the gamut of the lesser magazines feverishly, flitting hither and thither, exhausting its energies with wasteful rapidity, and never learning the business tact and regularity that keeps the burgher in comfort and gives his name a standing at the savings bank. The criminal class of Grub Street includes the peddler of false news, the adapter of other men's ideas, and the swindler who copies published articles and pictures outright, trusting to luck to elude the editorial police. The individual in this stratum has a short career and not a merry one; but the class persists with the persistence of the parasite. Grub Street's artisans are massed about the advertising agencies, producing the plausible arguments put forth for the world of merchandise, and the many varities of illustration that go with them; while the nameless driftwood which floats about the whole thoroughfare includes no one knows how many hundreds of aspirants whose talents do not suffice for any of these classes, together with the peddler of other men's wares on commission, who perhaps ekes out a life by entering as a super at the theatres, the artists' models, both men and women, who pose in summer and are away with a theatrical company in winter, the dullard, the drone, the ne'er-do-well, the palpable failure. At one end, Art's chosen sons and daughters; at the other, her content, misguided dupes.

The free-lance is bred naturally in New York, and thrives in its atmosphere, because the market for his wares is stable and infinitely varied. The demand he satisfies could be appeased by no other system. The very life of metropolitan publishing lies in the search for new men and variety. Publishers spend great sums upon the winnowing machinery that threshes over what comes to their editors' desks, and no editor in the metropolis grudges the time necessary to talk with those who call in person and have ideas good enough to carry them past his assistants. Publicly, the editorial tribe may lament the many hours spent yearly in this winnowing process. Yet every experienced editor in New York has his own story of the stranger, uncouth, unpromising, unready of speech, who stole in late one afternoon and seemed to have almost nothing in him, yet who afterwards became the prolific Scribbler or the great D'Auber. Not an editor of consequence but who, if he knew that to-morrow this ceaseless throng of free-lances, good, bad, and impossible, had declared a Chinese boycott upon him and would visit his office no more, would regard it as the gravest of crises.

New York provides a market so wide for the wares of the free-lance that almost anything in the way of writing or picture can eventually be sold, if it is up to a certain standard of mediocrity. A trained salesman familiar with values in the world of merchandise would con-

sider this market one of the least exacting, most constant, and remunerative. And it is a market to be regarded, on the whole, in terms of merchandise. Not genius or talent sets the standards, but ordinary good workmanship. Magazines are simply the apex of the demand — that corner of the mart where payment is perhaps highest and the by-product of reputation greatest. For each of the fortunate workers whose names figure in the magazine peerage, there are virtually hundreds who produce for purchasers and publications quite unknown to the general public, and often their incomes are equal to those of the established fiction writer or popular illustrator.

New York has eight Sunday newspapers that buy matter for their own editions and supply it in duplicate to other Sunday newspapers throughout the country under a syndicate arrangement. Perhaps an average of five hundred columns of articles, stories, interviews, children's stuff, household and feminine gossip, humor, verse, and miscellany, with illustrations, are produced every week for this demand alone; and at least fifty per cent of the yearly $150,000 that represents its lowest value to the producers is paid to free-lance workers. The rest goes to men on salary who write Sunday matter at space rates. This item is wholly distinct from the equally great mass of Sunday stuff written for the same papers by salaried men. Several independent syndicates also supply a similar class of matter to papers throughout the United States, both for Sunday and daily use. This syndicate practice has, within the past ten years, made New York a veritable journalistic provider for the rest of the nation. The metropolis supplies the Sunday reading of the American people, largely because it has the resources of Grub Street to draw upon. Syndicate matter is cheaper than the provincial product, it is true; but not price alone is accountable for this supremacy of the syndicate. By the side of the workmanlike stories, articles, skits, and pictures supplied by Greater Grub Street, the productions of a provincial newspaper staff on salary grow monotonous in their sameness, and reveal themselves by their less skillful handling.

The Sunday-reading industry provides a market not only for writers and artists, but also for photographers, caricaturists, cartoonists, makers of squibs and jokes, experts in fashions, devisers of puzzles, men and women who sell ideas for novel Sunday supplements, such as those printed in sympathetic inks, and the like. It is a peculiarity of our country worth noting, that all our published humor finds its outlet through the newspapers. Though England, Germany, France, and other countries have a humorous press distinctly apart, the United States has only one humorous journal that may be called national in tone. An overwhelming tide of caricature and humor sweeps through our daily papers, but the larger proportion is found in the illustrated comic sheets of the leading New York dailies; and these are syndicated in a way that gives them a tremendous national circulation. The Sunday comic sheet, whatever one wishes to say of its quality, was built in Greater Grub Street, and there, to-day, its foundations rest.

In Grub Street, too, dwells the army of workers who furnish what might be called the cellulose of our monthly and weekly publications — interviews, literary gossip, articles of current news interest, matter interesting to women, to children, to every class and occupation. As there are magazines for the servant girl and clerk, so there are magazines for the millionaire with a country estate, the business man studying system and methods, the woman with social or literary aspirations, the family planning travel or a vacation. To-day it is a sort of axiom in the publishing world that a new magazine, to succeed, must have a new specialty. Usually this will be a material one, for our current literature deals with things rather than thought; it is healthy but never top-heavy. Each new

magazine interest discovered is turned over to Greater Grub Street for development, and here it is furnished with matter to fit the new point of view, drawings and photographs to make it plain, editors to guide, and sometimes a publisher to send it to market.

Then come, rank on rank, the trade and technical periodicals, of which hundreds are issued weekly and monthly in New York. These touch the whole range of industry and commerce. They deal with banking, law, medicine, insurance, manufacturing, and the progress of merchandise of every kind through the wholesale, jobbing, and retailing trades, with invention and mechanical science, with crude staples and finished commodities, with the great main channels of production and distribution and the little by-corners of the mart. Some of them are valuable publishing properties, more are insignificant; yet each has to go to press regularly, and all must be filled with their own particular kinds of news, comment, technical articles, and pictures. Theirs is a difficult point of view for the free-lance, and on this account much of their contents is written by salaried editors and assistants. Contributions come, too, from engineers, scientists, bankers, attorneys, physicians, and specialists in every part of the country. Foremen and superintendents and mechanics in some trades send in roughly outlined diagrams and descriptions that enable the quick-witted editors to see "how the blamed thing works" and write the finished article. The American trade press is still in an early stage of development on its literary side. It has grown up largely within the past two decades, and still lacks literary workmanship. To hundreds of free-lance workers this field is now either unknown or underestimated. Yet year after year men disappear from Park Row and the round of Magazinedom, to be found, if any one would take the trouble to look them up, among the trade journals. Some of the great properties in this class belong to journalists who saw an opportunity a decade ago, and grasped it.

The trade journals lead directly into the field of advertising, which has grown into a phenomenal outlet for free-lance energies in the past ten years, and is still growing at a rate that promises to make it the dominant market of Grub Street. A glance through the advertising sections of the seventy-five or more monthly and weekly magazines published in New York reveals only a fraction of this demand, for a mass of writing and illustration many times greater is produced for catalogues, booklets, folders, circulars, advertising in the religious, agricultural, and trade press, and other purposes. Much of it is the work of men on salary, yet advertising takes so many ingenious forms and is so constantly striving for the novel and excellent, that hardly any writer or illustrator of prominence but receives in the course of the year commissions for special advertising work, and fat commissions, too. Often the fine drawing one sees as the centre of attraction in a magazine advertisement is the work of a man or woman of reputation among the readers of magazines, delivered with the understanding that it is to be published unsigned.

The advertising demand is divided into two classes, — that represented by business firms who prepare their own publicity, and that for the advertising agencies which prepare and forward to periodicals the advertising of many business houses, receiving for their service a commission from the publishers. It is among the latter especially that the free-lance finds his market, for the agencies handle a varied mass of work and are continually calling in men who can furnish fresh ideas. One of the leading advertising agencies keeps in a great file the names and addresses of several hundred free-lance workers — writers, sculptors, illustrators, portrait painters, translators, news and illustrating photographers, fashion designers, authorities in silver and virtu, book reviewers, journalists

with such specialties as sports, social news, and the markets. Each is likely to be called on for something in his particular line as occasions arise.

This concern, for example, may receive a commission to furnish a handsomely bound miniature book on servants' liveries for a clothing manufacturer, or a history of silver plate to be privately printed and distributed among the patrons of a great jewelry house. For a simple folder to advertise a brand of whiskey, perhaps, the sporting editor of a leading daily newspaper is asked to compile information about international yacht-racing. From Union Square may be seen a large wall, upon which is painted a quaint landscape of gigantic proportions. It is a bit of thoroughly artistic design, fitting into the general color scheme of the square, and its attractiveness gives it minor advertising value for the firm that has taken an original way of masking a blank wall. This decoration was painted from a small design, made for the above advertising agency by a painter of prominence. The same agency, in compiling a catalogue of cash registers some time ago, referred to their utilitarian ugliness of design. The cash register manufacturers protested that these were the best designs they had been able to make, whereupon the advertising agency commissioned four sculptors, who elaborated dainty cash register cases in the *art nouveau* manner, for installation in cafés, milliners' shops, and other fine establishments.

Advertising requires versatility of a high order. A newspaper writer, so long as he makes his articles interesting to the widest public, is not required to give too strict attention to technicalities, — he writes upon this subject to-day and upon one at the opposite pole to-morrow. A writer for a trade journal, on the other hand, need not give pains to human interest if his technical grasp of the iron market, the haberdashery trade, or the essentials of machine-shop practice is sure. Moreover, his each year's experience in writing for a trade journal adds to his knowledge of its subject and makes his work so much the surer and simpler. But the writer of advertising must combine human interest with strict accuracy; his subject is constantly changing, unless he is a specialist in a certain line, taking advertising commissions at intervals. To-day he studies the methods of making cigars and the many different kinds of tobacco that enter therein; to-morrow he writes a monograph on enameled tin cans, investigating the processes of making them in the factory; and the day after that his topic may be breakfast foods, taking him into investigations of starch, gluten, digestive functions, diet and health, and setting him upon a weary hunt for synonyms to describe the "rich nutty flavor" that all breakfast foods are said to have. All the illustrative work of an advertising artist must be so true to detail that it will pass the eyes of men who spend their lives making the things he pictures. The Camusots and Matifats no longer provide costly orgies for Grub Street, sitting by meekly to enjoy the flow of wit and banter. They now employ criticism in moulding their literature of business. It was one of them who, difficult to please in circulars, looked over the manuscript submitted by an advertising free-lance with more approval than was his custom. "This is not bad," he commented; "not bad at all — and yet — I have seen all these words used before."

An interesting new development of advertising is the business periodical, a journal published by a large manufacturer, usually, sent out monthly to retail agents or his consuming public. In its pages are printed articles about the manufacturer's product, descriptions of its industrial processes, news of the trade, and miscellany. Many of these periodicals are extremely interesting for themselves. There must be dozens of them in New York — none of the newspaper directories list them. Writers who are not especially familiar with the product with which they deal often furnish a style of matter for them that is valued for its

fresh point of view and freedom from trade and technical phraseology. These publications range from journals of a dozen pages, issued on the "every little while" plan for the retail trade of a rubber hose manufacturer, to the monthly magazine which a stocking jobber mails to thousands of youngsters all over the land to keep them loyal to his goods.

This, then, is the market in its main outlines. But a mass of detail has been eliminated. In groups large and small there are the poster artists who work for theatrical managers and lithographers; the strange, obscure folk who write the subterranean dime-novel stories of boyhood; the throngs of models that go from studio to studio, posing at the uniform rate of fifty cents an hour whether they work constantly or seldom; the engravers who have made an art of retouching half-tone plates; the great body of crafts-and-arts workers which has sprung up in the past five years and which leads the free-lance life in studios, selling pottery, decorated china, wood, and metal work to rich patrons; the serious painters whose work is found in exhibitions, and the despised "buckeye" painter who paints for the department stores and cheap picture shops; the etchers, the portrait painters, and "spotknockers" who lay in the tones of the crude "crayon portrait" for popular consumption — these and a multitude of others inhabit Greater Grub Street, knowing no regularity of employment, of hours, or of income.

While its opportunities are without conceivable limitation, Grub Street is not a thoroughfare littered with currency, but paved with cobblestones as hard as any along the other main avenues of New York's life and energy. The Great Man of the Provinces, landing at Cortlandt or Twenty-third Street after an apprenticeship at newspaper work in a minor city, steps into a world strangely different from the one he has known. For, just to be a police reporter elsewhere is to be a journalist, and journalism is the same as literature, and literature is honorable, and a little mysterious, and altogether different from the management of a stove foundry, or the proprietorship of a grocery house, or any other of the overwhelmingly material things that make up American life. Times have not greatly changed since Lucien de Rubempré was the lion of Madame de Bargeton's salon at Angoulême, and this is a matter they seem to have ordered no better in provincial France. To be a writer or artist of any calibre elsewhere breeds a form of homage and curiosity and a certain sure social standing. But New York strikes a chill over the Great Man of the Provinces, because it is nothing at all curious or extraordinary for one to write or draw in a community where thousands live by these pursuits. They carry no homage or social standing on their face, and the editorial world is even studied in its uncongeniality toward the newcomer, because he is so fearfully likely to prove one of the ninety-nine in every hundred aspirants who cannot draw or write well enough. The ratio that holds in the mass of impossible manuscript and sketches that pours into every editorial office is also the ratio of the living denizens of Grub Street. The Great Man of the Provinces is received on the assumption that he is unavailable, with thanks, and the hope that he will not consider this a reflection upon his literary or artistic merit.

So he finds himself altogether at sea for a while. No Latin Quarter welcomes him, for this community has no centre. His estimates of magazine values, formed at a distance, are quickly altered. Many lines of work he had never dreamed of, and channels for selling it, come to light day by day. To pass the building where even *Munsey's* is published gives him a thrill the first time, yet after a few months in New York he finds that the great magazines, instead of being nearer, are really farther away than they were in the provinces. Of the other workers he meets, few aspire to them, while of this few only a fraction get into their pages. He calls

on editors, perhaps, and finds them a strange, non-committal caste, talking very much like their own rejection slips. No editor will definitely give him a commission, even if he submits an idea that seems good, but can at most be brought to admit under pressure that if the Great Man were to find himself in that neighborhood with the idea all worked up, the editor *might* be interested in seeing it, perhaps even reading it — yet he must not understand this as in any way binding . . . the magazine is very full just at present . . . had n't he better try the newspapers, now? For there are more blanks than prizes walking the Grub Street paving, and persons of unsound minds have been known to take to literature as a last resort, and the most dangerous person to the editor is not a rejected contributor at all, but one who has been accepted once and sees a gleam of a chance that he may be again.

If the Great Man really has "stuff" in him he stops calling on editors and submits his offerings by mail. Even if he attains print in a worthy magazine, he may work a year without seeing its notable contributors, or its minor ones, or its handmaidens, or even its office-boy. Two men jostled one another on Park Row one morning as they were about to enter the same newspaper building, apologized, and got into the elevator together. There a third introduced them, when it turned out that one had been illustrating the work of the other for two years, and each had wished to know the other, but never got around to it. An individual circle of friends is easily formed in Grub Street, but the community as a whole lives far and wide and has no coherence.

What ability or skill the Great Man brought from his province may be only the foundation for real work. There will surely be extensive revising of ideals and methods. A story is told of a poet who came to the metropolis with a completed epic. This found no acceptance, so after cursing the stupidity of the public and the publishers, he took to writing "Sunday stuff." Soon the matter-of-fact attitude of the workers around him, with the practical view of the market he acquired, led him to doubt the literary value of the work he had done in the sentimental atmosphere of his native place. Presently a commission to write a column of humor a week came to him, and he cut his epic into short lengths, tacked a squib on each fragment, and eventually succeeded in printing it all as humor at a price many times larger than the historic one brought by *Paradise Lost*. Another newcomer brought unsalable plays and high notions of the austerity of the artistic vocation. Three months after his arrival he was delighted to get a commission to write the handbook a utilitarian publisher proposed to sell to visitors seeing the metropolis. This commission brought not only a fair payment for the manuscript on delivery, but involved a vital secondary consideration. The title of the work was "Where to Eat in New York," and its preparation made it necessary for the author to dine each evening for a month in a different café at the proprietor's expense.

This practical atmosphere of Grub Street eventually makes for development in the writer or artist who has talent. It is an atmosphere suited to work, for the worker is left alone in the solitude of the multitude. False ideals and sentimentality fade from his life, and his style takes on directness and vigor. Greater Grub Street is not given to reviling the public for lack of ideals or appreciation. The free-lance's contact with the real literary market day after day teaches him that as soon as he can produce the manuscript of the great American novel there are editors who may be trusted to perceive its merit, and publishers ready to buy.

This free-lance community of the metropolis is housed all over Manhattan Island, as well as in the suburbs and adjacent country for a hundred miles or more around. An amusing census of

jokewriters and humorists was made not long ago by a little journal which a New Jersey railroad publishes in the interest of its suburban passenger traffic. It was shown, by actual names and places of residence, that more than three fourths of the writers who keep the suburban joke alive live in Suburbia themselves.

New York has no Latin Quarter. As her publications are scattered over the city from Park Row to Forty-second Street, so the dwellings of free-lance workers are found everywhere above Washington Square. There are numerous centres, however. Washington Square is one for newspaper men and women, and in its boarding-houses and apartment hotels are also found many artists who labor in studios near by. Tenth Street, between Broadway and Sixth Avenue, has a few studios remaining, surrounded by the rising tide of the wholesale clothing trade, chief among them being the Fleischmann Building, next Grace Church, and the old studio building near Sixth Avenue. More old studios are found in Fourteenth Street; and around Union Square the new skyscrapers house a prosperous class of illustrators who do not follow the practice of living with their work. On the south side of Twenty-third Street, from Broadway to Fourth Avenue, is a row of old-time studios, and pretty much the whole gridiron of cross streets between Union and Madison squares has others, old and new. Thence, Grub Street proceeds steadily uptown until, in the neighborhood of Central Park, it may be said to have arrived.

Look over the roofs in any of these districts and the toplight hoods may be seen, always facing north, as though great works were expected from that point of the compass. Grub Street is the top layer of New York, and dislikes to be far from the roof. A studio that has been inhabited by a succession of artists and writers for twenty, thirty, forty years, may be tenanted to-day by a picturesque young man in slouch hat, loose neckerchief, and paint-flecked clothes, who eats about at cheap cafés, and sleeps on a cot that in daytime serves as a lounge under its dusty Oriental canopy. The latter ornament is the unfailing mark of that kind of studio, and with it go, in some combination, a Japanese umbrella and a fishnet. This young man makes advertising pictures, perhaps, or puts the frames around the half-tone illustrations for a Sunday newspaper. By that he lives, and for his present fame draws occasional "comics" for *Life*. But with an eye to Immortality, he paints, so that there are always sketching trips to be made, and colors to putter with, and art, sacred art, to talk of in the terms of the technician. Or such an old studio may shelter some forlorn spinster who ekes out a timid existence by painting dinner cards or the innumerable whatnots produced and sold by her class in Grub Street.

In the newer studios are found two methods of working. Prosperous illustrators, writers, and teachers may prefer a studio in an office building, where no one is permitted to pass the night, conducting their affairs with the aid of a stenographer and an office boy. Others live and work in the newer studios that have been built above Twenty-third Street in the past decade. Few of the traditions of Bohemia are preserved by successful men and women. The young man of the Sunday supplement, and the amateur dauber, once he succeeds as a magazine illustrator, drops his slouch hat, becomes conventional in dress, and ceases to imitate outwardly an artistic era that is past. Success brings him in contact with persons of truer tastes, and he changes to match his new environment. This is so fundamental in Grub Street that the ability of any of its denizens may be gauged by the editor's experienced eye; the less a given individual dresses like the traditional artist or writer of the Parisian Latin Quarter, the nearer he is, probably, to being one.

Women make up a large proportion of the dwellers in Grub Street, and its open market, holding to no distinctions of sex

in payment for acceptable work, is in their favor. Any of the individual markets offers a fair field for their work, and in most of them the feminine product is sought as a foil to the staple masculine.

What is the average Grub Street income? That would be difficult to know, for the free-lance, as a rule, keeps no cash book. Many workers exist on earnings no larger than those of a country clergyman, viewed comparatively from the standpoint of expenses, and among them are men and women of real ability. Given the magic of business tact, they might soon double their earnings. Business ability is the secret of monetary success in Greater Grub Street. One must know where to sell, and also what to produce. It pays to aim high and get into the currents of the best demand, where prices are better, terms fairer, and competition an absolute nullity. Even the cheapest magazines and newspapers pay well when the free-lance knows how to produce for them. Hundreds of workers are ill paid because they have not the instinct of the compiler. Scissors are mightier than the pen in this material market; with them the skillful ones write original articles and books — various information brought together in a new focus. While untold thousands of impossible articles drift about the editorial offices, these same editors are looking for what they cannot often describe. A successful worker in Grub Street divines this need and submits the thing itself. Often the need is most tangible. For two weeks after the Martinique disaster the newspapers and syndicates were hunting articles about volcanoes — not profound treatises, but ordinary workmanlike accounts such as could be tried out of any encyclopedia. Yet hundreds of workers, any one of whom might have compiled the needed articles, continued to send in compositions dealing with abstract subjects, things far from life and events, and were turned down in the regular routine. Only a small proportion of free-lances ever become successful, but those who do, achieve success by attention to demand, with the consequence that most of their work is sold before it is written.

This community is perhaps the most diversified of any to be found in a national centre of thought and energy. Paris, London, Munich, Vienna, Rome, — each has the artistic tradition and atmosphere, coming down through the centuries. But this Grub Street of the new world is wholly material, a "boom town" of the arts, embodying in its brain and heart only prospects, hopes. Its artistic rating is written plainly in our current literature. There is real artistic struggle and aspiration in it all, undoubtedly, but not enough to sweeten the mass.

Greater Grub Street is utilitarian. That which propels it is not Art, but Advertising — not Clio nor Calliope, but Circulation.

HIS READER'S FRIEND

BY AGNES REPPLIER

If the unresponsive gods, so often invoked, so seldom complaisant, would grant me one sweet boon, I should ask of them that I might join that little band of authors, who, unknown to the wide careless world, remain from generation to generation the friend of a few fortunate readers. Such authors have no conspicuous foot-hold among those opulent, symmetrical volumes that stand on drill in rich men's libraries, as well uniformed and as untried as a smart militia regiment. They have been seldom seen in the lists of the hundred best books. The committees who select reading matter for their native towns are often unacquainted with their titles. The great department stores of our great cities never offer them to the great public in twenty-five cent editions. Yet they live for centuries a tranquil life of dignified seclusion. When they are lifted down from their remote corners on the book shelves, it is with a friendly touch. The hands that hold them caress them. The eyes that glance over them smile at the familiar pages. Their readers feel for them a personal sentiment, approaching them with mental ease, and with a sweet and certain intimacy of companionship. These authors grow very shabby as the years roll by, and sometimes — though rarely — a sympathetic publisher turns his attention from the whirling vortex of new books, and gives them a fresh outfit; presents them — if he has a generous soul — with the clearest of type, the finest of paper, the richest and most appropriate of bindings. So embellished, they enjoy little dignified triumphs of their own, and become the cherished property of that ever diminishing minority who, by some happy turn of fate, are fitted to enjoy the pleasure which literary art can give.

Such a writer — half forgotten, yet wholly beloved — is James Howell, "clerk of the Council in Extraordinary," under Charles I, "Historiographer Royal," under Charles II, author of three score works now laid to rest, and of the *Familiar Letters*, which can never be laid to rest until accurate observation, a lively narrative, and a genius for seizing the one right word have lost their power to please. A student of the world was James Howell, a man of wide experience and of fluctuating fortunes. The descendant of an old and honorable Welsh family, with titled relatives of whom he felt reasonably proud, he was yet poor in estate, as befitted one of a country clergyman's fifteen children; so that while his elder brother was the august Bishop of Bristol, his younger ones were apprenticed to trade, like lads of ignoble birth. Being, happily, but the second son, his own tuition was of the best. Sent to a "choice methodical school" at Hereford, he was early beaten into a love of learning; and at Oxford he acquired — or so at least he says — "the patrimony of a liberal education." Thus equipped, it behooved him to carve his own career; and the congenial fashion in which he set about accomplishing this difficult task was by traveling for three years as the agent of a London glass factory, the owners of which sought to obtain workmen, materials, and inspiration from the great artistic centres of Europe.

Never was a happier chance thrown in a young man's way. Never was there a more cheerful and observant voyager. Byron's sensible axiom, "Comfort must not be expected by folks that go a pleasuring," expressed to perfection young Howell's point of view. "Rocked and shaken" at sea, beset by countless diffi-

culties on land, he ever stoutly maintained "that though these frequent removes and tumblings under climes of differing temper were not without some danger, yet the delight which accompany'd them was far greater; and it is impossible for any man to conceive the true pleasure of peregrination, but he who actually enjoys, and puts it into practice." Before quitting England, he obtained a warrant from the Council, authorizing him to remain for three years on the Continent, and to visit any spot he chose, with the exception of Rome, and St. Omer, where stood the great Jesuit college. Such was the parental care which Protestant England in King James's day took of her children's faith, — an astute precaution for the most part, but needless in this particular case. Howell possessed all his life that tolerance, almost amounting to sympathy, for other people's creeds which can be trusted to leave a man serenely rooted in his own. He never offered friction enough to light a fresh fire. His admiration for the famous shrine at Monserrat was as untroubled by pious scruples as was his admiration for the Arsenal of Venice, or the wine of Valentia. When he found himself without funds in Turin, he philosophically joined a band of pilgrims, and "with gentle pace and easy journeys," proceeded on foot to Lyons. It is true that in a letter written years later to Sir Edward Knight, a letter in which he confesses ample tolerance for Turk and infidel, as bearing "the same stamp that I do, though the inscription differ," he adds somewhat unexpectedly that he "could be content to see an Anabaptist go to Hell on a Brownist's back;" but this was the expression of a civic rather than of a religious animosity. Turks stayed in Turkey, out of sight and hearing; and infidels went their regrettable way in silence. But for "those schismatics that puzzle the sweet peace of the church," as well as for all who were "pendulous and brangling in religion," he had a strong instinctive dislike. The passion for controversy which flamed high in his day left him wholly and happily unconcerned.

This mental calm permitted Howell to enjoy the ripe fruits of that great Latin civilization which was then ebbing slowly from its marvelous heights of fulfilment. The beauty and the glory of Italy held him spell-bound. What generous epithets he lavishes upon those superb cities whose very names set the world's heart a beating. "Venice the rich, Padua the learned, Bologna the fat, Rome the holy, Naples the gentle, Genoa the proud, Florence the fair, and Milan the great." The first beautiful woman, he tells us, was made of Venice glass, lovely, and brittle withal; and "Eve spake Italian when Adam was seduced," for in what other tongue could she have been so irresistible? Notwithstanding the injunction of the Council, he made his way to Rome, and, with a swift and sure intuition, — rare in the island-born, — pronounces it "Communis Patria." "For every one that is within the compass of the Latin Church finds himself here, as it were, at home, and in his mother's house, in regard of interest in religion, which is the cause that for one native, there be five strangers that sojourn in this city."

For Spain, too, Howell has his meed of praise, extolling alike the manners of the great, who never gave an alms save with courtesy, and the self-respect of the poor, whom he found to be sturdy and rational, with none of the servility of the downtrodden French peasant. He warms into eloquence over the free Biscayan shore, virgin of Moors for seven hundred years, and tells us that the King of Spain always pulled off one shoe before treading on that honored soil, which he is proud to compare to unconquered Wales. His characteristic closeness of observation is everywhere apparent, whether it be in a brief and careless statement, as "'T is no new thing for the French to be always a-doing; they have a stirring genius;" or, in the epitomized history of the Netherlands which he "huddled up" a few years later at Antwerp, and which is concise,

graphic, tolerant, entertaining, everything — save perhaps accurate — that history ought to be.

On his return to England, Howell was engaged as a traveling tutor for the two young sons of Lord Savage; but unable or unwilling to fill so responsible a post for Roman Catholic pupils, he reluctantly abandoned this "dainty race of children," and accepted a somewhat similar position with Richard Altham, son of Baron Altham, and "one of the hopefullest young men of this kingdom." In 1622, he had the rare good fortune to be appointed a royal agent, and sent to Spain in the interests of the Turkey Company, which claimed compensation from the Spanish government for the seizure of one of its ships by the Viceroy of Sardinia. Full of hope, and proud of the importance of his mission, Howell flung himself with ardor into a business which might reasonably have discouraged an older man. He read *all* the papers pertaining to the suit, "and I find they are higher than I in bulk, tho' closely press'd together;" he pushed his claim whenever and wherever he could find a hearing; he made perceptible progress, and was confident of success, when suddenly on the evening of March 7, there appeared in Madrid two English travelers, Mr. John Smith, and Mr. Thomas Smith, who within a few hours were discovered to be Charles, Prince of Wales, and the Marquis of Buckingham.

A more disastrous episode for Howell, or a more fortunate one for his readers, it would be hard to imagine. Nothing can be livelier than his account of this strange adventure, which set the world agape. How Mr. Thomas Smith (Buckingham), "with a portmantle under his arm," knocked at Lord Bristol's gates, while Mr. John Smith (the Prince) waited in the dark on the other side of the street. How Lord Bristol, "in a kind of astonishment," conducted his strange visitors into his bed-chamber, and sent off a post that night to England, to acquaint the King of their arrival. How the Spanish court was thrown into confusion, and the Infanta — for whose sake the Prince had hazarded this voyage — began, like fair Katharine of France, the ardent study of English. How the Prince leaped the wall of the Casa de Campo to have a speech with his lady, and she fled shrieking from so bold a wooer. How the common people of Spain were mightily pleased with the Englishman's gallantry, and swore that he and their Infanta should have been wedded the night he reached Madrid. How Lord Bristol, in anticipation of the marriage ceremony, caused thirty new liveries of watchet velvet and silver lace to be made for his household, "the best sort whereof were valued at eighty pounds a livery;" — and we prate now about the ruinous expenses which our ambassadors are forced to meet! How, after months of excitement, the bubble collapsed, the great match came to naught, and the affronted Spaniards were left in no mood to conciliate England, or reimburse the Turkey Company; — all these things are described in the *Familiar Letters* with a wealth of picturesque detail which only an eye-witness can supply.

The failure of his negotiations left young Howell rich in nothing but experience, and we find him next acting as secretary to Lord Scroop, "a stable home employment," with which he was marvelously well content. By this time King James was dead, the Scottish doctors had ceased muttering dark doubts concerning the plaster which the Countess of Buckingham had applied to His Majesty's stomach, and Charles the First had begun, under melancholy auspices, — which the letters do not fail to note, — his unhappy and disastrous reign. In 1628, Howell was sent to Parliament, as member for Richmond; and in 1632, the Earl of Leicester, then quitting England as Ambassador Extraordinary to the court of Denmark, offered him the post of secretary, — an offer immediately accepted. The purpose of the embassy was to condole with the Danish king on the death of the Queen Dowager, grandmother of

Charles the First, — a lady of great thrift and enterprise, who was reputed to have been the richest queen in Christendom. A merry condolence it was, as befitted the mourning of an heir. To Howell, as orator, was consigned the congenial task of making three long Latin orations, — one to the King of Denmark, one to his eldest son, Prince Christian, and a third to Prince Frederick, Archbishop of Bremen. After these preliminaries were over, the real business of mourning began, and Howell betrays a justifiable pride at the ability of an English nobleman to cope with the mighty drinkers of the north.

"The King feasted my Lord once, and it lasted from eleven of the clock till towards the evening, during which time the King began thirty-five healths, — the first to the Emperor, the second to his Nephew of England, and so went over all the Kings and Queens of Christendom; but he never remembered the Prince Palsgrave's health, nor his niece's, all the while. The King was taken away at last in his chair, but my Lord of Leicester bore up stoutly all the while; so that when there came two of the King's Guard to take him by the arms, as he was going down the stairs, my Lord shook them off, and went alone.

"The next morning I went to Court for some despatches, but the King was gone a-hunting at break of day; but going to some other of his officers, their servants told me without any appearance of shame that their masters were drunk over night, and so it would be late before they would rise."

It was after his return from this diplomatic mission that Howell, disappointed in his hopes of office, settled in London, and "commenced author" with the publication of *Dodona's Grove, or the Vocall Concert*, and of a poem, *The Vote*, dedicated as a New Year's gift to the king. There is little doubt that he was at this time a royalist "intelligencer," and that his ingrained habit of collecting news made him a useful servant of the crown. It was a difficult and somewhat dangerous game to play, — rewards and penalties following in quick succession. In August, 1642, he was appointed Clerk of the Council in Extraordinary, and four months later he was arrested by order of the Long Parliament, and summarily committed to the Fleet, then used as a prison for political offenders as well as for less fortunate debtors.

In the Fleet Howell remained (I will not say languished for he was not the type of captive to languish) for eight long years. He always stoutly maintained that he was imprisoned for loyalty to his king; but Anthony à Wood asserts with some churlishness that he was arrested for debt, "being prodigally inclined." The truth seems to be that his debts afforded a reasonable excuse for his imprisonment; and that Parliament had no mind to set him free while there was still a field for his activities. Perhaps the Fleet saved him from greater perils. It certainly afforded him both an opportunity and an incentive to write. We owe a great deal in letters to those long leisurely captivities, which gave the prisoner solitude, quiet, time for meditation, an opening for philosophy, and — if he were nobly disposed — a chance to purge his soul, to refine it in the fires of affliction.

> Stone walls do not a prison make,
> Nor iron bars a cage;
> Minds innocent and quiet take
> These for a hermitage.

Howell, it is true, petitioned resolutely for his release, — how could a man do less? — but he wrote many more profitable things than petitions during the eight years that he remained in the Fleet. Among a score of books and pamphlets dating from this period are his *Perfect Description of the People and Country of Scotland*, — a work which Scotchmen were never known to love; and *Instructions for Forreine Travel* (the earliest forerunner of Murray), with a dedication in verse to the young Prince of Wales, in which that promising youth is likened — on the score of swarthiness, there being no other points of resemblance, — to the

Black Prince. In 1645 appeared the first volume of letters under the comprehensive title, *Epistolæ Ho-Elianæ: Familiar Letters, Domestick and Foreign, divided into Sundry Sections, partly Historical, Political and Philosophical,* — a title which conscientiously told all it had to tell. The book was dedicated to the King in a few simple and sensible words, its author venturing to remind His Majesty that many of its pages recalled his own royal deeds. "And 't is well known that letters can treasure up and transmit matters of State to posterity with as much faith, and be as authentic registers, and safe repositories of truth as any story whatsoever."

The success of the venture induced Howell, who sorely needed money, to publish a second volume of letters while he was still in the Fleet, and a third and fourth after his release in 1651. By this date, England, for the first time in all her glorious history, had no longer a king to accept panegyrics; and Howell, nothing daunted, turned his attention to the Lord Protector, to whom in 1655 he dedicated a pamphlet entitled *Some Sober Inspections made into the Carriage and Consults of the late Long Parliament.* Exulting, not unnaturally, in the overthrow of his old enemies, he compared Cromwell's drastic measures with those of that somewhat arbitrary ruler, Charles Martel, which commendation, though much censured by royalists, seems to have been tolerably sincere. Howell loved and revered the monarchy. It was his reasonable hope that Charles the Second would at some distant day succeed to his father's throne; but in the mean time Cromwell was a strong man armed keeping his court, and those things were in peace which he possessed. Like Carlyle, Howell had a natural taste for "one man power," and profoundly distrusted that "wavering, windy thing," that "humoursome and cross-grained animal," the common Englishman, or, indeed, the common citizen of any land. The tolerant king understood, and probably sympathized with this mental attitude, for, a year after the Restoration he granted the author two hundred pounds from his privy purse; and subsequently appointed him to the office of Historiographer General, with a salary of one hundred pounds a year, which — like most salaries of the period — was seldom or never paid.

To the end of his life Howell wrote with the unabated industry of a needy man. That he felt himself ill-used is proved by his sarcastic *Cordial for Cavaliers,* in which he essays to console his fellow sufferers for the supposed neglect of their monarch by proffering them a wealth of bitter and unsustaining philosophy. A fusillade of broadsheets followed its publication; for Howell had his enemies, and some of them were of the opinion that the man who had so enthusiastically compared Cromwell to Charles Martel should have been more modest in demanding rewards from Charles Stuart, who, indeed, would have needed a world as wide as Alexander's to have satisfied all petitioners. It is pleasant to know, however, that when Howell died, at the ripe age of seventy-one, he was able to leave a number of small legacies, among them two to his sisters, Gwin and Roberta-ap-Rice, — names that thrill the ordinary reader with delight. He was buried by his own desire, in the Temple Church, and his monument, for which he bequeathed the sum of thirty pounds, is still in excellent preservation, though few there are who pause to read its modest Latin inscription.

It is useless at this late date to ask captious questions anent the integrity of the *Familiar Letters.* Of the three-score works, ranging from broadsheets to folios, which Howell left behind him, they alone have survived the wear and tear of centuries. They have been read for nearly three hundred years, and are likely to be read with unshaken delight for at least three hundred more. That he wrote them all is certain. That some of them are the original texts, we have every reason to believe. People who received letters in

those appreciative days treasured them sacredly, and our best friend, the waste-paper basket, seems to have been then unknown. Howell would have had no great difficulty in securing the return of part of his correspondence. Moreover, it is likely that so prudent and methodical a gentleman kept copies or rough draughts of his more important letters, — a reprehensible custom which it is not for us, who in this instance profit by it, to criticise. We know, too, that it was his habit, especially while abroad, to jot down the "notablest occurrences" of each day in a "fair alphabetique paper book;" and it was from such a valuable reserve that he drew his epistolary supplies. To pronounce the letters mere fabrications on the traducing evidence of Anthony à Wood would be to fly far of the mark. They are too full of intimate detail, of local color, of little tell-tale accuracies, for any such undermining theory. But if some of them were, indeed, fresh minted in the Fleet, composed in that dim solitude, when memories of the wide sunlit world he had traversed so merrily thronged through the prisoner's mind, we, at least, have no reason to complain. It would have been hard to turn captivity to better purpose.

In the *Familiar Letters*, as in many another old and seldom acknowledged book, we find a store of curious anecdotes which have been retold ever since, to the enrichment of more modern authors. Howell listened with equal interest — and equal credulity — to the gossip of foreign courts, to the "severe jests" which passed from mouth to mouth, and to the marvelous stories of the common people. He tells us the tale of the Pied Piper of Hamelin, prefacing it with the grave assurance that he would not relate it, "were there not some ground of truth in it." He tells us of the bird with a white breast which presaged the death of all the Oxenham family; and the pleasant story of the Duke of Ossuna and the galley slaves; and about that devout Earl of Hapsburg who, by a single act of piety, laid the foundation of his family's greatness. He tells us the pitiful tale of the Sire de Coucy, who, dying in battle with the Turk, bade his servant carry back his heart to the Dame de Fayel, whom he had long and ardently loved. This gift the lady's husband intercepted, and had it made into a "well-relished dish," which he compelled his wife to eat, assuring her it was a cordial for her weakness. When she had eaten it all, he revealed to her the truth; whereupon "in a sudden exaltation of joy, she with a far-fetch'd sigh said, 'This is a precious cordial indeed;' and so lick'd the dish, saying, 'It is so precious that 't is pity to put ever any meat upon 't.' So she went to bed, and in the morning she was found stone-dead."

Howell's style is eminently well adapted for the news-letter, for a form of composition which requires vividness and lucidity rather than grace and distinction. He writes in sentences of easy length and simple construction, discarding for the most part those sonorous and labyrinthine masses of words in which the scholarly writers of his day wrapped up their serious thoughts. A letter, he tells us, should be "short-coated and closely couch'd," and he has scant patience with those who "preach when they should epistolize." No one has ever surpassed him in the narrator's art of snatching the right word, of remembering and recording those precise details which can be trusted to give value and vraisemblance, of telling a lively and unembarrassed tale. His account of the Duke of Buckingham's murder, of the visit of the Prince of Wales to Madrid, of the hideous execution of Ravaillac, are so vigorous and sympathetic, so full of intimate and significant touches, that it is hard to realize he was not always an eye-witness of the events so graphically described. He gathered his information from every available source, and often with astonishing speed. The post-master of Stilton came to his bedside to tell him that the Duke of Buckingham had been killed; and the Earl of Rutland, riding in all haste to London, alighted from his

horse to confirm the news, and to add picturesque particulars, which Howell in his turn sent off without an hour's delay to the Countess of Sunderland. It sounds like the inspired methods of the reporter.

None of the impersonality of the modern news vender, however, can be charged to Howell's account. His motto,

> "As keys do open chests,
> So letters open breasts,"

but faintly indicates the exhaustive nature of his unreserve. At every period of his career we see him with extraordinary distinctness. A man full of the zest of life, of sanguine temperament, of catholic tastes, of restless and indomitable energy. A man who met misfortunes bravely, and who was touched to finer issues by the austere hand of adversity. An outspoken man withal, after the fashion of his day, whose occasional grossness of tongue — or of pen — seems due less to the love of prurient things than to the absence of that guiding principle of taste, which in every age can be trusted to keep finely bred natures uncontaminate. "The priggish little clerk of King Charles's Council," Thackeray calls Howell, — perhaps because he enjoyed making Latin orations, and quotes the classics oftener than seems imperative. But of the essence of priggishness, which is measuring big things by small standards, the author of the *Familiar Letters* is nowhere guilty. A devout churchman who reverenced other men's creeds; a loyal English subject who loved other lands than his; a cheerful traveler who forgave France her Frenchman, and Spain her Spaniards; a philosopher whose philosophy stood the strain of misfortune, — Howell exhibits some finer qualities than the soul of a prig can sustain. A hundred years before the publication of the *Letters*, that revered scholar, Roger Ascham, wrote with pious self-content: "I was once in Italy myself; but I thank God my abode there was but nine days." A hundred years after Howell had been laid to rest, a respected English gentleman, Mr. Edgeworth, prefaced his work on education with this complacency:

"To pretend to teach courage to Britons would be as ridiculous as it is unnecessary; and, except among those who are exposed to the contagion of foreign manners, we may boast of the superior delicacy of our fair countrywomen; a delicacy acquired from domestic example, and confirmed by public approbation."

Between these triumphant insularities let us read what the "little clerk of King Charles's Council" has to say. He is writing from Naples to one Christopher Jones of Gray's Inn.

"Believe it, Sir, that a year well employed abroad by one of mature judgment (which you know I want very much) advantageth more in point of useful and solid knowledge than three in any of our universities. You know 'running waters are the purest,' so they that traverse the world up and down have the clearest understanding; being faithful eye-witnesses of those things which others receive but in trust, whereunto they must yield an intuitive consent, and a kind of implicit faith."

It is certainly not Howell's page that mirrors forth the prig.

The *Familiar Letters* stand in little need of erudite notes. The incidents they relate, the people they describe, are for the most part well-known, or, at least, easy to know. The fantastic stories had best be taken as they stand. The dim quotations fade from our memories. The characteristic quality of the letters is their readability, and to the reader — as apart from the student — Howell is sufficient for himself. Many of his pages are dated from the Fleet, when the high hopes of youth lie dead, when the keenness of the observant traveler is dimmed, and his grossness purged by fire. He measures levelly his loss and gain, and accepts both with a half whimsical philosophy which is not too lofty to be loved. It is after three years of captivity that he writes thus to Philip Warwick:

"I have been so habituated to this pris-

on, and accustomed to the walls thereof so long, that I might well be brought to think that there is no other world behind them. And in my extravagant imaginations, I often compare this Fleet to Noah's Ark, surrounded with a vast sea, and huge deluge of calamities which hath overwhelm'd this poor island. Nor, altho' I have been so long aboard here, was I yet under hatches, for I have a cabin upon the upper deck, whence I breathe the best air the place affords. Add hereunto that the society of Master Hopkins the Warden is an advantage to me, who is one of the knowingest and most civil gentlemen that I have convers'd withal. Moreover, there are here some choice gentlemen who are my co-martyrs; for a prisoner and a martyr are the same thing, save that the one is buried before his death, and the other after."

Perhaps a sweet reasonableness of character is the quality which, above all others, holds our hearts in keeping; and so the *Familiar Letters* are sure of their remote corner on the book-shelf, and the gods — not always unresponsive — have given to James Howell the coveted boon of being from generation to generation his reader's friend.

A SOCIALIST PROGRAMME

BY JOHN GRAHAM BROOKS

THE enemies of socialism are very diligent in stating its extravagancies. These are so prolific and of such hardy growth that no movement ever lent itself to easier attack. Upon nothing do the socialists more vehemently insist than upon the severely scientific character of the thing they have in hand. Since 1848 their ablest writers exhibit *mauvaise honte* of anything like exhortation. They seem ever to be asking us merely to see what is happening in the business world: to observe the actual facts of the industrial panorama as it moves before us. It is their belief that to make us consciously alive to the main facts surrounding us is to make us socialists. "We have," says Liebknecht, "only to see the thing that *is*, to become socialists."

Yet, in spite of this wariness, no great social endeavor was ever more charged with passional elements than modern collectivism. It is above all an endeavor suffused by temperament and variations of feeling. Every whit of its science consists of phenomena interpreted by what is essentially moral temperament. It is invariably a temperament appealing from the *is* to the *ought*. Its chief strength is, indeed, in this very feature. The existing status of competitive society is so heavy-laden with inequalities and injustices of all sorts that the moral sense is generally in active revolt against it. The really great moralists of the last generation and of the present are, almost to a man, as ardently against it as any socialist.

Among a large group of social critics, there is a point of union in their moral rage against the fatalities of the competitive wage system that seems to class them with socialists. What invective could outdo the browbeating of Carlyle and of his follower, Ruskin? Hugo, Ibsen, Tolstoi, — each after his genius makes it a vocation to discredit our conventional standards. The inevitable excesses of competition, moulding such standards, are to these race-teachers merely devil's work. As much revolt as there is at any moment against these standards, so much morality is there. Not one of these masters is a socialist. Yet no one has done more than they to create the sustaining atmosphere

in which socialism finds its strength. The headway which the movement is now making in the world is largely owing to a far wider moral indignation which the collectivist safely invokes.

To point out on its ideal side this source of strength is at the same time to indicate a weakness in the socialist cause. "When we shout for ideals, it is as musical as heaven; when we discuss our practical programme, it is discordant as hell," says a French collectivist. With every step of approach toward the responsibilities of working politics, the defining of methods and ways of action brings out the temperamental differences with which socialism must more and more cope. One of the ablest English socialists, after a visit to this country, said to me, "The American comrades are a queer lot of theorists. I have found but one man among them with whom I could work in sympathy." Another says scornfully of John Burns, "Oh, John was straight until he had been two years in Parliament; then he became a fakir, as most of them do when they get positions."

This is the exact counterpart of the criticism heaped upon Millerand by former friends when he entered the Waldeck-Rousseau Cabinet in 1899 as Minister of Commerce and Industry. Definite political responsibility everywhere compels a reconstruction of all ideal formulas. The old expositions of socialism were free from embarrassments. "Let society take to itself the land and all capitalistic machinery of production. Let these be used for the common, not for the private good, as now." These copybook phrases were equal to the occasion during the régime of propaganda minus responsibility. It is because the movement at various points is passing beyond the talking stage into that of action and accountability that programme and definition alike are undergoing changes full of significance. In dramatic interest the struggle between leaders like Jules Guesde and Jaurès in France is perhaps keenest, but for instruction the recent English experience is most illuminating. That more than fifty labor members should take their places in Parliament has had comment enough. To show what a large socialist contingent in this group proposes to do in the way of practical politics is the object of this paper. Socialist literature can nowhere show a programme more unflinching or more definite. It has the Fabian stamp of opportunism which characterizes politics under representative government. No paragraph is tainted by gray theory or by academic aloofness. It has been beaten out line by line during the last twenty years, by resolute contact with the fighting facts of English policy. The great features of this policy give an admirable perspective through which this formulated attack upon society as now organized may be seen and judged: Imperialism, the land question, education, free trade, and, overstepping all, the questions of finance, private property, and taxation.

I

Let us begin with the least revolutionary proposals. It is strictly consistent with socialist policy to attack the liquor trade by striking at the private profits connected with its distribution. Every step which narrows the area from which individuals may put rent, interest, or profits, in their pockets is the essence of socialism. A state in which these elements of wealth should pass as a whole into public treasuries would realize to the full the economic dream of the socialist. Legislation that should prevent all private persons from making profit out of liquor selling, would in that measure advance the socialist cause.

This part of the programme has been adopted, however, not merely for its theoretic consistency, but even more because of the belief that no real headway is made under present methods against the devastating effects of drink. The ablest investigations wholly independent in character, like those of Rowntree and Sherwell, confirm this view. Again, the telling evidence

of several reports upon the solid improvements made under the Gothenburg System, which "socializes profits," has been used for ten years by English socialists. In the words of the programme, "The drink trade is too profitable and too perilous to be left to the heedless greed of private enterprise." "The private trader must no longer be suffered to push his trade to the detriment of the public, and to wax rich on his customers' excess." Therefore, "Management by public authorities, in the public interest, where the salesman is a salaried official." But "the grandmothers of the temperance party" stick to their ancient nostrum. The cry is still for local veto, not because its advocates can prove that it makes for sobriety, but "because they are too old or too slow-witted to be pervious to any more modern idea."

As the socialist everywhere strikes with a kind of fury at the entire existing policy of dealing with poor laws and charities, there is nothing peculiar in this English plan. "The only way in which to reform the Poor Law is to abolish it." That any man because of misfortune or lack of property should be called a pauper and deprived of his franchise, is pronounced a meanness and indignity unworthy even of half-civilized peoples. "This rubbish should be swept away, — the aged, the sick, and the children, victims of accident or of a wrong system of wealth distribution, should be cared for, not under a special poor law, but as part of the duty of the peoples' representatives." Thus with other "rubbish" the boards of guardians are to be cast out together with all control of the Local Government Board. There is no longer to be "doling out of insufficient relief," or "workhouses more hateful than prisons." The sturdy beggar, the idle, the unemployable, are to be placed in farm colonies where a chance at least shall be given to win new habits of independence.

As a part of the above policy, old-age pensions are of course to be granted. For the whole wage-earning class of both sexes these pensions, to be locally administered like the poor law and payable through the post-office, are to be universal, and payable probably at the age of sixty years. None of the six governments that have adopted old-age pensions has dared to put the age below sixty-five, because of the cost. This niggardly regard to fiscal difficulties has everywhere been held up to execration by socialists, so that one may presume that premiums will begin at sixty. From 1883, when the German Labor Insurance began, the socialist party united in aggressive opposition to these measures in spite of their socialistic character. They feared imperial control and expressed only contempt for the petty sums paid to labor in form of premiums. That German socialists should have changed front on this legislation marks the inevitable change, even on the continent, toward "possibilist" politics. The English programme assumes that it is to work with existing parties. Pensions, municipal trading, feeding the school children, elementary education, insurance, land-leasing to small holders, and coöperative factories, represent policies already in the arena of popular discussion. On this frontier line of agitation the socialists take their stand, "to persuade and to permeate the thought of the average elector."

The surest and best fighting ground which these socialists have chosen is unquestionably in that ugliest fact of English society, the decay of country districts. That millions should be huddled in cities living so hungrily on the margin of want and squalor, while vast stretches of fertile land maintain less than a tenth of those who could live there in plenty, is a situation that sooner or later has to be met. With a decent technical and agricultural education Denmark is actually turning her population away from the city. It is a fact immense in its significance. These socialists have so far learned their lesson as to realize the futility of the old cry "back to the land" until a broad, definite, and effective system of

education, technical and agricultural, is given to the people. The lottery charms of the city will never be broken except through the slow teaching of a new set of habits and capacities.

Models of this great achievement already exist,—not only among the Danes, but in Belgium, Hungary, Germany, and in the Irish work of Sir Horace Plunkett. They take forms as fascinating to the imagination as they are profitable to the pocket. Much of this work has of course grown without a thought of socialism in it. Some of the best of it has had collectivist inspiration from the beginning. The English programme leaves no question as to the principle. It has the element of state compulsion and the open recognition that the one adversary is the present landlord and the present capitalist. At the heart of this special task is the "organization of scientific and technical education and of coöperation in production and sale." "Every county shall have a Committee to organize agriculture just as it now has a Committee to organize education." It is to have authority "to do all that the councillors and their coöpted experts deem needful for the furtherance of agricultural prosperity." The committee must be empowered to buy land to be leased to small holders, with perfect security of tenure; and to advance stock and implements on reasonable terms and on reasonable security. Further, it must lead the way by starting dairy factories for the production of butter and cheese and the handling of milk. Lectures and classes on agricultural subjects are to be organized on a great scale, and if any recalcitrant body hesitates, there shall be "a mandamus compelling a lethargic conncil to action."

Two principles of economic collectivism get sharp emphasis: "the right to work" and "the minimum wage." The chief danger of the legally admitted right to work is guarded against by insisting that the unemployed shall be given "opportunity to work;" but "no one should or could have the right to ask that he be employed at the particular job which suits his peculiar taste and temperament. Each of us must be prepared to do the work which society wants done or take the consequences of refusal."

It is no part of the writer's purpose in this paper to criticise this programme, but merely to give it faithful exposition. It is well, however, to note the fearless admission that social compulsion is to take on forms that are rather startling. The older programmes implied as much; the newest of them is bold to state the specific character of the constraint.

There is again the extreme care to avoid the pitfall of "making" or "finding" work. That little can be done with the "social failures" is taken for granted; but there are "slums to clear, houses to build, land to reform, and waste places to afforest. To get work done there is need of an army of workers, engaged, not temporarily to tide over a depression, but permanently to complete an undertaking; these armies must consist, not of society's failures, paid less than a fair wage, but of men capable of earning a high one."

At the forefront is the necessity of a legally established minimum wage. A liberal ministry (1892–95) made formal declaration that the state should be a model employer. There is already recognition of "standard" wages in government employment. The foothold which this *datum* offers is seized by our socialists. Appeal is then made to the elaborate studies of B. S. Rowntree and Charles Booth, to show that there are "some five millions of men, women, and children living in families whose wage is below this minimum." There is therefore to be an established minimum of food, clothing, and housing by appointed authority. The money equivalent to this minimum, in its variations in different parts of the country, is to be settled by town and county councils. Sweating in every aspect thus becomes a penal offense. It is succinctly stated that after a fair chance to adjust their affairs, employers found paying less than the minimum are to be punished.

It is here assumed that New Zealand has already given adequate proof that this bold venture may be safely taken. The hope that these "five millions" can ever extricate themselves by voluntary action is abandoned.

II

This brings us to the towering obstacle which these Knights of the New Social Order face without blenching. How are the bills to be paid? Old-age pensions are but an item in the count; but they would cost annually at least an hundred million of dollars. With local politicians competing for favors before the electorate, probably far more than this at an early date. To make its scheme of education effective, to establish its minimum wage and remodel the poor law on lines proposed, would enhance the cost of these luxuries to very dizzying figures. There is in the programme no hint of difficulty and danger in these claims. With the whole liberal policy of retrenchment and making small taxes a boast, this programme breaks with contemptuous abruptness. Its calmly drawn fiscal policy exhibits the full revolutionary character of its proposals.

"To the socialist, taxation is the chief means by which he may recover from the propertied classes some portion of the plunder which their economic strength and social position have enabled them to extract from the workers; to him national and municipal expenditure is the spending for common purposes of an ever increasing proportion of the national income. The degree of civilization which a state has reached may almost be measured by the proportion of the national income which is spent collectively instead of individually. To the socialist the best of governments is that which spends the most. The only possible policy is deliberately to tax the rich; especially those who live on wealth which they do not earn. For thus and thus only can we reduce the burden upon the poor."

The temptation is strong to italicize portions of this extract. The reader will do well to dwell upon it with some care, as it leaves nothing in doubt about the proposals of the ablest leaders in this movement.

From this broad principle of taxing out of existence — not all private property as it is often said, but a very large portion of the present *forms* of private property, the programme passes in detail immediately to the income tax. It is to be based first upon ability to pay, and second upon a distinction between "incomes which cease with the death or illness of the earner and those which remain whether the owner live or die." All those who owned their incomes up to five thousand pounds a year would pay less than at present. Unearned incomes above this amount would be taxed two and a half times more than at present. Then by an estimate of the ratio of earned and unearned incomes it is computed that this income would give the tidy surplus of £16,850,000 above the present beggarly shilling tax. The "estate duty" is raked by the same fire and yet upon a carefully regulated principle. Up to £1000 there are no death duties. Between that sum and £10,000, three per cent; between this latter and £25,000, four per cent; while the millionaire who now pays a "poor eight per cent" would pay fifteen. It is made clear to us that this increase is really grotesque in its moderation; nor is there the least dissembling of the ultimate purpose, when power has been won, to apply the socialist finance with no need of petty and humiliating compromising. "These suggestions," the programme reads, "are doubtless confiscatory; and that is why they should recommend themselves to the Labor Party. But even so the confiscation is of a timorous and slow-footed sort."

In the interim before the drink traffic is socialized, those who make and distribute liquors are taxed an extra seven and a half million pounds. The lightening of direct and indirect taxes upon those of small income, and the equalizing of local burdens

out of national funds, reveal the character of the bid for popular political support. The rearranging of the local and national finance is brilliant strategy, because through it vast amounts of personal property of the rich can be reached and applied at the poorer local centres throughout the realm. The principle on which this rests should be fully stated.

"A district is not rich or poor on account of its own merits or faults, but by virtue of the place it takes in the national structure." "Not only has a town a claim on the unearned increment created by its citizens and annexed by the land owners; the nation has a claim of its own. A town owes to the nation a rent based on the advantages of its position, its mineral resources, etc., an advantage measured roughly by the rate of increase of its site value."

Henry George never shrank before the fact of confiscation under his own plan of taking for social uses the entire economic rent of land. This is less serious because the highest legal authorities have decided that taxation is of the very nature of confiscation. All that George asked, however, is but an appetizer for our programme. The socialist takes this at a gulp and then gets to his real business of appropriating the vast accumulations based on interest and profits which George considered both just and socially useful. That the individual should pocket a distinctly social product (economic rent) was to the Single Taxer the sum of villanies. This is at most but petty larceny to the socialist. The grand larceny is the capitalistic system which enriches individuals, as distinct from society, through the appropriation of interest and profits as well as by area rent. This system is now assailed by organized devices far more threatening than the older socialism had at its command.

The assault began in the Australian Colonies in 1890, when trade unionism received a defeat so crushing as to turn its full strength into the political field. Most of the colonies have now an aggressive Independent Labor Party which puts each aspiring politician upon the grill. "If you expect our votes, what guarantees do you give us that our measures shall have your support?" These tactics are now organized by a powerful contingent in the English Parliament. In the opening paragraph, after warning new members against mere talk or hopes or enthusiasms it says, "A party in Parliament can he held together, kept vital, only by a policy, — not by vague aspirations and foggy ideas, — but by a policy. A policy implies something more than a desire to attain certain definite legislation. It implies strategy, criticism, initiative, and opposition. These, to be effective, must be based upon some principle either of attack or of defense, or of both. Labor to-day is essentially aggressive; its policy is a policy of attack. The object of its hostility is Capitalistic Monopoly in all its forms, and the winning for those who work of every penny which now goes into the pockets of those who idle. Nothing is gained though much may be lost by concealments, subterfuges, reticences. The Labor Party is a party against the Landlord and the Capitalist."

III

It is a rare merit in a socialist document (or indeed in any political appeal) to avoid "concealments and reticences." In this respect the success of the present document is complete. To show the public accurately what this branch of able and disciplined socialists proposes to do, its value is beyond that of a whole library of current speculations on the theme. It tackles straight the livest issues in English politics. It lays bare both the principles upon which it rests and the working methods through which it proposes to win its fight. The followers are solemnly apprised of what awaits them. The party is now patted on the back because it is not feared. "Until it has made itself both disliked and feared, it will be far short of having fulfilled the object of its existence.

It is not saying too much to say that in the very near future the measure of the Labor Party's effectiveness will be its unpopularity in the House of Commons. Acrimonious as are the feelings often evoked by political controversies, they are urbanity itself compared with the passions aroused by our economic issues.

"To mince matters, to seek to conceal or only half reveal the facts were mischievous as well as stupid. Insomuch as nothing short of an economic revolution can vitally or permanently improve the wage-earner's condition, it is at an economic revolution that the Labor Party must aim, and the revolution is none the less a revolution because it takes years or even decades in the accomplishing. Years and decades of hard work, of tireless activity, of small triumphs and dismaying defeats lie before the Labor Party inside and outside the walls of Parliament, and there must be years and decades of revolutionary activity and of nothing less than that. In the course of a revolution somebody must needs suffer in mind, body, or estate. Thanks to our constitutional system and to the widely extended franchise, Labor can work out its own salvation without injury either to the sanity or to the skins of those who shall seek to hinder it. But the estates must be attacked, and attacked with vigor and dispatch. A Labor policy which hurts nobody will benefit no one."

The immediate propaganda is to convince a stiff majority of the workers that political liberalism is a spent force. It was the politics of capitalism, and as this is now the enemy, the campaign of education is to teach labor to cut itself clean from every tradition of "the politics of exploitation." Thus every new labor member becomes in the language of the programme "one more nail driven into the coffin of the capitalist system." "Although capitalism is not yet dead, the feet of the young men who are to carry it out to burial are already upon the floor of the House of Commons." With this buoyant declaration the document closes.

It is conceded that the abhorred thing is still sturdy and vital enough to threaten society with its impudent presence for decades. Meantime, to see to it that the funeral obsequies are not too long delayed is to be the New Religion.

HENRY KOEHLER, MISOGYNIST

BY ELSIE SINGMASTER

"It is already eight-thirty. The school will now come to order."

The Millerstown school children of the grammar grade went noisily to their seats. Outside, the rain was turning the beaten play-ground into a lake; within there was an odor of drying shawls and steaming coats. The teacher, Henry Koehler, frowned down from the little platform. He was a tall, slender young man, with a round face, cut across with a long, somewhat sparse, but carefully-tended black mustache.

"It is first of all some announcements what shall be made," he went on, when they had settled into comparative quiet. "But Ellie Shindler shall first put her desk lid down and listen once."

A desk lid in the last row was speedily lowered. From behind it appeared a round and smiling face, and a mop of brown curls.

"First, is it any one a Geography short?"

A lifted hand followed the smile and the curls.

"Please, teacher, I can't find my Geography since yesterday."

"Well, then, come and get it, and don't leave it any more where it don't belong. It is no place for the scholars' geographies on the teacher's desk."

The girl complied with disarming speed and gentleness.

"All right, teacher," she answered sweetly, as she went back to her desk.

"And you don't need to say anything back. It is yet another announcement what shall be made. It shall be no more sewing done in school at recess. Recess is not meant for sewing."

The school turned itself as one man to look at Ellie Shindler, who was the only needlewoman among them. They admired inexpressibly the pair of pillow shams at which she worked whenever the teacher's eye was not upon her.

"We won't have this morning any opening exercises," the master went on. "The A Class made yesterday such poor marks in Arithmetic that they will now take the lesson over. A Class step out."

The A Class gathered up its Arithmetic and slate and arose. It was composed of one girl, Ellie Shindler. The school giggled.

"Where are then Ollie Kuhns and Billy Knerr?" demanded the teacher.

"Ollie, he is sick," answered Ollie's little sister. "He has it so bad in his head. Billy Knerr, he threw him yesterday with a ball. But he did n't do it purpose."

"Where is Billy Knerr?"

"Billy is by my gran'pop," vouchsafed Sarah Knerr.

"All right." The teacher's tone became savage. "Ellie Shindler can go to the board, and work Example Three, on page one hundred and one."

Ellie copied the problem carefully on the blackboard. Then she set out row after row of neat figures. The teacher watched her, frowning. For all her multiplying and dividing she did not seem to arrive at the answer.

"Ellie Shindler," he said presently, "what is the matter that you do not get sooner that example?"

"It is something that I do not understand, teacher."

"What is it?"

"Why do we here at this place —" Ellie's hand indicated one process of the problem — "why do we here at this place multiply by 3.1416?"

"Because I tell you."

"But *why* do we?" Ellie's tone was respectful but insistent.

"Why! why!" he repeated angrily. "I am sick of this 'whying.' Why is your name Ellie? Because it *is*. Why do we multiply by 3.1416? Because it shall be multiplied by 3.1416. Because the book says it and I say it."

Ellie turned meekly to the board. At the end of the twenty minutes allotted to the opening exercises she seemed no nearer a solution.

"It won't get right, teacher," she said cheerfully.

"All right," he answered grimly. "You can stay in after school — no —" he hastily, almost fearfully corrected himself. "You can work it out at home, and copy it ten times on your slate, and you can bring it in the morning to the school. Now we will have the A Class spelling."

The A Class left the board, went to her seat, and slate and pencil in hand, went back to the front of the room.

"Return." The A Class wrote diligently. This was the one subject in the grammar school curriculum in which the present A Class never failed.

"Oblige. — Rescue. — Student. — Various. — Vinous. — Dictionary. — Testament. — Tier. — Now, A Class, read once how you spell these words."

"R-e, re, t-u-r-n, turn; return," she spelled, and so down the line until she reached "t-e-a-r."

"Wrong. It is ten words and one wrong. It gives ninety for a mark."

"But, teacher, what is wrong?"

"Tear is wrong."

"But it is t-e-a-r, tear."

"Not the kind of tier what I am talk-

ing from. They have t-e-a-r in the primary school. This is t-i-e-r."

Ellie rose slowly.

"Look out that it don't give t-e-a-r in the grammar school, too," he remarked sententiously.

Ellie turned and looked at him, her lips quivering. Then she walked down the aisle, while the children smiled up at her as they would not have dared to smile at the oldest girl in school if she were in tears. The teacher caught their grimaces.

"Ellie Shindler! " he said sharply.

Ellie turned. Her lips were still quivering.

"Go to your seat."

"Yes, teacher," she answered meekly.

"The B Class spelling."

The small boys of the B Class stamped noisily out, a train of pencil boxes and books, twitched from the desks of the C Class, falling behind them. They looked half fearfully at the master, then smilingly back at Ellie Shindler. The master, however, ignored the noise and confusion. It was not the fault of the small boys that they did not behave. It was Ellie Shindler who excited them to riot. He had had no trouble with them, until, late in the fall term, Ellie had decided that she would return to school. He had not wanted her. For one thing he hated all women. His exceedingly limited conception of their usefulness had been partly inherited from his father, who had tried three wives and had found all of them wanting, and partly induced by the fact that he saw his patrimony constantly jeopardized by an increasing number of heirs, all of them girls.

"It is girls, girls, girls," he would say. "It makes me sick. I can no more have any peace. It is big girls on the front porch with beaux, and little girls on the back porch fighting. I hire them out, that is what I do, when I was Pop, or I put them in the factory."

"Why don't you get married and go off?" queried Ollie Kuhns, the elder, in whom he confided his woes.

"Get married! To a woman! Well, I guess not! Am I not already wild from these women? Shall I yet tie myself to one so I cannot get away? Shall I then fix myself, so when I want to go in the evening off, I must say, 'Dare I go?' or everywhere I go, must I have a woman along? I guess not!"

"But you would then only have one instead of — how many is it at your house?"

"It is ten, counting Mom. And I can't stand it. I go to the hotel and board."

"To the hotel! When you could live easy at home!" Ollie's economical soul was shocked almost beyond expression.

"Yes, I cannot stand any more these women."

"But it would be cheaper to get married. It is plenty nice girls."

"Who?" demanded Henry, with scorn.

"Ay, Mary Kuhns."

"She is me too stuck up."

"Well, Jovina Neuweiler."

"*She!* I guess not. She is ugly. They are not many good-looking ones."

"Well, Linnie Kurtz. Perhaps you could cut Jimmie Weygandt out with Linnie."

"He may have her. I don't want her."

Had Ollie Kuhns been more clever, he might have detected in Henry's vehement tones a certain bitterness. Once, five years before, he had paid court to Mary Kuhns, and she, of the many lovers, had declined him so soon and so firmly, that the mere mention of her name hurt him. No, he hated them all, and especially Ellie Shindler. She was seventeen years old, and the Millerstown girls seldom went to school after they were fifteen. No one knew why she continued, except herself, and she would not tell.

"She is plenty big enough to work in the factory," said her teacher. "She don't study nothing. When I was her Pop I settle her!"

Her Pop, however, did not receive pleasantly this advice. Some one reported to him Henry's remarks, and he took oc-

casion to meet him the next day in front of the post-office.

"I pay my taxes," he said succinctly. "You get always your pay. My Ellie can go in the school till she is fifty years old, and you dass n't say nothing. You learn her, that is all."

Ellie, however, would not be "learned." She took her sewing to school, and accomplished wonders behind her desk-lid during school hours, and at recess. She joined in the fun of the smaller children at his expense, she incited them to all kinds of mischief, she set them constantly a bad example, she reminded him every hour of the *ewig weibliche*, which he was sacrificing his hard-earned money to escape. Sometimes it seemed to him that it was she, and not his nine little step-sisters, who kept him in his miserable little room in the hotel, where the fare was bad, and the company worse, but where, at least, there were no women. Moreover — and all her other faults paled into insignificance before this crime — she was able to exert a curious influence over him. There were times when he felt himself staring at her curly head with such fixedness that he could not take his eyes away, even though he knew that in a minute the curly head would be lifted, and a smiling gaze meet his own. When she came up to the desk to hand him a book, she looked at him out of the corner of her eye in a way that made him send her savagely to her seat. He could endure her mischief, her defiance, but he could not endure her smiles. It was bad enough that she should be always smiling at Jim Weygandt and Al Mattern when she met them on the street. They liked it and encouraged it. But that she should dream for one instant that he could be affected. It was insulting!

To-day it seemed as though she were "verhext" (bewitched). She had brought some candy, with which she treated the children on the last row. She failed in every lesson, and seemed dead to any sense of shame.

"What two kinds picks is it?" he asked, in a vain effort to have her distinguish between the verb and the noun.

Ellie studied the wall back of the teacher's head. From window to window ran the legend, "Everybody must talk English here." Then her eyes fell to the level of his necktie.

"It is three kinds picks," she answered slowly. "It is p-i-c-k, to pick up, and p-i-c-k, to pick with, and p-i-g, one what grunts."

The teacher glared.

"I mean p-i-c-k, spelling, not pronouncing. What is now the definition of a noun and a verb?"

Ellie shook her head. Thus the eyes of Psyche might have widened at the same question.

"I don't know, teacher."

"Is it anything you do know?" he demanded. "Am I to waste all my time teaching you when you won't learn nothing?"

Ellie answered him with a slow smile.

"Go to your seat," he commanded.

He did not remember that the scholars had ever been so unruly or so "dumb" as they were that morning. It seemed as though Ellie's stupidity had set the whole school frantic with a desire to imitate her. No one knew his lessons. Little Louisa Kuhns wailed aloud when he reproved her, — which, of all demonstrations, he disliked the most.

What should he do? Ellie Shindler would not leave school, and he could have no order while she was there. He might resign and go to work in the shoe factory, but that would mean defeat for one thing, and work which he hated, for another. This morning, he could not even have the few minutes quiet at recess, for the rain continued and there was no place for the children to stay but the schoolroom. After recess things grew even worse than before. Jakie Kemerer boldly threw a wad of damp paper at the blackboard, and hit it so squarely that the teacher, standing near, felt a drop of water on his cheek. He started down the aisle, and

Jakie leaped to his feet. He ran swiftly around the back of Ellie Shindler's chair, with the teacher close behind him. Then, doubling upon his tracks, he was about to pass Ellie once more. Then he could open the door, and once without he was safe. The teacher felt his heart swell with rage. Suddenly, however, he found an ally. A plump foot shot out from beneath Ellie Shindler's desk, and Jakie fell into the teacher's arms, and was led to the front of the room. The children looked on indifferently while he received the punishment meted out to such as throw paper wads. The louder Jakie's screams, the less impression they made.

"And now," the master went on angrily, "Ellie Shindler can come up and stand in the corner, while she tripped Jakie up. It shall be no tripping up in this school."

He scarcely knew what he said. His eyes had met her own in the moment of her coming to his defense, and he read there pity and the offer of aid. Moreover, he knew that his own eyes had responded gratefully. He hated her.

She came slowly, her lip trembling, now without any laughter lingering behind. Her shoulders drooped, she did not look at him, but went straight to the corner of the room. The children watched her, open-mouthed. Ellie Shindler obedient, subdued!

For half an hour there was peace. The C Class knew its spelling. Jakie Kemerer settled down to his books with a celerity and willingness which he had never before exhibited after a whipping. There was not a whisper. Then suddenly the master was conscious of a stir. There was a smothered giggle from one corner of the room, an open laugh from the other. The faces of the whole school were turned toward the corner where Ellie stood. What they saw there to amuse them, he did not know. She stood meekly as before, with her hands clasped before her.

After another long half-hour he rang the bell for dismission. He had had a lunch put up for him at the hotel as he often did on stormy days. There was a scramble for coats and hats, then the boys charged noisily out the door, the girls following slowly after, until only Ellie Shindler remained.

"The school was already dismissed, Ellie Shindler," he said.

"I have my dinner by me," she answered sweetly.

The teacher spread his dinner out on his desk at the front of the room, and Ellie spread hers out on her desk at the back.

"I have here some raisin pie," she ventured tentatively, when the silence grew oppressive. "Will you then not have a piece?"

"I have also raisin pie," he answered shortly, quite as though hotel raisin pie were not to Ellie Shindler's raisin pie as water unto wine.

Presently Ellie put her lunch basket back in her desk, and took out her sewing. This was not recess. The teacher took from his desk a bundle of papers. He was desperately thirsty, but the water bucket stood in the corner nearest Ellie, and he would not go there for a drink. He heard her humming softly, and was irritably and angrily conscious of a desire to watch her. Then suddenly it occurred to him to make an appeal to her to leave. Nothing could hurt his pride so much, but he had tried everything else.

"Ellie," he began, "why do you come in the school?"

"To learn," she answered.

"Well, then, why don't you learn?"

"I do, some. But I am pretty dumb."

She smiled at him, and closed one eye while she tried to thread her needle. Failing, she drew the thread between her lips and tried again. The dimples which the process induced did not escape the teacher's eye.

"I wish you would stay away from the school."

Ellie dropped her sewing into her lap and looked at him.

"Yes, I mean it. I don't want you in

the school. I can't keep school when you are here. You are a — a nuisance. You are all the time making trouble. The children will not behave. I wish —"

"But, teacher, I will —"

"And I don't want no 'teachering.' I mean now what I say."

"Do you mean I should go now?"

"Yes, now, this minute."

Ellie rose slowly and folded her sewing. Then she took her books out of her desk and piled them neatly on the lid, and put the piece of raisin pie which the teacher had declined, and which she meant to save for the afternoon recess, back into the basket. She walked slowly toward the cupboard where the shawls and sunbonnets were kept, and vanished within. Then silence fell. The teacher almost held his breath. Why had he suffered so long, when all his troubles might have been so easily ended? He would strap her books together for her. But why did she not come out of the cupboard and start home? The children would soon return, and he wanted her to be gone.

"Ellie Shindler!" he said.

There was no response, and he called again, "Ellie Shindler!" Still she did not answer. The cupboard opened only into the schoolroom. She must be there. He walked slowly down the room.

"Why don't you answer?" he said. "I said you should go. Now —"

The teacher paused. Ellie stood just inside the door. Her sunbonnet hid her face, and her shawl was wrapped closely about her.

"What is then wrong that you don't go?"

Ellie's shoulders moved up and down.

"I don't want to go," she said. "I — ach,— I don't—I don't want to go!"

"Ellie —" the teacher paused again. He had flushed scarlet, and there was an uneasy expression on his face. He must not forget that he hated her, that he hated all women. All women cried. His sisters, big and little, cried when they could not have what they wanted. Nothing made him more angry than to see a woman cry, unless it was to see her get what she cried for. What did she want? Could it be —

"Ellie Shindler —" he laid his hand on her shoulder. He felt it tremble, and a strange and unaccountable emotion suddenly took possession of him. He pushed back her sunbonnet and kissed her. She drew herself gently away.

"You scold me and want me to go," she said in a choked voice. "And then you act like this. It is not right. It —"

"Wait once." He stood with his hand pressed against his forehead. Had he gone mad? If Ellie Shindler told her father that he had kissed her, the school would not be his for a day. Who would believe him if he said that she had cried and made eyes at him, that she had led him on, him who understood all their tricks so thoroughly?

"Are you going to tell?" he demanded.

"I tell! Did you think — did you think I would tell? Ach, I will go home, I will go home!"

"Wait once." His hand was on her wrist, hurting her. He could not think. He had never been so near a woman before. Something seemed to sweep him out of himself, but even in the midst of his confusion of mind, he remembered that he had been brutal to her, and that, in spite of it, she cried at going. She stood passive in his grasp, and Mary Kuhns had not even let him touch her hand. "I — I —" he faltered. "Don't cry, Ellie." Her grief seemed suddenly a sacred thing. Then he drew a long breath. "I will marry you."

Ellie looked up at him. She put one tight-closed hand against her lips.

"Perhaps it is only that you shall not have me any more in the school," she said. "Perhaps it is only that you are afraid I will tell my Pop."

The teacher put his arm across her shoulders.

"I don't know what it is," he said, half angrily.

"Perhaps you did not mean it." Her voice trembled. Neither did she know

why she liked him better than Jimmie Weygandt and Al Mattern and all the rest.

For answer he kissed her again. Then, suddenly, he saw that she was smiling. She looked as though she had always been smiling.

"For why are you laughing?" he said roughly. "You are forever laughing."

"I? Laughing?" Her broken, indignant voice denied the accusation to which her shameless eyes confessed.

"Yes, you. I — I —"

The disgrace of his capitulation swept over him. The word on his lips was almost "hate."

"You what?" From the circle of his loosening arm, Ellie looked up at him. Again her lip trembled.

"I love you," he finished weakly.

THE YEAR IN GERMANY

BY WILLIAM C. DREHER

LOOKING back over events in Germany for a year and a half, the first impression made upon the mind is that it has not been a time of great achievement in the Fatherland. We have had the Morocco question, with the Algeciras Conference, it is true; but its outcome for Germany quite fails to meet any proper standard of great achievement. The people of Germany are largely in harmony with foreign opinion upon that point. That question has now happily dropped below the horizon; but it will be necessary, in subsequent paragraphs, to give some attention to it, since the present position of Germany in European politics has been strongly influenced by the prolonged diplomatic wrangle at Paris and Algeciras.

Any observer of recent tendencies in Germany must be impressed with the restlessness and discontent of the people. The country is immensely prosperous, its military strength by sea and land is greater than ever before, its position in the intellectual struggle for existence in the world is unimpaired, — and yet one can hardly touch a sphere of the national life where discontent with existing conditions is not the prevalent note. Herr von Bethmann-Hollweg, the new Prussian Minister of the Interior, recently confessed in the Chamber of Deputies, "A bitter feeling of discontent weighs to-day upon our public life." Everywhere the complaining tone! Now it is the isolation of Germany, which is felt to be surrounded by enemies on all sides; now it is the fruitless waste of life and money in the colonies; many are disgusted beyond measure with internal political conditions, — the lack of constitutional forms adapted to the life of a modern state, the political impotence of the people in Prussia under its antiquated electoral system, the ever-present struggle with Socialism, the division and consequent helplessness of the Liberal parties, the predominance of the Clerical party, school legislation out of harmony with the modern spirit, pronounced tendencies toward a conservative orthodoxy in the administration of the universities and the State Church of Prussia, the growing hostility between labor and capital, new taxes, — all these matters have latterly marked the points of hottest conflict. These are all substantial problems; the friction here was no mere German querulousness.

The future trade relations between Germany and the United States are a subject of the utmost importance at this moment for the commercial people of both lands. That the present provi-

sional arrangement, under which the United States gets the full advantages of Germany's commercial treaties without giving any substantial equivalent, is untenable, is fully recognized in Germany. The arrangement is so obviously disadvantageous to Germany that Prince Bülow, in proposing its ratification by the Reichstag, particularly emphasized its temporary character. It was made only to extend to June, 1907, he said, so as not to create the impression that it was to be a permanent settlement. The sentiment of the majority speakers, too, was distinctly against its prolongation beyond that date, unless the American government should meanwhile make satisfactory concessions. Even so the Conservatives and some of the National Liberals voted against the measure.

The industrial and commercial classes, while fully admitting the unfavorable nature of the provisional arrangement, were willing to accept it; but they, too, are wholly averse to the idea of continuing it indefinitely. The Central Association of German Manufacturers, a great composite organization representing the entire industries of the country, explained its agreement upon the ground that Germany is not yet ready for a tariff-war with the United States. The Association insists, however, that a prolongation would not accord with either the interests or the dignity of the German Empire; and it warns German manufacturers to prepare in good time for a tariff war, which it declares to be unavoidable if we, on our side, continue our present policy.

"Give the United States time to reflect," was the calming admonition of Count Posadowsky to impatient members of the Reichstag. Meanwhile Germans are watching eagerly for evidence that we are reflecting; but they have found little to convince them that we are preparing to approach the question in a fair give-and-take spirit. The failure of the Ways and Means Committee even to report Secretary Root's bills, designed to carry out promises made to Germany in consideration of her extension to us of the most-favored-nation treatment, has made a most disappointing impression here. This ascendency of the "stand-pat" element at Washington has nearly dissipated all hopes among the German people that the dominant party in the United States will consent to give Germany a just equivalent for its treaty duties.

On this side government and people alike are anxious to make a fair arrangement with us; and the government in particular, I have good reason to believe, is willing to go considerably more than half-way to meet us. Its policy toward the United States remains one of completest friendliness. The existing temporary arrangement is the fruit of that policy. The general good-will with which Germany is ready to take up the question of reciprocity deserves a hearty response from our side. It is to our advantage to cultivate her friendship and promote harmonious trade relations with her; and every consideration of decent self-respect requires that we should do our full part toward putting those relations upon a basis satisfying to both peoples. It does not comport with the dignity or the interest of our country to place before Germany the hard alternatives, either of giving us her full treaty scale of duties without any fair return on our part, or else of imposing her maximum duties, which will be equivalent to a declaration of commercial warfare and can only lead to estrangement and bitterness between Germans and Americans.

The present anomalous adjustment of our trade relations is already doing much to prejudice the general attitude of the German public toward us. It intensifies German sensitiveness and multiplies points of friction. The feeling of being treated unfairly causes the Germans to discover rudeness and ingratitude toward their country in trifling incidents, and even to snatch up with avidity false reports of how we snub the Kaiser.

The Brooklyn Library hung his portrait in a dark corridor; his splendid gifts to the Germanic Museum at Harvard were housed in a shed, — so German editors reiterated to the point of weariness. When it was shown that these statements were inventions they again touched the old and strident note of the impolite delay in setting up the Frederick monument; and, at any rate, the Americans are a thoroughly reckless and selfish people, quite incapable of appreciating the finer courtesies of international intercourse. A more substantial grievance is found in our reciprocity treaty with Cuba, which has practically shut German sugar out of the American market; and latterly the commercial press is complaining about the temporary reduction of duties conceded to us by Brazil. Needless to add, the Pan-American Congress is another manœuvre on our part to gobble up South American trade and narrow Germany's market there.

The course of the American delegates at Algeciras in steadily supporting Germany's demand for the "open door" in Morocco was a grateful assistance to German policy at a moment when it was most needed. That support was appreciated in the Wilhelm Strasse as an act of friendship, and as a chief factor in securing equality of treatment for the commerce of all nations in Morocco.

The Morocco controversy left with most other nations a distinctly disagreeable impression of the disturbing tendencies of German policy. That unfortunate struggle was opened by the Kaiser in his famous speech at Tangier, which astonished the German people not less than other nations. For the Germans had learned to acquiesce in the Anglo-French settlement, under which France was to have a free hand for its scheme of *pénétration pacifique* in Morocco. The utterances of the Imperial Chancellor in the Reichstag clearly indicated that the government accepted with good grace the general terms of that settlement. The people, too, had been schooled by the inspired press in the theory that Germany's commercial interests in Morocco were so insignificant as not to warrant the inauguration of a large and energetic action to assert them; and this view had been generally accepted by them, barring the noisy little faction of Pan-Germans.

The chief fault of Germany's Morocco policy was, accordingly, that it was sprung upon the German people themselves without warning, without any preparation of their minds for it; hence they imperfectly comprehended it and never had any great interest in it. They did not feel that it was a matter intimately affecting the nation's interests; and while the German ambassador at Paris was asserting Germany's solidarity with Morocco, the press at home was diligently occupied in convincing the outside world that Germany would never go to war on account of that remote and insignificant state.

Despite the abruptness and lack of skill in launching its new policy, however, the government's position was logical and, within certain limits, reasonable. France and England had assumed to decide the fate of Morocco between themselves, whereas the Madrid Treaty of 1880, to which Germany was signatory, had explicitly given an international character to the Moroccan question. This was clearly an affront to Germany's dignity and an attempt to isolate her, which ought to have been objected to at once. The German government's claim that it had not been officially informed of the agreement between France and England may rest upon a difference of definitions; at any rate, it awaited France's first decided step toward the "Tunisation" of Morocco before uttering its veto. This energy on the part of Germany compelled M. Delcassé to reveal to his colleagues of the Ministry his deliberate policy of bringing on a war with Germany. The French people recoiled indignantly from his plan, and the bellicose minister fell from lack of home support. He was not a tub thrown to the German whale, but the "victim" of his own devious designs, and only in-

cidentally the waste-product of German policy.

And the result at Algeciras? The Berlin government had to retreat from many of its contentions, undoubtedly; yet the total outcome was not unfavorable to Germany. The principle of the "open door" was maintained, and the international character of the Moroccan question placed beyond all dispute. The "Tunisation" of the country was prevented. It was therefore but an expression of malevolence when certain foreign newspapers represented the result as a complete failure of Germany's case. She did not even get her coaling station on the Moroccan coast, wrote one American editor, although Germany had not even hinted at such a demand. Think of Germany calling an international conference as a step toward getting a coaling station!

Yet, in a larger way, Germany's Morocco policy was a mistake, even from the standpoint of her own interests. It gave a great impetus to the existing anti-German feeling abroad in the world, and impressed foreign cabinets with the conviction that Germany was ready, upon slight occasion, to create difficult and dangerous diplomatic situations. It was not shrewdly conceived on the part of Germany, since it laid bare her isolation in a way that cut deep into the national consciousness. German statesmen, indeed, consoled themselves with the reflection that the Fatherland is strong enough to stand alone, and that it were better in any case to know her true position and face it; but Algeciras did more than reveal a situation, — it created one.

The Conference proved the Triple Alliance to be practically at an end. While the directors of German policy fully accept Bismarck's dictum that treaties and alliances have validity only so long as the circumstances for which they were created exist, and while they admit that circumstances have greatly changed for Italy, still they were justly incensed at the manner in which that country deserted her ally. Tittoni's previous understanding with France, carefully kept secret from Germany, gave deep offense here to government and people alike. Italy was felt to be an untrustworthy ally, and the Kaiser's failure to telegraph his sympathies to Victor Emmanuel upon the eruption of Vesuvius was rightly interpreted in and out of Germany as marking his displeasure. It was disappointing, too, to see that even Austria felt ill at ease at being left alone in Germany's company. This was shown by the cold attitude of the Austrian press, and the distinctly hostile tone of the Hungarian parliament and press, when the Kaiser was about to make his visit to Franz Joseph. Happily, however, the German monarch succeeded in disarming the apprehensions of the Austrians and, to a great extent, of the Hungarians, by that visit; and the alliance remains to all appearances intact at that point.

Another keen disappointment at Algeciras was the course of Russia. Germany had gone to such great lengths to court that country's friendship that Germans expected Russia, where it could not support Germany's proposals, at least to vote against them in discreet silence. Lamsdorff's publication of his instructions to Cassini to support France's position therefore naturally called forth much bitter comment. It was felt to be a gratuitous blow at German sensibilities; and when the government a few weeks later debarred the Russian loan from Germany, the people accepted its decision as an act demanded by mere self-respect. The attempts of the St. Petersburg government to frighten the Poles, and of the Constitutional Democrats to frighten the government by raising the bogey of German interference, have been received in Germany at their true value as mere subterfuges to promote selfish ends. It is certain that not the slightest disposition exists in Germany, either with government or people, to become involved in the Russian muddle. Strong a personality as the Kaiser is, he would not venture to propose so unpopular a policy as a German

invasion of Russia in behalf of the Romanoffs, or for setting up an orderly government of any kind. Why should he? A weak or dismembered Russia would be equivalent to doubling Germany's strength on her southwestern frontier.

It is pleasant to note that the relations between England and Germany have undergone a distinct improvement since the Conference. Demonstrations of sympathy directly between the two peoples, like the recent visit of fifty German editors to London, have undoubtedly had a good effect, and paved the way for a better understanding between the two governments. The unfortunate estrangement between the Kaiser and the King was ended at the recent Cronberg meeting, and a perfect reconciliation effected. Henceforth, it may be confidently hoped, a better feeling will prevail on both sides of the Channel.

Germany's colonial policy has probably at no time been so trying to the patience of the people as to-day. They have grown so weary of their colonial disappointments that a new word, "*Kolonialmüdigkeit*," — or "that tired feeling" about the colonies — has been coined to express their mental attitude. In southwest Africa the Herreros have been practically exterminated, indeed, but the tough remnants of the Witboi Hottentots still keep up the struggle from their mountain fastnesses. The hard campaigning over those thirsty wastes has kept the little German army busy for nearly three years; but the end of its struggle with disease, thirst, and human foes seems at last to be not far off. In east Africa repeated uprisings of the natives, far less warlike than those of southwest Africa, have occurred for above a year; but the handful of German troops there have been able to quell them with ease. Cameroons and Togo, the two other African colonies, are also sources of trouble in a different way. The governor of the former and the ex-governor of the latter have returned to Germany under serious charges, which are now under investigation. To add to all these unpleasant chapters in colonial history, a grave scandal has been unearthed in the Colonial Office at Berlin. There has apparently been some "graft;" officials inexperienced in business made disadvantageous contracts in behalf of the government; and the treasury has suffered loss.

The heavy expenditure of money in the colonies, and for the increase of army and navy, necessitated an enlargement of the public revenues. The treasury had been hampered for years with an annual deficit, and the national debt has been steadily increased for a long period through loans issued nearly every year. The government proposed taxes on beer and tobacco, which are more lightly taxed in Germany than in most other countries. The German taxpayer, however, is very sensitive precisely at those two points; and the Reichstag rejected the beer tax in favor of a less productive one on breweries, and it restricted the tobacco tax to cigarettes. Besides these it adopted taxes upon collateral inheritances, automobiles, bills of lading, bonuses of directors of stock companies, unissued shares of such companies, and, finally, an extremely unpopular tax upon railway tickets. Another unpopular revenue measure was the abolition of cheap local postal rates.

It has been highly interesting during the past year or two to parallel certain movements in Germany and in foreign countries. Interesting, but not edifying. England, for example, has splendidly repelled the attack upon its free-trade system; while Germany has just committed herself more completely than ever to protection. Standing where England stood at the time of the Corn Laws, Germany has taken the opposite course by imposing higher taxes upon the bread and meat of her growing industrial and urban population. The new commercial treaties put into force last March can only be considered a reactionary step in the economic history of the country. This view is very general among the industrial and commercial classes, which feel that their

interests have been sacrificed to aid agriculture. According to the census of callings taken in 1895 — later figures are not yet available — over 64 per cent of the people are engaged in other occupations than farming, gardening, animal breeding, fishing, and forestry. The latest statistics from the army recruiting offices show that less than 31 per cent of the young recruits are from the farms. Agriculture has not kept pace with the growth of the country. The amount of land planted in wheat, rye, oats, and barley is now nearly 16 per cent less per capita than 28 years ago. The animal industry has been still more laggard in following the growth of the population; and the high price of meat amounts, at this moment, almost to a national calamity. In less than two years the amount of meat consumed per capita has decreased nearly 10 per cent.

But the above comparisons do not state the whole case. The one-sided agrarian character of the treaties is bad enough for the German people; but the other treaty countries have met them by raising their import duties on many manufactured products hitherto drawn from Germany. In other words, the essence of the German government's action was that it traded off the interests of the urban population, the manufacturers and industrial workmen, who are many, in favor of her farmers, who are few. That is one cause of discontent in the Fatherland.

Another point at which tendencies in Germany present a sharp contrast with several neighboring countries is in the relations of church and state. France has disestablished the churches, and taken her schools out of clerical hands; and England is about to make public education national and reduce denominational influence over the schools to a minimum. Things are taking a wholly different course in Germany. Here the church as a political force is evidently growing stronger; and this applies to the Catholic as well as the Protestant church. The Prussian State is becoming more and more subservient to the influence of the rigidly orthodox party, and the political power of the Catholic Church is greater in Prussia to-day than at any time since the Reformation. The monastic orders are increasing in some parts of the country at a surprising pace; and the Minister of Culture has been sharply criticised for his readiness in sanctioning the establishment of new monasteries. Moreover, the Catholics and orthodox Protestants are visibly drawing together for political as well as ecclesiastical ends. The struggle over the Prussian school law, to be treated later, showed the Conservative and Clerical parties in alliance to extend denominational influence in the schools.

Still more disappointing has been the response, in northern Germany at least, to the democratic revival which, during the past year or two, has made itself felt in most European countries. England has returned to liberalism with unexpected force; and in France radical liberalism is triumphant over its twin foes of Clericalism and Nationalism. In Belgium the Liberals adopted a decidedly democratic programme, and gained considerable ground in the June elections. In Russia the principle of autocracy has been formally abandoned, and the first experiment with representative institutions made. In Hungary the monarch was about to institute universal suffrage by decree, as a remedy for the political deadlock of the country, when a coalition ministry was formed to establish it; and manhood suffrage will be adopted within a year. In the Austrian half of the Dual Monarchy, too, universal suffrage was about to be carried through the Reichsrath with the acquiescence of the crown, when the Gautsch Ministry fell; but this failure means only a postponement for a short period.

This movement has not been without a reflex in Germany. The agitation for the extension of popular rights is vigorous in many parts of the Empire. The Kingdom of Würtemberg has just re-

formed its antique constitution by eliminating from the Lower House the privileged members, "knights" and clergymen, and substituting members elected by popular vote. Baden has introduced universal suffrage, and Bavaria has changed from indirect to direct voting. In the Kingdom of Saxony, which a decade ago remodeled its election law in a plutocratic direction, the government is now trying to retrace its steps. The Oldenburg government has committed itself to universal suffrage; and in Saxe-Weimar the Liberal parties and the Socialists have formed a compact to establish it.

In the midst of this democratic movement Prussia has just carried through a slight revision of its election laws. The peculiarity of the Prussian system is that the voters of each precinct are divided into three classes according to their tax-paying ability. Each class pays one third of the taxes, and chooses one third of the electors who elect the officials and representatives in the Chamber. The result of such a division of the voters is that slightly above one sixth of them have twice as much power as the remaining five sixths. This system, put into force above fifty years ago by royal decree as a bulwark against the rising tide of democracy, has served the purpose of its authors remarkably well. It has so deadened popular interest that less that one fourth of the Prussian people take the trouble to vote in state elections, whereas above three fourths vote in national elections, where manhood suffrage prevails. In some districts less than three per cent of the voters of the third class go to the polls.

Moreover, the government has still further balked the natural political drift of the country by a steadfast refusal to make a general reapportionment of the election districts. The existing arrangement is above fifty years old. All the immense growth and shifting of the population during that time has been wholly ignored, and the system has thus acquired the additional vice of being a rotten-borough arrangement of a most pronounced type. A painstaking statistician has made two groups of election districts having equal populations. The first of these, embracing approximately 96 districts, elects 164 members of the Chamber; while the other, of nearly 24 districts, elects only 41. The injustice to the urban and industrial population embodied in these figures appears still more intolerable when it is pointed out that the wealth per capita in the Prussian cities is $763, as against $360 in the rural regions; and it was precisely to the wealth of the country that the fathers of the Prussian system designed to give political power!

Prussia's stout adherence to such a monstrous electoral system has a double purpose. The control of the State is now in the hands of the country squire element from the rotten-borough districts, and the government means to keep it there, while curtailing the political rights of the cities; and the three-class division of the voters is retained as an effectual barrier against Socialism. "Only the most stupid calves select their own butchers," was Count Posadowsky's blunt reply to a Socialist resolution in the Reichstag demanding universal suffrage for all the German states. The success of the law in excluding the "butchers" is evident; the Socialists have never been able to elect a single member of the Chamber, whereas their strength would entitle them, under manhood suffrage, to at least eighty members.

The government came forward last spring with a scheme of election reform which was nothing short of comical in its bureaucratic narrowness. Several huge city districts were divided, and ten new seats in the Chamber created, — not, however, as a recognition of the rights of the urban population, but in order to facilitate the mere formalities of balloting. The number of electors in such districts had outgrown the capacity of any hall to hold them, and it became necessary to divide them in order to hold elections at all. Henceforth, too, the balloting of the

electors will occur in sections of six hundred and at different hours of the day, where the districts are very large. Hereafter, therefore, no district can outgrow the election machinery; and a Prussian Minister announces with confidence that the government will never consent to a change in the fundamental principle of the electoral system.

The ruling classes, however, have grown restive under the attacks made upon this stronghold of their power. Last winter, when the Socialists appointed many great mass meetings in Berlin for a given day to protest against the suffrage system, the government took alarm at their wild, revolutionary talk beforehand; and houses adjacent to the meeting-places were filled with policemen, while the soldiery was held in readiness at their barracks, prepared to move at a moment's notice. The majority in the Chamber, too, has grown sensitive to criticism, and has latterly broken with its good old tradition of ignoring it. It has appealed to the courts to punish some ruthless Socialist editors for the new crime of insulting the Chamber.

The suffrage question, state and national, remains in the foreground of public interest. Deep concern is felt among the masses regarding the future of the Imperial manhood suffrage system. The voices raised against it are growing bolder and more numerous; and the position toward which the majority parties are steadily drifting is that any dangerous gain of power by the Socialists will require its abolition, — by law if possible, by *coup-d'état* if necessary. So slightly is Germany committed to the democratic principle! The government, however, is giving no support to the talk about a reactionary reform of the electoral system. Several months ago Count Posadowsky formally declared in the Reichstag, in behalf of the Federated Governments, that they "stand firmly upon the basis of universal suffrage for the Empire, and will not be driven from it by any agitation from right or left."

All sorts of electoral schemes for saving the country from the inrush of Socialism are brought forward. The National Liberals have proposed, for Prussia, a system of plural voting, additional votes being allowed for property, education, and age. Others, taking their cue from Russia, would assign a fixed number of seats in the Reichstag to the various classes of the population. Before leaving this subject it may be added that Hamburg and Lübeck, which already had highly plutocratic election laws, under which the Socialists were condemned to a hopeless minority position, have just revised them in a still more anti-democratic sense.

The dread of Socialism was also the impelling force in the Prussian school legislation already referred to. Conservatives in politics and religion have become alarmed at the visible weakening of the principle of authority in the minds of the people. Especially among the working classes is the embitterment against church and state becoming more pronounced. The Protestant and the Catholic clergy alike deplore the growing estrangement of those classes, as well as the intellectual *élite* of the nation, from the church. "Religion must be preserved to the people," is a political dictum given out by the first German emperor; and the undemocratic Prussian state has no confidence in the ability of the people themselves to preserve their religion, — the arm of the law must compel its preservation. The government is dominated by a narrow fear of the modern spirit. The Minister of Culture recently amazed the country with an order banishing the writings of Ibsen, Hauptmann, and Sudermann from the seminaries in which public school teachers are trained. Especially must Socialism be placed under the ban of state and society; and a high-born nobleman in the Prussian House of Lords reflected the views of the dominant classes when he declared, "One of our sharpest weapons for subduing the Social Democracy is the denominational school."

The school law just enacted seeks to forge such a weapon. It sets up the general principle that the schools must be denominational; and it contains provisions under which children already in mixed, or so-called "simultaneous," schools can be withdrawn, and separate denominational schools organized for them. In addition to the regular boards special denominational commissions will supervise these newly created schools. The clergy, Catholic and Protestant, must be represented on the boards. The government also demanded far-reaching power to abolish home-rule in the selection of principals and teachers, but had to content itself with less sweeping changes.

The school bill called forth an exceedingly sharp controversy. About a thousand university professors, artists, and literary people signed a strong protest against its denominational features; but others favored a denominational division of the schools as making for harmony. The teachers of the country at their national convention rejected the denominational school with practical unanimity. Influential educators apprehend that the law will have just the opposite effect, religiously, from what was intended. They point out that very many of the teachers are already inwardly estranged from the church; and their disapproval of the system they are compelled to apply will now become still more intense. The estrangement of the industrial working classes, too, is expected to take on a still more aggressive form; for religion as an adjunct of the police authority of the state can no more bear good fruit in Prussia than in Massachusetts. Under a recent decision of the courts dissenting parents can be compelled by fines and imprisonment to make their children at school attend Protestant or Catholic denominational instruction. What would Americans think of compulsory Sunday schools, with the sheriff to compel attendance?

The school law will carry religious politics into municipal affairs. Already the Catholic clergy and press are calling upon their people to organize for carrying city elections in order to seize all the denominational advantages held out to them by the law. It is evident, therefore, that the measure will foster the religious divisions of the people, and in particular perpetuate the spirit of apartness prevailing in the Catholic Church. Instead of unifying the people by giving them homogeneous ideals, it will tend to prevent the establishment of a common intellectual type.

The policy of the government in making appointments of theological professors is calling forth strong remonstrances. It was recently shown that the Ministry has been giving a steady preference to young theological teachers trained at Greifswald, the last stronghold of orthodoxy in Prussia. They are rapidly pushed into professorships, while abler men of the critical-historical school are passed over. That the universities, with their long established tradition of free investigation in every department of thought, have not remained silent, goes without saying. Their view of the ministerial policy was vigorously expressed the other day by Professor Paulsen, the well-known philosopher and pedagogist of the Berlin University, in these words: "This exclusion of the critical school means nothing less than the impoverishment of science in the theological faculties of Prussia." Partly as the result of that policy, perhaps, the number of Protestant students of theology at the Prussian universities has fallen to considerably less than half of what it was eighteen years ago; but this decline has doubtless a larger cause in the changing attitude of the educated classes toward theology in general.

Recent developments in the Social Democratic party have been interesting enough to demand the entire space of this article; but only the briefest treatment is here possible. The worst faults of the party — its overconfident dogmatism, its narrow conception of its mission as the

political organ of the proletariat, its repellent attitude toward other parties, its intolerance of intellectual differences within its own ranks, and its intransigent opposition to the existing social system — have been strongly in evidence of late; and they have determined developments within the party itself, as well as in its external relationships. Indeed, it is becoming clear that the movement has not been wisely steered. The bold declaration of its class-struggle character at Dresden three years ago, following immediately upon the prodigious gain of Socialist votes in the Reichstag elections, narrowed down its mission to representing the interests of the proletariat. That declaration gave reactionaries in all other parties a powerful argument for making common cause against Socialism, and it checked whatever disposition existed in the Radical and Liberal parties to coöperate with it. It thus did much to shatter the conviction — fully as strong outside the Socialist party as within it — that its leaders were endowed with an almost supernatural talent for shrewd party tactics.

That conviction has received a still severer blow. Revolutionary events in Russia have distorted the mental vision of the party leaders. At their national convention at Jena a year ago, Bebel, the idol of the party, impulsive, eloquent, but easily intoxicated with his own eloquence, made one of his great speeches and caused the convention to commit itself by an overwhelming vote to a foolish declaration favoring the political strike *en masse*. The result was naturally a great shock to the public, for everybody assumed that this declaration marked a line of policy to be acted upon, not a mere academic assertion of a principle. Prior to the Jena convention there was held at Cologne a congress of the Socialistic trades-unions, which, with their nearly 1,500,000 members, constitute the strong central phalanx of the party. The leaders of the unions, who have long been out of sympathy with the policy of the party, here declared against the political strike *en masse*, which they believe would be a foolish and absurd undertaking on German soil. This lack of harmony between the unions and the party, while it did not take on a pronounced form at Jena, continued; and a conference was finally held at Berlin in February to try to effect an understanding between them.

The proceedings of that conference, just published by the party executive committee under stress of circumstances, will long remain a document of first-class importance in the history of German Socialism. Bebel here practically reversed his attitude by introducing resolutions to the effect that the executive committee does not propose to make propaganda for the political strike, but to use all its power to prevent one; and further conceded to the trades-unions the right of remaining neutral in case such a strike should break out. The proceedings showed that a sharp struggle has been in progress for years, behind the scenes, between the unions and the party management, in respect to cardinal points of policy. The leaders of the unions are fully aware that the activity of the party has been, in the main, a fruitless one, and that it has been made so by the ultra-radicalism of its leaders. The unions had kept silence hitherto, but they now announced their determination henceforth to express their views without reserve. This is significant of much, since the unions are devoted more to a policy of immediate and practical reforms than to fanciful visions of the transformed Socialistic state of the far-off future.

Bebel, accordingly, had mounted at Jena a cannon of painted wood upon the Socialist outworks. His empty show of radicalism only compromised the standing of the party with that considerable element of thoughtful men in the Liberal parties who would be glad to coöperate with the Socialists in bringing about practical, democratic reforms. Indeed, the leadership of the party has been at fault in many directions. Its policy has strongly tended to isolate and therefore weaken

it. Equally strong has been its influence in driving the government into reactionary paths. Bebel was so shortsighted as to boast, in his great speech at Jena, that he had exorcised the Chancellor's "semi-liberal principles." Bernard Shaw recently said of the German Socialists: "The tenacity with which they hold fast to their infallible, omniscient prophet, Carl Marx, and their faith in his book as the 'Bible of the working classes,' make them appear in our skeptical age as an example of childish faith and piety." That sentence aptly characterizes the dominant section of the party and marks the difference between English and German Socialism, — the one occupied in bringing about immediate results and caring little for theories, able and proud to have its representative in the cabinet; the other wasting its strength in futile theoretical controversies within its own ranks, emphasizing upon every occasion its fierce dogmatic warfare with the existing order of society, utterly shut out from political positions of influence, and proud of being a sort of martyr to its exclusive principles. In England and France Socialists are wiser.

All this is finding recognition among German Socialists, some of whom have begun to feel and deplore the political impotence to which the policy of the leaders has condemned the movement. Why, they ask, has this "Three-million Party" almost no influence upon the general policy of the country? The trades-unionists in particular are making good their promise to break their reserve, and their ablest leaders are now openly courting alliances with the Radical Liberals. Even the Socialist national newspaper organ, which had hitherto contemptuously rejected all such suggestions from the Radicals, has latterly changed its attitude and now invites their coöperation.

This subject of coöperation with the Socialists is a matter of serious discussion in the various Liberal parties. Dr. Barth, the leader of the Radical Union, has continued to argue with great force and unwearied zeal in favor of such a form of alliance as would give efficiency to the democratic and liberal principles common to Socialists and Liberals. He points to the obvious facts that the Socialists alone can accomplish nothing, despite their prodigious popular vote; and the Liberals, by reason of their divisions and weakness, are equally condemned to political impotence. What more natural therefore, he asks, than for Liberals to heal up their differences and form a compact with the Socialists to win elections and carry through reforms which both sides want. Hitherto, however, his voice has seemed but a cry in the wilderness. The National Liberals, a party of moribund liberalism, wholly reject the idea of coöperation; the Radical People's Party, inheriting the late Eugen Richter's irreconcilable hatred of Socialism, give no support to it; and even the leaders of the small Radical Union itself are mostly against it.

Several events, however, have happened within a year to show that the tactical policy of working with the Socialists is not without strong support with the Liberal voters. At a recent by-election in Westphalia, Radical and National Liberal voters disobeyed the call of their leaders, and elected a Socialist candidate for the Reichstag by a large majority over a Clerical; and at Darmstadt the Radical Union openly threw its strength in favor of a Socialist and elected him over a National Liberal of a reactionary type. A still more important event was the compact of the National Liberals, Radicals, and Socialists for mutual support in the elections of Baden, which succeeded in preventing the Clericals from securing a majority in the Chamber. These events have strengthened the conviction that there is much more vitality in the idea of Liberal and Socialist coöperation than the country had supposed.

The relations between capital and labor have latterly undergone a decided change for the worse. The number of strikes and lockouts has greatly increased.

In 1901, 56,000 workmen struck; two years later 85,000, and last year 408,000. The number locked out rose from 10,000 in 1902 to 118,000 in 1905. The strike of coal miners in the Rhenish-Westphalian region in January, 1905, embraced about 200,000 persons and was the largest one that Germany has ever known. The labor organizations have grown rapidly in numbers since then, and have become more aggressive in asserting their demands. In response to this changed condition the Central Association of German Manufacturers has organized the great employers of the country into one compact body. This latter has already developed great energy in fighting organized labor; and the sympathetic lockout, its favorite weapon, has now become a more formidable disturber of social peace than the sympathetic strike. Several months ago the employers in the metal-working trades were threatening to lock out their entire force of above 300,000 workmen because strikes existed in several cities. An evil spirit of repression rules in the great Central Association. It conceives one of its chief tasks to be to fight the Social Democracy, and openly proclaims its reactionary, anti-democratic spirit. Most of its members want a law for repressing Socialism. Thus the antagonism between labor and capital has grown acute, and social peace seems to have withdrawn into the realm of illusions.

THE EYES OF MEN

BY HILDEGARD BROOKS

Leaving his heart behind him in the steppe, young Arslan rode gloomily southward. It was all one to him whether the wind whipped up great clouds of dust, or whether the air was still and the sun burned hot in a sapphire sky: his mind was filled with Kizil-Koosh. All the way through smiling Bokhara nothing beguiled his eye or tempted him to rest. The broad Amu was no barrier, nor the wastes of shifting sand beyond it. He had chosen his route haphazard and now doggedly maintained the direction. He would, he told himself, put as many day's journeys between the girl and him as there were beads in her little carnelian necklace. Somewhere, far from the scene of his bitter renunciation, he would find a place and service. A good leader of caravans was always wanted.

One noonday as he rested under the high cool dome that spanned a wayside cistern, a strange-looking dervish glided in by the low doorway and, approaching with the offering of a blade of grass, held out his calabash and murmured the usual benediction.

"Nothing from me," said Arslan morosely. "I am a beggar myself."

"Do Kirghiz beggars ride such fine horses as the one I saw outside?" inquired the dervish.

A Kazak does not like the nickname Kirghiz (which means robber); but the praise of his horse outweighed the offense to Arslan. He gave an account of himself.

"I am a Kasak of the Middle Hundred, of the children of Naiman," he explained. "No kin to the Black Kirghiz, who are, as is well known, descended from a dog. My horse is indeed a good one; but he is all that I own, and I have nothing to give you."

The dervish persistently held out his cup.

"The Kasaks are rich," he said in a wheedling tone. "They own great flocks

upon the steppes, and when they ride into distant countries they carry their belts full of silver. As for you, it is plain that you are at least the son of a Bek."

"I am," said Arslan, "but my father was killed in a baranta when I was a child, and our enemies drove off our flocks: I have been caravan-bash to a distant kinsman; but he has been too stingy to pay the bride-price for me, so that I might marry. Do you think he would give me silver for my journey? I tell you, I am as poor as the wolf on the steppe."

The dervish, at last convinced there were no alms to be had, withdrew to the opposite side of the cistern, and there sat down. Arslan surveyed him curiously, and with no great favor. The man wore a tall, pointed hat in place of the usual Moslem turban, his hair and beard were long and unkempt, his clothing ragged and dirty. A small leopard-skin hung over one shoulder, a mace of fantastic shape was stuck in his belt. But the queer costume did not disturb Arslan so much as the man's narrow face, long pointed nose, and thin lips. To the Tatar the Aryan physiognomy is forever unlovely. Moreover, the dervish had very dark, knowing eyes, and fixed them on Arslan.

It was still as death under the lofty vault of brick. The light came in by the round hole at the top; the face of the dervish was shaded and his eyes gleamed steadily.

"What countryman are you?" Arslan asked to break the silence.

"I come from Persia," said the dervish.

"A Sheah, then," said Arslan. He was not much versed in religious matters, but he had heard of the dissenting Persian sect.

"I am a Sheah," said the other.

"I am a Suni," remarked Arslan gravely.

"We are both followers of the Prophet," observed the Persian. "What is the difference between your faith and mine?"

"The difference, as I understand it," returned Arslan simply, "is that mine will earn me Paradise, while you will eternally be damned."

This did not seem to appeal to the Persian as a propitious opening to conversation. He changed the subject.

"You Kirghiz — I mean Kasaks — ride all over the world on your fine horses. Yours, I should say, could easily carry two men."

"He is strong as a camel," Arslan assented.

"If you were riding to Merv," said the Persian, "I would ask you to let me sit up behind you. I have traveled far and am footsore."

"I am not going to Merv," said Arslan.

"It is a pity," said the dervish. "Merv is the oldest city in the world, and has been the richest. It was once part of Persia, and we Persians know it, and the secrets of the ruins that surround it."

"What kind of secrets?" asked Arslan.

"Why, all the old-time splendor is buried in dust," said the dervish. "But a man who knew just where to dig near Merv, there, could make himself rich in a single night. I know a spot in Giaur Kala, as they call the place, where a few hours' digging will discover gold enough to buy ten brides, — even if they were fairer than the brides that await us in Paradise."

"That may be true," said Arslan, implying by his tone that it might also not be true. "But why do you beg, then? Why have you not made yourself rich?"

"The vows of my order forbid it," returned the dervish. "We are allowed no possessions. But we may richly reward a true believer who will do us a charity. If you, for instance, will carry me to the outskirts of Merv on your fine horse, I will take you to Giaur Kala and recite certain charms I know to drive away the evil spirits that guard the buried treasure. We Persian dervishes have all the secrets of the Magi. The spirits obey us like slaves."

"Then why don't you command them to bring you a horse of brass, like the one the Persian king sent Genghiz Khan?

Then you would ride to Merv faster than the wind," suggested Arslan.

He meant no sarcasm; he was not skeptical. But this particular long-nosed dervish he felt inclined to mistrust.

"My vows forbid it," was the dervish's imperturbable answer. "I must walk, barefooted,—except when I am given a lift for charity."

Arslan felt this to be logical enough, and would have pursued the conversation; but there occurred an interruption. Voices sounded outside. A caravan had halted at the cistern dome. Presently there entered a number of Turkoman women with their children. Seeing strangers, they at first drew forward their head drapery to cover their mouths; but on becoming aware that one was a holy man, and the other but a youth from the steppes, unused to the stricter Mohammedan conventions, they dispensed with the form and proceeded with much chatter and laughter to spread the felts they carried, and settle down in a huddled group on the cistern's edge to nurse their babies. The Persian remained where he was, but Arslan thought it as well to give the women the place to themselves and went outside. He found the men of the small caravan attending to the horses and camels and going about the preparations for a meal; and the venerable head of the party met him with a courteous invitation to remain and eat. It was not to be resisted. Arslan had gone hungry of late. He took his seat by the pit of fire over which the Turkomans had put a whole sheep to roast. The fragrance roused in him a pitiful craving, and he forgot all about the dervish and his proffered bargain.

The meal was served within the dome, the roast being carried in on a board. The women sat apart, the men tearing off pieces of the meat for them and handing it over. Arslan and the dervish (who was also invited, for the Turkomans' hospitality will not exclude even a Persian) were treated to the choicest morsels; but there was little talk till the roast was nearly demolished and the feasters began to wipe the fat from their fingers.

Then, to the Turkomans' surprised delight, the Persian revealed himself as well worth entertaining. He began to tell a story. When he paused he was much applauded and pressed for more. Only Arslan, being filled for the first time in many days, sat in a lethargy and hardly seemed to be listening. His dark eyes were closed to narrow slits, as if he were falling asleep, and the harassed look he had worn was smoothed from his young face. The Persian fixed him now and then with a long look as he spun out his tales; not a word he said was lost on Arslan. Were not the stories one wide web of love-adventures, and did not every item of description, every epithet of praise the storyteller applied to his heroines, apply indeed to Kizil-Koosh? Whether the Persian told of Peris or sultanas, was all one. Arslan saw his girl. Moreover, in every hero he saw himself, for the hero was always young and poor, and a traveler. The circumstances reappeared in every tale, and every tale ended happily: for the poor young hero invariably placed his confidence in the right quarter and so attained to fabulous wealth and the possession of his heart's delight.

Day declined and in the first hours of coolness the Turkomans broke up to continue their journey. Arslan roused himself and went out to look to his horse. Ready to mount, he paused awhile, considering. Then he went back and peered in at the dervish, who was still sitting cross-legged on the cistern ledge. The afternoon sun shot in through a fissure and illumined the queer embroidery on his tall, conical hat. His eyes were closed as if in weariness.

"Dervish,—will you ride?" called Arslan. His own voice startled him, ringing in the dome.

"To Merv," said the dervish quietly.

"To that place you call Giaur Kala,—to the spot of treasure," Arslan stipulated.

"Agreed," said the dervish, rising to his feet. "You take me as near as that to Merv, and I will make you as rich as a sultan."

As they rode in the amber light of sunset, the dervish up behind Arslan, holding to his belt, the lad's spirits grew wide. awake. He began to sing: —

Who sits moping in the sun?
Has the falcon missed his quarry?
If I loved, I should be hunting —
But I love no one.

"How is that?" inquired the dervish. "I thought you loved a girl."

"That was her song," Arslan explained. "It was I who sat moping in the sun, in her father's aoul, where I had come on my kinsman's errand; and she sang it to tease me. All the people in the aoul heard her and laughed. I had only looked at her swiftly, once or twice. For why should a poor caravan-bash look at such a girl as Red Bird — Kizil-Koosh? But she would not let me alone. She kept dancing past me, rolling felt with the other girls. There were six of them abreast, with their hands on their hips, hopping back and forth, pushing along the big roll of felt with their feet. So when they passed, I looked at her. Then she left the work and went and leaned in the door of her own yurta, and sang that to tease me."

"What did you do then?" inquired the dervish.

"I answered her, of course; that is expected," said Arslan. "If I had had no answer, I should have been hooted out of the aoul. I sang back a verse in her own strain, and the laugh was on her. But she sang again. We answered back and forth. I will sing you the whole thing, what she sang and what I answered." And pitching his voice high to indicate the girl's parts, Arslan sang: —

GIRL

Who sits moping in the sun?
Has the falcon missed his quarry?
If I loved, I should be hunting,
But I love no one.

ARSLAN

Falcon's eyes are keen as ever.
Let the Red Bird fly too near him —
If I loved the flesh of birds,
Would I fail to strike?

GIRL

Should the Red Bird fly too near him?
Should the Red Bird sit and wait?
If I loved, I 'd love pursuit —
But I love no one.

ARSLAN

Twittering Red Bird, in the talons
Of the falcon thou shalt flutter.
If I love, thy furthest flight
Cannot save thee from my kiss.

GIRL

Twittering Red Bird hears a screaming —
'T is a falcon tries to sing.
Do they catch their prey by screaming?
I love no one — none shall kiss me.

ARSLAN

One shall catch you, one shall kiss you —
If I love, I bide my time.
Time for singing! Time for chase!
Will the Red Bird fly the Green Wolf?

"I had her there," continued Arslan, delighted with his memories. "Do you know the game of Green Wolf? A girl takes a new-slain lamb or kid on the horse before her and rides away, and you ride after. The game is to pass her at full gallop and snatch the lamb away with one hand. If you can do it, you are the Green Wolf, and she has to kiss you; but it is n't as easy to do as it sounds."

"So you proposed that game?" said the dervish.

"I dared her," continued Arslan, who was growing more and more animated and content. "And she stopped singing and disappeared into her yurta. Then everybody said I had won the contest, and laughed at her, and shouted to her to come out and give me a present: for that is the rule. After a while she came out with her nose in the air and flung me a present. It was a little necklace of carnelian beads; though a scarf, or some such thing, would have paid her forfeit. But her brother tried to discourage me

and told me that Kizil Koosh would never ride in the Green Wolf chase. And I did n't think she would, she seemed so proud. So I was very uneasy till the Day of Games. But it was all right. She entered. Her face was sulky when she rode forward out of the girls' cavalcade, and they tossed the lamb up to her. She never looked towards me, nor called out any challenge, the way girls do. But I saw she was mounted on one of her father's best stallions, and the other boys saw it too, and one of them said: 'This is your chase, Arslan.' Of course it was known my horse was good; my kinsman had to allow me a good horse, or I could not have been his caravan-bash. So then we rode; and we soon left the other boys behind; and out on the black steppe she began to circle, and the game was on. I kept riding past her and missing the lamb, for she laughed in my face, and I looked at her and grabbed the empty air. Then everybody came riding out to watch us, and every time I failed the crowd laughed. At last her brother began to yell: —

"'Take your whip to him, Kizil-Koosh! Take your whip and chase the beggar home!'

"She heard him and looked like fire, and raised her whip to threaten me; and I heard him, too. I did n't look at her at all, after that, but kept my eye on the lamb; and though she rode furiously, I soon had it. How they all shouted and cheered! Then Kizil-Koosh came riding slowly toward me, and she had lost her breath —"

"And then she kissed you?" asked the dervish when Arslan paused.

"Yes — she had to. That's the rule," sighed Arslan.

He lapsed into a dreamy silence, and they rode on while the sunset faded and the stars came out. The dervish attempted talk on other subjects, but the boy made no response. At last he began again, of his own accord, on the matter nearest his heart.

"Her father sent me word they would make the kalym as small as was decent: for it was plain we loved each other, and he would not separate us for the sake of a few camels, more or less. But my kinsman the old skinflint would pay nothing, — and I myself had nothing. With nothing one cannot buy a wife. So I rode away by night. But I rode through her father's aoul and stopped beside her yurta. I 'll sing you what we sang to each other. It was the end of everything."

And once more imitating the girl's voice with high notes, this time in a wailing melody, and giving the boy's responses in deeper tones, Arslan sang.

KIZIL-KOOSH

The wind howls like the wolves to-night.
I crouch in my yurta's firelight.
Who is it comes galloping with the wind,
Draws rein at my yurta's door to-night?

BOY

The wind howls with the wolves to-night.
It enters thy yurta and fans the light.
The beggar Arslan stops at thy door
Before he departs with the wind to-night.

KIZIL-KOOSH

I hear the wolves race and howl
In the pale steppe behind the aoul.
Shall my Green Wolf join them, leaving me?
I crouch and shake when the night winds howl.

BOY

The Green Wolf lean and poor is he —
The night-wind's caravan-bash shall be,
And far will he lead the galloping train
Away from his shame and desire of thee.

KIZIL-KOOSH (*wails aloud*)

BOY (*continues*)

Rich wooers will come and win thy hand
With gifts from Khiva and Samarkand,
And the dust that will rise from their trampling herds
Will hide for hours the distant sand.

KIZIL-KOOSH

My little red cap on a pole shall wave
Far out on the steppe to mark my grave.
The dust may rise from their trampling herds
But the wind shall roll it to hide my grave.

BOY

Living or dead is the same to me,
Since I am too poor to sue for thee.
Better to ride away by night
Than to face the shame of another day.

They traveled in the cool hours of the night; in the heat of the day Arslan would rest his burdened horse. At such times, when they were not sleeping or chatting with some entertainer, the dervish would beguile the time with stories to which Arslan was never tired of listening. He told of ancient times when demon kings ruled Persia, and their empire stretched over the whole earth; how Merv and Samarkand were treasure cities, surrounded by mighty walls, and the marauding robbers from the north rode in futile endeavor against their gates of brass; but how, by vast and complicated enchantments and counter-enchantments, by wars between demons of sky and earth these mighty strongholds fell, and their treasures were buried in dust.

And yet, though Arslan took the stories in perfect faith, every now and then he would feel a return of his first mistrust.

"If you should cheat me, — if there were no treasure at Giaur Kala, — I would kill you on the spot," he remarked one day. The dervish quickly soothed him with promises. Another time, when the dervish spoke of treasure-digging by night, Arslan decidedly objected to such practice.

"I will dig mine by broad daylight," he declared. "And you shall sit near me till I have it all."

Again the dervish promised and acquiesced.

It was indeed in the hot hours of middle day when they approached Giaur Kala. The dervish pointed out the ivory-white earthwalls from far across the plain, and though it was time to rest, Arslan had grown too eager, and they rode on in the glare of noon. They were passing through a land of ruins now, and Arslan was growing uneasy and oppressed. These lonely, broken towers of crumbling clay, scattered far and wide in the plain; these long, rounded, wind-worn embankments, gray and blank; these lofty pyramidal mounds, like monuments on the horizon; these intersecting dry canals, were all but illustrations to the stories of the grandeur and decay of ancient times with which his mind was filled. It looked as if the world had come to an end, and he and his uncanny dervish, the last inhabitants, were riding along, lost in spirit land. Most ominous of all seemed the steep slopes of the fortress they were approaching, — Giaur Kala. A few ruined watch-towers rose above its level top, towers weathered beyond all recognition of their purpose, looming like grotesque half-obliterate sculpture against the sky; one a lump like a monstrous head, another like some still, squat animal, — giving a look of life more eerie than the utter death of all else the eye could see.

They dismounted in silence at the foot of the escarpment and went up the gullied slope on a zigzag, Arslan leading his horse. The top of the huge wall proved but a ridge. There was a steep slope down again to the interior. The enclosure was like a kettle, but for one high, steep mound, gullied by rains, rising to the level of the surrounding earthwalls.

"That is the ruin of Yamshid's treasure house," the dervish whispered, pointing, and Arslan received the information in mute awe.

Down they went again at a zigzag to the kettle bottom, and there Arslan staked out his horse. The dervish motioned him to bring along his saddle-bags, and such reminder of the business on hand set the boy's heart to beating strangely. He feared no danger; he feared the too sudden realization of his high hopes; it was the eternal dread of a new experience.

The dervish carried a fagot of dry sticks he had collected that morning, and ascending the cone to the flattened top, stooped and made a little fire. Arslan kept close to his side, and there was silence between them. Far on every side the land of ruins stretched to a blue sky,

except to the southwest, where the fringe of green trees marked the inhabited land of men. The glaring sun bathed everything in too much light. The fire's flames were invisible, the smoke rose straight into the air.

"Now listen," said the dervish impressively. "We are standing over great heaps of gold and precious jewels; but there is a monstrous earthsnake coiled within this mound, and the treasure lies among the folds of its body. If we should waken it, and it should move, the earth would open and we should go down alive into the chasm. So I must find the spot where you can dig between the coils and not touch the body of the snake."

"How will you find the spot?" inquired Arslan.

"Keep your eye on me, whatever I do," the dervish commanded, "and whatever I say, obey me."

He began a curious dance about the fire, muttering an incantation. It made Arslan giddy to watch the gyrations of the peaked hat. Presently, he knew not whether in response to a command or not, he was following the dervish, who was walking slowly backwards, making curious passes through the air with his staff. The smoke from the fire veered, got into his eyes, and blinded them; and when they cleared he was still transfixed by the Persian's gaze. Now they were going down the slope of the mound, the dervish still edging backwards; and now they stopped on the edge of one of the deeper gullies.

"Here!" said the dervish. "The treasure lies near the surface here. Get down on your knees, and dig."

So Arslan knelt in the gully, took out his short knife and began to stab the baked earth, so that the dust flew up around him. The dervish crouched close before him and crooned a queer incantation. Arslan quickly loosened the fine, dry earth and began to remove it with his hands. Presently he felt a hard object and held it up.

"Ha!" cried the dervish. "A sapphire! Blue as the sky! A treasure for a sultan! Drop it in your bag."

And Arslan looked wonderingly at the shining blue sapphire in his hand, and dropped it in his saddle-bag.

"What now? Upon my word, a little plate of solid gold!" exclaimed the dervish as Arslan took another object from the dust. "How it shines in the sun! Put it in your bag."

Arslan gazed at the gold, saw it shine in the sun, and obeyed the injunction.

"A ruby, the size of an egg!" the dervish cried over the next find. "It would buy a kingdom. Put it in your bag."

And Arslan looked at it, was convinced of its value, and dropped it in his bag.

"More gold vessels!" continued the dervish as Arslan dug. "A golden cup! A jeweled dagger, that! And those small things are pearls!"

Arslan sweated, the dust smarted in his eyes, the sun beat mercilessly down upon him. He worked furiously as in a sort of panic. It was not the fear that the next jab of the knife would touch a coil of the earthsnake, — he had forgotten that monster completely. His fear was a curious one, namely, that the dervish might grow tired of enumerating the objects of treasure and turn away his eyes before the saddle-bags were filled.

But the dervish continued to cry out at everything Arslan showed him, and at last the saddle-bags were filled.

"Enough! Rest now, and sleep," the dervish commanded. "When night comes you will pack your treasure on your horse and ride away home. You will ride northward by the stars, and you will show your treasure to no one nor look at it yourself, till you show it all to Kizil-Koosh. Till night comes, — sleep."

And Arslan obediently dropped down in the dust and fell into a deep slumber.

He awoke by night and remembered instantly that he was possessed of vast riches and must hasten home without delay. His horse was whinnying to him from its stake. Arslan went down, lashed the heavy saddle-bags in place, pulled up

the pin, fastened it with its coiled rope to the saddle, all with as much peace of mind as if he had been on the open steppe. The high walls, visible by starlight, the lumps of ruined towers against the sky, had lost all ghostliness to him. The dervish, who had given the place its mystery, was gone, and with him all thought of his tales and explanations. Arslan's considerations were simply practical, — how best to lead his horse up and over the steep earth-walls; where to look for the constellation of the Seven Robbers and so find the pointers to the Iron Stake, the star that should guide him northward; and then, being mounted and on the way, how to cross dry ditches and canals.

Lost in love dreams, he rode northward through all the long hours of the night, till at last all stars paled together in the dawn. By a lonely well beside a hillock, in a flat waste of sand, Arslan halted, watered his horse, and drank. He had not so much as a crust to still the hunger which had begun to torment him sorely.

"Perhaps some one will come along and share his food with me," Arslan said to himself, and encamped. He took the heavy saddle-bags down to relieve his horse. There was no grass. All about the well the earth was trampled by camels. The horse remained dejectedly beside him. Day dawned.

"Here I am as rich as Sultan Mahmud, and as hungry as a beggar," said Arslan, squatting down beside his bags, and beginning to unfasten them. He intended to feast his eyes, at least, by the brightening light of day. "How many of these jewels I would give for one feeding for my horse and me. There would still remain enough and to spare to marry on."

It was light now; light enough to see plainly when he thrust his hand into the bag and brought forth the first thing he could grasp. He held it up, wondering. It was an earth-stained potsherd of common ware. Arslan dropped it and reached into his bag again. Another potsherd! Arslan's heart sank within him. He seized the bags and with a quick motion poured their whole contents upon the ground. Then he sat and looked aghast at the heap of rubbish before him. Broken objects of clay, burnt and unburnt bits of bone, coals, many fragments of pottery; a few rude stone objects of unmeaning shape, — these were all.

He gave one cry, — the morning wind carried the unheard wail across bleak sands. The east grew brighter, the sun's shining rim appeared above the level horizon. The cheated boy still sat motionless, staring at the dross he had taken for treasure.

At last he began to think, and his passion rose. He saw blood.

"I will find that cursed Persian," he vowed, "and by God! he shall eat this stuff to the last handful. I will cram it down his lying throat, — he shall swallow it all."

With furious energy he packed it back into the saddle-bags, and lashed them upon his horse; but he had not measured his strength. Before he could mount, a ghastly sickness conquered him. His horse bent its gentle head above him and nosed his heaving body. There was no help near or far.

The sun had climbed up and begun to heat the sands again before the desire for vengeance could make enough headway against his pain to bring Arslan to his feet once more. He mounted and turned southward. His bloodshot eyes and moving jaws boded ill for the Persian dervish.

Two days later, in the afternoon, in one of the most populous streets of Merv, a Russian officer and his soldiers dispersed an excited crowd at the centre of which two men in frantic struggle lay rolling in the dust. Separated by the soldiers and jerked to their feet, the one was recognizable as a Persian. Blood ran down his beard from his wounded mouth. The other was a raving young Tatar, wild-eyed, undaunted by the military, hurling maledictions at the Persian, and, till he was bound, still flourishing his peculiar weapon of assault, — a large, sharp-edged

potsherd. The soldiers picked up and brought along to the station-house a tall conical hat, a round fur-trimmed Kirghiz cap, a dervish staff, and a pair of heavy saddle-bags.

In the spacious garden behind the governor's house there was a mimosa-tree in flower, and over against its low-spread branches the servants set the tea-table so that the light from the tall wind-screened lamps fell on the feathery foliage and purple blooms. They put roses and fruits and many kinds of sweets upon the table, and at one end a shining, steaming samovar. When the governor and his guests came out and took their places in white uniforms with golden sword-hilts, and the cigarette smoke began to curl about, the scene was strangely brilliant and bewildering to the poor son of the steppes. Still bound and guarded by Cossacks, he stood in the darkness of an avenue of Karagatch, close by the tea-table, waiting for he knew not what. He could hear what the Russians said, but understand nothing; he watched their faces all the more keenly.

There was one man without a sword, dressed loosely in white, who wore glasses on his nose. His way of talking was slow and laborious, he often stammered; but whenever he spoke, everybody listened; even the governor turned toward him with respect. He sat between the governor and Arslan's young officer.

They finished drinking tea; then, to Arslan's utter amazement, some one brought in his own old saddle-bags and laid them before the governor. They were opened, the stuff was taken out, and spread upon the table. The young officer talked to the man beside him, who seemed greatly pleased and interested, and hurriedly changed his glasses for another pair that hung dangling by a cord on his breast. He pulled a lamp nearer, and gave a minute and eager scrutiny to the stuff on the table. He began to sort it into piles, talking in his stammering way. Water was brought, and the dirty objects washed and wiped on the fine linen. The things were passed to the governor and all the officers in turn, and everybody handled them as if they were something extraordinary, then carefully laid them back on the separate piles. Arslan repeatedly heard the word Giaur-Kala. The governor drew something on the table-cloth for the man with glasses to look at. The young officer was beaming. Indeed, everybody seemed delighted, most of all the man with the glasses.

"Do you see what I have done?" came a familiar voice in Arslan's ear. It was the dervish. He, too, had been brought with his guard, and had managed, in the darkness, to slip close to his fellow-prisoner.

"What have you done?" asked Arslan, stupefied.

"I have blinded them, as I did you, — they think it is treasure, as you did," the dervish whispered. "This will save us both. When they ask you, tell them we were bringing the treasure to show the governor, and that we quarreled on the way over a religious difference. Don't tell them I fooled you. They are so pleased with this stuff, they will let us both go. I know what they are saying. I understand Russian."

"And to-morrow morning, when your spell is spent," said Arslan, "and they see that it is all rubbish, what then? They would send soldiers after us to kill us."

"Don't be a fool, — believe in me," urged the dervish. "You know my power — I can make my enchantment strong enough to last till we are far away."

"Save your own skin with your magic," answered Arslan. "If I am asked, I'll tell the truth."

"Fool! Accursed Kirghiz dullard!" hissed the Persian. "If you don't obey me, you'll be shot. The soldiers said you would be shot for assaulting me in the street."

"I'll be shot then, and not have you to thank for my life," snarled Arslan, "for you have the soul of a fly."

A moment later he was really called

for. His guard pushed him forward into the circle of light. The Russians looked him over rather kindly. Of course! they were thinking he had brought them a great treasure.

The governor, it appeared, could speak Kasak. "You dug these things out of the ground at Giaur Kala, you have said?" he asked.

"I did," said Arslan.

"Why did you?"

Arslan threw back his head and spoke loudly: "Because I was charmed and cheated by that Persian back there, just as *you* are being charmed and cheated, son of Russ," he declared. "To me, also, it looked like red gold and fine jewels; but it is nothing but rubbish, as you will see when that cursed dervish is gone, and your eyes wake up."

The governor turned with a grave face to the others and translated what Arslan had said; and the whole crowd went off into shouts of laughter. The man with the glasses laughed hardest, he had to take his glasses off and wipe them dry; and then he put on his first pair again, and peered at Arslan with a look of the keenest interest.

"You say all this has no value?" the governor asked Arslan finally.

"On the word of a Kasak, it is nothing but clay and bones and stones," said Arslan earnestly. "Laugh now, — you will not laugh to-morrow. I have experienced it."

"But why do you undeceive us, Kasak?" asked the governor. "Would I not let you go free with a present, if I thought you had brought me all this treasure? Even though you deserve to be shot?"

"I am no liar," said Arslan sullenly. "I'll take no part in the Persian's deviltry. I tell you that stuff is not gold, but dust."

The governor translated. The man of the glasses was still peering at Arslan with a look of huge enjoyment. Now he pointed to him, and made a stammering request of the governor.

"This gentleman wants to hear the whole story of how you came to dig at Giaur Kala," said the governor to Arslan. "Tell it all, it will be to your advantage."

So Arslan told it. As he talked, the governor translated and the Russians often laughed, especially over Arslan's sickness at the well, when he had discovered that his treasure was turned to dross. Only the man with the glasses did not laugh there, but with great effort made something known to the governor; at which the officers laughed again and many nodded and made some exclamation.

"This gentleman wants me to tell you,' said the governor to Arslan, "that he, too, has had your experience, and seen things he prized as treasures turn to dust and ashes in his hands. And these gentlemen all say they have had such experiences. That is why they laugh so at it. You see, you are not alone."

Then the Persian was called for. His examination was short. He tried to speak, but the governor signed to the soldiers and gave a command, and he was led away into the darkness. There followed a long talk between the governor and the man with glasses. At last the former turned once more upon Arslan.

"Now listen," he said, "and try to understand what I tell you."

And Arslan gave his whole attention; but as for understanding, he could not in the least. It sounded like sheer nonsense. This man with the glasses, the governor said, was of great wealth and power; but what he liked best was just such things as were here spread on the table. He would travel very far to find a spot where such stuff could be dug, and when he had dug it, he would carry it home. He even wrote books about it. It was of great importance to him now that just such pottery as this was found at Giaur Kala. Early the next morning he would ride to see the place, and Arslan should go with him. Moreover, if all was true, and Arslan could show the very hole he had dug, this pow-

erful and wealthy man would consider it a service rendered, and would like to pay for that service. He would give Arslan the kalym, the bride price for the purchase of Kizil-Koosh, so that Arslan might go home and marry; for the governor himself would pardon Arslan's criminal attack upon the Persian. As soon as he had been to Giaur Kala, he should be free. The governor knew the Kasaks, he had often been a guest in their yurtas. They were brave, honest men, whom the Russians loved. Let Arslan remember, when he came home, to tell his people how he had received kind and generous treatment at the hands of the Russ.

No, Arslan never understood it wholly, though he got an inkling of it as his years increased, and experience rolled behind him, for he would sometimes remark, "The worth of a thing is all in a man's own eye."

THE PRESENT STATE OF EUROPEAN PAINTING

BY ROYAL CORTISSOZ

A GENERATION has passed since Edouard Manet painted his picture of Le Mendiant, a full-length portrait of a broken-down old *blouse*. He was then at the height of his unpopularity, applauded by a few of his fellow painters and defended by one or two critics, but contemned by officialdom in French art, and laughed at by the public. Last summer I saw Le Mendiant, hung in a place of honor in the exhibition of the Secession at Berlin. It was surrounded by the works of men devoted to Manet's memory, looking upon him as one of the great liberators of modern painting — if not the greatest of them all — and feverishly emulous of his ideal of independence. With so much zeal had the young Germans served that ideal that they had out-Heroded Herod, and made Manet look like a classic lost amongst barbarians. It was as though one had found a drawing by Ingres in a sheaf of caricatures by the artists of Montmartre, or a Greek bust amid a group of Rodin's most audacious sculptures. It was like turning the pages of an anthology and finding a poem of Landor's on the same page with one of Whitman's yawps. It was like a sudden change in a musical programme from a quartette of Beethoven's to a cacophonous symphony by Richard Strauss. In short, Manet looked in this gallery like a Samson among the Philistines. Under any circumstances the spectacle would invite reflection as well as mirth, but it kept recurring to my mind with a special point as I traveled over Europe looking everywhere for "signs of the times" in the art of painting. Even in my peaceful hours with the old masters there would come back the tormenting question, — "What have the schools made of the liberty of which they are so boastful?" Before I offer an answer to that question I must glance briefly at the situation which produced Manet.

In the turmoil of the Revolution, French art lost its hold on the romantic glamour and the exquisite mundane charm of Watteau and his group. Proceeding to put its house in order under the Napoleonic régime, it accepted the guidance of David and dedicated itself to his principle of classical discipline. How much there is to be said for that principle was shown when a man of genius arose in the person of Ingres, a pupil of David's, equaling his master in the exploitation of the grand style, and surpassing him in draughtsmanship and feeling for beauty. But in that transitional period men of

genius were rare, and when, presently, in the first half of the nineteenth century, they began to come to the surface, they found a large body of Academicians, of very unequal merit, in possession of the field. We are apt to underestimate the value of the academic idea, and to scorn its exponents as, all of them, necessarily mediocre. As a matter of fact there is a distinction not to be despised about the work of men like Flandrin, Amaury Duval, Delaroche, Chassériau and the rest, and Ingres, of course, is a master. But we must not pursue this tempting issue. The important point for our present purpose is that a generation of artists arose to whom temperament was everything, the classical hypothesis a delusion and a snare, and nature a mistress worth all the gods and goddesses in the academic Pantheon. Géricault turned his back upon antiquity and painted The Wreck of the Medusa. Decamps saw no reason why he should sit in a Paris studio, painting in a gray light, while he could go and bathe in the sun-saturated colors of the Orient. Corot, Rousseau, Daubigny, and Diaz, all looked for a new vein in landscape, and found it. Delacroix, being born a romanticist, left Greek form and repose to take care of themselves and gave passion its chance. Millet preferred a peasant misshapen by toil to the fairest vision on Olympus. The mere enumeration of these names is enough to recall historic battles fought and won. They did not, however, make further conflicts unnecessary. On the contrary, there was much work left for even more drastic innovators to do.

Manet was to weary of the routine of Couture's studio, and instead of adding to the statuesque figures painted there, was to scandalize the Academicians by his Olympia. Degas, who worshiped Ingres and, it is said, still goes on worshiping him, was to turn from admiring La Source and to use what it taught him in the realistic delineation of laundresses, ballet girls, and jockeys. Whistler was to enter a world of which Gleyre, his master, knew nothing, and to develop, along lines of his own, the tonality invented by Velasquez. Monet was to show that the Barbizon school had hardly grazed the problems of light. And all these men were bent upon demonstrating what, by this time, needed repeated demonstration, that the great thing to do was to paint well, to practice a technique expressing the very soul of pigment. They succeeded in their aim. They extended the boundaries of modern art, indicating new ways of using its instruments, and they are today the recognized chiefs of the more progressive painters everywhere. What Manet meant to the Berlin Secessionists when they honored him after the fashion I have described, he means to the younger generation — and to many of its elders — throughout Europe, in England and in America. Through him and through his companions the painter of liberal tendencies feels that he comes into touch with the right tradition, the tradition of Rembrandt, of Velasquez, and of Hals. There is the crucial point, — that the hater of academic convention, the lover of individuality and freedom, has had his battle fought for him, that he is able to do as he pleases in full enjoyment of the inspiration once disdained, as that of 1830 had been disdained, but now respected even where it is not adopted. What is the result? We have been told *ad nauseam* how the public and the critics have failed to do justice to Whistler, for example. It is interesting to ask what the artists have done to prove themselves worthy of him and his old comrades.

In France the Salon remains, on the whole, the inviolable stronghold of canonical authority. I well remember the organized rebellion which led to the opening of the Salon of the Champs de Mars. With what jubilation it was hailed! At the time, the contrast between the "new" and the "old" Salons was really striking, and there was a thrill of excitement to be got out of the quarrel. I have never been able to recapture that thrill. In fact I have gone through Salon after Salon only

to see the "new" and the "old" little by little settling down into comfortable harmony. French art rubs along in the good old way, and you may look at thousands of the pictures now being painted, without being reminded by any of them that Manet "fought, bled, and died" for the cause. If one looked foolishly for little Manets he would deserve to be disappointed; but what one looks for, of course, is quite another thing,—it is the broad lesson that Manet might have been supposed to enforce, without robbing any man of his individuality, upon those who praise him so glibly. It is never through their crass imitators that the masters fertilize the art coming after them; it is rather through the establishment of general principles that they make their influence felt. Thus it is reasonable to expect, when Manet is a name to conjure with, a deep general interest in simplicity, in the direct handling of pure color, in the bold and truthful manipulation of values. But to expect these things is to expect a little too much, in Paris. I speak, of course, of French art in the mass, and there is the more reason for so doing as the individualities of the moment are neither numerous enough nor, apparently, potent enough, to leaven the lump.

Smart dexterity is at a premium, and the instinct for beauty seems to have lost a good deal of its vitality, when it has not suffered absolute atrophy. The average French picture suggests that modern taste has been transformed into a part of the nervous system and is concerned altogether with sensation, not with principle. The outcome is work of a rather vulgar cast, vulgar both in substance and in style. What survives that is ingratiating in the bulk of French painting is the purely professional quality, that can be acquired by reasonable application in the schools; on all sides we see the fruit of methodical teaching attentively followed. The *salonnier* knows how to put his great "machine" together,—his mere craftsmanship is a credit to him. But it is too often void of any serious significance. I cannot see that there has been any widespread improvement in the handling of form as form, any happy loosening of the bonds created as though by an impersonal government and bearing a government stamp. The majority are faithful to the immemorial, competent, but humdrum method of the big overcrowded ateliers to which the young idea comes, in hundreds, to be taught how to shoot. Looking at one canvas after another the inquirer murmurs, "Was it for this that the heroes of the Salon des Refuses did their best to augment the language of art?" Similarly he asks, in the presence of most of those huge decorations which the French so generously order for their public buildings, "Was it for this that Puvis de Chavannes wrought out his noble conception of mural painting?"

In form and in design, then, French art is stationary. Such gains as have been made have been largely in respect to the treatment of light, a fact pointing to the greater influence of Monet than of any of his colleagues. Impressionism has filtered its way down into modern painting, and the younger men have learned the value of sunlight, if they have learned nothing else, from the revolutionists of the sixties and seventies. Not so many of them, on the other hand, have known just what to do with their new resource; they do not create, they mark time. Only here and there among the French has the precious lesson resulted in a rich addition to contemporary art. It is not the rule, but the exception, to find work as delightful as that of Henri Martin, one of the most engaging talents which have appeared in a long time. He has a charming decorative vein, and in the luminous quality of his canvases, which is a chief element in their appeal, you can see that he has profited in the right way by the example of his seniors. He has a note of his own, thus emphasizing my contention that one does not need to imitate in order to make use of what Monet and his colleagues brought into modern painting.

Even more exhilarating testimony on this head is offered by the salient figure now at work in Paris, Albert Besnard. He is the one man the French have who not only has something to say but says it in a fresh and powerful manner. He has been the better for having shared in the later impressionistic movement, but, with the authority of the true artist, he has subdued to his own purposes whatever has been suggested to him by others. Some ten or twelve years ago a friend hurried me in a frenzy of enthusiasm half across Paris to see Besnard's decorations in the Ecole de Pharmacie, then recently completed. It was a dark, rainy day, but one forgot the gloom in contemplation of Besnard's ebullient nervous force and robust color. He was always a colorist, and as the years have passed he has used the language of color with more and more sinewy strength, with more and more fire. Incidentally he has given freer play to his imagination. He was a realist pure and simple when he did the panels in the Ecole de Pharmacie; now he is a poet as well, a standing rebuke to those narrow-minded artists who fancy that their technique will go to pieces if they permit themselves the expression of an idea. What I like best about him though, better than his color by itself, or his decorative gift by itself, or his workmanship by itself, is the virility with which everything in his art is fused into a rich, brilliant chord.

Besnard is a "first-class man," a master of form, of light and air, of style. But you will look far in France before you will find another Besnard. Beside him a man, say, like Gaston Latouche, with his golden glow, his vaporous stained-glass effects, seems just a clever dealer in artifice. That is the prevailing note in Paris. For one man whose work is, like Besnard's, "of the centre," you have scores, hundreds, who are facile and sometimes even accomplished, but, in the grain of their work, incurably factitious. They have made no better use of the freedom from formula, won by Manet and the others, than to put more formulæ — usually very hollow ones — in the foreground. Little groups are formed, each one devoted to the unfolding of a trick which some new man has made temporarily popular. They wax and wane, and you wonder why they ever flourished at all. A sensation is made at the Salon, not by an honest piece of painting with an original accent, but by some prismatic audacity having no relation to nature, by some purely arbitrary scheme of chiaroscuro, or, as in one case that I have in mind, by a return to the "brown sauce" of the old masters for which Manet had such a loathing. There has been some provocation for these pseudo-original experiments in the public success of certain artists. Rodin, taking his cue from Michael Angelo, seeks to make a figure emerge like an exhalation from the marble block. His disciples immediately proceed to make their figures "emerge," forgetting that the main thing is to show, as Rodin has shown, that as your figure comes out you must justify it by strong modeling. He is apt at writhing bodies, carrying the note, in his later work, to absurd lengths. The writhings and contortions are accepted as having something talismanic about them, and as being certain to sell, and they are served up by any number of dabsters with an effrontery that would be disgusting if it were not funny.

Constantin Meunier, the Belgian sculptor, having done interesting work in the realistic portrayal of workingmen, it seems to have occurred to many artists that all they need to do in order to "make the bourgeois sit up" is to model ugly types of labor, — it does not matter if there is not an ounce of Meunier's power in the modeling. In painting, one of the most pernicious exemplars was the late Eugène Carrière, who long ago attracted favorable attention, and in some quarters incited silly panegyrics, by his studies of figures enveloped in a dark, smoky mist. His portraits and types of maternal sentiment

were pleasing, for a time. Then they wore out their welcome. He overdid his formula until he left it a formula and nothing more. But the mischief had been done; he had helped to confirm the unthinking in the notion that a picturesque surface effect may legitimately be used over and over again for its own sake, that nature may be forced into a pattern. France is now engaged in the making of such patterns to an enormous extent. Clever mediocrity, the characteristic product of our age, momentarily catches the eye, but leaves no lasting impression. At a time when the artist is nothing if not individual, there is an extraordinary lack of really significant individuality.

Signor Alfredo Melani, in a recent article on the works of art at the Milan exhibition, describes them as "the triumph of the young men," and speaks in fervid terms of "this artistic youthfulness which is no longer wasted in academic formulas, but pursues its way with courage, sure of *the strength which dwells in its independence.*" The italics are mine. It was for that that I searched last summer, the strength which dwells in independence. I saw the Milan exhibition, and, to tell the truth, I did not discover any great stores of strength among Signor Melani's young men. No doubt they have, as he says, "buried the academic once for all," but the question is, What have they put in its place? They have put the craze of the moment, cleverness, cleverness, always cleverness, the same sort of thing that reigns in other countries, the same straining after effect that we have seen in Paris, the same contortions of the sibyl without the oracle. There is technique in the South, but it is technique without style.

I was especially struck by two rooms, one occupied by Ettore Tito and the other by a group calling themselves "Young Etruria." Tito has "arrived," he is one of the popular leaders. I recollect seeing at one of the international exhibitions in Venice some of his earlier things, and looking for his work thereafter with curiosity, — it seemed likely to bring pleasant surprises. But at Milan this year, where I encountered both old and new paintings by him, he seemed to have risen, after all, little above the ordinary level of the Salon. "Young Etruria," highly resolved to spurn that level, had nothing more to brag of than the piquancy of youth, and made the observer wonder very hard if anything of substantial worth would come of its febrile strivings. The room was prettily decorated and furnished, — raising a point to which we shall have to return, — but I could find in it no promise of genius. That was the trouble with the whole show. It had one merit. It promised the ultimate, and perhaps speedy, disappearance of the old petty, brittle style of the days when Fortuny was adored, and feebly imitated, in Rome and Naples. A broader convention is coming into vogue. Unfortunately it does not appear to have brought out an artist of the first rank.

There was in the grounds at Milan, by the way, a special little exhibition of works by Segantini, that painter of the Brianza who found, as Millet had found before him, a poetic inspiration in the humblest motives of rustic life. Like every man of talent in this epoch of frantic publicity, he has had some prodigious eulogiums pronounced upon his art. Well, he is not one of the giants. I have seen his pictures again and again, and it occurred to me as I saw them in Milan a few weeks since. as it had occurred to me when I saw them in the Paris Exposition of 1900, that they do not wear any too well. The hard, grainy surface of his big Alpine landscapes — too big, I think, since mere bulk of canvas will not suffice to express the atmosphere of the mountains — throws off nothing of that impalpable charm of beauty which is the great secret of eternal freshness in art. But Segantini, if only by the force of contrast, seemed a grievous loss to Italian painting. At least he had a large way of looking at his subject, a fine sincerity, and a complete incapacity for being sim-

ply clever. There was something that made for sardonic amusement in the fact that Bistolfi's monument to his memory, visible in the same pavilion, showed a nude female "emerging," à la Rodin, out of a huge block of marble. It is wonderfully well done. Bistolfi knows his craft. But one thought neither of him nor of Segantini, but of the French sculptor, not of an idea or a style, but of a fashion.

It is a time of small things in the north, as in the south. Menzel has left no successor in Germany, nor has he exercised an appreciable influence upon his countrymen. The latter pay him all possible tribute. You come across his works in all the museums, and only the other day there was published in Munich a superbly illustrated volume of his productions, a monumental kind of catalogue. But I wondered as I turned its pages why so few of the young Germans seemed to have sat at his feet. An artist like Menzel proclaims at once an inimitable individual style, and broad fructifying principles, but for all the good he has done to modern German art Menzel might just as well not have existed. The group of paintings and studies by him in the retrospective wing of the Berlin Salon formed as curiously suggestive an episode there as was formed by Manet's picture in the show of the Secession. Of course there is, in the last resort, no accounting for the richness or the poverty of a country in great artists. A man is born a genius or a journeyman, and there's an end to it. Nevertheless, an influence is an influence, and it is hard to see why, with Menzel in their midst, the Germans have gone on painting in a state of utter blindness to the rudimentary lessons he was all the time teaching them. There hung in the Berlin Salon a painting by him of a falcon and another bird, fighting furiously in the sky. It was painted in 1843, and I dare say it has been seen in the long years that have elapsed since then by thousands of native artists. It is a masterpiece of movement, of texture, of draughtsmanship, and, I had almost said, of color. It is so painted that he who runs may read. The simple demonstration that this picture gives of the way in which to go to work with your brushes might at least tell a youth what, roughly, to try for. But the sense of the German is sealed. He continues to fill his canvas with crude garish color and turgid drawing. As for beauty, for sensuous charm, for grace and subtlety, they have suffered unmitigated shipwreck. This is a hard saying, yet it is borne out to the bitter end by the documents of the case. Go to any of the permanent galleries. Their treasures of earlier European painting have been gathered with remarkable judgment, and they are splendidly arranged. The new Berlin Gallery is a triumph of installation and administration; nowhere, not in Vienna, in Paris, in London, will you find the old masters more effectively assembled and displayed. But enter the rooms devoted to the moderns, the natives, and your heart sinks into your boots, dismayed by the tastelessness and dullness of what you see. Now and then some one has appeared to shame the men in the ruck,—a genius like Menzel, a portrait painter almost a genius, like Lenbach, or men of talent such as Liebermann and Leibl. For the rest, the mission of the German painters seems to have been to set the teeth of the connoisseur on edge.

It has been the proud boast of the Secessionists that they have changed all this, and at Munich especially their large claim is upheld by sympathetic foreigners to the extent of exhibiting with them. The final justification of the claim is, however, another matter. It is true that the Secessionists have, like the young Italians, "buried the academic once for all." It is true that they are broad in method where the majority are niggling. It is true that they have ideas, of a sort; an ambition to be imaginative and poetic, if not the actual power to be the one or the other; a desire to rise above the stupid painting of sentimental subjects. It is true, finally, that they are often very

clever. But they are afflicted with a deplorable earthiness, a downright coarseness, which, apart from all question of subject, reacts upon the whole fabric of their art. Consider again, for a moment, that apparition of Manet among the Berlin Secessionists. His Mendiant is certainly not a beautiful figure, but just for that reason it the more aptly illuminates our situation. *It is a beautiful piece of painting.* The color is fine, the *facture* is masterly, the style is distinguished. Truth is here, if ever truth was set upon canvas, but it is truth made beautiful by art. All around it the Secessionists riot in nerveless brutal drawing, in gaudy or morbid color, in thick opaque tone, and in the most dubious taste. Like the young Etrurians they are sublime in furnishings. Whistler's notion of hanging a gallery with some light stuff has taken them captive. Like him, they are fastidious in frames and battens. In the disposition of "æsthetic" chairs and settees, with bay-trees for the middle of the room or in the corners, they are beyond reproach. In some German exhibition I found a fountain containing water colored a blue to disconcert the Mediterranean, — it was the last word of decorative ingenuity. Unhappily these things are as naught if the pictures on the walls are poor. Not all the pearly backgrounds in the world will pull an exhibition through if the painters bring raucous reds and greens, unspeakable yellows and blues, to the making of their pictures.

Franz Stuck, the hero of the Secessionist movement, is a strange type. He has a warm imagination and a remarkable pictorial faculty. You could not look at the Dead Christ he exhibited in Berlin this summer, or at the Bacchanale he had at Munich, without feeling that the painter had a temperament, an outlook peculiar to himself. The Bacchanale, a night scene with the rout alone illuminated, the pillared porch in the foreground and the murk of trees in the distance being in romantic shadow, was in intention, at least, a thing of poetic emotion. But in these pictures, as in many others I have seen, Stuck loses all the lyric charm at which he aims, or all the tragic force which is more often his ambition, through harsh drawing and modeling and through color that I can only describe as livid when it is not blatant. He is representative. After overhauling the works of the Secessionists from end to end, you come to the sorrowful conclusion that they do not understand color at all. Neither, for that matter, have they any true sense of form. In both respects it is a coarseness of fibre that seems to tell against them, a coarseness that belongs alike to the weakest and the strongest of the technicians among them. Their nudes are the nudest things in modern art. It does not matter with what dainty idea they start. Like Arnold Böcklin, the Swiss painter, whose overrated work is much liked in Germany, they will invent a good design, with a delicate idea at its core, and then keep it from making its full effect by using colors brilliant but without quality, and making their contours as inelastic as lead. Secession and Salon alike are thus heavy-handed. It is the national trait in art. There was reason enough for the outcry in Berlin over the statuary of Kaiser Wilhelm's Sieges Allee. It is fearsome stuff. But there is nothing exceptional about it. You find statuary like it all over Germany.

English art, official English art, stands just where it has stood these many years, and the Royal Academy is lucky inasmuch as it can count upon the work of one foreign master for its annual exhibitions. I once met an artist friend on the steps of Burlington House. Each wondered what in the world the other was doing there, — if he was in search of pleasurable artistic sensations. I had just been in to see Sargent's contribution. He was going in for the same purpose. I thought of him this summer when I saw once more that without Sargent the Academy would be an overwhelming bore. What is it made of? Furlongs of canvas without any elements of interest what-

ever. Laboriously built up compositions, historical, sentimental, "conscientious" beyond words, and ineffably flat. Gaudy, pompous portraits. Commonplace landscapes. At long intervals a creditable piece of painting, strayed in as if by accident, but in general a disheartening mass of mediocre routine work. Criticism beats in vain against that fortress of reaction. There is something pathetic and droll about the efforts made to disturb its inertia. One thinks of Sidney Smith and the boy who scratched the turtle's back to give it pleasure. "You might as well stroke the dome of St. Paul's to please the Dean and Chapter." What does the Academy make of Mr. Sargent? What did it make of the late Charles W. Furse, who was an Associate when he died, only a short time ago? Such artists must be very embarrassing. Furse, like two or three others, seems an anomaly in the Tate Gallery, where two of his pictures have been hung, one of them having been purchased under the terms of the Chantrey Bequest since his death. This large picture, The Return from the Ride, gives an excellent idea of what the new school in England has been doing. It represents a young man on horseback, with a woman in flowing light modern dress walking by his side. The group is set against a landscape background, loosely painted and full of light and air. The canvas breathes energy and a passion for fresh, outdoor beauty. It is painted with knowledge and ease, and it discloses an original, sincere temperament. There are not many painters in England to-day who give, as Furse gives, the impression of having taken advantage of the best developments in nineteenth-century art, and of having "found themselves" into the bargain. But there are enough of them to raise lively hopes of English art, unofficial English art.

If it is a question of hopes rather than of present realization, it is because the school seems to be going through a period of transition, and in so eclectic a mood as to be a little uncertain as to its best course. It has been learning from Manet and from Monet; one of its most interesting figures, Charles Shannon, appears to have started under the influence of Legros, and to have since ranged pretty freely among the old masters; and then there are, of course, the adherents of Whistler. These last, to be sure, like so many of their fellows in America, and, for that matter, throughout Europe, have often an odd way of missing the point. Mr. A. Ludovici, the latest historian of that quaint episode in Whistler's career, his presidency of the Society of British Artists, tells how seriously the veterans of Suffolk Street took their new leader's reforms in the matter of hanging. Instead of being happy because pictures were confined to the line, they murmured at the financial loss they saw in mere empty space. They calculated that the square feet wasted around one of Whistler's own pictures were potentially worth £400 to the Society. The anecdote is not out of date. Many of Whistler's followers, who fondly believe they are treading in his path, are as busy over trifles and as blind to essentials as were the malcontents of the British artists. They "go in" for Whistlerian "arrangements," for the careful spacing of the composition, for an esoteric disposition of light and of accessories. Meanwhile, they overlook the one thing of transcendent importance that Whistler had to teach them, the beauty to be got out of consummately manipulated tone. That is a thing absolutely independent of the design, the motive, of a given picture. With it Whistler would still have been Whistler though he had made the famous portrait of his mother as anecdotic a painting as any that ever drew crowds in the Royal Academy. It is the quality of his surface that counts first, the quality of his color and tone. He chose to adopt the kind of composition that we see in his portraits and nocturnes, because it was suited to his character as an artist. His disciples, to whom it is often not natural at all, go on using it with a childlike confidence in its efficacy,

and very rarely reveal any *flair* for his tonal virtues. It is the old story of borrowing a formula for the sake of a formula, to which I have had to allude more than once. The surface idea is caught; the central inspiration is missed. Sargent's example is misunderstood in the same way. A trick of brushwork is all that is developed by the innumerable portrait painters who try to follow his lead. Yet it is precisely his freedom from mere trickery that accounts for his eminence.

Sargent's big group portrait of Dr. Osler and three of his colleagues, for Johns Hopkins University, loomed in this summer's exhibition of the Royal Academy as a giant looms among pygmies. It is a masterpiece worthy of the historical periods. Painted largely in blacks and on an imposing scale, it involved the solution of a problem beset with heartrending difficulties, yet there was not an inch of it that hinted at hesitancy or effort. The simple broad surfaces have now a splendid quality which time will only improve. The interesting heads are modeled with a combination of learning and spontaneity almost unique in contemporary painting. Sargent is, indeed, the master of them all, towering above the painters of his time everywhere. But how many of his juniors listen to what he has to tell them? How many, looking at this wonderful piece of portraiture in the Academy, paused to think of the hard work concealed beneath the stately unity? How many, in the effort to profit by the inspiration to be found in the work of a great leader, go really to the heart of the matter? I wondered again when I went to see the exhibition of Flemish art at the Guildhall in London in July. There were half a dozen pictures there by the modern old master of Belgium, Alfred Stevens, whose death is reported in the papers as I write these lines. One panel in particular I recall, a study of a woman in yellow, sewing. It looked like a piece of honey turned to lacquer, indescribably soft and rich. An early work, it had already taken on a quiet mellowness, a subtle distinction. It could have held its own beside a Ver Meer, so magnificently was it painted. Have the Belgians taken a leaf from their master's book? No, they oscillate between the realism (very much in the mode of the primitives) which Baron Leys used to teach, and the flashiest sensationalism of the Paris Salon. Their neighbors, the Dutch, are wiser. They remain detached from the main currents of European art, and content themselves with the admirable tradition established by Mauve. He and the other founders of the school having beaten out a good method, they are loyal to it, and at the same time manage somehow to put individuality into their work. One source of their success is their unwearying devotion to nature. That is what explains the extraordinary power of the sole important figure in the Spanish art of our epoch. When I first became acquainted in Madrid with the open-air studies of Joaquin Sorolla, some years since, he was beginning to be talked about as a man who would go far. The adventurous spirits in the studios looked up to him as the man who would lead them out of the land of bondage, away from the outworn style created by Fortuny. At the Georges Petit galleries in Paris last summer he showed about five hundred portraits, pictures, and studies, and they made it plain that he has indeed gone far. The sunshine blazed in his work. His drawing is almost uncannily fluent, yet it is sound. He is a notable personality, one of those who give modern European painting its vitality. If he can do this, as Besnard does it, as Sargent does it, is it not because he is a genuine temperament, a man dealing passionately with first principles, with the things that count, and not with the pretty odds and ends that furnish forth the equipment of your merely clever artist? It is because there are so few painters of this stamp that European painting is to-day in a chaotic condition, drifting hither and thither, indulging in all manner of amusing experiments, but doing next to no-

thing to show its loyalty to Manet and the other emancipators.

I suppose the foregoing pages have something of the air of a Jeremiad, and that they could be "answered" by an interminable list of Europeans who paint, as painting goes, very well. I could compose such an answer myself. But it would be beside the point. When all is said, it is not sufficient that a man should paint very well, as painting goes, if we are to take him seriously. It is not sufficient that a clever student, having won golden opinions from his instructor, should go on indefinitely producing clever student's work. The brilliantly executed *morceau*, no matter how brilliant, is, after all, only a *morceau;* it may be the beginning, it is certainly not the end of art. What we want is work with brains and individuality in it, new minted work, alive and beautiful, and quivering with emotion. It is comforting to know that hundreds of painters can win their way into the exhibitions. The great thing is that, having got there, each of them should be able to present a really interesting reason for his presence.

THE HOUSE

BY ANNA McCLURE SHOLL

"THERE can be no beautiful homes built," an architect once said, "until people cease to travel overmuch, and cease their restless flitting from habitation to habitation." Whether or not this is true, it remained, by a paradox, for the modern generation of well-nigh homeless people to realize and to interpret, in one fashion or another, the sentiment of houses, that peculiar personal sentiment which makes them intimate revelations of character and disposition. This feeling, the product of a self-conscious age, exists, perhaps, just because of that detachment between men and their home-backgrounds in which a designer of buildings saw the chief obstacle to the growth of an organic domestic architecture. The wanderers seem to appreciate the significance of their houses in proportion to the restlessness that keeps them always in the mood of departure.

Both the restlessness and the self-conscious attitude towards the home are modern. The cavalier of Charles the First's time had probably little realization of the correspondence between his gallant and liberal existence and his Elizabethan house with its inimitable mingling of dignity and sweetness. The palaces of Venice and of Florence reflected the magnificent lives of their masters, but not as the result of design. In Florence the splendor of these householders was militant, and the very walls speak of a state of power and pride held against all comers. In Venice they looked from lovely windows to catch the first glimpse of sails bringing the gold and purple of the East to their silent doorways; and the richness and ease of those Venetian households are symbolized on many a graceful façade of the palaces of the dream-like city. But whether these men fought, or bartered, or gave themselves up to the love of beauty, they remained passionately devoted to one city, to one street in that city, to one house in that street; and so, all unconsciously, their personalities were reflected in homes which no modern ingenuity can duplicate, because the spirit which made them possible no longer exists.

The past hundred years, the century

which saw the means of travel made simple and universal, was responsible for driving or luring people from their homes in myriad directions and on myriad quests, making of the time a great *wanderjahr* whose close is not yet; with the result, especially in the United States, that the homestead or the ancestral house has become well-nigh an anachronism, while in the minds of many people a loneliness has been created, a strange homesickness as of those who have no background but the landscape of the world.

By way of compensation perhaps, these exiles, knowing no more permanent home than an apartment or a rented dwelling, have developed a keen appreciation of the house in its ancient aspect as the product of personality; as a material expression of many spiritual experiences, long past, perhaps, but thus possessed of a dim immortality. The generation that has forgotten how to build a cathedral knows full well why its hand and brain are fruitless; it holds the wistful knowledge that only the age of faith could produce the great Gothic houses of God. The men and women to whom family life has become, in many cases, only a mirage, linger over the thought that the immortality of the house is bound up with the kindly offices of affection, each chamber witnessing to some variety of these offices. Walter Pater, a homeless scholar, dwelling all his life in halls sacred to the intellectual affections, had perhaps, among his contemporaries, the keenest realization of this mystical meaning of the house. His works abound in passages showing an almost hyper-sensitiveness to the significance of that abode in which men spend their short, vivid existence, — the rooms upon the walls of which, for a brief season, they write their names and their desires. The Château d'Amour seemed at first to Gaston de Latour "a delightful, half-known abode of wonders . . . afterwards a nursery of refined or fantastic sentiment, as he recalled, in this chamber or that, its old tenants or their doings." It requires no learning to understand why Florian in *The Child in the House* remembered the angle at which the sun in the morning fell upon the pillow; the little angel-faces and reedy flutings that stood out round the fireplace of the children's room; the blossom of the red hawthorn in the garden; the feeling of the cool, old parlor; and the pathetic aspect of the dismantled rooms when he was to leave them at last.

This sensitiveness to houses and their meanings was common in one aspect or another to many of Pater's contemporaries and predecessors, and links him to the pre-Raphaelite school of writers and painters. The work of that circle used material life as a series of symbols, form and color expressing the unutterable. It was natural that they should find the very draperies of the house significant, should transform the red rose into passion, should find the scent of flowers heavy, and the sunshine over-golden in a room that had concealed a guilty love. To Rossetti one place was never like another: each house bore the imprint of the souls it sheltered; each chamber was deep-tinctured with pain or joy. In his paintings every detail is fraught with meaning, as the frieze of cherub-heads in the room where Dante sits when they come to tell him of Beatrice's death; the lamp over the strait, white bed of the Virgin in The Annunciation. In his poetry the same feeling is visible for the mystery of the house, inhabited, or from which its tenants have passed away, as in the sonnet on Blake's work-room and death-room: —

This is the place. Even here the dauntless soul,
The unflinching hand wrought on; till in that nook,
As on that very bed, his life partook
New birth and passed. Yon river's dusky shoal,
Whereto the close-built coiling lanes unroll,
Faced his work-window, whence his eyes would stare
Thought-wandering, unto naught that met them there,
But to the unfettered irreversible goal.

This cupboard, Holy of Holies, held the cloud
Of his soul writ and limned; this other one,
His true wife's charge, full oft to their abode
Yielded for daily bread the martyr's stone,
Ere yet their food might be that Bread alone,
The words now home-speech of the mouth of God.

The Blessed Damosel leans from the rampart of God's house, to which, it would seem, all the intimate symbols of the earthly existence have been transferred. The long series of the love-sonnets is called *The House of Life*, as if the experiences of love were indeed a series of rich and many-colored chambers. This use of the word house seems peculiar to a wandering and nostalgic generation. A certain sonnet by Francis Sherman bears the title "The House of Forgiveness," making of forgiveness not an act, but a feeling in which one is really at home, though the home-coming be sorrowful.

A less mystical expression of this appreciation of the significance of houses is found in their studied and self-conscious adornment by their tentative inhabitants, replacing the old natural process made possible by the long continuance of one family in the homestead. It is not by chance that the Mona Lisa hangs where the flickering firelight may reveal her smile; that the bowl of roses is placed in a window that frames a snowy landscape. This trickery may not be the fruit of a great age; but it is not without its fascination, revealing as it does the complex modern character, in a sense homeless, and round which a noble and simple dwelling would not naturally shape itself.

In one of these self-conscious houses, the bedrooms are ascetic, their bareness relieved only by a single picture upon the walls, — in each case a great picture good to look upon last of all as one sinks to sleep. The living-rooms below are in strong contrast to these chambers of sleep, because of their offerings to the eye in books and pictures and adornments, all disposed with subtle intention, even to the violets placed near the drooping head of Michael Angelo's Slave; and an Antinous near a crucifix. Noble heads by Rubens, by Rembrandt, and Vandyke hang on the walls of the dining-room that the household may dine always in great company. It is her house by all these things, by the mottoes carved over fireplaces and doorways, by the pictures on the staircase wall, a fair procession ascending to the upper floors; it is her house because it perfectly reflects its modern chatelaine, the restlessness of her intellect, the catholicity of her tastes. It is a house, wonderfully adorned; but it imparts no impression of permanency, because it expresses not the accumulated tastes of generations of the same family, but the moods of an individual.

There is another form of the house which seems peculiar to this generation. In cities where space is grudgingly meted out, a room becomes in many cases representative of an entire house, since within it are brought together the symbols of the home that exists only as an ideal. The tea-table, the couch, the shelf of books, the little growing plants, all in close proximity, are expressive of the one-room state of existence through which a considerable portion of humanity is passing, an existence typical of certain social conditions of modern life, — the congestion of population in cities, the increase of women wage-earners, the increase of the independent "bachelor-woman," and, perhaps as the mainspring of the whole, the restlessness of the modern temper.

The one room is in some instances more significant of personality than an entire house, since in it are brought together the gods that its tenant cannot do without, the single shelf of books outweighing thus the great library as a key to character. The acquired literary affections of the one-room tenant are frequently stowed away in cellar or loft; but his heart speaks from the volumes on his limited shelves. In a certain hall-bedroom are many works on social economies; but, as a reward for labor when ambition flags towards midnight, there

are the *Essays of Elia*, the poems of Villon to meet an occasional vagabond mood of the boy, and novels of Dickens to stimulate good-humor. This then is his house. It holds one touch of romance, a drawing of Duse's head. He had seen her play one troubled, unforgetable night when his youth was in abeyance. In another room a bachelor, a lover of horses, has lived for ten years surrounded by colored pictures of reigning favorites. This cheerful and meagre house is home to him. The centre of still another room is one of Leonardo's intellectual Madonnas. About her are grouped austere or mystical faces by other masters. In the bookcase are Maeterlinck and Shorthouse and Meredith. There is no tea-table in this room, and the chafing-dish is absent.

Yet both the single-room house and the many-chambered houses of the rich — the one transitory, the others but places of intermittent dwelling — are representative of a generation of wanderers. The spirit of unrest possesses rich and poor alike; the college-bred and those who have not received that somewhat doubtful gift of modern progress, "a thorough education." The tendency of the times is to render men homeless in more than the material sense. An irresistible force, saddening to some, sweet to others, has driven them from their house of faith, from their accustomed modes of thought, from the old habitations of the intellect. They are driven by the spirit into the wilderness, there to build new, but not permanent tabernacles. This mental exile, or this thirst for discovery, has its counterpart in the material life. Home is the tent, the lodging-house, the vestibuled car, the ocean-steamer, the furnished house to rent for a season. The very rich are not content with one home on whose chambers to record their lives. Their year is divided among many places, so that it is not possible for them to feel the spirit of the house, that intimate charm produced by long indwelling. There is no time for those accumulated impressions which make up the sense of home. Cosmopolitanism does not know that there is only one window in the world where the blossoms of the cherry-tree drift across the sill, only one room where the summer dawn steals in as an enchantment, only one fireplace before which to dream and dream. Yet these wanderers are often those who are most homesick, and who appreciate most keenly the New England or Southern house where generation after generation of the same family has left its impress.

There is a conception of the house, however, which belongs exclusively to no age, or to no social condition; which is less of an ideal than a longing for a fixed habitation, a friendly abode for that part of man's being which resents the hospitality of death. The dweller for seventy years in the ancestral home, and the dweller in a dozen studios may feel towards the close of life, or at times of deep emotion, the imperious memory of a house that they cannot find. The simplicity of the early church, the childlike literalness of the Middle Ages, placed it in a material heaven and enriched it with the gems and gold of earth. Marcus Aurelius, in the loneliness of the House of the Cæsars, built for himself "a wide city" in which to forget Rome and remember humanity. Augustine called it the City of God. The hermits were content with caves in anticipation of that ample dwelling-place. The tombs on the Appian Way, spacious abodes of the dead, witnessed to the finality of all things, as the twilight of Rome came on with gorgeous hues; but Christian sepulture gave to the body a house in the earth, where it might await — through how many centuries! — the final home-coming of the just.

The immemorial associations of men from birth to death are centred in this craving of both soul and body for a habitation upon which to leave their impress. If the nostalgia for the material abode be great, that for the spiritual is greater. In wistful moods men may remind their

fellows that this longing is an uncertain index that a House will be provided. What to one generation is the language of immortality, becomes to another but an elaborate epitaph, and the last habitation of all may furnish only a text for the *Hydriotaphia* of a Sir Thomas Browne. But whatever the doubt of the intellect, men will not cease to write upon the walls of their houses the inscriptions that witness to their strong desires, to their unconquerable hopes.

JOSEPH CONRAD

BY JOHN ALBERT MACY

To the newest generation of adult readers the dawn of a literary light is a rare experience. It is as if the courses of our literature were Arctic in their slowness, as if the day came at long intervals, and then without warmth or brilliance. Our fathers knew the joy of welcoming the latest novel of Dickens or a new volume of essays by Carlyle. The only great day whose beginning young men have witnessed is the day of Kipling; his light mounted rapidly to a high noon, and if the afternoon shadows have begun to deepen permaturely, that sun is still beautiful and strong. Other lights have kindled in the last fifteen years, and have gone out before they had fairly dislodged the darkness, or have continued to burn dimly.

Eyes accustomed only to darkness and uncertain lights are in condition to be deluded by the phantoms of false dawn; it is therefore unwise to greet with too much enthusiasm the arrival of Mr. Joseph Conrad. Even if the dawn is real, it is certainly overcast with heavy clouds, and it has not proved bright enough to startle the world. Nevertheless, his light is of unique beauty in contemporary literature, and the story of its kindling makes interesting biography.

Joseph Conrad Korzeniowski was born fifty years ago in Poland. His father, a critic and poet, and his mother, who was exiled to Siberia, were engaged in revolutionary journalism. At nineteen Conrad left home, to escape an unsettled life, and also, it is fair to assume, to satisfy his love of adventure. He found work on English vessels, and this fact gave to contemporary English letters a man who might otherwise have written in French. To-day he appears in handbooks of biography as Master in the British Merchant Service, and Author. At nineteen he had not learned English; at thirty-eight he had published no book. Since then he has published about a volume a year. In preparation for his books he sailed as able seaman, mate, and master, for twenty years, on steam and sailing craft, and meanwhile he was reading deep in French and English literature,—all, we are told, with no intent to become a writer. Indeed it was a period of ill health resulting in an enforced idleness from the familiar sea that gave him opportunity to put some of his adventures into words. Perhaps he is a lesser illustration of a theory of Thoreau's that a word well said "must have taken the place of a deed by some urgent necessity, even by some misfortune, so that the truest writer will be some captive knight, after all." However that may be, the intellectual and physical adventures of Conrad's life were abundant, and they reappear, discernible though transfigured, in the substance and the qualities of his work.

His ten books are for the most part

concerned with the waters of the earth, and the men that sail on the face of the waters, and with lands, far from English readers, to be reached only by long journeying in ships.[1] His first book, *Almayer's Folly*, tells the story of a disappointed Dutch trader in Borneo, whose half-caste daughter runs away with a Malay chief. His second book, *An Outcast of the Islands*, deals further with the career of Almayer and with that of another exiled Dutchman. His latest book, *Nostromo*, has for its scene an imaginary South American state, and its heroes are an Englishman and an Italian. *The Nigger of the Narcissus* (published in America as *The Children of the Sea*) and *Typhoon* are each the chronicle of a voyage. *Lord Jim* is the story of a young mate who disgraces himself by one unseamanlike act, and becomes a wanderer in the eastern islands, and finally a kind of king in a village of savages. *Tales of Unrest* contains five stories, two of which are about Malays, and another about white traders in an African station. The hero of "Falk" — the title story of a volume of three pieces — is a Scandinavian sailor who has been a cannibal, and who wins the daughter of a German ship captain in an Eastern port. "Youth," the first story in a volume of three, is the memory of a young mate's voyage in an unseaworthy ship, which burns and leaves the crew to seek an Eastern seaport in the boats. The second story, "The Heart of Darkness," is an account of a journey into the Belgian Congo State and a curious study of the effect of solitude and the jungle and savagery on a white trader. The third piece in the volume is the story of a ship-captain who steers his ship with the help of a Malay servant and lets no one guess until the end that he is blind. Of two books written in collaboration with Mr. Ford M. Hueffer, the only one worth considering, *Romance*, comes the nearest to being the kind of fiction that the advertisements announce as "full of heart interest, love, and the glamour of a charming hero and heroine." It begins with a smuggler's escapade in England, and ends in an elopement in the West Indies; the best parts, probably Mr. Conrad's share in the work, are those about the sea and all that on it is, fogs, ships and bearded pirates. In these books are men and women of all civilized nations, the acquaintance of a globe-trotter, and there are, besides, enough Malays, Chinamen, and Negroes to make the choruses of several comic operas. Only in Conrad they are serious people, every Malay with a soul and a tragedy; even the Nigger of the Narcissus is equipped with psychological machinery.

Conrad's subject-matter, the secretion of experience, is rich enough and of sufficiently strange and romantic quality to endow a writer of popular fiction; and his style, — that is, the use of words for their melody, power, and charm, — is fit for a king of literature. Stevenson, who found so little sheer good writing among his contemporaries, would, I think, have welcomed Conrad, and have lamented that he could not or would not tell his stories in more brief, steady, and continuous fashion.

For there is the rub. Conrad is not instinctively a story-teller. Many a writer of less genius than he surpasses him in method. He has no gift of what Lamb calls a bare narrative, — such gift as was bestowed, say, on Frank Stockton, who never wrote a fine sentence.

There are writers with magnificent power of language who do not attain that

[1] *Almayer's Folly.* The Macmillan Co. 1895.

An Outcast of the Islands. Tauchnitz. 1896.

The Nigger of the Narcissus (Children of the Sea). Dodd, Mead & Co. 1897.

Tales of Unrest. Charles Scribner's Sons. 1898.

Lord Jim. McClure, Phillips & Co. 1899.

The Inheritors (with F. M. Hueffer). McClure, Phillips, & Co. 1901.

Typhoon. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1902.

Falk. McClure, Phillips & Co. 1903.

Youth. McClure, Phillips & Co. 1903.

Romance (with F. M. Hueffer). McClure, Phillips & Co. 1904.

Nostromo. Harper & Brothers. 1904.

combination of literary and human qualities which is readableness, and there are others who interest many people in many generations, and yet do not write well. To most readers Dickens is as delightful when he writes slovenly sentences as when he writes at his best. Scott, the demigod, pours out his great romances in an inexpressive fluid. On the other hand, Walter Pater writes infallibly well. These illustrations are intended to define a difference which is a fact in literature. and are not to be carried to any conclusive comparison. The difference exists and it is not a strange fact. It is strange, however, and deplorable, that Conrad, who spins yarns about the sea, master of a kind of subject-matter that would make his books as popular as *Robinson Crusoe* and *Treasure Island*, should be one of those who can write but cannot make an inevitably attractive and winning book.

Either he knows his fault and cannot help it, or he wills it and does not consider it a fault. There is evidence on this question. Several of his stories are put in the mouth of Marlow, an eloquent, reflective, world-worn man. In one place Conrad says, "We knew that we were fated, before the ebb began to run, to hear about one of Marlow's *inconclusive* experiences." The story Marlow tells is no more inconclusive and rambling than most of the other stories, so that one is forced to conclude that Marlow's character as narrator is Conrad's concession to his own self-observed habit of mind. In another place Conrad says: "The yarns of seamen have a direct simplicity, the whole meaning of which lies within the shell of a cracked nut. But Marlow was not typical (if his propensity to spin yarns be excepted), and to him the meaning of an episode was not inside like a kernel, but outside, enveloping the tale which brought it out as a glow brings out a haze, in the likeness of one of these misty halos that sometimes are made visible by the spectral illumination of moonshine." Evidently Conrad prefers or pretends to prefer the haze to the kernel.

In an essay on Henry James he openly scorns the methods usual to fiction of "solution by rewards and punishments, by crowned love, by fortune, by a broken leg or sudden death," and says: "Why the reading public, which as a body has never laid upon the story-teller the command to be an artist, should demand from him this sham of divine omnipotence is utterly incomprehensible." Thus Mr. Conrad flings down the gauntlet to those demands of readers which greater men than he and Mr. James have been happy to satisfy without sacrifice of wisdom and reality. For reward, the "British Public, ye who love me not," allow one of his books, *The Outcast of the Islands*, to be out of print, except in the Tauchnitz edition, and do not buy many of his other books.

A further announcement of his literary creed he made in a kind of artistic confession published a few years ago. "His (the prose writer's) answer to those who in the fulness of a wisdom which looks for immediate profit, demand specifically to be edified, consoled, amused, who demand to be promptly improved or encouraged, or frightened, or shocked, or charmed, must run thus: 'My task which I am trying to achieve is by the power of the written word to make you hear, to make you feel — it is before all to make you see. . . . If I succeed, you shall find there, according to your deserts, encouragement, consolation, fear, charm — all you demand; perhaps also that glimpse of truth for which you have forgotten to ask.'"

A writer with ideals so high and strongly felt commits himself for trial by exacting standards. It is necessary to remind Mr. Conrad that if a reader is to feel, he must first understand; if he is to hear, he must hear distinctly; and if he is to see, his eye must be drawn by interest in the object, and it can look only in one direction at once. *Nostromo* is told forward and backward in the first half of the book, and the preliminary history of the silver mine is out of all

proportion to the story of Nostromo, the alleged hero of the book. *Lord Jim* is clumsily confused. The first few chapters are narrated in the third person by the author. Then for three hundred pages Marlow, as a more or less intimate spectator of Jim's career, tells the story as an after-dinner yarn. It would have taken three evenings for Marlow to get through the talk, and that talk in print involves quotation within quotation beyond the legitimate uses of punctuation marks. In other stories the point of view fails. In *The Nigger of the Narcissus* are conferences between two people in private which no third person could overhear, yet the narrative seems to be told in the first person by one of the crew. In *Typhoon*, where a steamer with deck almost vertical is plunging through a storm, we are on the bridge beside the simple dogged captain while he shouts orders down to the engine-room through the tube. Without warning we are down in the engine-room, hearing the captain's voice from above, and as suddenly we are back on the bridge again. A man crawls across the deck in a tempest so black that he cannot see whose legs he is groping at. We are immediately informed that he is a man of fifty, with coarse hair, of immense strength, with great lumpy hands, a hoarse voice, easy-going and good-natured, — as if the man were visible at all, except as a blot in the darkness!

Conrad has a mania for description. When anything is mentioned in the course of narrative, though it be a thousand miles from the present scene, it must be described. Each description creates a new scene, and when descriptions of different and separated places appear on the same page, the illusion of events happening before the eye is destroyed. If a writer is to transport us instantaneously from one quarter of the globe to another he should at least apprise us that we are on the magic rug, and even then the space-o'erleaping imagination resents being bundled off on hurried and inconsequential journeys. Often when Conrad's descriptions are logically in course, they are too long; the current of narrative vanishes under a mountain (a mountain of gold, perhaps, but difficult to the feet of him who would follow the stream); and when the subterranean river emerges again, it is frequently obstructed by inopportune, though subtle, exposition.

Conrad's propensity for exposition is allied, no doubt, with his admiration for Mr. Henry James, of whom he has written an extremely "literary" and confusing appreciation. Too much interest in masters like Flaubert and Mr. James is not gentlemanly in a sailor, and it cannot help a sailor turned writer, who pilots a ship through a magnificent struggle with a typhoon, leads us into the bewitching terror of the African jungle, and guides us to Malay lands where the days are full of savage love, intrigue, suicide, murder, piracy, and all forms of picturesque and terrific death. Mr. Conrad finds that there are "adventures in which only choice souls are involved, and Mr. James records them with a fearless and insistent fidelity to the *péripéties* of the contest and the feelings of the combatants." That is true and fine, no doubt, but the price which Mr. Conrad pays for his ability to discover it is the fact that hundreds of thousands of readers of good masculine romance are not reading *Lord Jim*, or finding new "Youth" in a young mate's wondrous vision of the East, or welcoming a new hero in Captain Whalley. A man who can conceive the mournful tale of Karain and the fight between the half crazy white men at an African trading post has a kind of adventure better, as adventure, than the experiences of Mr. James's choice souls. Stevenson knew all about Mr. James and his "péripéties," but he could stow that knowledge on one side of his head, and from the other side spin *Treasure Island* and *The Wrecker*. *The Sacred Fount* never could have befuddled the chronicle of the amiable John Silver, but in Mr. Conrad's *An Outcast of the Islands*, where it seems to be a question which white man will kill the

other, after a dramatic meeting in the presence of a Malay heroine, each man stands still before our eyes and radiates states of mind.

The lover who finds fault with his sweetheart because he is so proud of her, is perfectly human and also perfectly logical. So our reason for dwelling on Mr. Conrad's shortcomings is because his books are thoroughly worth consideration. His advent is really important. More than any other new writer he is master of the ancient eloquence of English style; no one since Stevenson has surpassed in fiction the cadence and distinction of his prose. Never has an English sailor written so beautifully, never has artist had such full and authoritative knowledge of the sea, except Pierre Loti. Stevenson and Kipling are but observant landsmen after all. Marryatt and Clarke Russell never wrote well, though they tell absorbing tales. There is promise in Mr. Jack London, but he is not a seaman at heart. Herman Melville's eccentric genius, greater than any of these, never led him to construct a work of art, for all his amazing power of thought and language. Conrad stands alone with his two gifts of sea experience and cultivation of style. He has lived on the sea, loved it, fought it, believed in it, been baffled by it, body and mind. To know its ways, to be master of the science of its winds and waves and the ships that brave it, to have seen men and events and the lands and waters of the earth with the eye of a sailor, the heart of a poet, the mind of a psychologist — artist and ship-captain in one — here is a combination through which Fate has conspired to produce a new writer about the most wonderful of all things, the sea and the mysterious lands beyond it.

If we grant that he is not master of the larger units of style, that is, of construction, we can assert that in the lesser units, sentence for sentence, he is a fine writer of the English tongue. There is a story that he learned English first from the Bible, and his vigorous primal usages of words, his racial idioms and ancient rich metaphors warrant the idea that he came to us along the old broad highway of English speech and thought, the King James version. His sentences, however, are not biblical as Stevenson's and Kipling's often are, but show a modern sophistication and intellectual deliberateness. He frequently reminds us that he is a Slav who learned French along with his native tongue, that he has read Flaubert and Maupassant, and alas, Mr. Henry James. Approaching our language as an adult foreigner, he goes deep to the derivative meanings of words, their powerful first intentions, which familiarity has disguised from most of us native-born to English. He has achieved that ring and fluency which he has declared should be the artist's aim. If equal excellence made similarity, his sentences, often his sentence sequences, would not find themselves out of place in Stevenson's *The Wrecker* or *The Ebb Tide*, or in a perfect English translation of Loti. The sea pictures I have in my mind are those of Whistler and Mr. Charles Woodbury and Loti and Conrad. Conrad's prose lifts to passages of great poetic beauty, in which the color of the sea, its emotional aspects, its desolation and its blitheness, are mingled with its meaning for the men who sail it, its "austere servitude," its friendliness and its treachery.

"The ship, a fragment detached from the earth, went on lonely and swift like a small planet. Round her the abysses of sky and sea met in an unattainable frontier. A great circular solitude moved with her, ever changing and ever the same, always monotonous and always imposing. Now and then another wandering white speck, burdened with life, appeared far off, — disappeared, intent on its own destiny. . . . The august loneliness of her path lent dignity to the sordid inspiration of her pilgrimage. She drove foaming to the southward, as if guided by the courage of a high endeavor. The smiling greatness of the sea dwarfed the extent of time."

A reviewer recommending a man he

admires should make ample recognition of his faults, in order that none may complain of being invited to an entertainment heralded above its true merit; then it should be his duty to lure the reader and speed the writer. No fairer temptation can be offered the reader than to quote a passage from the end of "Youth," and no more honest praise can be offered to Mr. Conrad than to say that it is a selected, but by no means unique, specimen of his genius.

A crew that have left a burning ship in boats find an Eastern port at night. The weary men tie to the jetty and go to sleep. This is the young mate's narrative years after, the narrative of the reflective and eloquent Marlow: "I was lying in a flood of light, and the sky had never looked so far, so high, before. I opened my eyes and lay without moving. And then I saw the men of the East—they were looking at me. The whole length of the jetty was full of people. I saw brown, bronze, yellow faces, the black eyes, the glitter, the color of an Eastern crowd. And all these beings stared without a murmur, without a sigh, without a movement. They stared down at the boats, at the sleeping men who at night had come to them from the sea. Nothing moved. The fronds of palms stood still against the sky. Not a branch stirred along the shore, and the brown roofs of hidden houses peeped through the green foliage, through the big leaves that hung shining and still like leaves forged of heavy metal. This was the East of the navigators, so old, so mysterious, resplendent and somber, living and unchanged, full of danger and promise. . . . I have known its fascinations since: I have seen the mysterious shores, the still water, the lands of brown nations, where a stealthy Nemesis lies in wait, pursues, overtakes so many of the conquering race, who are proud of their wisdom, of their knowledge, of their strength. But for me all the East is contained in that vision of my youth. It is all in that moment when I opened my young eyes on it. I came upon it from a tussle with the sea — and I was young — and I saw it looking at me. And this is all that is left of it! Only a moment of strength, of romance, of glamour, of youth!"

THE SCIENTIFIC HISTORIAN AND OUR COLONIAL PERIOD

BY THEODORE CLARKE SMITH

THE stream of writings upon American history has been flowing strongly for a century, until now the field is buried deep with monographs, documents, biographies, textbooks, and political or institutional studies. A wilderness of separate works of all kinds and of all degrees of merit confronts the student, but within the last few years the conviction has been felt by many that the time has arrived when the results of research and interpretation may well be given a lasting, general form. As a result of this idea the publication has been begun of no less than seven elaborate, comprehensive works, and by this time they have progressed sufficiently far to enable us to see how the historian of to-day digests the redundant mass of historical information hitherto produced. At the same time, however, the current of historical writing continues to flow in all its accustomed channels so that the general works, as they issue from the press, are accompanied by a steady

stream of lesser volumes, amplifying and modifying the historical knowledge of the country while it is in the process of being summed up.

In the first place there are still documents to be published with editorial comments and elucidations; and while state governments and historical societies are busy with public archives, a minor form of original source, just now high in favor for artistic reproduction, is the narrative of early travel. For example, there has recently been printed the diary of George Washington, describing his journey in 1784 from the Potomac to the Ohio River with a view to planning for a trans-Appalachian canal. In every line the clear-headed, far-sighted, and prosaic nature of the future President appears.[1] This is now published in full with copious notes and explanations and an enthusiastic, rather magniloquent introduction by Archer Butler Hulbert. For a later period, when the frontier had been pushed back from the Ohio to the Mississippi, we have the Personal Narrative of Fordham, a lively young Englishman, who traveled in 1817 to an English colony in Illinois, now published with copious notes by Frederic Austin Ogg.[2] In this we find the same frontier types of settlers met in Pennsylvania by Washington and little changed. Still later is the journal of J. W. Audubon, son of the famous naturalist, who led a party of forty-niners to California by way of Texas and New Mexico. His tale of adventure and suffering is now edited by Frank H. Hodder.[3] as a further contribution to frontier description. No one of these volumes adds anything material to the history of the country, but their social and local antiquarian interest is considerable and their editing is as admirable as their typography, paper, and binding.

But the printing of sources is not history. That demands the effort of a writer to show us the past, not through the eyes of any one man, but as it actually was; and the extent to which he succeeds depends wholly upon his ability, training, and purpose. At the outset one encounters the book whose author relies upon the facts ascertained by others and contributes nothing but his own rearrangement, which may be highly valuable but is quite as likely to be narrow and inaccurate. A book of this character is one upon *The French Blood in America*, by Lucien J. Fosdick;[4] which may be described as a collection of miscellaneous information about French Huguenots who migrated to this country, and about persons of prominence in American history for whom some degree of French ancestry can be traced. The purpose of the whole is to exalt the part played by Huguenot exiles and their descendants, but the claims advanced are so boundless and the critical ability displayed so slender as to provoke incredulity.

Equally based upon the labors of other people, but better balanced, are two large volumes by De Alva S. Alexander entitled *A Political History of New York*.[5] The author appears to have consulted only standard histories and biographies, and so adds nothing to our knowledge of the field, while his point of view is so personal that the work consists of little more than a chronicle of nominations, elections, and struggles for party leadership from the days of Burr and Clinton to those of

[1] *Washington and the West.* Being George Washington's Diary of September 1784, . . . and a Commentary upon the same. By Archer Butler Hulbert. New York: The Century Company. 1905.

[2] *Personal Narrative of Travels.* By Elias Pym Fordham. Edited by Frederic Austin Ogg. Cleveland: The Arthur H. Clark Company. 1906.

[3] *Audubon's Western Journal:* 1849–1850. By John W. Audubon. With Biographical Memoir by his daughter, Maria R. Audubon. Introduction, Notes and Index by Frank H. Hodder. Cleveland: The Arthur H. Clark Company. 1906.

[4] *The French Blood in America.* By Lucien J. Fosdick. New York: Fleming H. Revell Company, 1906.

[5] *A Political History of the State of New York.* By De Alva Stanwood Alexander. 2 vols. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1906.

Weed, Seward, and Seymour. Still, in this limited field Mr. Alexander writes with vigor, and shows generally a sound judgment which partly atones for his tendency to hero-worship and his lack of research.

It is, however, among the books where the writer has an actual acquaintance with the evidence and applies his mind to the process of interpretation that historical progress usually takes place. Here we find two types. In one the author concerns himself mainly with the discovery of facts; in the other he devotes his powers chiefly to their interpretation. The former is the special province of the monograph, that highly technical product of our University training schools. An excellent example of this type is a recent study of the growth of freedom of the press in Massachusetts, by Clyde A. Duniway.[1] Here we have a narrow field and the complete exhaustion of all discoverable evidence bearing upon it. The text is shored up with innumerable notes and citations; buttressed with bibliographies and appendices. This chapter is now closed. It belongs to Mr. Duniway. Hereafter any one who wishes to know anything on this subject will refer to this monograph.

Inspired by the same spirit are two volumes by Herbert L. Osgood, *The American Colonies in the Seventeenth Century;* for, although the field is much larger and the display of technical apparatus is less, the method is substantially identical.[2] Mr. Osgood's work is devoted to a careful study of the political institutions of the corporate and proprietary colonies, and it is based upon all the known sources, as its copious footnotes indicate. Other aspects of colonial history — such as the economic or social or imperial — are either ignored or strictly subordinated. In neither of these monographs does the author concern himself with personalities. The style is lucid, colorless, and concrete. No scholar nor student of American colonial history can afford to neglect them, and probably no one but a scholar will read either of them. Their interest lies wholly in the technical field of historiography.

A higher type of historical writing is that wherein the author, acquainted with the sources and familiar with whatever has been written on his subject, seeks to explain and illuminate some past series of events. This is history with a purpose, and it is well illustrated in Captain Mahan's latest book on the *Sea Power in Its Relations to the War of 1812*.[3] Here we find all the well-known characteristics of this authoritative writer: the clear, careful analysis of events, the masterly reconstruction of naval manœuvres and combats, the passionless style, relieved now and then by touches of sarcasm, and the entire fairness to both sides. Less literary than Cooper's history of the war, less vivacious than Roosevelt's, less incisive than Henry Adams's, this will supplant them all as an authority. Probably the strongest feature of the work, apart from the purely naval chapters, is the preliminary study of the British naval and trade policy which sheds new light on the tangled diplomacy of the years before 1812. Captain Mahan brings out clearly that the English conceptions, both of impressment and of trade relations with America, were the outgrowth of the experience of many generations and were based upon a definite theory of national interest. The book ends somewhat abruptly, however, with the conclusion of the treaty of Ghent and makes one wish that the author had carried his survey of Anglo-American trade relations to a conclusion. The only defect to be noticed — apart from the presence of several singularly confused drawings of naval combats — is the author's failure to note

[1] *The Development of Freedom of the Press in Massachusetts.* By Clyde Augustus Duniway. Harvard Historical Studies, XII. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1906.

[2] *The American Colonies in the Seventeenth Century.* By Herbert L. Osgood. 2 volumes. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1904.

[3] *Sea Power in Its Relations to the War of 1812.* By Captain A. T. Mahan. 2 volumes. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1906.

the social and sectional influences which controlled American party policy in these years. His unconcealed contempt for the diplomatic and military careers of Jefferson and Madison — a contempt which no one would deny to be abundantly merited — is not accompanied by any recognition of the reasons for their peculiar line of action.

This style of writing, easily controlled by a master, like Captain Mahan, goes to wreck in the hands of the ill-trained or partisan writer. The careful analysis and weighing of evidence which leads the one to his conclusions is replaced in the case of the other by the employment of sources to justify preconceived ideas. Mr. William E. Fitch, for instance, in *Some Neglected History of North Carolina*, announces his purpose to demonstrate that the revolt of the "Regulators" against Governor Tryon in 1771 "kindled the flame . . . that eventually, Vesuvius-like, spread with the rapidity of a wild forest fire, until the oppressed of the thirteen colonies were aflame with righteous indignation and unitedly determined to throw off forever the YOKE of British oppression." [1] Unfortunately for the writer's thesis, the documents he cites show that the uprising was purely against local misgovernment, and that the governor — a fiend incarnate — was supported by the legislature and the eastern counties which later led the revolt against British authority. Scarcely any attempt is made to account for this fact. The value of the book lies wholly in the original documents reprinted from the North Carolina Records.

Of greater weight than this product of ill-founded local enthusiasm, but almost equally far removed from Captain Mahan's well-ordered history, is a volume by William B. Weeden, entitled *War Government, Federal and State, 1861–1865*. In this the author studies the relations between Lincoln and five state governors, — Morton, Andrew, Curtin, Morgan, and Seymour, — for the purpose of answering this question: Did these men, in fact, do all that they could and should have done for the suppression of the rebellion? [2] The book is not a study of technical administration, of legislation, nor of constitutional powers; it does not concern itself with the details of government, but is rather a study of personalities and popular feeling and a critique of executive policy. Its distinguishing mark is the entire absence of any pretense at impartiality. The author is frankly dogmatic and fearlessly individual in his opinions. To him the exaltation of executive authority, supported by popular approval, is the ideal of government. He continually speaks of the "kingly prerogatives" of Lincoln, calls the war governors "Satraps of the people," and finally reaches the point of terming executive power, "a God-like faculty." Any failure by Lincoln or a state governor to use his one-man-power to the fullest extent he stigmatizes as a culpable weakness. He insists throughout that the one supreme error of the war was the failure to accept all the volunteers who came forward in 1861, and so swamp the rebellion at the outset. Any persons who failed to sustain this one-man-power naturally fare ill in his pages. The carping lawyers who criticised Lincoln are contemptuously waved aside, routine stupidity at Washington is lashed, regular army officers castigated, and the Democratic opposition pitilessly flayed. Governor Morton of Indiana stands out as the ideal patriot, Governor Seymour of New York is a "miscreant." Summed up, the author's position is that anything was right which the people, that is the Republican majority, would support. It is superfluous to observe that this is not ideal history; but it should be added that it makes

[1] *Some Neglected History of North Carolina.* By WILLIAM EDWARDS FITCH. New York and Washington: The Neale Publishing Company. 1905.

[2] *War Government, Federal and State, in Massachusetts, New York, Pennsylvania and Indiana, 1861–1865.* By WILLIAM B. WEEDEN. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1906.

highly interesting reading. The style, sometimes eccentric and inclined to digression, is always keen, pungent, and fearless. The characterization of Lincoln is refreshingly free from conventionality either in praise or blame, and, with all its partisanship, the book has distinct value.

Turning from these various studies in American history to the new comprehensive works, it is almost appalling to realize that it is by the digestion of a multitude of just such books — documentary or narrative, partisan or scientific, broad or narrow, good, bad or indifferent — that the general work must be produced. Prodigious as the task appears, it has been completed in the case of two histories, and in five others is so far advanced that we are in a position to judge of their character and to gather their verdict upon the interesting period of early exploration and colonization.

Of the two completed histories, the five-volume work of Woodrow Wilson, first in the field, is now joined by a similar four-volume history over the names of James W. Garner and Henry Cabot Lodge.[1] Each of these attempts to present in brief form the results of modern scholarship for the benefit of the general reading public. Of the two, that of President Wilson is fluent, literary, discursive, personal; a prolonged essay on the causes and consequences of things. That of Mr. Garner and Senator Lodge is more solid, compact, and clear, without especial distinction of style and less philosophically ambitious. Each runs at times into vagueness in the effort to avoid undue detail, and each shows a desire to be "timely" and "up-to-date" by giving abundant space to the doings of the past few years.

[1] *A History of the American People.* By Woodrow Wilson. 5 volumes. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1903.

The History of the United States. By James Wilford Garner and Henry Cabot Lodge. With a historical review by John Bach McMaster. 4 volumes. Philadelphia: John D. Morris & Co. 1906.

Yet these works, however comprehensive, and to whatever extent based on their authors' acquaintance with the sources, are avowedly narrative, popular, and unanalytical. They are abundantly illustrated with imaginary pictures, and differ from such earlier works as those of Bryant and Gay, Ridpath or Ellis, only in their more modern, broader point of view, and the sounder scholarship behind them.

A higher aim is professed by the other five general histories whose publication is not yet concluded. Their purpose is to furnish a complete, detailed account, which shall sum up the present state of historical knowledge, and it is from them that we may hope to gain the reasoned, final judgment of American historical scholarship upon the colonial period.

Of the two histories produced by a single writer, that by Edward Channing is the briefer.[2] The first volume covers the ground to 1660 in a little over five hundred pages, with numerous references and a collection of critical notes at the end of each chapter. There is something singularly intimate and personal about this book. Beginning without introduction or flourish, the author narrates the course of events, emphasizing important points, calmly ignoring minor ones, never theorizing, never arguing, but evincing a steady clearness of judgment which appeals to the reader with growing power. This sense of balanced judgment is reinforced by the shrewd, occasionally ironical or humorous style which reflects the personality of the author. The book is not universal, it is not even broad; it is just the utterance of the personal opinions of Edward Channing, who has devoted his life to this particular field. It is alive all through.

The other history written by a single author is that of Mr. Elroy M. Avery, which covers in two large volumes the same ground which Channing deals with

[2] *A History of the United States.* By Edward Channing. 8 volumes. Volume I. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1905.

in one.[1] Mr. Avery seems to have produced a good digest of what had been written before him, in a plain, clear style, usually without any ornament. He uses no footnotes, but his lists of authorities are ample, and his pages give evidence of the consultation of recent writers in special fields. On the whole his judgment is sound; he follows good authorities, and when they differ he selects that one which appeals to him as the better. Now and then small slips occur but, in general, his accuracy stands at a good level. What is lacking is precisely the quality which makes Mr. Channing's book noteworthy, — the impression of personality and individual authority. Where Mr. Channing's volume is stimulating, those of Mr. Avery are at best adequate or intelligent.

Turning to the historical works produced by collaboration, the ten-volume series begun by Messrs. Chancellor and Hewes may be dealt with rather briefly.[2] The plan has some original features, since in each volume Mr. Chancellor writes on political and military history, and is followed by Mr. Hewes on economic and social progress. The pages are peppered with small maps, chronological tables, and symbolical charts, and at the end are notes and bibliographies; but when the text is read it proves to he disappointing. Mr. Chancellor's history is not without merits; he continually emphasizes the relations of colonial beginnings to European events, endeavors to explain the significance of each step in colonization, and seems, on the whole, to avoid gross errors of fact. But his material is slight and it is further obscured by a flood of "literary" allusions and historical philosophy-and-water in an inflated style which becomes a weariness to the reader's patience. Any one who can blithely write of the Norsemen, Columbus, or the Elizabethan seamen, "going a-viking" is free from the ordinary canons of literary criticism. Mr. Hewes's selections are less exuberant in style, but his social and economic history is equally meagre and disappointing. Statistical methods are obviously inadequate to illuminate the beginnings of civilization in the New World.

More extensive than any of the foregoing, and much more rapidly produced, are the two other coöperative histories, each of which aspires to be complete, authoritative, and final, — at once popular and scientific. *The American Nation* is a history in twenty-seven parts produced under the vigorous editing of Albert Bushnell Hart, to whose active personality the character of the series is in large part due.[3] Each volume is written by a specialist in the period treated; each comprises about three hundred pages, certifies its sources by footnotes, and concludes with an elaborate critical essay upon the authorities. It shares, that is, the style of the monograph. Each volume, it should be added, is chiefly expository in form, and is written in a style which evinces extreme compression and self-restraint. In fact, the brief compass of the parts has forced the adoption of a tightly-reined-in manner. There is no room for ease. Nevertheless, the diverse authors achieve a considerable success. In the first group of five volumes devoted to the period of colonization, Mr. Cheyney furnishes a useful and

[1] *A History of the United States and Its People.* By Elroy McKendrie Avery. In fifteen volumes. Vols. I and II. Cleveland: The Burrowes Brothers Company. 1904–05.

[2] *The United States. A History of Three Centuries, 1607–1904.* By William Estabrook Chancellor and Fletcher Willis Hewes. In ten volumes. Vols. I and II. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1905–06.

[3] *The American Nation.* A History from Original Sources by Associated Scholars. Edited by Albert Bushnell Hart. In 27 volumes.

Vol. I. *European Background of American History.* By Edward Potts Cheyney.

Vol. II. *Basis of American History.* By Livingston Farrand.

Vol. III. *Spain in America.* By Edward Gaylord Bourne.

Vol. IV. *England in America.* By Lyon Gardiner Tyler.

Vol. V. *Colonial Self-Government.* By Charles McLean Andrews.

New York: Harper and Brothers. 1905.

suggestive introduction to the series, showing the social, political, and economic conditions of Europe and especially of England, which played a part in the colonizing movement. The second volume, by Mr. Farrand, on the *Basis of American History*, is a useful summary of the physical conditions of the North American continent, followed by a compact exposition of the languages, beliefs, and civilization of the primitive Indian population. This volume has the interest of a logical arrangement and clear statement, but its style is dry and without vivacity. Mr. Bourne's volume, next in the series, on *Spain in America*, displays real literary power in spite of its cramped quarters. It covers the field of early discovery and exploration, including the Spanish conquest of the tropics and South America, and concludes with a sympathetic description of the Spanish colonial empire and colonial policy. While the volume is perforce somewhat critical in character, it is strikingly fair-minded and catholic in temper.

The fourth volume, by Lyon G. Tyler, on *England in America*, 1580–1652, is compact and vigorous, but is less easy in style and less certain and authoritative in tone; but the fifth volume, by Charles M. Andrews, on *Colonial Self-Government*, 1652–1689, is both a well-written book and a distinct contribution to our knowledge. The author's thorough familiarity with the sources, especially with those in England, and his own confident temper of mind give a tone of authority, while his clear analytical style makes the early history even of New Jersey intelligible. On the whole the five volumes may be placed beside Mr. Channing's, superior to it in breadth and completeness if unequal in sustained merit.

In the other coöperative series, edited by Guy Carlton Lee and of late by Francis Newton Thorpe, we find larger volumes, averaging four hundred and sixty pages, a somewhat different arrangement of material, and a different style of presentation. The form is less technical; there are no footnotes, appendices, or bibliographies; the style is less analytical, more narrative, and the whole treatment is more literary.[1] The first volume, by Alfred Brittain, on *Discovery and Exploration*, includes not only the Spanish discoveries, but later English and French travels, to the eighteenth century. About one half of the book consists of translated extracts from the narratives of explorers, the author supplying a connecting thread. Mr. Brittain makes no pretense at being severely critical, but the narrative is a sound one, and the book will prove useful.

The second volume, on *The Indians of North America in Historic Times*, by Cyrus Thomas, is rendered apparently chaotic by its plan of arrangement. Mr. Thomas takes up each tribe in geographical sequence, beginning in the West Indies, and gives an outline of its known history since its first contact with whites. There is no general historical survey, nor is there any coördination between the different parts of the book, so that in spite of the fact that the individual sketches of tribal history are well written, the volume is scarcely readable. It may serve, however, as a useful reference work, although the lack of footnotes will prove a hindrance.

The next three volumes are of greater merit. Mr. Hamilton, writing the history of *The Colonization of the South*, 1511–

[1] *The History of North America.* Edited by Guy Carlton Lee and Francis Newton Thorpe. 20 volumes.

Vol. I. *Discovery and Exploration.* By Alfred Brittain in conference with Edward Reed.

Vol. II. *The Indians of North America.* By Cyrus Thomas in conference with W. J. McGee.

Vol. III. *The Colonization of the South.* By Peter Joseph Hamilton.

Vol. IV. *The Colonization of the Middle States and Maryland.* By Frederick Robertson Jones.

Vol. V. *The Colonization of New England.* By Bartlett Burleigh James.

Philadelphia: George Barrie and Sons. 1903 and 1904.

1766, covers the territory from Virginia to Louisiana, and owing to his special knowledge of the field of early Southwestern history, devotes nearly one half the book to the Spanish and French colonies. This feature is a novelty, and a distinct addition to our knowledge, but in the account of Virginia and the Carolinas some things are left to be desired. The economic and institutional sides are not well developed, and such a significant event as Bacon's rebellion is scantily dealt with and inadequately explained. Nevertheless, the animated style and general ease of treatment make the volume attractive.

The fourth volume, on *The Middle States and Maryland*, by Mr. Jones, is what might be called a workmanlike production. It is well-planned, and with the exception of an occasional vagueness in statement, well written. It appears to be based on the most recent works, and to cover the ground without especial errors. As in Mr. Hamilton's volume, the economic and institutional sides are not largely developed, but in the midst of the book stands out one feature with unique prominence. Mr. Jones gives full, almost elaborate treatment to the intercolonial diplomacy of the English, Swedish, and Dutch governments, and in so doing makes a real contribution. In the fifth volume, by Mr. James, on the *Colonization of New England*, no such special distinction appears. The ground is covered in systematic manner without errors of importance, and without anything new. The book, like that of Mr. Avery above-mentioned, seems to be best characterized by such terms as intelligent or adequate. But there is, in all these books of Mr. Lee's series, a greater literary ease than in those of the *American Nation*. The tightly-reined, terse self-restraint is not so manifest, for although the actual space devoted to events is not much greater, the authors were under less constraint as to their manner in filling it.

Now how, in general, does our colonial history fare at the hands of these writers? The first striking feature is the moderation in critical judgment of all these works. In spite of the savage and inconoclastic historical writing of recent years these authors, without exception, adopt a catholic tone and regard their province as constructive rather than the reverse. All of them, it is pleasant to observe, speak with sympathy of Columbus, admitting his failings but finding true greatness in him. Recent bitter attacks, whose aim seems to be to strip the Genoese of every claim to respect for character, aspiration, or achievement, are uniformly passed over as hypercritical. Or, to take another example, it is satisfactory to notice the treatment accorded to John Smith, the colonial adventurer undoubtedly best known to the traditional, anecdotal history of the country. Of late the narrative of the boastful explorer had been mercilessly assailed as the tale of an unqualified liar, but all of our historians, with the exception of Mr. Channing, persist in retaining Smith's account of early days in Virginia, and three of them — Chancellor, Tyler, and Hamilton — fully accept the Pocahontas rescue.

In another quarter where tradition has established an unfavorable impression, most of these writers labor to reinstate the victims. Ever since Irving's Knickerbocker History the tendency to regard the Dutch governors as a succession of ridiculous figures has persisted in spite of every effort of indignant New Yorkers. But only Mr. Avery seems inclined toward the traditional view, while all the others present Van Twiller, Kieft, and Stuyvesant as reasonable beings, and Channing maintains that they were really able men.

On the other hand, when it becomes necessary to pass judgment upon the Puritans the influences of the present day are too strong to permit the retention of a vestige of the filial eulogy once customary. People simply do not like Puritanism and no longer respect it. It is more remote from the present, more difficult to appreciate than the spirit of the discoverers, the explorers, or the buccaneers. Probably no more difficult task is im-

posed upon the historical imagination than that of representing the Puritan state of mind in the seventeenth century without caricature or repugnance. It is not surprising, then, to find in the works of Avery, Tyler, Andrews, or James a visible lack of sympathy with the essentially Puritan and Calvinistic features of Massachusetts Bay, and to meet with undisguised condemnation when we read of the persecution of Antinomians or Quakers. In the words of Mr. James they regard their conduct as "beyond measure of excuse or condemnation."

But Mr. Channing, who manifests no sympathy whatever with the bigotry of the Puritans, makes two points clear which the other writers scarcely notice. It should be recognized that the laws concerning religion were much the same in nearly all the colonies and in England at one time or another, so that the attention focused upon the behavior of Massachusetts has given that colony an altogether undue prominence. Moreover, the Calvinistic faith practically obliged the Puritans to adopt a policy of compulsion, and in this they were, if no better than all other sects except Quakers, at least no worse, and they were honestly conscientious. The consciences of the Puritans, observes Mr. Channing, should be given some consideration as well as those of their victims. It certainly cannot be ideally fair history which leaves as the last word an unsympathetic narrative and a moral condemnation.

When we turn from the matter of these new histories to consider the manner in which facts are treated, we find a striking contrast to older general works. The two centuries ending with 1660 were the age of romance in American history, the years over which older writers lingered fondly. Adventure in all its forms shed its magic over them. Everywhere men of diverse nations and characters, from motives material or ideal, good or bad, rushed into the unknown; fighting, struggling, dying, showing fiendlike or saintly heroism. From the misty figures of the Norsemen to the mailed Spaniards, the reckless English, the devoted Puritans, the daring French traders and Jesuits, an unending succession of dramatic, bloody incidents and stories comes to us. Over and around all brooded the darkness and mystery of the primitive forest which stubbornly withstood intrusion, and baffled uncounted hundreds of invaders; while in the path of every adventurer rose the painted, doubtful faces of the puzzled Indians, whose first fickle friendship always changed to a bitter hostility, making the life of Spaniard, Frenchman, or Englishman a constant struggle with an invisible, merciless enemy. To the elder writers — Bancroft, Fiske, Parkman — it was an age of great heroic figures looming large, men like Columbus, Magellan, Cartier, Champlain, Hudson. Stout hearts and devoted lives founded colonies — such as Smith and Dale, Bradford and Standish, Winthrop and Endicott, whom pride of ancestry exalted to more than human proportions and virtues.

Now all is changed. In these new works the brilliant colors and stern romance of the early centuries have faded to a pale glow; not one of the writers except Mr. Chancellor follows the old-time methods or seeks the old-time ends; the drama and the pageantry have vanished. Each work is written in a careful, lucid style occasionally brightened with an adjective, but never enthusiastic, never eulogistic, never rising above the preoccupation of truthful statement. The anecdote is gone, there is no room for it; and its exact veracity is too open to question. Only where the author quotes from the narratives of explorer or settler do we feel a touch of the old-time magic. Almost never does any author frankly display anything resembling hero-worship, and as for the filial magnification of the colonial fathers, — Pilgrim or other, — that, too, is gone forever.

The illustrations indicate the same change. We no longer find imaginary pictures of the explorers floating on unknown rivers; we no longer are shown

the dramatic events, the sufferings and struggles of the settlers, the meetings of Europeans and Indians. Now only authentic images appear. Old portraits stare gravely at us, misshapen maps show us how the ill-informed and imaginative men of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries guessed at the new regions; medals and relics and reproductions of early contemporary prints fill out the list. But one of the volumes, not avowedly popular in aim, that of Mr. Avery, admits imaginative drawings in the shape of effective symbolical chapter-headings.

What do we gain from the new histories to fill the void left by the stepping out of romance? In the first place we gain a sense of reasoned cause and effect, for each one of these works aims at making events logical and clear. We know why things happened. In seeking causes, writers go back of the personalities of the settlers to larger reasons. The connection of the life of Spanish, French, or English colonists with the life of the home country, and the influence of European international and domestic politics is clearly brought forward. Economic facts are dwelt upon with a new emphasis. We hear less of the doings of particular men and women, but we learn far more of how the mass of colonists found their food and earned a living. Above all, the institutions of the settlers are analyzed with fullness and insight. Government finds the first place in such a volume as Tyler's or Andrews's of the *American Nation* Series, to almost the same extent as in Mr. Osgood's professedly institutional history.

It is dry, undeniably dry. History written in this way is more true than the older history, but its color is dull, and its mystery gone. Yet this cannot be the whole truth; for in the lives of explorers and settlers it is clear that economic and institutional facts wholly failed to destroy the sense of adventure. In the reaction toward actual truth and away from sentimental or partisan or filial history, the emphasis has come to be placed mainly upon the prosaic and material side of colonial growth; but the mental life of Spaniard, Puritan, Virginian, or Jesuit missionary, the thoughts and feelings of these people about themselves, their surroundings and their dangers, were no less real than the ways they tilled the soil or slaughtered the savages. They must in some future historian's pages be recreated, beside economic, legal, and political facts, to revive for us the true picture of the days of adventure and wonder.

KEATS : SHELLEY

TWO SONNETS

BY HENRY VAN DYKE

KEATS

THE melancholy gift Aurora gained
From heaven, that her lover should not see
The face of death, no goddess asked for thee,
My Keats! But when the crimson blood-drop stained
Thy pillow, thou didst read the fate ordained, —
Brief life, wild love, a glorious flight of poesy!
And then, — a shadow fell on Italy;
Thy star went down before its brightness waned.

Yet thou hast won the gift Tithonus missed:
Never to feel the pain of growing old,
Nor lose the blissful sight of beauty's truth,
But with the ardent lips that music kissed
To breathe thy song, and, ere thy heart grew cold,
Become the Poet of Immortal Youth.

SHELLEY

Knight-errant of the Never-ending Quest,
And Minstrel of the Unfulfilled Desire;
Forever tuning thy sweet earthly lyre
To some unearthly music, and possessed
With painful passionate longing to invest
The golden dream of Love's ethereal fire
In garments of terrestrial attire,
And fold perfection to thy throbbing breast!

What wonder, Shelley, if the restless wave
Should whelm thy life, the leaping flames consume
Thy mortal form on Viareggio's beach?
These were thine elements, thy fitting grave!
But still thy soul rides on with fiery plume;
Thy wild song rings in ocean's yearning speech.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

MINOR ARTS

"You cannot save your hearts,
You will not save your souls,
Save your heels, Save your heels" —

is the cry of a vendor of brass heel-tips, I hear daily under my window. The first two statements are a long, reverberating, melancholy cadence; the injunction is brisk, energetic, and the suggestiveness of the phrase lingers with me after he turns into the street of Tor de' Specchi. Tower of Mirrors, — how magic are those street names of the older quarters of Rome! The Tower of Mirrors recalls the tradition of a tower lined with mirrors, where Virgil sat and watched in their reflections all the secrets of the city; and there is the Street of the Golden Keys, and of the Sword of Roland, and of the Marble Foot, and of the Fairy Morgana, — all summoning up a world of folk-lore. A black alley, called after bright Phœbus, emphasizes its own darkness; and a little by-way, called after Tata Giovanni, commemorates the pious cobbler whose heart was stirred to pity for the waifs of his neighborhood and gathered them into a school and taught them for love, and, in return, was called Daddy John by his little beneficiaries. All this, a hundred years ago, when the streets were unlighted and people emptied their slops out of the front windows.

In threading the narrow streets of old Rome, what strikes one most is the subdivision of trades and the sense of each artisan that his is an *art*. The very names of the streets emphasize the idea. This is the way of the shoe-makers, that of the slipper-makers, this of the chair-makers, that of the hamper-makers, or little basket-makers. In this tiny shop a handsome woman with white hair à la Pompadour, fits gloves and subtly flatters, — it is part of her art; in one place they weave hose, in another nothing is made but baby-shoes. There are broiderers in gold and broiderers in white, broiderers in silk and broiderers in wool. This woman is a button-hole maker, that a hemmer. A tiny sign over yonder door says: "Rammendatrice" (darner), and in a little cubby-hole near by is the "ovana" (egg-woman) whose sole commodity is eggs of different degrees of freshness. Near by is a shop where nothing is offered but the wafer used in celebrating the mass.

Varnisher, gilder, carver, cabinet-maker, — the list might be indefinitely prolonged; and though I have lived all my life in Rome, I have not mastered the ramifications, nor do I know, when a job is to be done, which artist I need, — and artist he is when he comes. Art for art's sake is in the fibre of the Italian people. A carpenter summoned to drive a nail for a picture cannot stop at that. He squints his eye to see which is the best light, where it will look best in relation to other things; he must express his opinion. I went the other day to order a rush-bottom chair of uncommon shape. The man's shop was a fragment of a house pulled down to make way for the Victor Emmanuel monument. I gave him the measurements and my idea; his face lighted up; of course he understood, — would I allow him to make a design? He knelt on the ground, a dismantled chair for table, with a stump of pencil and a dirty piece of wrapping-paper. Three children swarmed up his legs and back, to see him do it. With a face rapt in the joy of conception, he drew just what I wanted, adding a few improvements in the antique manner, showing an interest in the work, apart from profit, which is one of the curious contradictions of the Italian character. When completed, a small boy and a baby brought home the

chair; the legs were not quite even, and I sent it back to be planed. When brought again I protested that it still rocked a hair's breadth; the child replied, "*Eh, signora mia*, where is the man absolutely without vice?"

His reply reminded me of a shoemaker who said to me when I was unduly insistent as to the wear of shoes I was ordering, "Yes, they are good; yes, they will last; but not forever. No stuff is eternal."

We Anglo Saxons think we have the monopoly of moral conviction; but sometimes an arrow comes to us from a Latin quiver. A man in a tiny twine shop did up a package for me to post, with much skill and patience, and I, thanking, protested, "But I have taken up so much of your time." He replied gravely, "What is it in comparison with eternity!"

With the spring scores of new trades leap into being: first, the vending of lemon, orange, and barley water from a stand which is a real nosegay of leaves and lemons. Who can forget the glowing, admirably disposed colors of a Venetian or Roman green grocer? I often recall the quaint market-place at Ferrara, where the booths were garlanded with blushing pomegranates wedded to their delicate green glossy leaves limned against a deep blue sky. A mournful wail of "Spider-hunter, spider-hunter" announces an old man laden with long canes, bunches of prickly butchers-broom for house-cleaning before Easter. Then comes the man who sells cherries "with and without a master," and he who carries "fruits of the sea," and the little donkey carts filled with flasks of "acid water" from a mineral spring near Rome, which is delivered at your door be it even on the fourth floor, for one cent, with a bright smile thrown in for *lagnappe*.

Those who have spent Christmas in Rome know how gay the Piazza Navona is made for Epiphany with booths of cheap toys. The main stock is of *presepi* — little sheds of cork-bark with miniature terra cotta figures representing the Nativity. A small shed with the Holy Family costs from twenty to forty cents, and additional figures of shepherds, magi, peasants, and all kinds of domestic animals, can be had for one cent apiece. Pausing one day before a stall, I apologized for merely looking. The old vendor beamed on me kindly and said, "Look, look, Signora, how can people fall in love with my wares unless they do look."

He said he began immediately after Epiphany to make images for the next year; he devoted one month to pigs (very ungodly-looking black swine), one to magi, one to peasants spinning, one to cocks, and so on, reserving the last month, "when there was more inspiration," to making the Holy Family. The Holy Family consists of the Baby, Mary, Joseph, and two cows! The old fellow's pleasure and pride in his one-cent figurines had a flavor of the artist's joy in creation.

I ordered some straight shelves from a plain carpenter, to hold some bits of ancient pottery. The next morning he appeared with a drawing of a graceful curved outline for the frame instead of a straight one, suggesting that divisions be omitted as they spoiled the effect. The man's bow on arriving and leaving, his attitude while making suggestions, his deft way of picking up his kit of tools, might be envied by the leader of the cotillion, so full it was of grace and ease.

One day my sister and I found a friend in bed, and were moved to admiration by the beautiful inlaid bedstead. Where, how, could a like one be obtained?

And Valeria replied: "It was made by a man who is a real artist; he can copy or create any design. This he adapted from my antique chest of drawers. Do you see how exquisitely the pattern is made to lend itself to the curves and different spaces? No, he is not expensive. He restored the wood-work of the Borgia apartments. He is now making a carved altar for the Pope."

Everything, price and all, was satisfactory; we took the man's address and paid little heed to Valeria's parting words,

"But don't think you'll get that bed in a hurry."

We sent for the artist and had a long and charming conversation with him as to wood, design, period. He talked most agreeably of the Louis XVI bureau he was to follow in making the bedstead, — its epoch, the details which were complicated to reproduce, which brass finishings were antique. He used his pencil as readily as a good talker does his tongue, and showed a real feeling for and knowledge of art, which made us feel as if we had been to hear a famous lecturer on the subject. He promised to find the proper wood on the morrow and begin the bedstead immediately. We were delighted with him and the near prospect of the bedstead.

A week later we dropped in to see him; he had not begun the work, but would the next day. Two weeks later we wrote him a note, but had no reply. Some time after we left a message at his shop asking him to call. He did so in a few weeks and paid us another charming visit to copy the design on the bureau. He sipped a glass of wine, spoke with appreciation of a seventeenth century ceiling, and told of several interesting works of art (not ours!) he was engaged in. He gave a graphic description of a fine carved bedstead he had executed for the erratic Duke of Gallese. We were a little depressed by hearing that that bed had only been delivered in time for the duke's dead body to be laid out upon it. He added, however, with grim humor that the duke's daughter Donna Maria was very glad to get it, as it was a more tangible possession than her father's other bequest of Lake Albano!

Every few weeks, my brother, who has the Anglo Saxon's intolerance of fibs and the dallyings of art, goes to see our bedstead-maker and tries threat and persuasion. He is met with gracious good-humor and promised the bed next week. My sister and I have given up going; we remember that Julius II was of an impatient, choleric disposition, but that he never got his tomb finished; and though we *hope* to see that bedstead in the flesh, we are not sure we ever shall. And in the mean time we have procured another to sleep on.

In having old furniture restored, one is struck by the artisan's knowledge of and respect for the traditions of style and art. He makes subtle distinctions between what is beautiful in itself and what has the merit of a certain period or style. This inherent sense of fitness and proportion runs through all that Italians do. It makes them excellent raconteurs and actors, and cooks who vie with the French. It prevents their ever presenting such sickening scenes of public love-making as the parks afford in Germany, or committing such crimes of color and cut in dress as prevail amongst the lower classes in London.

Gabriele d'Annunzio's graces of style and his "purple patches" fired the fancy of Italians and made them tolerate his moral lacunæ. His standard of debt-paying is well known. A tailor to whom he owed a long score vowed he would *not* be done out of it like the others, and departed to extract the money or give D'Annunzio a sound beating. Some one met the tailor later and inquired the result. The reply was, —

"Ah, what a wonderful man, what a talker, what an artist! Would that I had five hundred francs to lend him."

I was asking my father's tailor, an excellent workman whose life is made thorny by the unpunctuality of the Roman *jeunesse dorée*, whether he had been able to collect a certain bad debt, and he answered, —

"Ah, no, *cara signora Maria*, but what a conversationalist, what language, what grace! If I had a private income, I would dress that man *gratis* for the pleasure of hearing him converse."

In a former paper for the *Atlantic Monthly* I tried to give some idea of a Calabrian hairdresser's sense of her trade as an art. I found the same in the Roman barber who shampoos my hair.

He was describing his wooing and wedding of a girl of Monte Rotondo.

"What should I take her for a nuptial gift? It must be something appropriate to my profession; she was marrying a poor man, but a barber, a perfumer. I decided it should be a bouquet which should compass her with odor, and perfume all Monte Rotondo. I took her a bouquet of orange blossoms which was two yards to span; it was only a nosegay, but neither Torlonia nor Colonna could surpass it. Monte Rotondo was odorous; no man needed to ask: who weds Nina Gigliucci? The very air informed him: A Barber, a Perfumer of Rome!"

THE WESTERN RAILROAD

MUCH has been said in the Club of late on the subject of the railroad. But always it has been the short-distance affair of sectional New England which has been under discussion. I wonder if I may add a word in praise of the Western Railroad.

I capitalize it purposely, for it seems to me quite a different thing from its eastern counterpart. As different as Achilles, say, from a park policeman. An eastern railroad is fussy, impatient, obnoxious in its neighborhood, a thing of noisy utility, to be employed, then shunned. Whereas the Western Railroad goes with an epic sweep and grandeur. The whole West is full of poetry, of course, of high romance and vigor; but no rugged peak ever stirs me more, no stretch of prairie land, than the gallant Railroad holding its way through the untamed wilderness. I stand on the back platform and watch the slender steel track unroll, so lonely a thread in that spreading realm of solitude and silence! On either hand, barren mile after mile, untouched if not all unexplored, northward as far as the thought can reach, southward far, far, far. And this narrow way through the heart of it the one bond of civilization, the one token of mankind. It becomes a daring, exultant song which the train sings under my feet as I think of its desolate condition, a weird song too, with a minor strain which increases through the night. I lie in my berth and am borne head first, rushing, helpless, through the darkness. Is it a dragon which has me in charge? And whither will he transport me?

Take the magic letters, C. P. R. — what do they signify? Not merely a train of sleeping cars, but the wide Canadian wilderness, the splendid north shore of Superior, the Canadian Rockies, a continent of wonder and joy made visible to us. It is the whole thing, the C. P. R., so far as we are concerned. Even when we go camping, C. P. R. is stamped upon our outfit. And thankless would be the tourist's heart that felt no responsive love.

It was once my privilege to stay at Glacier for some days. Reasoning from an eastern point of view, I should have thought that to live in a hotel which opened directly from a railroad station platform, and whose dining-room was inundated four times a day by hungry, clamoring tourists, would be anything but pleasant. I soon found, however, that I preferred this lively centre of action to the more discreet and æsthetic retirement of Lake Louise. Nor were my reasons gregarious merely. I actually felt the mountains better — the vigor and exultation of them — for the coming of those toiling trains, puffing and laboring up to us, hard put to it, but dauntless. They were of one kinship with Mount Sir Donald, the stalwart and weather-riven. To think of the wellnigh insuperable difficulties which they had surmounted to come this way at all! The perilous precipice safely edged, the deep gorge bridged, the steep ascent climbed patiently, curve on curve. That a train should deliberately set itself to penetrate such a vastness as this, crawling high on the shoulders and crags, an intrepid inch-worm! The tears often actually stood in my eyes as I watched it come in, drawing out of its mighty solitude, bearing safely its precious burdens. And precious they were, of a truth, those

burdens, nothing less than the lives of us all. Our very existence hung upon the good faith of the train. All our food, all our clothes, all our furniture, all our letters and newspapers, every material need we had, must be supplied by the C. P. R., or we must suffer lack. Great benevolent god, it came to seem, patiently ministering.

If I laid myself down beside the track of an eastern railroad, I should not expect to sleep all night. But there at Glacier my rest was sound. A great red eye would glare in at me, stealing past my window, but the touch was friendly and comforting: "All is well. I'll watch. Go to sleep." Even the bells and the whistles and the heavy rumble of freight trains failed to annoy. As for the soot, it was not at all; the mountain winds tossed it away. I have never known a railroad to be such incarnate graciousness.

The privilege of the mighty it took, this western demi-god, to mind its own times and seasons. I think there was hardly a day of my stay when all four trains were not late. Lavishly late too, — four, five, eight hours, — on such a grand scale moves, or delays, the West. But, again, the irritation and wrath which would attend such hesitation in the particular, punctual East, was quite wanting here. People deplored, from time to time, the thwarting of their plans, but their philosophy was instant. I think we had all of us vague images, when a train was very late, of some grim encounter, beyond there, far in, among the mountain gorges, — some deadly set-to with savage forces of the wilderness, from which our train would emerge at last, fiercely spent but triumphant.

This eulogy may sound extravagant, but in truth I mean every word. I never return from a western trip (which same may the gods grant me often!) without feeling in my awakened heart, blown through with big refreshment, a strain of poetry which is just the song of the train which has borne me. Homeric poetry it is, too. We do well to listen.

THE BEECH TREE

I HAVE always felt a sense of satisfaction that the

> "Wielder of the stateliest measure
> ever moulded by the lips of man"

had so warm a place in his heart for the beech-tree. I do not forget that the American poet whom I most revere has said "True poetry springs not from rocks and trees;" but the words were uttered when his soul was on fire with a great movement for human freedom and was hardly capable of a full recognition of the claims of Nature. Who shall say that the poetic germ latent in the young Mantuan's heart did not receive its first awakening some bright summer day as he lay beneath that grove of old beeches with their storm-broken tops, so feelingly mentioned in the Eighth Eclogue, the cattle slaking their thirst at the reedy margin of the Mincius just below him, stray rays of sunlight from the soft Italian blue filtering down through the stirring leaves over his head and falling in dancing patches of gold upon the delicate green coverlet of his earthen couch, while the vague susurrus of the bees trembled upon his ears as now and then the fitful whiffs of Zephyrus passed away and allowed the leaves to cease their rustling, and in the distance the nibbling she-goats dotted those gently sloping hills at the rear, distending their udders with the juices of the cytisus towards the evening milking?

What other tree in all the woods can keep up its companionship with the recipient human heart through all the varying moods of the year in equal measure with the beech? As I look from my window now, a stately specimen across the road greets my eye with a harmonious blending of greens and golds and russets and rich dark browns, indescribable in the countless transition shades by which its leading colors are welded into a unified effect of restful and soul-satisfying beauty. The leaves of the two large walnut-trees which flank it on the right and left are already far on the road to a quick and un-

sightly decay. The November winds will catch the myriad leaves of my beech-trees and take them whirling over the crest of the hill, where they will find a resting-place in deep deposits in the edge of the college woods. Go there six months from now and stir them up, after the rains and snows of winter and spring have done their worst, and you will find hundreds of them still without a break, their glossy browns even yet a thing of joy and beauty. You can scarce tell when they pass back to their original dust. There is no time of the year when you cannot find them so, in any spot where large masses of them may huddle together for self-protection.

But what of the tree itself, when frost and rain and wind have at last denuded it of its graceful mantle? *What of it?* Stand where you have it in full outline against the gray of a December sky, and look at the delicate tracery of its countless twigs upon that otherwise unbroken screen of snow-cloud. What artist's hand could match that web of sinuous curves, dividing and subdividing as the eye passes upward and outward until it culminates in a lace-work of lithe and graceful beauty too intricate for human vision to analyze? Your oaks and maples and elms have nothing to match that. Let the clouds begin to drop their feathery burden now, and see that mass of bewitching tracery softened and blurred and blended with the slow, tremulous motion of the falling flakes, and you have still another effect that the beech alone can give. If conditions be right, the flakes will cling fast to those limbs, and the outer circle, where all are lithe and slender, will gradually be transformed into long rolls of fleecy white, like the rolls of clean white wool that used to come back to our mothers from the carding machine, in the days when the hum of the spinning-wheel was heard in the land.

The night comes, and while you sleep the clouds clear away. Let us suppose you have the dyspepsia, or an early train to catch, or a six months old baby, or anything else whatever that will get you out of bed in time to watch the first rays of the sun at work among those snow-wreathed beech twigs. Who shall attempt to paint in mere words the colors that the crayons of Phœbus are spreading upon this royal canvas? Here is all the glitter of Aladdin's cave brought right to your window. With the gathering warmth of those piercing rays the snow begins gradually to let go its hold, and its soft muffled beating upon the deep white cushion below comes with the effect of some weird, irregular kind of music to the ear. Go back to your fire awhile and then look again. The smaller limbs are clean of snow now, but on the tip of each twig and at the point of every one of those long russet-jacketed buds which Nature has already provided for the coming spring hangs a tiny drop of water, sparkling like a diamond in the fresh sunlight, — a bewildering profusion of glory that no other tree but the beech can produce, simply because no other has the facilities for its proper distribution. We shall not linger over the equally wonderful effect when its limbs are robed with the hoar-frost, whether seen in the silvery glint of the moonlight, or under the full glow of the sun, or yet again through the vague curtain of a winter morning fog. Suffice it to say that no shift whatever of our varying and often intensely disagreeable winter weather will ever allow you to surprise the beech-tree in any dress or attitude out of keeping with its native grace, dignity, and beauty.

What can be more delicate than its fresh young leaves and blossoms, when the swelling buds have burst asunder and thrown off those broad, russet-brown scales, at the vitalizing touch of the spring sunshine and the mellow south-wind? We need not follow it through the spring and summer. Since long before the days of Gallus and Lycoris young men and maidens have been carving their love in its receptive bark to grow with its growth, and tired mortals have been stretching their limbs beneath its shade, catching little glimpses of blue sky, white cloud, or golden sunshine as the pliant branches

part and close with the breeze. Love other trees as you will. All have their virtues when taken at the proper season of the year, from the proper point of view, or when you yourself are in the proper mood. My claim for my Lady Beech is that her virtues rise above all vicissitudes of time and mood and point of view. Go to her for rest from labors done or inspiration for duties still before you, go to her for communion in joy or comfort in sorrow, go to her in summer or winter, in fair weather or in foul, and what tree of all the forest can contest her primacy in power to render that aid which the sensitive human heart looks to outward nature to supply?

SEEDLESS APPLES

An altogether new species of apple, it is announced, has been developed by horticultural skill. It differs from the apple which tempted Adam and comforted Solomon in all his glory, in not having blossoms, core, or seeds. Because of these shortcomings it claims "superior commercial advantages" and seeks to supplant the time-honored species of our fathers and forefathers.

The acceptance of this coreless apple by the public is a matter of the most serious import. It touches the springs of human action; it changes the face and laws of nature. Indeed, the apple presented us by the serpent seems hardly more grave in its effects. The greedy youngster who originated the classic retort, "There ain't goin' to be no core to this apple," prophesied better than he knew. This apple of solid substance is capable of becoming a powerful force in the ethical development of childhood, relieving its conscience from the strain of generosity and from evolving questionable expedients for the retention of the delectable morsel. But we who have outlived the age when the heart swells with pride at the royal liberality exhibited in the bestowal of an apple-core upon a mate, — shall we gain or lose by taking this parvenu, this heartless apple, into our affections and our stomachs?

From a gastronomic point of view the core has duties to perform. A friendly gendarme reaching from pole to pole of the toothsome sphere, it admonishes us with a "thus far and no farther." We seem to see annoying consequences following the removal of this sentinel. Shall we know where to stop? Must we, perforce, keep right on munching through to the other side?

Contemplate this too, too solid apple baked! Fled is the delicate flavor imparted by the seedy core! No brown beauties peep at us from papery apartments! Baked or unbaked, we delight in apple-seeds, the glittering white hid under the polished brown coat.

Yet much as we admire cores and seeds we could forgive the new apple its flagrant digressions from ancestral habits did it not fly flauntingly into the face of nature, subvert knowledge, and leave us botanically speaking without a foot to stand on. With infinite patience and perseverance it was drilled into our young mind that the vegetable kingdom may wax luxuriant, having roots, stem, and leaves for its purveyors; but these might not ensure its perpetuation. On the flowers was this all-important duty laid. A graphic picture of the earth's nakedness without this beneficent provision was placed before our mental vision, and the utter desolation of a dead world impressed upon us.

Since those irresponsible days, Linnæus, Gray, Wood, and others have strengthened our faith. Our own limited experience in observing the feverish haste of our door-yard weeds to perfect seeds has added conviction to faith. The plantain ruthlessly beheaded by the lawn-mower leaves off adorning itself with succulent greenery and bends every energy to the formation of a short spike in the fervent hope of ripening a few seeds before the next onslaught of the destroyer.

That it can produce fruit without blossoms is the proud boast of this abnormal

species. Should it obtain favor, the exquisite beauty of our spring landscape shall be swept away. The clouds of pink and white blossoms, whose simple grace and delicate perfume restore for a time the lost Eden, shall be seen no more.

Since our greed for substance has become so great that we are intolerant of the space occupied by an apple-core, will not the march of progress also sweep away the stones and pits of other members of the family Rosaceæ? Faithful Dick Red Cap, you who have for centuries stood at the garden gap, the stone in your throat is demanded! Out with it and off with your snowy robes in May! Ye pink-petaled peach-blossoms, blush the deeper at the despoiling of the apple-tree, and hold your pit in a firmer embrace lest a like fate overtake you!

We cannot conceive of an apple-tree without blossoms. They are interwoven with the life of man. Literature, art, and heart pay tribute of love to the fragrant pink-tinted petals. Shall a "group of three or four green leaves" supplant these magic wands of memory in our affections and feed our sense of the beautiful? A poet of the crude old times tells us what we plant with the apple-tree, and the chief of these things are — a flood of fragrance, a world of blossoms, a cloud of beauty —

> Flowers for the sick girl's silent room
> For the glad infant sprigs of bloom.

Can commercial advantages outweigh such forces?

When the wily tempter presented this apple for our consideration, he left us in the condition of the man who went down to Jericho, and naught could restore our serenity save a hand-to-hand contact with a collection of apples it had pleased us to make in the early winter, ranging in size from the native wild apple to the twenty-ounce pippin; appealing to the eye in varied shades of red, yellow, and green, and to the olfactory nerves like a breath from paradise. Here were apples round, flat, and pointed; apples with waxy skins and apples with dry skins; apples thick-skinned and thin-skinned, coarse-grained and fine-grained; apples ranging in color of substance from snowy white to yellow; sweet and sour, good, excellent, and indifferent; apples with lowly names, as Greasy Pippin, and apples of aspiring title, as King of Tompkins, Bismarck, and Golden. Fall apples and winter apples; baking, cooking, eating and keeping apples, each labeled with its name and claim to public favor, smiled upon us.

Lovingly we gazed upon them, for we knew that under each shining exterior was a core which held in warm embrace the germs of flower-bearing, law-abiding apple-trees, beloved of birds, bees, and man.

The new apple may have its virtues. We would not deny them. But as for us, comfort us with apples that were breathed upon by fragrant blossoms. O Pomona, goddess perennially kind, continue, we beseech thee, graciously to guard apple-bloomin' and apple-corin' as well as apple-gatherin' time!

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CHRISTMAS AND THE LITERATURE OF DISILLUSION

BY SAMUEL McCHORD CROTHERS

"WHAT makes the book so cross?" asked the youngest listener, who had for a few minutes, for lack of anything better to do, been paying some slight attention to the reading that was intended for her elders.

It was a question which we had not been bright enough to ask. We had been plodding on with the vague idea that it was a delightful book. Certainly the subject was agreeable. The writer was taking us on a ramble through the less frequented parts of Italy. He had a fine descriptive power and made us see the quiet hill towns, the old walls, the simple peasants, the white Umbrian cattle in the fields. It was just the sort of thing that should have brought peace to the soul; but it did n't.

The author had the trick of rubbing his subject the wrong way. Everything he saw seemed to suggest something just the opposite. When every prospect pleased, he took offense at something that was n't there. He was himself a favored man of leisure; and could go where he pleased and stay as long as he liked. Instead of being content with a short Pharisaic prayer of thanksgiving that he was not as other men, he turned to berate the other men, who in New York were, at that very moment, rushing up and down the crowded streets in the frantic haste to be rich. He treated their fault as his misfortune. Indeed, it was unfortunate that the thought of their haste should spoil the serenity of his contemplation. His fine sense for the precious in art led him to seek the untrodden ways. He indulged in bitter gibes at the poor taste of the crowd. In some far-away church, just as he was getting ready to enjoy a beautifully faded picture on the wall, he caught sight of a tourist. He was only a mild-mannered man with an apologetic air, as one who would say, "Let me look too. I mean no harm."

It was a meek effort at appreciation, but to the gentleman who wrote the book it was an offense. Here was a spy from "the crowd," an emissary of "the modern." By and by the whole pack would be in full cry and the lovely solitude would be no more. Then the author wandered off through the olives, where under the unclouded Italian sky he could see the long line of the Apennines, and there he meditated on the insufferable smoke of Sheffield and Pittsburg.

The young critic was right, the author was undoubtedly "cross." In early childhood this sort of thing is well understood, and called by its right name. When a small person starts the day in a contradictory mood and insists on taking everything by the wrong handle, — he is not allowed to flatter himself that he is a superior person with a "temperament," or a fine thinker with a gift for righteous indignation. He is simply set down as cross. It is presumed that he got up the wrong way, and he is advised to try again and see if he cannot do better. If he is fortunate enough to be thrown into the society of his contemporaries, he is subjected to a course of salutary discipline.

No mercy is shown to "cross-patch." He cannot present his personal grievances to the judgment of his peers, for his peers refuse to listen. After a while he becomes conscious that his wrath defeats itself, as he hears the derisive couplet:

> "Johnny's mad,
> And I am glad."

What's the use of being unpleasant any longer if it only produces such unnatural gayety in others. At last, as a matter of self-defense, he puts on the armor of good-humor which alone is able to protect him from the attacks of his adversaries.

But when a person has grown up and is able to express himself in literary language, he is freed from these wholesome restraints. He may indulge in peevishness to his heart's content, and it will be received as a sort of esoteric wisdom. For we are simple-minded creatures, and prone to superstition. It is only a few thousand years since the alphabet was invented, and the printing press is still more recent. There is still a certain Delphic mystery about the printed page which imposes upon the imagination. When we sit down with a book, it is hard to realize that we are only conversing with a fellow-being who may know little more about the subject in hand than we do, and who is attempting to convey to us not only his life-philosophy, but also his aches and pains, his likes and dislikes, and the limitations of his own experience. When doleful sounds come from the oracle, we take it for granted that something is the matter with the universe, when all that has happened is that one estimable gentleman, on a particular morning, was out of sorts when he took pen in hand.

At Christmas time, when we naturally want to be on good terms with our fellow-men, and when our pursuit of happiness takes the unexpectedly genial form of plotting for their happiness, the disposition of our favorite writers becomes a matter of great importance to us. A surly, sour-tempered person, taking advantage of our confidence, can turn us against our best friends. If he has an acrid wit he may make us ashamed of our highest enthusiasms. He may so picture human life as to make the message "Peace on earth, good will to men" seem a mere mockery.

I have a friend who has in him the making of a popular scientist, having an easy flow of extemporaneous theory, so that he is never closely confined to his facts. One of his theories is that pessimism is purely a literary disease and that it can only be conveyed through the printed page. In having a single means of infection it follows the analogy of malaria, which in many respects it resembles. No mosquito, no malaria; so no book, no pessimism. Of course you must have a particular kind of mosquito and he must have got the infection somewhere; but that is his concern, not yours. The important thing for you is that he is the middleman on whom you depend for the disease. In like manner, so my friend asserts, the writer is the middleman through whom the public gets its supply of pessimism.

I am not prepared to give an unqualified assent to this theory, for I have known some people who were quite illiterate who held very gloomy views in regard to the world in general. At the same time it seems to me there is something in it.

When an unbookish individual is in the dumps, he is conscious of his own misery, but he does n't attribute it to all the world. The evil is narrowly localized. He sees the dark side of things because he is so unluckily placed that that alone is visible, but he is quite ready to believe that there is a bright side somewhere.

I remember several pleasant half-hours spent in front of a cabin on the top of a far western mountain. The proprietor of the cabin, who was known as "Pat," had dwelt there in solitary happiness until an intruder came and settled near by. There was incompatability of temper, and a feud began. Henceforth Pat had a grievance, and when a sympathetic traveler

passed by, he would pour out the story of his woes; for like the wretched man of old he meditated evil on his bed against his enemy. And yet, as I have said, the half-hours spent in listening to these tirades were not cheerless, and no bad effects followed. Pat never impressed me as being inclined to misanthropy; in fact, I think he might have been set down as one who loved his fellow-men, always excepting the unlucky individual who lived next to him. He never imputed the sins of this particular person to Humanity. There was always a sunny margin of good-humor around the black object of his hate. In this respect Pat was angry and sinned not. After listening to his vituperative eloquence I would ride on in a hopeful frame of mind. I had seen the worst and was prepared for something better. It was too bad that Pat and his neighbor did not get on better together. But this was an incident which did not shut out the fact that it was a fine day, and that some uncommonly nice people might live on the other side of the range.

But if Pat had possessed a high degree of literary talent, and had written a book, I am sure the impression would have been quite different. Two loveless souls, living on top of a lonely mountain, with the pitiless stars shining down on their futile hate! What theme could be more dreary. After reading the first chapter I should be miserable.

"This," I should murmur, " is Life. There are the two symbolic figures, — Pat and the Other. The artist, with relentless sincerity, refuses to allow our attention to be distracted by the introduction of any characters unconnected with the sordid tragedy. Here is human nature stripped of all its pleasant illusions. What a poor creature is man!"

Pat and his neighbor, having become characters in a book, are taken as symbols of humanity, just as the scholastic theologians argued that Adam and Eve, being all that there were at the time, should be treated as "all mankind," at least for purposes of reprobation.

The author who is saddest when he writes takes us at a disadvantage. He may assert that he is only telling us the truth. If it is ugly that is not his fault. He pictures to us the thing he sees, and if we could free ourselves from our sentimental preference for what is pleasing we should praise him for his fidelity.

"You doubtless," says the cross writer, "would like to have us turning out endless Christmas carols, and at regular intervals call out 'God bless Us, Every One.' It would be agreeable to you to have us adopt permanently the point of view of Scrooge when, after his melodramatic transformation, 'he went to church, and walked about the streets, and watched the people hurrying to and fro, and patted children on the head, and questioned beggars, and looked down into the kitchens of houses, and up into the windows, and found that everything could yield him pleasure.' If you think we are going to supply you with that sort of thing you are mistaken. If you want something 'strong,' or 'sincere,' or heart-rending or disillusioning we are prepared to meet you. But no more Chirstmas caroling, — that has gone out."

In all this the author is well within his rights. If he prefers unmitigated gloom in his representations of life, we on our part have the right of not taking him too seriously. Speaking of disillusion, two can play at that game. We must get over our too romantic attitude toward literature. We must not exaggerate the significance of what is presented to us, and treat that which is of necessity partial as if it were universal. When we are presented with a poor and shabby world, peopled only with sordid self-seekers, we need not be unduly depressed. We take the thing for what it is, a fragment. We are not looking directly at the world but only at so much of it as has been mirrored in one particular mind. The mirror is not a very large one, and there is an obvious flaw in it which more or less distorts the image. Still let us be thankful for what is set before us and make allow-

ance for the natural human limitations. In this way one can read almost any sincere book, not only with profit but with a certain degree of pleasure.

Let us remember that only a very small amount of good literature falls within Shelley's definition of poetry as "the record of the best and happiest moments of the happiest and best minds." For these rare outpourings of joyous, healthy life we are duly thankful. They are to be received as gifts of the gods, but we must not expect too many of them. Even the best minds often leave no record of their happiest moments, while they become garrulous over what displeases them. The cave of Adullam has always been the most prolific literary centre. Every man who has a grievance is fiercely impelled to self-expression. He is not content till his grievance is published to the unheeding world. And it is well that it is so. We should be in a bad way if it were not for these inspired Adullamites who prevent us from resting in slothful indifference to evil.

Most writers of decided individuality are incited by a more or less iconoclastic impulse. There is an idol they want to smash, a conventional lie which they want to expose. It is the same impulse which moves almost every right-minded citizen, once or twice in his life, to write a letter of protest to the newspaper. Things are going wrong in his neighborhood and he is impatient to set them right.

There are enough real grievances, and the full expression of them is a public service. But the trouble is that any one who develops a decided gift in that direction is in danger of becoming the victim of his own talent. Eloquent fault-finding becomes a mannerism. The original grievance loses its sharp outlines; it, as it were, passes from the solid to the gaseous state. It becomes vast, pervasive, atmospheric. It is like the London fog, enveloping all objects and causing the eyes of those who peer through it to smart.

This happened, in the last generation, to Carlyle and Ruskin, and in a certain degree to Matthew Arnold. Each had his group of enthusiastic disciples who responded eagerly to their master's call. They renounced shams or machine-made articles or middle-class Philistinism as the case might be. They went in for sincerity, or Turner, or "sweetness and light," with all the ardor of youthful neophytes. And it was good for them. But after a while they became, if not exactly weary in well-doing, at least a little weary of the unintermittent tirades against ill-doing. They were in the plight of the good Christian who goes to church every Sunday only to hear the parson rebuke the sins of the people who are not there. The man who dated his moral awakening from *Sartor Resartus* began to find the *Latter Day Pamphlets* wear on his nerves. It is good to be awakened; but one does n't care to have the rising bell rung in his ears all day long. One must have a little ease, even in Zion.

Ruskin had a real grievance and so had Matthew Arnold. It is too bad that so much modern work is poorly done; and it is too bad that the middle-class Englishman has a number of limitations that are quite obvious to his candid friends, — and that his American cousin is no better.

But when all this has been granted why should one talk as if everything were going to the dogs? Why not put a cheerful courage on as we work for better things? Even the Philistine has his good points and perhaps may be led where he cannot be driven. At any rate he is not likely to be improved by scolding.

I am beginning to feel the same way even about Ibsen. Time was when he had an uncanny power over my imagination. He had the word of a disenchanter. Here, I said, is one who has the gift of showing us the thing as it is. There is not a single one of these characters whom we have not met. Their poor shifts at self-deceit are painfully familiar to us. In the company of this keen-eyed detective we can follow human selfishness and cowardice through all their disguises. The

emptiness of conventional respectabilities and pieties, and the futility of the spasmodic attempts at heroism are obvious enough.

It was an eclipse of my faith in human nature. The eclipse was never total because the shadow of the book could not quite hide the thought of various men and women whom I had actually known. This formed the luminous penumbra.

After a while I began to recover my spirits. Why should I be so depressed? This is a big world and there is room in it for many possibilities of good and evil. There are all sorts of people, and their existence is no argument against the existence of quite another sort.

Let us take realism in literature for what it is and no more. It is, at best, only a description of an infinitesimal bit of reality. The more minutely accurate it is, the more limited it must be in its field. You must not expect to get a comprehensive view through a high-powered microscope. The author is severely limited, not only by his choice of a subject but by his temperament and by his opportunities for observation. He is doing us a favor when he focuses his attention upon one special object and makes us see it clearly.

It is when the realistic writer turns philosopher and begins to generalize that we must be on our guard against him. He is likely to use his characters as symbols, and the symbolism becomes oppressive. There are some businesses which ought not to be united. They hinder healthful competition and produce a hateful monopoly. Thus in some states the railroads that carried coal also went into the business of coal-mining. This has been prohibited by law. It is held that the railroad, being a common carrier, must not be put into a position in which it will be tempted to discriminate in favor of its own products. For a similar reason it may be argued that it is dangerous to allow the dramatist or novelist to furnish us with a "philosophy of life." The chances are that, instead of impartially fulfilling the duties of a common carrier, he will foist upon us his own goods and force us to draw conclusions from the samples of human nature he has in stock. I should not be willing to accept a philosophy of life even from so accomplished a person as Mr. G. Bernard Shaw; not because I doubt his cleverness in presenting what he sees, but because I have a suspicion that there are some very important things which he does not see.

It is really much more satisfactory for each one to gather his life philosophy from his own experience rather than from what he reads out of a book or from what he sees on the stage. "The harvest of a quiet eye" is, after all, more satisfying than the occasional discoveries of the unquiet eye that seeks only the brilliantly novel.

At Christmas time those of us who in our journey through the world have found some things which seem to us to be good, and which encourage us to hope for more good farther on, need not be greatly troubled by what is continually being written against our creed. For, after all, the Christmas creed is a reasonable one and keeps close to the every-day facts. It is not the assertion that there is no evil, but it is the assertion that we may overcome evil with good. Good-will is not a bit of weak sentimentalism; it is a force actively engaged in righting the wrongs it sees. A great fight has been going on; it calls for courage and endurance; but it is a good fight and we are glad that we are in it. Though it has looked desperate at times, we have the conviction that the good cause is going to win out.

When one whose business it is to report the varying phases of the world struggle describes the forces of evil with an intimacy of knowledge that is convincing, while the good is far in the background, we need not share his despondency. "What an excellent war correspondent," we say; "how faithfully he tells what he sees! What a pity it is that he follows the wrong army!"

NEW NATIONAL FORCES AND THE OLD LAW

BY MELVILLE M. BIGELOW

GREAT centralizing movements are of two kinds: political or legal, and social or economic. There is no necessity for pointing out at great length the forced march of the latter; science, invention, skill and will have made a new world around us, undreamt a generation ago, and economic movements have gone forward with a rapidity and effect unknown before to history.

The most striking phase of material progress is seen in the discoveries revealed to mankind that might in many cases be properly called creations, — creations in the sense that no knowledge before attainable was equal to the direction of the new forces; the means used to reach the end have not merely taken hold of things already in use and developed them to higher efficiency; they have actually given us new ideas and agencies which at most were yesterday's dreams and mysteries, — they have given us a new beginning of things. It is not necessary to deny that men came to modern uses of existent forces by steps; enough that a result was reached which was a discovery, as if of something before not present in the world.

The extraordinary phenomena of material progress have been followed by no less extraordinary manifestations of social and economic change. Of these manifestations, one above all others has become conspicuous. We may look with admiration while we tremble before this powerful force which man has set in motion, a force proceeding from the wit of man and yet threatening to outwit him, the force of economic and social centralization.

If we are to prevent this force of centralization from working us evil, it must be by bending our energies and skill toward making legal and political progress keep up to the pace set by social and economic advance. The former must be capable of harnessing the latter, if we are to proceed safely along the line of evolution and thus avoid ultimate anarchy, revolution, and chaos, inevitable when a people have become convinced that law and organization no longer can restrain social and economic excesses.

The social movement has now proceeded with such rapidity and energy that it has left behind, almost out of sight, the law of the nineteenth century, so far as that related to the new social conditions, and because of material progress that affects almost everything pertaining to life and well-being.

It is well to present definite illustrations and choose those which seem specially significant. Toward the end of the eighteenth century the Benthamites raised the cry of freedom for the individual, a cry heard from one end of England to the other and then across the Atlantic. Freedom of contract followed status; status gave way to freedom of contract. The idea suited perfectly the rising civilization of America, and was adopted without so much as a thought of anything else. The social and economic condition, being one of substantial equality, was in keeping with the legal idea of freedom of contract, and all went well accordingly. Decisions and statutes, state and federal, accumulated on the line of freedom of contract and of equality touching the opportunities and benefits of life in a land of limitless extent and promise.

That was an age in which freedom of contract flourished in freedom of territory and opportunity; but freedom of contract within the period of a single life proved its own overthrow in the serious sense that it led to economic conditions which broke it down in substance and

effect. For freedom of contract means freedom of competition, and competition unrestricted drives the weaker competitor to the wall, — drives him over the wall and out of the field altogether, and results in monopoly. If freedom of contract worked badly in this country alone, it might be suspected that there was something wrong with ourselves; but they are finding the same trouble in England. "Among the existing evils which threaten the soundness of our national life to-day," said a well-known member of Parliament, speaking to Englishmen, a few months ago, "may be included the continuance of an industrial system based upon unrestricted competition." The difficulty with freedom of contract, which was to be the ally and buttress of equality, is that it has produced inequality and deposited privilege with the few.

In other words, the social movements have rushed on ahead of the law of the nineteenth century, until now there is a gap which no one knows how to bridge. It is often said that the common law, the general current of law which has been accumulating under the decisions of our courts, is expansive, that its principles, as they are called, have within them a promise and a potency equal to the emergency, equal to all emergencies. Experience throws more doubt upon this than the historians declare; the latter have dwelt too much on the continuity of history, legal, social, and political. Of course all history is continuous, but is all history unbroken, — that is, is every period of history an outgrowth of what went before? Surely there was no relation other than the continuity of time between English feudalism and the mercantile age which followed and prevails to-day. Even less can a relation be found on the legal side: law merchant, the legal counterpart of the mercantile age in business, had nothing whatever to do with the English common law, except to insist upon recognition.

The emphasis laid upon the teaching of history is justified because of its bearing upon the true conception of law. Within a particular period, law, like its social counterpart, is indeed mainly a development of certain doctrines or principles. But that period may come to an end by a breaking up, by a conquest, or only by a new era supplanting the old as if by a new creation. The accumulation of social and economic knowledge may not be equal to new questions of the day; all the law stored up in the previous period may be unable to meet the new conditions. Both history and the experience of our own generation as well as the helplessness of the present law, moving in the paths of yesterday to meet the new social and economic growth, show the inability of the common law to continue master of the situation. To overcome this inadequacy something more than merely resting on the old conception of law is necessary. Just as there have been new creations and new conquests in social and economic movements, so must there be new creations and conquests in law.

We have come to a moment when new innovating social or economic energy has promised to supplant the old in the sense of becoming dominant over the laws of the State. The movement has already gone far enough to create a deadlock with the old estate, and neither is dominant; but the old law may be unequal to the new economic and social problems.

Here then to-day is a deadlock between the old era of equality and the new, innovating energy of privilege growing out of the freedom of contract. And deadlock of such a kind is a thing not to be contemplated with indifference; on the contingency of the result hangs too much, hangs everything — the nature and the stability of government itself. If privilege wins, the nature of the government will be changed, and the stability of the State must be provided for in new and resolute ways. The issue is fundamental and the situation therefore serious in the extreme. That is equally true without looking forward to the possible outcome; the situation meantime and now, with reference to the deadlock itself, is momentous. The

law of the nineteenth century is not equal to the occasion; nothing yet has been devised to take its place, and privilege virtually defies the powers of the state. In other words, touching the most vital of all things, for all things depend upon it, we are, in relation to the social innovation, without the operation of effective law and control. We may go on in other respects with the implements furnished by the old régime; but we must go on in peril of what we ought to face and realize in all its possibilities.

The trust movements have brought — or are understood to be bringing — within their embrace oil, coal, iron, steel, copper, lead, rubber, paper, asphalt, and food stuffs, such as sugar, meat, crackers, and, in localities, milk; with wheat, corn, and other grains and commodities left only as subjects for the cornering of the market; and then, to complete the situation, the agencies for distributing these and nearly all other necessities or conveniences of life — the railways — are welded into the greatest monopoly of all.

Then consider labor. There is no question now of sympathy, antipathy, or indifference: we are considering simply a fact. Labor never joined in the economists' cry of freedom of contract; it has never been democratic in that sense; it has always, and naturally enough, been for labor, — that is to say, it has always been in favor of monopoly. Freedom of contract was never a workable doctrine for either side; and labor was right in opposing it. It was a delusion. And so labor went on centralizing its forces as capital increased in power, following capital in the more recent and sweeping concentration of the latter, with the result we see today throughout the land. Between the centralization of capital and the centralization of labor we are tied up in a Gordian knot no man can untie and few men dare cut. Everything we eat, drink, or wear is burdened with a tax levied at the will of power. Monopoly, as a matter of law as well as of fact, is taxation, — taxation not upon any natural basis of supply and demand and the ordinary incidents of trade, but at the will of men who themselves control the market both in regard to prices and supply, — at the will of men who in imposing taxes have taken upon themselves a function of government. There is neither freedom nor equality of contract; the gates of opportunity to the promises of life open only to a golden key.

The result of the combination of capital is that we have a very small class, numbering less, it is said, than a score, who within the very terms of the law, within the favorite legal idea of the nineteenth century, have ridden to the foremost place of privilege and assumed one of the highest functions of sovereignty, the power of taxation.

In another way, organized labor has been about the same business. It has insisted upon being treated as constituting a class by itself, with privileges peculiar to its own aims. Organized labor denies in effect that responsibility should go along with power; it rejects the injunction where the injunction is the only effective remedy against disturbances in the management of business, putting itself virtually on the footing of the state, or at least of the public; it refuses to permit its funds to be reached to answer its defaults. It has in England gained a notable victory on this line. The court of last resort had decided in the famous Taff Vale Railway Case that, according to the law of England, responsibility went with power, that labor, even under the fostering statutes of that country, was entitled to no privilege in that respect; but now, by an overwhelming majority, the House of Commons decides that the judiciary is wrong, and provides for complete immunity for the funds of the labor unions. The Prime Minister declares that the object of the government in this action is "to place the rival powers of capital and labor on an equality, so that in the event of a fight it should be a fair one."

That is the view and determination of labor in this country also; labor refuses with us to incorporate by legislation, for

fear in large part that by so doing it would expose its funds to process of the law.

Both capital and labor are raised or are in the way of rising, under the protection of the law itself, to the place of sovereignty, — sometimes at the same moment and with regard to the same object, as in the case of the coal strike, where each side plainly said, "Let the public be still, for I am Sovereign." It was said by a prophet before our civil war, that the country could not endure half slave and half free. The only difference between the application of that declaration to the state of things which called it forth, and its application to the present, is that that was a humanitarian cry of the North, and that there was indeed a condition in which, by an actual line of demarcation, half the country was free and half slave; whereas now the case is that the public everywhere is under subjection, and not merely one privileged class, but two are our masters.

And what is nineteenth-century law in face of such a state of things? Civil liability in damages is welcomed — and derided — by the offender; it amounts to nothing but permission for a small price. The injunction and the criminal law fall short. Labor makes the use of the injunction a peril to the judge whose tenure, under nineteenth-century law, is subject to the popular will, as it is in the greater part of the country; and capital has found a hundred ways of evading the danger of such process in the inadequacy of existing law to meet it on its chosen ground.

Illustrations of the inadequacy of the law are recent enough. The Supreme Court of the United States decides that a corporation cannot hide itself behind the plea of self-incrimination, when called upon to produce its letters and documents. This no doubt is gain; there are lawyers who think it doubtful if the question would have been so decided a few years ago. The judicial indicator is beginning to turn to the pressure of the greater social force, the public. But aside from that, how much has been gained? What can you do to a corporation, to punish it for violating the law? You cannot imprison a "fiction;" if the incorporeal person has funds, you may get at these by a fine; but that will not stop the business if the business is profitable. You may take away the company's charter and so destroy its legal life, if you are able to prove your case, which is not likely; but the men who managed the business will go on with the work, for they are exempt by the Constitution from giving evidence to incriminate themselves.

The case of the Beef Trust showed how completely the old law ties the hands of the government, and how futile the efforts of the government are, under existing law, to put an end to violations of the Sherman Act. Armed with full authority for the purpose, the government makes elaborate preparation, proceeds to investigate the facts, and obtains evidence against the managers, who are now duly indicted; and what is the result? All the investigation goes for nothing, so far as the individual defendants are concerned; the evidence is involuntary, and the court is bound to rule that it cannot be used, — the accused are protected by the constitutional provision that a person shall not be compelled to incriminate himself. The court is now at liberty to proceed constitutionally against the corporation, with such prospect as that already indicated, and the play proceeds.

The Constitution, framed in the atmosphere of the eighteenth century, turns the prosecution into a mock suit. And so we have it again; law provided for one state of things being invoked under a state of things unheard of when it was adopted. Two facts should be noticed, as having their bearing upon the old criminal law and the constitutional protection of the accused. Prosecution of political offenses was common, and often became persecution of the worst kind in England; and it was highly important that it should be made clear that nothing of that sort should take place in the new

Republic. It should be observed that the provision that a person accused of crime shall not be compelled to give evidence against himself is found in one of the amendments submitted to the first Congress as a virtual condition to the acceptability of the Constitution. It may well be doubted whether such a provision would have been made but for the danger of political proscription.

The other fact is that the newer crimes of combination in restraint of trade appear to give us a complete change in the point of view of crime. It is well to speak with reserve, for the subject is new and remains to be dealt with clearly and finally. Let the matter be put thus: The old crimes certainly turn on the act; the new ones seem to turn on the mental attitude, one long step further back. If it be said that proof of a crime cannot be required to turn on states of mind, the answer is then that all the legislation making criminal these combinations is futile in its own nature, and not merely because of some legal handicap. It would hardly do to say that the crime may be made to turn on the tendency of the combination to work restraint of trade. That would be going too far; it would apply to almost every combination of capital, and perhaps of labor, and so operate against union admittedly proper. If the change defeats the legislation altogether, so much the more serious the situation.

Consider further this change in the point of view. A man commits an assault with "intent" to kill, or commits murder, which equally turns upon "intent." He is said in the indictment to have committed the act with malice aforethought, the legal way of stating intent in such cases; but the allegation may be proved, and usually is proved, by the overt acts committed, together with any train of facts connected with them; no other proof is needed, — no proof of the actual attitude of mind as a fact distinct from the external manifestation, is required or was ever thought of. So the criminal law operates simply enough in theory, and generally in practice, in relation to the sort of crime for which it was framed.

How is it with the crimes of our day, these combinations of capital or of labor in restraint of trade? These do not turn upon the overt act, though of course that must be proved; proof of that fact cannot establish the offense. Railways may combine and adjust their rates in the combination without any violation of the statute; nothing done merely in pursuance of the bargain would be illegal. The question would be of the object of the combination: if the purpose was to crowd competition off the field, the combination would be unlawful, otherwise it might be within the law. A combination to buy up all the potatoes to be found, to send them to starving people in Japan, or a combination of ranchmen, after a season disastrous to cattle, to send buyers East to buy up cattle for restocking their ranches, would be lawful; while to buy up the potatoes or the cattle to corner the market or to drive out competition would be unlawful. So of combinations of labor: entered into to raise the price of employment, — if that were all, — combination would be lawful; but if combination is inspired, wholly or in part, by a purpose to monopolize labor, it is illegal so far as that purpose leads to action.

The nature of the defense of motive, set up in the prosecution of Mr. Perkins of the New York Life Insurance Company, under the ordinary criminal law, is far-reaching. That defense, which is supposed by some good lawyers to be sound, goes to the very roots of the whole subject of criminal liability. Putting aside the question whether the offense, if any, was larceny or embezzlement, the question raised is whether any crime at all has been committed where the accused believed that the object was a proper and just one, on a mistaken idea of the law honestly entertained, — where, in a word, he had a good motive in doing what he did. This is a controverted question; but it is a most serious matter, touching everywhere the well-being of society; and

if the defense is held good, the doctrine of pious pilfering or other vice will provide speedy exit from our criminal courts for the smooth-tongued clients of Snap, Gammon, and Quirk. Indeed, there is much other indication that the old criminal law is being punctured with difficulties similar to those suggested by the defense in the Perkins case, arising from the complications of our later society. Mistake of law is a prolific source of uncertainty.

So also in crimes of combination. The prosecution has to prove, not intent in the sense of the old law, — that is, as the necessary effect of an act, — but a state of mind as a thing distinct from the combination and the external acts following. That must be so unless the tendency of the combination is to be taken as establishing the crime. How prove the state of mind, except by an admission or by acts capable of no other explanation than the alleged purpose? How get an injunction — how convict the defendants — if we are shut up in this way in regard to proof? Labor unions may not be able to control men not skilled in concealing their purposes, until they are sufficiently trained; but when they become skillful enough to conceal, what are you going to do about it? As for unlawful combinations of capital, playing, as capital usually is, for great stakes, and skilled as it has become in all the arts of concealment, how are you going to establish the guilt of individuals beyond a reasonable doubt? The Constitution will not permit you to call for books and letters except on terms of immunity; without admissions or significant acts, you can only call on the employees, whose living depends upon their faithfulness to the service.

No, measures suited to a different age will not do; if we are to control the trusts through law we must find new remedies, and perhaps new methods of obtaining evidence. The trusts go on without legal control, notwithstanding all the nineteenth-century law and methods; everybody knows what all the legal ingenuity of the day founded on the past is unequal to establish. The situation calls for all the skill of the present at its highest level. To fail will be to surrender a function of government, and establish the rule of inequality. How far such a thing might affect the body of our law cannot be foreseen. It may be a difficult thing for the government to keep the peace in such an event; but keep the peace it must, — whatever social force may dominate the state, peace and order must be preserved.

Constitutions and legislation, moulded under the same influences, have served of course to make matters worse, because they prevail over judge-made law and are not easily changed. Instead of one direct path to justice, constitutions and statutes have given us numberless cross-sections, operating as so many barriers to the protection of legal rights. Montesquieu, with his checks and balances, was admirable in theory; he took possession of the imagination at a peculiar time, and theory was, as so often is the case, carried to an extreme. It is well to divide the departments of state; but to make the divisions water-tight is pushing logic beyond its limits and causing more trouble than it prevents; and when this is repeated by forty odd jurisdictions, each a barrier to every other, the difficulty comes to what we see to-day. Alexander Hamilton saw the trouble; he would have had one perfect line of jurisdiction for the federal government, without the cross-cutting and impeding sections of state authority.

All the remedies tried in recent years to meet this situation have broken down. The Sherman Act against the trusts, the Interstate Commerce Act, state expulsion acts, all have failed of their purpose. They have not been useless; but they have not accomplished the purposes for which they were passed. They have indeed been useful; they have shown to those who take the pains to see, that expansion of the nineteenth century conceptions of law cannot be made to reach the difficulties. The remedies run merely

on old lines of the common law, on the notion which had taken possession of the law makers that the common law of the nineteenth century, in its principles, was for all time. The lesson has been worth learning, hard as the process may have been, that each social age is a distinct era in law as well as in its pursuits; that it must be so in the former, or the latter will come to a standstill. Laws conceived as applicable to one particular condition of society cannot apply, or be expected to apply, to conditions radically different, and not contemplated when those laws were made. As your social movement carries you away from old conditions, your law must move on to keep pace with it, or there will be trouble such as we are now witnessing.

The centralizing legal movements of the federal government are accordingly regarded by a large part if not by most of the public with approval. The social movement which has gone forward with such energy and rapidity is having its natural effect. It has been having its effect — the indicator has been responding to the pressure — for more than twenty years, following as closely as could be expected the social movement, but heretofore in an inadequate way. Now at last there is indication that the lesson has been learned, that new measures must be tried. Experiment accordingly is on foot; freedom of contract as a basis of commercial life is being abandoned in law as it has been overthrown in fact, and equality, in a new form, different from that of the nineteenth century, is in course of taking its place. Equality in railway rate-making, equality as regards localities, equality between shipper and railway, — that is the idea on which the President and his supporters are proceeding. Without questioning whether equality or monopoly can give us the better government, if the public is to succeed generally against monopoly the President's idea may be prophetic.

Social and economic centralization is now being met with a tendency to political centralization and legal initiative. The world about us, full of new creations and forces, demands for its control new conceptions and new ideas of politics and law. Freedom of the individual must, under these new creations and conceptions, give way in part; a practicable equality, social and economic, legal and political, is the word of our to-morrow.

A MOTOR-FLIGHT THROUGH FRANCE

BY EDITH WHARTON

I

BOULOGNE TO AMIENS

THE motor-car has restored the romance of travel.

Freeing us from the irritating compulsions and contacts of the railway, the bondage to fixed hours and the beaten track, the approach to each town through the area of ugliness and desolation created by the railway itself, it has given us back the wonder, the adventure and the novelty which enlivened the way of our posting grand-parents. Above all these recovered pleasures must be ranked the delight of taking a town unawares, stealing on it by back ways and unchronicled paths, and surprising in it some intimate aspect of past time, some silhouette hidden for half a century or more by the ugly mask of railway embankments and the glass and iron bulk of a huge station. Then the villages that we missed and yearned for from the windows of the train — the unseen villages have been given back to us! — and nowhere could the importance of the recovery be more delightfully exemplified than on a May afternoon in the Pas-de-Calais, as we climbed the long ascent beyond Boulogne on the road to Arras.

It is a delightful country, broken into wide waves of hill and valley, with hedgerows high and leafy enough to bear comparison with the Kentish hedges among which our motor had left us a day or two before; and the villages, the frequent, smiling, happily-placed villages, will also meet successfully the more serious challenge of their English rivals — meet it on other grounds and in other ways, with paved market-places and clipped lime-walks instead of gorse-fringed commons, with soaring belfries instead of square church towers, with less of verdure, but more, perhaps of outline — certainly of line.

The country itself — so green, so full and close in texture, so happily diversified by clumps of woodland in the hollows, and by streams threading the great fields with light — all this, too, has the English, or perhaps the Flemish quality — for the border is close by — with the added beauty of reach and amplitude, the deliberate gradual flow of level spaces into distant slopes, till the land breaks in a long blue crest against the seaward horizon.

There was much beauty of detail, also, in the smaller towns through which we passed: some of them high-perched on ridges that raked the open country, with old houses stumbling down at picturesque angles from the central market-place; others tucked in the hollows, among orchards and barns, with the pleasant country industries reaching almost to the doors of their churches. In the little villages the deep delicious thatch of Normandy overhangs the plastered walls of cottages espaliered with pear-trees, and ducks splash in ponds fringed with hawthorn and laburnum; and in the towns there is almost always some note of character, of distinction — the gateway of a seventeenth century *hôtel*, the triple arch of a church-front, the spring of an old mossy apse, the stucco and black cross-beams of an ancient guild-house — and always the straight lime-walk, square-clipped or trained *en berceau*, with its sharp green angles and sharp black shade acquiring a value positively architectural against the high lights of the paved or gravelled *place*. Everything about this rich juicy land bathed in blond light is characteristically Flemish, even to the

slow-moving eyes of the peasants, the bursting red cheeks of the children, the drowsy grouping of the cattle in flat pastures; and at Hesdin we felt the architectural nearness of the Low Countries in the presence of a fine town-hall of the late Renaissance, with the peculiar "movement" of volutes and sculptured ornament — lime-stone against warm brick — that one associates with the civic architecture of Belgium: a fuller, less sensitive line than the French architect permits himself, with more massiveness and exuberance of detail.

This part of France, with its wide expanse of agricultural landscape, disciplined and cultivated to the last point of finish, shows how nature may be utilized to the utmost clod without losing its freshness and naturalness. In some regions of this supremely "administered" country, where space is more restricted, or the fortunate accidents of water and varying levels are lacking, the minute excessive culture, the endless ranges of *potager* wall, and the long lines of "useful" fruit-trees bordering straight interminable roads, may produce in the American traveller a reaction toward the unkempt, a momentary feeling that ragged road-sides and weedy fields have their artistic value. But here in northern France, where agriculture has mated with poetry instead of banishing it, one understands the higher beauty of land developed, humanized, brought into relation to life and history, as compared with the raw material with which the greater part of our own hemisphere is still clothed. In France everything speaks of long familiar intercourse between the earth and its inhabitants; every field has a name, a history, a distinct place of its own in the village polity; every blade of grass is there by an old feudal right which has long since dispossessed the worthless aboriginal weed.

As we neared Arras the road lost its pleasant windings and ran straight across a great plateau, with an occasional long dip and ascent that never deflected it from its purpose, and the villages became rarer, as they always do on the high wind-swept plains of France. Arras, however, was full of compensations for the dullness of the approach: a charming old gray town, with a great air of faded seventeenth century opulence, in which one would have liked to linger, picking out details of gateway and courtyard, of sculptured masks and wrought-iron balconies — if only a brief peep into the hotel had not so promptly quenched the impulse to spend a night there.

To Amiens therefore we pressed on, passing again, toward sunset, into a more broken country, with lights just beginning to gleam through the windows of the charming duck-pond villages, and tall black crucifixes rising ghostly at the cross-roads; and night was obliterating the mighty silhouette of the Cathedral as we came upon it at length by a long descent.

It is always a loss to arrive in a strange town after dark, and miss those preliminary stages of acquaintance that are so much more likely to be interesting in towns than in people; but the deprivation is partly atoned for by the sense of adventure with which, next morning, one casts one's self upon the unknown. There is no conjectural first impression to be modified, perhaps got rid of: one's mind presents a blank page for the town to write its name on.

At Amiens the autograph consists of one big word: the cathedral. Other, fainter writing may come out when one has leisure to seek for it; but the predominance of those mighty characters leaves, at first, no time to read between the lines. And here it may be noted that, out of Italy, it takes a town of exceptional strength of character to hold its own against a cathedral. In England, the chapter-house and the varied groupings of semi-ecclesiastical buildings constituting the close, which seem to form a connecting link between town and cathedral, do no more, in reality, than enlarge the skirts of the monument about which they are clustered; and even at Winchester, which has its college and

hospital to oppose to the predominance of the central pile, there is, after all, very little dispersal of interest: so prodigious, so unparalleled, as mere feats of human will-power, are these vast achievements of the middle age. In northern France, where the great cathedrals were of lay foundation, and consequently sprang up alone, without the subordinate colony of monastic buildings of which the "close" is a survival — and where, as far as monuments of any importance are concerned, the architectural gap sometimes extends from Louis the Saint to Louis the Fourteenth — the ascendancy of the diocesan church is necessarily even more marked. Rouen alone, perhaps, opposes an effectual defense to this concentration of interest, will not for a moment let itself be elbowed out of the way by the great buttresses of its cathedral; and at Bourges — but Bourges and Rouen come later in this itinerary, and meanwhile here we are, standing, in a sharp shower, under a *notaire's* doorway, and looking across the little square at the west front of Amiens.

Well! No wonder such a monument has silenced all competitors. It would take a mighty counter-blast to make itself heard against "the surge and thunder" of that cloud of witnesses choiring forth the glories of the Church Triumphant. Is the stage too crowded? Is there a certain sameness in the overarching tiers of the stone hierarchy, each figure set in precise alignment with its neighbors, each drapery drawn down within the same perpendicular bounds? Yes, perhaps — if one remembers Reims and Bourges; but if, setting aside such kindred associations, one surrenders one's self uncritically to the total impression produced, if one lets the fortunate accidents of time and weather count for their full value in that total — for Amiens remains mercifully unscrubbed, and its armies of saints have taken on the richest *patina* that northern stone can acquire — if one views the thing, in short, partly as a symbol and partly as a "work of nature" (which all ancient monuments by grace of time become), then the front of Amiens is surely one of the most splendid spectacles that Gothic art can show.

On the symbolic side especially it would be tempting to linger; so deeply does the contemplation of the great cathedrals fortify the conviction that their chief value, to this later age, is not so much æsthetic as moral. The world will doubtless always divide itself into two orders of mind: that which sees in past expressions of faith, political, religious or intellectual, only the bonds cast off by the spirit of man in its long invincible struggle for "more light"; and that which, while moved by the spectacle of the struggle, cherishes also every sign of those past limitations that were, after all, each in its turn, symbols of the same effort toward a clearer vision. To the former kind of mind the great Gothic cathedral will be chiefly interesting as a work of art and a page of history; and it is perhaps proof of the advantage of cultivating the other — the more complex — point of view, in which enfranchisement of thought exists in harmony with atavism of feeling, that it permits one to appreciate these archæological values to the full, yet subordinates them to the more impressive facts of which they are the immense and moving expression. To such minds, the rousing of the sense of reverence is the supreme gift of these mighty records of mediæval life: reverence for the persistent, slow-moving, far-reaching forces that brought them forth. A great Gothic cathedral sums up so much of history, it has cost so much in faith and toil, in blood and folly and saintly abnegation, it has sheltered such a long succession of lives, given collective voice to so many inarticulate and contradictory cravings, seen so much that was sublime and terrible, or foolish, pitiful and grotesque, that it is like some mysteriously preserved ancestor of the human race, some Wandering Jew grown sedentary and throned in stony contemplation, before whom the fleeting generations come and go.

Yes — reverence is the most precious

emotion that such a building inspires: reverence for the accumulated experiences of the past, readiness to puzzle out their meaning, unwillingness to disturb rashly results so powerfully willed, so laboriously arrived at — the desire, in short, to keep intact as many links as possible between yesterday and to-morrow, to lose, in the ardor of new experiment, the least that may be of the long rich heritage of human experience. This, at any rate, might seem to be the cathedral's word to the traveller from a land which has undertaken to get on without the past, or to regard it only as a "feature" of æsthetic interest, a sight to which one travels rather than a light by which one lives.

The west front of Amiens says this word with a quite peculiar emphasis, its grand unity of structure and composition witnessing as much to constancy of purpose as to persistence of effort. So steadily, so clearly, was this great thing willed and foreseen, that it holds the mind too deeply subject to its general conception to be immediately free for the delighted investigation of detail. But within the building detail asserts itself triumphantly: detail within detail, worked out and multiplied with a prodigality of enrichment for which a counterpart must be sought beyond the Alps. The interiors of the great French cathedrals are as a rule somewhat gaunt and unfurnished, baring their structural nakedness sublimely but rather monotously to eyes accustomed to the Italian churches "all glorious within." Here at Amiens, however, the inner decking of the shrine has been piously continued from generation to generation, and a quite extraordinary wealth of adornment bestowed on the choir and its ambulatory. The great sculptured and painted frieze encircling the outer side of the choir is especially surprising in a French church, so seldom were the stone histories lavished on the exterior continued within the building; and it is a farther surprise to find the same tales in bas-relief animating and enriching the west walls of the transepts. They are full of crowded expressive incidents, these stories of local saints and Scriptural personages; with a Burgundian richness and elaborateness of costume, and a quite charming, childish insistence on irrelevant episode and detail — the reiterated "And so," "And then" of the fairy-tale calling off one's attention into innumerable little side-issues, down which the fancy of fifteenth century worshippers must have strayed, with oh! what blessedness of relief, from the unintelligible rites before the altar.

Of "composition" there is none: it is necessarily sacrificed to the desire to stop and tell everything; to show, for instance, in an interesting parenthesis, exactly what Herod's white woolly dog was about while Salome was dancing away the Baptist's head. And thus one is brought back to the perpetually recurring fact that all northern art is anecdotic, and has always been so; and that, for instance, all the elaborate theories of dramatic construction worked out to explain why Shakespeare crowded his stage with subordinate figures and unnecessary incidents, and would certainly, in relating the story of Saint John, have included Herod's "Tray and Sweetheart" among the dramatis personæ — that such theories are but an unprofitable evasion of the ancient ethnological fact *that the Goth has always told his story in that way.*

II

BEAUVAIS AND ROUEN

The same wonderful white road, flinging itself in great coils and arrow-flights across the same spacious landscape, swept us on the next day to Beauvais. If there seemed to be fewer memorable incidents by the way — if the villages had less individual character, over and above their general charm of Norman thrift and cosiness — it was perhaps because the first impression had lost its edge; but we caught fine distant reaches of field and orchard and wooded hillside, giving a general sense that it would be a good

land to live in — till all these minor sensations were swallowed up and lost in the overwhelming "experience" of Beauvais.

The town itself — almost purposely, as we felt afterward — failed to put itself forward, to arrest us by any of the minor arts which Arras, for instance, had so seductively exerted. It maintained an attitude of blank aloofness, of affected ignorance of the traveller's object in visiting it — suffering its little shuttered noncommittal streets to lead us up, tortuously, to the drowsiest little provincial *place*, with the usual lime-arcades, and the usual low houses across the way; where suddenly there soared before us the great mad broken dream of Beauvais choir — the cathedral without a nave — the Kubla Khan of architecture. . . .

It seems in truth like some climax of mystic vision, miraculously caught in visible form, and arrested, broken off, by the intrusion of the inevitable Person from Porlock — in this case, no doubt, the panic-stricken mason, crying out to the entranced creator, "We simply can't keep it up!" And because it literally could n't be kept up — as one or two alarming collapses soon attested — it had to check there its great wave of stone, hold itself forever back from breaking into the long ridge of the nave and the flying crests of buttress, spire and finial. It is easy for the critic to point out its structural defects, and to cite them in illustration of the fact that your true artist never seeks to wrest from their proper uses the materials in which he works — does not, for instance, try to render metaphysical abstractions in stone and glass and lead; yet Beauvais has at least none of the ungainliness of failure: it is like a great hymn interrupted, not one in which the voices have flagged; and to the desultory mind such attempts seem to deserve a place among the fragmentary glories of great art. It is, at any rate, an example of what the Gothic spirit, pushed to its logical conclusion, strove for: the utterance of the unutterable; and he who condemns Beauvais has tacitly condemned the whole theory of art from which it issued. But shall we not have gained greatly in our enjoyment of beauty, as well as in serenity of spirit, if, instead of saying "this is good art," or "this is bad art," we say "this is classic" and "that is Gothic" — this transcendental, that rational — using neither term as an epithet of opprobrium or restriction, but content, when we have performed the act of discrimination, to note what forms of expression each tendency has worked out for itself?

Beyond Beauvais the landscape becomes so deeply Norman that one seemed, by contrast, not to have been in Normandy before — though, as far as the noting of detail went, we did not really get *beyond Beauvais* at all, but travelled on imprisoned in that tremendous memory till abruptly, from the crest of a tedious hill, we looked down a long green valley to Rouen shining on its river — all its belfries and spires and great arched bridges drenched with a golden sunset that seemed to shoot skyward from the long illuminated reaches of the Seine. I recall only two such magic descents on famous towns: that on Orvieto, from the Viterbo road, and the other — pitched in a minor key, but full of a small ancient majesty — the view of Wells in its calm valley, as the Bath road gains the summit of the Mendip Hills.

The poetry of the descent to Rouen is, unhappily, dispelled by the long approach through sordid and interminable outskirts. Orvieto and Wells, being less prosperous, do not subject the traveller to this descent into prose, which leaves one reflecting mournfully on the incompatibility, under our present social system, between prosperity and beauty. As for Rouen itself, as one passes down its crowded tram-lined quays, between the noisy unloading of ships and the clatter of innumerable cafés, one feels that the old Gothic town one used to know cannot really exist any more, must have been elbowed out of place by these spreading

commercial activities; but it turns out to be there, after all, holding almost intact, behind the dull mask of modern streets, the surprise of its rich mediævalism.

Here indeed the traveller finds himself in no mere "Cathedral town:" with one street leading to Saint Ouen, another to Saint Maclou, a third to the beautiful Hôtel de Ville, the Cathedral itself has put forth the appeal of all its accumulated treasures to make one take, first of all, the turn to its doors. There are few completer impressions in Europe than that to be received as one enters the Lady Chapel of Rouen, where an almost Italian profusion of color and ornament have been suffered to accumulate slowly about its central ornament — the typically northern monument of the Cardinal of Amboise. There could hardly be a better example of the æsthetic wisdom of "living and letting live" than is manifested by the happy way in which supposedly incompatible artistic ideals have managed to make *bon ménage* in this delicious corner. It is a miracle that they have been allowed to pursue their happy experiment till now, for there must have been moments when, to the purist of the Renaissance, the Gothic tomb of the Cardinal seemed unworthy to keep company with the Commandant de Brézé's monument, in which the delicate note of classicalism reveals a France so profoundly modified by Italy; just as, later, the great Berniniesque altar-piece, with its twisted columns and exuberance of golden rays, must have narrowly escaped the axe of the Gothic reactionary. But there they all are, blending their supposed discords in a more complex harmony, filling the privileged little edifice with an overlapping richness of hue and line through which the eye perpetually passes back to the great central splendor of the Cardinal's tomb.

A magnificent monument it is, opposing to the sober beauty of Germain Pilon's composition its insolence of varied detail — the "this, and this, and this" of the loquacious mediæval craftsman — all bound together by the new constructive sense which has already learned how to bring the topmost bud of the marble finials into definite relation with the little hooded mourners bowed in such diversity of grief in their niches below the tomb. A magnificent monument — and to my mind the finest thing about it is the Cardinal's nose. The whole man is fine in his sober dignity, humbly conscious of the altar toward which he faces, arrogantly aware of the purple that flows from his shoulders; and the nose is the epitome of the man. We live in the day of little noses: that once stately feature, intrinsically feudal and aristocratic in character — the *maschio naso* extolled of Dante — has shrunk to democratic insignificance, like many another fine expression of individualism. And so one must look to the old painters and sculptors to see what a nose was meant to be — the prow of the face; the evidence of its owner's standing, of his relation to the world, and his inheritance from the past. Even in the profile of the Cardinal Nephew, kneeling a little way behind his uncle, the gallant feature is seen to have suffered a slight diminution: its spring, still bold, is less commanding, it seems, as it were, to have thrust itself against a less yielding element. And so the deterioration has gone on from generation to generation, till the nose has worn itself blunt against the increasing resistances of a democratic atmosphere, and stunted, atrophied and amorphous, serves only, now, to let us know when we have the influenza.

With the revisiting of the Cardinal's nose the first object of our visit to Rouen had been accomplished; the second led us, past objects of far greater importance, to the well-arranged but dull gallery where Gerhard David's "Virgin of the Grapes" is to be seen. Every wanderer through the world has these pious pilgrimages to perform, generally to shrines of no great note — how often, for instance, is one irresistibly drawn back to the Transfiguration or to the Venus of Milo? — but to lesser works, first seen, perhaps, at a for-

tunate moment, or having some special quality of suggestion and evocation that the perfect equilibrium of the masterpieces causes them to lack. So I know of some who go first to "The Death of Procris" in the National Gallery; to the little "Apollo and Marsyas" of the Salon Carré; to a fantastic allegorical picture, subject and artist unknown, in an obscure corner of the Uffizi; and who would travel more miles to see again, in the little gallery of Rimini, an Entombment of the school of Mantegna, than to sit beneath the vault of the Sistine.

All of which may seem to imply an unintentional disparagement of Gerhard David's picture, which is, after all, a masterpiece of its school; but the school is a subordinate one, and, save to the student of Flemish art, his is not a loud-sounding name: one does not say, for instance, with any hope of general recognition — "Ah, yes; that reminds me of such and such a bit in The Virgin of the Grapes."

All the more therefore, may one enjoy his picture, in the empty room of the Rouen gallery, with that gentle sense of superiority and possessorship to which the discerner of obscure merit is surely entitled. How much of its charm this particular painting owes to its not having become the picnic ground of the art-excursionist, how much to its own intrinsic beauty, its grave serenities of hue and gesture — how much, above all, to the heavenly translucence of that bunch of grapes plucked from the vines of Paradise — it is part of its very charm to leave unsettled, to keep among the mysteries whereby it draws one back. Only one trembles lest it should cease to shine in its own twilight heaven when it has become a star in Baedeker. . . .

III

FROM ROUEN TO FONTAINEBLEAU

The Seine, two days later, by the sweetest curves, drew us on from Rouen to Les Andelys, past such bright gardens terraced above its banks, such moist poplar-fringed islands, such low green promontories deflecting its silver flow, that we continually checked the flight of the motor, pausing here, and here, and here again, to note how France understands and enjoys and lives with her rivers.

With her great past, it seems, she has partly ceased to live; for, ask as we would, we could not, that morning, learn the way to King Richard's Château Gaillard on the cliff above Les Andelys. Every turn from the Route de Paris seemed to lead straight into the unknown; "mais c'est tout droit pour Paris" was the invariable answer when we asked our way. Yet a few miles off were two of the quaintest towns of France — the Little and Great Andely — surmounted by a fortress marking an epoch in military architecture, and associated with the fortunes of one of the most romantic figures in history; and we knew that if we clung to the windings of the Seine they must lead us, within a few miles, to the place we sought. And so, having with difficulty disentangled ourselves from the Route de Paris, we pushed on, by quiet by-roads and unknown villages, by *manoirs* of gray stone peeping through high thickets of lilac and laburnum, and along shady river-reaches where fishermen dozed in their punts, and cattle in the meadow-grass beneath the willows — till the soft slopes broke abruptly into tall cliffs shaggy with gorse, and the easy flow of the river was forced into a sharp twist at their base. There is something fantastic in this sudden change of landscape near Les Andelys from the familiar French river-scenery to what might be one of Piero della Francesca's backgrounds of strangely-fretted rock and scant black vegetation; while the Seine, roused from its progress through yielding meadows, takes a majestic bend toward the Little Andely in the bay of the cliffs, and then sweeps out below the height on which Cœur-de-Lion planted his subtly-calculated bastions.

Ah — poor fluttering rag of a ruin, so thin, so time-worn, so riddled with storm and shell, that it droops on its rock like a torn banner with forgotten victories in its folds! How much more eloquently these tottering stones tell their story, how much deeper into the past they take us, than the dapper weather-tight castles — Pierrefonds, Carcassonne, and the rest — on which the arch-restorer has worked his will, reducing them to mere Museum specimens, archæological toys, from which all the growths of time have been ruthlessly stripped! The eloquence of the Château Gaillard lies indeed just there — in its telling us so discursively, so plaintively, the *whole* story of the centuries — how long it has stood, how much it has seen, how far the world has travelled since then, and to what a hoarse cracked whisper the voice of feudalism and chivalry has dwindled. . . .

The town that once cowered under the protection of those fallen ramparts still groups its stout old houses about a church so gray and venerable, yet so sturdily planted on its ancient piers, that one might fancy its compassionately bidding the poor ghost of a fortress come down and take shelter beneath its vaultings. Commune and castle, they have changed places with the shifting fortunes of the centuries, the weak growth of the town outstripping the arrogant brief bloom of the fortress — Richard's "fair daughter of one year" — which had called it arbitrarily into being. The fortress itself is now no more than one of the stage-properties of the Muse of History; but the town, poor little accidental offshoot of a military exigency, has built up a tiny life for itself, become an abiding centre of human activities — though, by an accident in which the traveller cannot but rejoice, it still keeps, in spite of its sound masonry and air of ancient health, that almost unmodernized aspect which makes some little French burghs recall the figure of a lively centenarian, with all his "faculties" still active, but wearing the dress of a former day.

Regaining the Route de Paris, we passed once more into the normal Seine landscape, with smiling rustic towns close-set on its banks, with lilac and wistaria pouring over high walls, with bright little cafés on sunny village squares, with flotillas of pleasure-boats waiting under willow-shaded banks for their holiday freight.

Never more vividly than in this Seine country does one feel the amenity of French manners, the long process of social adaptation which has produced so profound and general an intelligence of life. Every one we passed on our way, from the canal-boatman to the white-capped baker's lad, from the *marchande des quatre saisons* to the white dog curled philosophically under her cart, from the pastry-cook putting a fresh plate of *brioches* in his appetizing window to the curé's *bonne* who had just come out to drain the lettuce on the curé's doorstep — all these persons (under which designation I specifically include the dog) took their ease or pursued their business with that cheerful activity which proceeds from an intelligent acceptance of given conditions. They each had their established niche in life, the frankly-avowed interests and preoccupations of their order, their pride in the smartness of the canal-boat, the seductions of the show-window, the glaze of the *brioche*, the crispness of the lettuce. And this admirable *fitting into the pattern*, which seems almost as if it were a moral outcome of the universal French sense of form, has led the race to the happy, the momentous discovery that good manners are a short cut to one's goal, that they lubricate the wheels of life instead of obstructing them. This discovery — the result, as it strikes one, of the application of the finest of mental instruments to the muddled process of living — seems to have illuminated not only the social relation but its outward, concrete expression, producing a finish in the material setting of life, a kind of amiable conformity in inanimate things — forming, in short, the background of the spectacle

through which we pass, the canvas on which it is painted, and expressing itself no less in the trimness of each individual garden than in that insistence on civic dignity and comeliness so miraculously maintained, through every torment of political passion, every change of social conviction, by a people resolutely addressed to the intelligent enjoyment of living.

(*To be continued.*)

LIFE

BY FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN

LIFE, — what is it?
Ah, who knows!
Just a visit,
I suppose:
Joy and sorrow
For a day,
Then to-morrow
We're away.

Youth, and morning;
Manhood, noon;
Age, — the warning, —
Night comes soon:
Shines a star to
Light us; then
'T is not far to
Home again.

THE JUDGMENT SEAT

BY JULIET WILBOR TOMPKINS

"THIS *is* good, Walter!" Mrs. Pender's little, withered, jewelled hands were lifted to his shoulders as he kissed her. "But why did n't you bring Alice?"

"Alice had rather a headache to-night: she wanted to be quiet, so I thought I'd come to you," Walter explained restlessly. "You can throw me out if you don't want me. You've done it before."

"Ah, that was when I was a spoiled old woman, and had you whenever I wished." The bright little eyes were kind and candid, quite satisfied with his explanation. Mrs. Pender knew everything about everybody, but she never seemed to be in process of finding it out. "I am glad you did not warn me, for now you will get your beloved lamb and mint sauce," she went on. "If I had expected you, I should have sent out for chickens. You don't like them so well, but in my bringing up company was company and had chickens; and I can't change my customs at seventy-nine." Walter's wandering attention came back with a start at the last words.

"Seventy-nine! My dear, you are not!"

Mrs. Pender smiled blandly. "It sounds better than sixty-nine, my dear. I put it ten years back as long as it was plausible! Now I find ten years ahead more effective."

"Do you call that living up to the best and the highest that is in you?" He seemed to be gloomily quoting. "I am glad you're a wicked old lady," he added impulsively, putting his arm over her minute shoulders as they turned to the dining-room. "That is why you're so lovable."

She patted his big hand.

"It *is* nice to have you," she repeated. "Cast your boys upon the waters of matrimony, and after many days they will return to you."

"But not 'buttered.'" Walter's laugh had a grim meaning of its own.

He was spasmodically gay at dinner, with lapses into periods of vagueness wherein he seemed to be carrying on some inner conversation: his lips shaped silent phrases, and once his fist came down on the table with a quick rap of decision or exasperation. He glanced up guiltily, and met Mrs. Pender's smiling, comprehending look. It seemed to impel confidences. He leaned his elbows on the table, pushing aside his coffee cup.

"My dear," he began, "did you know that I was on the whole rather a failure as a character?"

"No, I did not," she said stoutly; "and you will have hard work proving it to me."

"Well, it has been proved pretty thoroughly to me;" and Walter lapsed into frowning silence.

"You were a good boy when I had you." Her tone was delicately detached and she did not look at him. "You can't have gone down hill very far in seven months."

He shook his head. "I have n't: it is just that I was down hill all the time. Only you and I did n't know it." He laughed resentfully. "We do now!"

"Well, I knew you were human, and a man," Mrs. Pender admitted. "Beyond those two fundamental defects —"

"Oh, they are nothing to my other failures! We've got the judgment seat established in our house now. We keep it in the back parlor and spend the evening gathered round it. I am even learning to use it myself, — it's a contagious habit." He finished his coffee and rose. "Don't mind if I'm grumpy," he added, with an

apologetic smile, and they went back to the drawing-room in intimate silence. When he had pulled her chair to the fire, he took his privileged position full length on the hearth-rug, with his hands under his head.

"It's good to be here," he said. Presently he tipped his head back so that he might look into her face. "Do you know, I used to think I was a fairly good sort?" he began. "I was truthful, and decent, — kind to my mother and all that, and people liked me: in fact, I thought I came rather high. Well, it's something of a shock to have it proved to me that my ideals are second-rate and my ambitions petty. It is, honest."

Mrs. Pender looked down thoughtfully into the sincere, worried eyes. "One says things, in anger, — so many things!" she murmured.

"Oh, we don't quarrel;" the barriers had suddenly dropped, leaving them deep in confidence. "We simply point out to each other, very affectionately and with the highest motives. just where we fail. We don't have any hurt vanity or petty resentment in our house, — we want to develop ourselves to the highest possible point, and only entire frankness with each other can get us there. We're always warm and kind, but we spend the day analyzing each other, then come together at night to report. And meanwhile" — he laughed ironically, then sighed. "She's right, you know, absolutely. I am not being misjudged, — only found out. I can't deny anything enough to really mitigate it." He laid his hand for a moment on her little slippered foot. "Why did n't you bring me up better?" he accused her.

"Well, if I had caught you when I was Alice's age, I might have," she admitted. "But you see you did n't come under my eye until I was old — old enough to be humbly thankful that you were no worse!" Her glance seemed to turn back for a troubled moment to others who had been worse; then she returned to him with a smile. "If you love each other enough, criticism won't hurt you," she added.

"Oh, I can take a licking all right. But should n't there be intervals wherein one is merely loved and admired?"

"One should be loved and admired every moment of the twenty-four hours. I rather fancy one is!" she added, with a humorous lift of her eyebrows. He turned his face back to the fire.

"All roads lead to the judgment seat, in our house," he said. Then he began to talk of other things, as though rather ashamed.

When, at ten o'clock, he rose to go, he stood hesitating before her for a moment.

"I have n't meant to be — disloyal," he said. "I would n't have let out so to any one else on earth. You believe that, don't you?"

She pulled him down and kissed him. "I know it. Hold on tight, dear boy, and wait, — just wait!"

Alice's door was shut when he reached home, and her light out, so he went softly to his own room. It was a fragrantly sweet, well-kept little room: the purity of Alice's ideals showed in linen and silver and brass as clearly as in words and actions. His book-shelf had been filled with the same earnest fastidiousness: there were Amiel and Maeterlinck and Pater, Tolstoi and Browning, with a touch of Meredith and Mrs. Wharton for lighter moods. Walter had read such books with Alice devotedly during their brief engagement: he would have read Confucius in the original for the privilege of being beside her, — happily and with no consciousness of guile: but that sort of thing could not go on indefinitely. He grew restless under Nietzsche after their marriage, fell asleep over *Marius*, and finally came to open rebellion after three nights of Plato.

"It's awful: I can't stand it," he protested. "Do let's have some good human reading for once in our lives. There's a ripping story in the new *Munsey*, — lie down here and I'll read it to you."

Alice's quiet refusal and the dismayed

look in her eyes made him feel as if he had been gross.

"But no one could listen indefinitely to that Plato stuff; and it *is* a good story," he muttered in bewildered self-justification when, a few minutes later, she rose and left the room. From that night dated the judgment seat: Alice had looked up from her dream and, for the first time, had seen him.

There was a pile of magazines now on the table by his bed, as well as twenty-six automobile circulars. Walter read for a while, paying scant attention. At last he threw down a half-finished story, rose, and softly opened his wife's door. A movement showed that she was awake.

"How is your head, Alice?" he asked, cheerfully ignoring the conversation on which they had parted.

"Better, dear, I think. I shall be all right in the morning:" her voice tried in vain to hide the fact that she had been crying, and Walter felt a rush of irritation. "If I drank or stole!" flashed through his mind in angry protest.

"Well, I hope so. Good-night," he said coldly, and closed the door. He lay awake a long time, half hoping that she would call him back; but there was no sound from the other room.

Some of Walter's natural cheerfulness of spirit reasserted itself during the course of the next day's work. The bewildered resentment that had been daily bringing him nearer and nearer to what he grimly called the breaking-point — he did not define it further — seemed relieved by his outburst to his old friend, and her hopeful, "Wait — just wait!" stayed by him comfortingly. After all, there was no real, tangible trouble between Alice and himself: and every one knew that young couples had struggles their first year. A vision of her face, — childishly rounded, brown-cheeked, wholesome, with wide, eager eyes always a little lifted, as if she were used to talking with tall people or to sitting at the feet of things: devout eyes that seemed to look through a faint mist when they were turned down to what Walter called the ordinary facts of life, — made his heart warm. Dear, dear soul! Asking a little too much of man, perhaps: but deserving far more than she asked. Dear girl! He must not let himself forget the big whole of their marriage in the little struggles of the moment.

He left his office in time for a game of squash, followed by a shower and a rub-down. Encountering a twenty-seventh automobile circular, he read it absorbedly on the way home, and entered his house buoyant with health and cheer. Alice, who was bending over an Italian dictionary, pushed it away and went quickly to meet him. Evidently the day had had its warnings for her, too, for she clung to him with silent intensity. He sat down with her in his arms, talking great folly, "Old sweetness and light! Walter's bad girl!" being as sensible as any of it. After they had emerged into commonplace language again, he brought out the automobile circular.

"This really seems to be a little beauty," he explained, "and not so very expensive, either. Look here, it's got" — he revelled in technicalities, comparing it favorably with the favorites of the twenty-six previously examined. Her face had clouded, and she drew away from him: she had never shown any especial response to his automobile enthusiasm; but to-night the disapproval was too marked to be ignored.

"I'm not really going to get one, dear," he reassured her. "I may be extravagant in spots; but I am not quite so rash as all that. I am just amusing myself, honest." She rose, under pretext of rearranging the fire.

"It is n't that," she said, with her back to him. "I would almost rather you bought one, and got it over with."

"You mean I bore you," said Walter quietly, returning the circular to his pocket.

"Oh, no, no! It is only" — she hesitated, then took it up as eagerly as she would have put her hand into the fire if

she had believed that demanded of her; "it troubles me to see you spending all that enthusiasm and time on what is, after all, a — grown-up toy. I want your life to count, Walter!" She was facing him now, exalted by her own high desires. "There are so many fine, big things to care about, so much that means growth! Think what they are doing for the city and for science and for the poor and the sick, — the men who count! Think what there is to read and study, — dearest, dearest, there is so little time. How can you spend your leisure and enthusiasm over a toy?"

Walter had risen and stood with eyes on the ground, the brightness gone from his boyish face.

"The truth is, Alice," he said, after a pause, the words coming with a physical effort that made her sensitive hands clench, "the truth is, you have married the wrong man. I'm just a commonplace chap, like a million others. I have n't any vast ambitions, and I can't pump them up, — I have tried, but I can't. My ideal has been to do well by my wife and — and children, to get on in my profession, and keep a decently clean record, and to have as much fun as I could on the side. To satisfy you I'd like to come higher, but I can't, honest. Now, what are we going to do about it?"

There was a new hardness in his voice, a hint of a growing intention, that made her press against a chair for steadiness. The mist seemed to gather between him and the wide, candid eyes that could see only high things.

"But you could be so much more, Walter," she pleaded. "You have all the weapons, — courage and brains and judgment. I don't want you to be what you are not, — only to use what you have. You waste yourself, dearest, — undervalue your own bigness. And it is just because you have never been with people who cared for big things." She came close to him and took his arm between her hands. "Oh, can't you see how much more *fun* it is even, to count, to make your life matter in some one definite way? To belong to the world's great movement?"

He drew away from her with quiet hardness. "I am sorry, Alice, but I don't see life as a mission. I work fairly hard in my office: the rest of the time I want recreation. And we can't go on like this, you know."

"Ah, don't, don't!" Her look was that of one who faces a physical blow.

"I must. I can't stand this sort of thing another hour." He pulled out his watch, looked at it unseeingly and put it back. "I am going to do the only decent and dignified thing under the circumstances, — which is to clear out." The mist seemed to be blinding her altogether: she put out her hand as though in the dark.

"To leave me!" The words were so faint that he could ignore them.

"I shall remove myself to Mrs. Pender's for a few weeks," he went on steadily. "She will understand without asking questions, and she won't misjudge you in any way. If you decide in that time that you want me *as I am*, if you will give up judging and love what you can in me, send me word. I will come back at any minute. Otherwise"— He turned abruptly to the door. "Good-by."

She shrank into a chair, looking white and stricken and crumpled. She could hear him moving about the room overhead, but she did not stir until his determined tread sounded on the stairs: then she bent forward, listening with strained intentness. She heard him put a bag down in the hall, then, after a horrible pause, his steps turned back and the door opened.

He stood over her a moment in silence.

"Alice, can't you take me just as I am?" he asked sadly. For all her terror, her eyes, lifted to him now, were as steady as his.

"It is you as you really are that I want! I can't compromise on the boy when the man is there. I want you, the big you." She caught his hand in both hers. "You can if you only will!"

He stooped and kissed her. "Good-by," he said.

The closing of the front door jarred and broke her restraint; but through all her desperate sobbing she whispered, "It's for his sake, for his sake!"

Mrs. Pender took Walter in with unquestioning sympathy, and for a few days the peace of her unexacting affection closed about him like relief: he believed that he was glad to be away from Alice. Then, creeping upon him like a sickness, his longing for her came back, stronger day by day. His face took on an old, tragic look under its boyishness, and he gave up trying to talk, sure of his friend's understanding. Sometimes it seemed to him that an impassable sea had rolled between him and Alice; and again he would wonder what the trouble was all about, and why he did not simply go home to her.

He did go to her after two weeks, without warning, almost without intention. She was sitting with her books about her, but she was not reading. Except for a deep breath at sight of him, she did not move or speak: the face lifted to him was all one poignant question.

"I will take up any pursuit you choose," he began, standing doggedly in front of her: "politics, religion, sanitation, Italian literature, — anything whatever. They would all be an equal bore to me and I think it's rot; but I'm willing to meet you half way." The flush that had risen in her brown cheeks died out and he saw with deepened exasperation how thin she had grown. "Wait!" he added, as she started to speak. "That is my half: I will do it on condition that you drop all this analyzing and judgment now and forever, that you take me as I am, with as much love as possible, and with no comments."

If she had flashed into anger it might have been better for them both; but she was too eager for the great issue to care about her own wounds. She answered him with an unconscious forbearance that stung.

"What sort of a marriage would that be, Walter, — without frankness and truth? I have to say what I think and feel: anything else would be unworthy of us both. My dear love, you don't know what you are asking."

"And you don't know what you are throwing away," he said shortly, and left her.

Until that hour Alice's faith had been strong: the big aspect must dominate the little aspect, in time; man, seeing the good thing, must inevitably choose it; she had waited in sorrow and desolation, but she had not once doubted the issue. With his last words and his last look, despair opened before her like a cleft in the solid earth, a cleft that widened daily as the ground crumbled under her, and the giant convictions rooted in her twenty-three years of life seemed to bend like twigs under her clutch. "And you don't know what you are throwing away:" the rough words bruised her afresh every hour. "It is right, it is for the truth," she cried over and over; but the words seemed to have lost their resonance.

She went painfully through every step of their trouble, trying to find herself arrogant, self-righteous, narrow-minded; but she was none of these things, and her clear mind would not let her deceive herself into the passionately desired, "I was wrong." No: she had cared loyally for what was best and biggest, she had been true to the creed of the world's greatest. Her reasoning was inexorable; but over and above it, night after night, sounded the old, primitive cry, — "I want him! Oh, I want him!"

The days of her torment went by blindly; she scarcely knew evening from morning, held helpless in her anguish by the single straightness of her creed. She did not consciously rebel against her own decisions; she only crouched down under them and suffered. She might have died that way, like a martyr to whom the word "recant" conveys no meaning, but for a trivial announcement in a morning paper. Two clubs, the St. Swithin's and the Pilgrim, were to meet each other at base-

ball that afternoon, for the amusement of their friends and the benefit of a day nursery. The Pilgrim being Walter's club, she read the announcement for the momentary sense of nearness to him, even scanning the list of players for his friends. "Left field, Walter L. Richmond —"

"Oh, no, no!" she breathed, and read it over and over, trying not to believe. Their whole life together was at stake, — and he could play amateur baseball while he waited. The agony, then, was all hers. She was utterly alone.

She spent the morning buttonholing a flannel sacque for a friend's child. One of the few violent acts of her life was to burn it, several weeks later, on sight. After a pretense of lunching, she dressed and went out into a glare of early spring sunshine. Wind was whirling the dust at the corners into flapping banners that closed round her chokingly. The world was as bald and empty as a white plate. Crowded cars went past, bearing advertisements of the charity baseball game: she tried to ignore them, but she had known all along that she must go to it. She had to see him.

She bought a reserved seat, but a glance at the crowd already installed there dismayed her: it was sure to hold friends and acquaintances. Even as she hesitated, she saw little Mrs. Pender, bright and elaborate, being helped devotedly to her place by several youths. She turned away to an uncovered stand opposite, where a crowd of another sort was cushioning the benches with newspapers, and dense clumps of little boys seemed to be chewing gum in unison. They obligingly made room for her, with a glance or two of curiosity, for well-dressed, tragic-looking young women, unescorted and evidently oblivious of the fact, were not a usual sight in the bleachers. Then the teams came out, with a pretense of being very seriously in earnest, and she was forgotten.

"There he is!" she said suddenly, as the Pilgrim team spread out on the field beneath.

"Ma'am?" said the youth beside her. She sent him a dim smile of apology and bent down again, her whole hungry, lonely soul in her gaze. Walter came past talking to a comrade, a little grave and thin, perhaps, but present-minded, ready for the occasion. Presently, when the game had begun, the old boyish gayety began to show in his movements: he ran valiantly to second, and joined in the universal chuckle when he was put out on third in spite of a dramatic slide. His voice came to her once or twice, spontaneous and alert. The loneliness closed on her like a shroud.

"I am only one element of his life," she thought; then realized into what stale old paths her bitter discovery had led her, and repeated, "a woman's whole existence!" with a new and crushing understanding.

She knew nothing of baseball, and followed the game only as it concerned Walter. The crowd seemed to watch him, too: he was often applauded, generally with friendly laughter. The game was nearly over when a ball, cracking soundly on the bat, went swinging high in his direction: Walter ran back, sprang wildly into the air and caught it. A single voice shot out from the grandstand, — "Good old Walter!" and the cry was repeated in a roar of applause; even the bleachers took it up in joyous familiarity, "Good old Walter!" while he stood laughing, and the attendant Pilgrims ran to pound congratulations on his back. They were all with him, laughing, stamping, cheering: all the world was with him. Only his wife seemed to sit apart in her stifling shroud of loneliness.

"I really cannot stand it," she said quietly.

"Ma'am?" repeated the youth beside her.

She rose, and they made a path out for her, thinking by her pallor that she was ill. One or two people were already leaving the grandstand opposite, and among them she saw Mrs. Pender. Alice followed her to her carriage.

"May I go home with you? May I talk with you?" She was as oblivious of greetings as a man with a bullet in his side might have been, and Mrs. Pender met her as simply. If, beneath her courtly surface, some lack of sympathy was concealed, it was gone by the time the silent drive was ended.

Alice followed her to the drawing-room with the same stricken unconsciousness of externals and sat down facing her.

"I don't know what to do," she said. "I thought he would come back, that he must; but he seems to go farther and farther away. I would n't mind its killing me, — but it is not saving him. I don't know what to do."

The expression, "saving him," brought back a touch of sharpness to the withered, alert little face.

"My dear Alice!" the protest came briskly, "if Sir Galahad and Savonarola and Ralph Waldo Emerson could have been rolled into one good-looking young man, you would have made him a perfect wife. But you have married Walter. Now it is n't a matter of saving him: the question is, are you going to save your marriage?"

"But it is just that that I have been trying and waiting and suffering to save," Alice broke in eagerly. "I want it to be a big and beautiful marriage, as it must be if we take it right, if we live up to what we know is highest!"

"As it won't be —" but Mrs. Pender's irritation was now plainly assumed, "if you keep on driving Walter crazy with judgments and ultimatums. Girls like you," she went on more gently under the frightened look that was searching hers, "expect a man to be entirely composed of heart and intellect; but there is a good big tract of plain man in Walter, — or just plain boy. You have been trying to do in a few weeks something that in ten years — with infinite tact and patience — you might begin to accomplish. Or say twenty years. Things are as they are, Alice, not as they ought to be. You must take Walter as he is — or lose him."

"You mean I must compromise;" the girl's voice trembled; "keep my ideals to myself, put aside the big things to humor toys and games, — deny in my life every day what I know is the truth?"

"If you had a son, dear,"— the old voice had grown wholly gentle, — "would n't you do very much that? Keep things till he could understand them, hide your criticisms of him under your love in nine cases out of ten, hold his heart close to yours, and so guide it when you could without wounding?"

"With a child, yes; but that is n't marriage."

Mrs. Pender rose and went to her, laying her little jeweled hands on the drooping shoulders. "My dear, that is all the marriage a woman like you can have with a man like Walter. Put away your ideal of marriage as something you have missed: take him as your son, love him, help him; above all, be his comrade, — love the game because he loves it, as you would your son's. Perhaps, this way, in time he will grow nearer to the things you care about: perhaps he never will. But it is all you have left. Take him in your secret heart — your very secret heart — as your oldest son; and, Alice dear," — she bent down and kissed her with a tremulous smile, — "don't keep him an only child a minute longer than you can help!"

She went out of the room, and Alice sat for a long time motionless, staring ahead with wide, misty eyes; all that life meant to her pitted against the pain in her heart. Then the front door closed and a step sounded in the hall. She sprang to her feet, still irresolute, her face drawn with struggle.

"Alice!" Walter's voice was quick, warm, ready for overwhelming gladness. The shadows fled and she ran to him.

"Oh, my little boy!" she cried over and over, her arms about him. "My boy, my little boy!" He smiled, well content with her new name for him, hearing in it only her tenderness.

THE MEASURE OF GREATNESS

BY N. S. SHALER

DEBATE as to the relative greatness in men may be said to be characteristic of our genus. We find it in the most primitive tribes, where the temporary ruler has authority because he is judged to be abler than his fellow-tribesman in those actions on which the common safety depends, as in hunting or war. As the society develops and occupations become varied and equalized to particular groups of citizens, the question as to relative greatness becomes ever more complicated, so that we now have to ask ourselves which of the successes in human endeavor is the worthiest of admiration. Is it to the soldier, the statesman, the prophet, the maker of literature, or the economist, that we shall award the foremost place in our intellectual hierarchy, when he has surpassed his fellows in these several fields of endeavor?

At first sight it may seem to be a matter of no particular importance how we rank our leaders in thought and action. They do their work: they pass on, and time alone can determine the value of their deeds. Save for the literary effect of his life Alexander has gone to the air, while the work of the unknown inventor who devised the magnifying glass penetrates the life of all civilized societies, and is to influence the fate of man to his last day. With this doubt as to the relative efficiency of our actions, why is it worth while to strive for a measure as to the merit or dignity of the men who do them? Is it not better to accept the democracy of deeds, and to judge men alone by the sufficiency with which they perform their duty,—be it spinning or leading hosts? The answer to this is that men cannot be democratic in their appreciation of their fellows; the aristocratic motive in them is primitive and fundamental. We may in time succeed in limiting the scope of this motive; but whenever it is barred from its earlier and louder manifestations it quickly finds some other opportunity to assert itself. We get rid of the ancient aristocracy of birth to find ourselves confronted by that of wealth. We can in a way make men equal before the bar of the written law; but we cannot give them equality before that primitive obdurate aristocrat, the mind of man.

Not only is this judgment as to the essential worth of their fellows inevitable; but it is the basis of moral advancement; it is the prime ideal which is to determine whether a society is to go up or down. Each generation steers by it; those of us who would form or reform it can do no better work than to examine into these ideals of station, and set forth their value on some profitable scale. So far such endeavors, and they have been many, have been developed on two lines. In the one it is assumed that a particular kind of work such as warfare or religion is of supreme importance, and the measure of greatness is determined by accomplishment in that field. In the other, that followed by Galton in his studies of genius, the aim is to determine the range and scope of the various forms of mental labor, to ascertain what may be termed the dynamic value of the work done by the leaders of thought and action. In this writing I propose to approach the problem from another side, to try, in a word, for a measure of this value on the scale of man's needs in the way of advancement. The plan of this may be set forth as follows: —

We may assume that the mainmost purpose of man is the advance of his kind. So far as we can discern anything like purpose in this world it is to attain this

end. Whether in our deeds we are collaborators in the purpose of the realm or whether we strive alone as men, there can be no doubt that the largest of all duties is to work for this advance. This is, or should be, a commonplace in morals; yet it is well to set it clearly before our minds. Taking it as true, it is evident that the highest form of endeavor is that which most effectively serves to lead man onward in the direction in which his evolution can profitably be attained. Thus all that makes for the enlargement of human nature in body and mind is good, and that which makes against such growth is evil, both alike being measured against the sum of good and ill that affects our kind.

In gauging the merits of action, as we do in measuring the greatness of men, we have to make our judgment as we make it in the course of a great battle where many commanders and men unite their efforts in the common endeavor to win forward. Those who merely hold their place against assault do well; those who win ground are the better, each in the grade of his doing: but to him who so fits thought and action to all the conditions of the events, and gains the campaign, is given the foremost place in the work. So men have ever and fitly judged the relative merit of men in that brutal but most illustrative of all human work. We have to recognize that there is an essential likeness between this primitive struggle of war and the work of our kind in pushing back the limits which hamper the ongoing of humanity. In both men set themselves against the restraints of their environment in the search for widened fields: in both successes are paid with fame and whatever else men have to give as reward. All that the student of the situation can do is to show, if he may, reasons why the valuation put upon different kinds of leadership should be other than are now assigned.

In the tangle of actions which we can trace in the moral and intellectual development of man, we can see that the germs of the greater part of his impulses were derived from his ancestors of infra-human grade. Curiosity, timidity, quick-wittedness, love of offspring, and the wider affection for his kind, are all from the lower life in his simian kindred. So too some little trace of his hand-craftiness, for those remote ancestors use their arms as do no other brutes. Even the experimental and rational qualities of our minds seem to be foreshadowed, though dimly, in the monkeys. There are other motives, however, which seem to originate in man, for we cannot discern a trace of them in the series of mammals whence he derives his life. Two of these concern the problem in hand and need to be well observed.

First of the forms of mental development above referred to as apparently originating in man after he had passed out of the old order is the sense of beauty. This æsthetic sense appears to have been essentially lacking in the series through which our life was derived from the fishes upward to mankind. The shapes of these creatures, as indicated in those of their collateral living kindred, are singularly lacking in beauty; they are almost the ungainliest of the brutes. Their hairy covering which in many other series of mammals is by sexual selection brought to be ornamental in color and shape, never gains beyond grotesque effects; it is generally hideous, sometimes obscene. In a measure found nowhere else in the suck-giving species, the insensibility of the ancestors of man to beauty is such as would have led a naturalist to deny the possibility of its development in their descendants. Again, while the vocal organs of these brutal predecessors of man are powerful, they do not, — with the possible exception of certain species of howling monkeys, which on doubtful authority are said to compass an octave, — give any sign of a musical utterance. But this defect can be charged to all the mammals, who show no trace of sensibility to accords. It is thus evident that the rapid development of the æsthetic motives in

man can in no wise be attributed to the enlargement of the motive which was founded in his lower kindred.

Another, and for the matter we are considering a more important development of guiding motive in man, is that which leads him to accept the mastery of chieftains. There is a distinct trace of this impulse in the species which mark the path of his evolution. Among the apes there are certain evidences of clanship, and some indications that the older and stronger of the society lead in their moments of flight and chase; yet if there be such trace of subordination to a leader, it is distinctly less than what we find in many other groups of mammals. In men this instinct for the leader very quickly develops, and almost at the outset of his human history we find the motive so well-advanced that it forms the very centre of growth of the communities, expressing itself even in the lower societies in a gradation of men as to their importance.

Another of the sudden developments of human quality, that which is most independent of man's animal history, is his inventiveness and devising power in face of unusual conditions. In very many animals below man we find exceedingly perfect adjustment of action to circumstances, even when these be of much complexity. The spider in fitting its web to the topography of the supports which are to hold it, the beaver in adjusting its dam to the site it is to occupy, have to express a certain kind of discretion in their work; but the fundamental motive is not ingenuity, for the essentials of what they do are inborn; but in man the contriving in no wise rests on inherited concepts of shapes of things, as where the guidance is instinctive; he has to picture the thing he desires to build individually, without the help of inheritances. In the lower life all constructive work is evolved in the development of a species or born of many successive species. In man, one individual savage may go farther in inventing than all the other mammals in the ages since the group began to exist. To this work he brings from the antecedent life no help whatever, for there personal invention is practically unknown. All the contrivances of the constructive kind are the result of variations which owe their origin to something else than rationality.

A most important result of the sudden and exceedingly varied intellectual development of man is that in this field of his qualities he lacks the control of inheritances. In his physical life he is absolutely under such guidance for all his varied activities; he has not changed his body in any structural feature, every organ, bone and muscle is what his ancestry led them to be. The control here is so absolute that we cannot hope that he will ever be able to attain to any innovations in his frame; but in the mental field, because in it there is no controlling past, that past having given him a big unused brain, he has a freedom that no other kind of life has enjoyed. The lower species have their round of action most narrowly circumscribed by what has been sent on from the past. We see how limiting these hampers are in our bodies.

One of the results of the marvelously swift, absolutely free development of man's spirit is that there has as yet been insufficient time for it to become organized as are the conditions of the body. Working in the instinctive manner in which the lower species do their complicated work through the fore-determined mental processes we term instincts, there are always gauges and standards for the endeavors in the mind as there are in the bodily frame. With us, however, all kinds of thinking are still a hurly-burly, a confusion, to which time and culture may possibly bring something like the order it has in the lower life, but which probably is ever to remain in its present uncontrolled shape save as it may be qualified by criticism of our thought. Applying this criticism, we note certain features which bear upon our problem.

One of these is that the inheritance of

fear is very strong in our species. Coming as he does through thousands of species of a timorous nature, perhaps the most inefficient combatant for his task in the animal kingdom, man has ever been largely shaped by his fears; it is, therefore, most natural that he has from the beginning of his estate as man been prone to worship the leader who has managed to avoid this ancient ill, or at least to act independently of it. Inheriting from the brutes some measure of disposition to adopt leaders, particularly when moved by fear, we find the first distinct sign of the chieftainship motive in the early stages of the war lord. It may be that there was a beginning of the process in the nascent family relation of the primitive tribes of man; but so far as we can see, this relation was too obscure to afford the foundation for the system.

Even in its simplest form the human tribe reacts more vigorously and more variedly on its environment than any other society of animals except those of the insects. The result of this is that it is normally at war with other tribes as well as with the predatory brutes. For this business of fighting man is, save for his rational quality, singularly ill provided. His body, with its long limbs and slightly built extremities, is the least fitted for battle of any animal of like size; it took its shape for service in nimble springing and clinging movements in the boughs. The claws which once armed the digits were, at the beginning of the ape series, converted into the flat nails that entirely lack the lethal efficiency they have in the predatory beasts. The teeth once relatively efficient as rending instruments, with the shortening of the jaw in man, and the reduction in the size of the canines, were likewise put out of use for combat. Add to these disabilities an inheritance of chronic fear and we see man in the primal helplessness, save for the intelligence with which he began his long struggle with adversity. We see most clearly that he had to make his wits serve in lieu of armor and arms, and to do this he had to make the boldest and ablest in combat his leaders; that course alone could bring him safety.

It is eminently probable that the process of selection for a long time played an important part in fixing this habit of subjection to war lords. We know, it is true, little concerning the condition of man in the first stages of his new estate, but we gather enough to make it certain that for many thousand years he existed in terror of small warring tribes. It is evident that of these little societies those would be apt to survive in the struggle for existence which adopted the plan of applying their strength through leaders chosen for their intelligence and valor. It is also clear that such leaders would be more likely to have successful progeny than the commoner sort, so that in their way there would be a tendency to develop courage as well as physical power and intelligence in the stock. In this way we can account for the institution of valiant strains of blood in the genus of man, which clearly inherited little of them from the lower life.

The first competitor with the primitive war lord was the prophet, — the divinator. His station was the first of the purely human leaderships, for the leader in battle was invented in the lower life. The station of the prophet or the diviner appears to have been established some time after men entered on their brutal life. At the outset of the ongoing, if we may judge it by the lowest existing groups, men questioned the realm about them little more than did the beasts whence they came. Gradually the problems of how and whence took shape and led to the conception of unseen powers like enough unto mankind to need propitiation; so that the function of leadership in this field became affirmed, with a conception of the importance of the work those overlords could do which gave them a place just below that of the successful warrior. Here and there we find these two leaders conjoined, but there is very generally and

naturally a separation of these relations and functions.

Farther on in the series of social development, after the war-chief and the medicine man had won their place, when the society was sufficiently advanced to make the need of fixed rules of conduct clear, the latest of what we may term the primitive chieftainships, that of the law-giver, was shaped. We find this function often associated with the other chieftainships; but the great principle of the division of labor, organic in its scope, leads by the beginning of civilization, — if it be not the sign of its approach, — to the concept of enduring law and of a dignitary who is to shape and enforce it. So appears the judge and legislator, the last of the men to be set on high before the higher culture begins.

When men, escaping the narrow brutal limits, begin to extend their range of thought and action in the wider fields of civilization, many new fields of activity are cultivated: first among these are the æsthetic, — those which embody concepts of beauty. Of all the marvelous unfoldings of the germ of the human soul which came over from the lower life, the most wonderful are those which embody the sense of beauty. As above noted, little or nothing of this came up from below. It is safe to say that no species of brute, in the tens of thousands through which our gathering life was sent on, did anything to express an emotion of beauty, — doubtful indeed if it ever felt any form of that motive. But as soon as the hand of man begins to shape, his soul is moved to do the shaping beautifully. With the higher exercise of the motive for the division of labor, so apparent in all the developments of civilization, the production of beautiful things gave in time the skillful æsthetic artisan, and later the painter, the sculptor, and, in time, the poet and the men of varied letters, each with his esteem from his fellows and his station in the hall of fame they keep in their arts. Last of all comes inquiring science, with its ample provision of stations where there is a diverse adjudgment of action according to the changing opinion of generations.

Thus, in the enlargement of activities which comes about with the advancing complexity of civilization we have a host of new stations contending for recognition with those of primitive origin. With the progressive democratization of society, the conflict between these diverse appreciations of the men in the several places of leadership is bringing about certain evident changes in the measure of esteem in which they are severally held. This is perhaps the most striking in the case of the soldiers. In a time of war, when a civilized folk for a time reverts to the primitive savage motives, we see them revert to the primitive savage worship of the conquering chief, often in a measure that may fairly be called insane. When they return to their habitual peaceful motives, they may turn from their idols as if with disgust for their aberrations.

The unhappy trifling contest between the United States and Spain afforded admirable instances to show how unstable is this hold of the war lord on a modern folk of modern democratic motives. For a few months, while our people were back on the savage plane, the men who won those easy but astounding victories on the sea were the subjects of frantic adulation; but as soon as the fit had passed they were effectively forgotten. In monarchical countries, where by the organization of the state the people are kept nearer in motive to the original savagery, the ancient measure of those who lead by might, — war lords and their semblances in the form of kings, — hold their place better than in democracies; yet the change is observable there, for the attitude of men is now that of tolerance rather than that of blind devotion, as it was of old. It is evident, even for a decade, that the soldier is losing his place as the highest figure of our societies; at the rate at which the change is making, a century is likely to see him accorded the lower, yet dignified, station now allotted to a skillful head of

a large fire department or an able chief of police.

In lesser degree yet evidently, the stations of the other primitive dignitaries, the priests and lawgivers, are being shorn of their ancient prestige. In the case of the priests, the august station which once was theirs because of their position as intermediaries between the masses of men and the Creator, is disappearing, — has in fact gone. In place of that vanished dignity, the priesthood is acquiring a more enduring one by becoming teachers of the art of sound living; if they win that place it is not likely to be assailed. The decline in the esteem accorded to the lawgiver in his successor the statesman is as evident as in the case of his ancient coadjutors, the soldier and the priest. It appears to be due to the substantial completion of his work, which has now been to a great extent passed over to the interpreter of the law, the judge, who has won in large part the station which the legislator has lost. We no longer look for men to make constitutions and bills of rights, we are rather doubtful about their meddling with those we have learned to endure. This loss of reverence for the statesman's office is indeed one of the most curious features of our modern life. The explanation is probably far more complicated than is here suggested; something of the change is doubtless due to the recent growth of individualism.

Seeing as we do all about us a swiftly advancing change in the estimation of the dignity of human accomplishments, a change already great, which is certain within a few decades to be profound, let us see if there can be any forecasting of the results, so that we may know even approximately the future of our ideals of station. It may be assumed that the new order will be founded, as was the old, on a sense of the relative value of the contributions that men make to their fellowmen; the difference being that, in well-ordered civilizations informed by a modern sense of values, when the judgment relates to many fields of action each will be judged critically, with little reference to its traditional importance. Looked at from this point of view it seems likely that the distribution of honor for achievement will be groupable on the following principles.

As men now see the fields of action they are evidently divisible into two realms, — the internal, which concerns the space of man's nature, and the external, which includes the *else* of the universe. In the present state of the human mind, what is looked upon by the highest spirits — those who show us whereto our kind is tending — as the highest leadership relates to explorations in one or the other of these realms, the amplitude of which is beginning to be seen. It is a mark of advancement above the stage of barbarism when the explorer begins to be valued. At first he was only a seeker of unknown lands; he is now the seeker of the undiscovered in any of the spaces, and has an esteem that grows continually. It does not matter what the form of truth may be that he brings back, — provided it be truth, we trust to its enriching value. What Darwin and the other evolutionists won from the unknown was on the whole painful to most men, for it broke up ancient belief; yet the leaders in this new view of life quickly and permanently gained a high place in the esteem of men, even of those who contended against them. Again, we note that the explorers of the human mind, those who are seeking to penetrate into the newly revealed depths of the unconscious parts of our intelligence, the so-called subliminal regions, though they are forced to deal with the generally despised tenets of spiritualism, are looked upon, and deservedly, as path-breakers in a great wilderness.

In this widening of the canons of greatness which is coming in our enlarged and democratized societies, we may assume that the measure of greatness to be applied to those who help to our understanding of the two realms will be determined by the share of truth they bring to their

fellows, and the value of that truth to the art of living. As regards the external world, we may well believe that when the conviction is brought home to men, that the body of observable truth in that realm is essentially fathomless, — that we may endlessly bring its facts to knowledge, until those of any science far transcend the power of any life, however able and devoted, to comprehend, — we shall find men turning back from the incomprehensible universe to the vast but less unlimited realm of human nature, looking to the depths of their own souls and their relations to their neighbors as the nobler field of inquiry, and giving recognition to successes in its exploration as the greatest within the field of accomplishment. The rewards of esteem have ever been higher in the heart of the race for deeds which immediately relate to the souls of men; the prophets who go to them in the religious way, the divinators who approach them by the path of literature, have always had and probably always will have a higher place than the explorers in any part of the unhuman realm. Shakespeare is certain of his glory when that of Newton or of Darwin will be dimmed by the host who are to win to like eminence in the limitless field of natural learning.

The result of what may be called the progressive advancement of the soul is that already in the animals below man it is clear that the creatures begin to appreciate their eminent isolation, and seek in all possible ways to relieve their solitariness by sympathetic relations with their kindred. All the flocks and herds show their affection for their fellows; even in the most solitary predaceous forms it is traceable. When man comes with his vast enlargement of quality, and in proportion as he rises above the level of the brutes, this need of sympathy increases until it becomes the leading motive in his life. He seeks it in the understanding of his fellows, of the phenomenal world about him, and of the realm of his own depths and of the over all. Often through activities in great periods of action, of discovering and invention, he is turned for a time aside from his interest in the mystery of his kind, and of the unseen which he feels akin to it; but he comes back inevitably to those supreme quests. At present, we are in the midst of a period when the external realm mostly commands the attention of men. The revelations from that side of the universe are so startling, they have such immediate relation to power, that men are occupied with action as upon a battlefield; but if we give value to experience we must believe that they will soon be wearied — if they are not affrighted — by that infinite of entangled actions, and turn back to that human side of nature which is akin to them because it is always friendly. If this return of the body of educated mankind to the field of human nature is, as it seems, inevitable, then their concern with the inventor and discoverer, the shapers of trade and other men who are breaking and shaping the ways of our material advancement, will be lessened, and the human realm will again claim the foremost place in the minds of men.

There can be no question that the material universe will always command the interest of a limited group of the abler men; but the most of our kind are not naturalists but humanists: we see clear evidence of this in the fact that, while any empiricist may win a high place in public esteem by discoveries that have an important bearing on the technical arts, astronomers of many times the ability, who solve the problems of the far-off spheres, rarely win station in the esteem of the public, though their researches are many times as important to science. Their measure of greatness is taken only by their few companions in inquiry. As this work of discovery in the physical realm passes farther out into the depths of the great and the minute, into space and time, it will inevitably become more and more recondite. There will be fewer of the conquests that seem to adorn the triumphs of the conquerors in the public gaze. Men

are and ever will be interested in the tides of the sea; but when it comes to the tides in the fluid masses of the outer stars, their interest naturally, and from the point of view of human nature very properly, wanes. As long as the problems of heredity had the relative complexity that characterized them in the Darwinian age of thirty years ago, the world deliberately attended to them; now that they require an understanding of features that only the specialist can see, they are given over to the few who devote their lives to very recondite inquiries.

We may assume that in another hundred years the whole group of explorers of the naturalist order will be as far removed from the comprehension of the public as are the great mathematicians, who, after the manner of the marvelous Cayley, look to a dozen contemporaries for appreciation of their work. These inquirers will not be sustained by the sympathy of mankind; to the body of their fellows they will be as remote as though they were upon another sphere. They will not be consoled as are the explorers in an earthly wilderness with the expectation of fame when they bring their harvest of new truth back to the places of men. They will have a large reward in the noble sense that they have gone farther than their fellows, and this, with the approval of the few who can understand them, will be pay enough for those seldom and high souls who are destined to break paths although there are none to follow.

Looking yet further into the future of naturalistic inquiry, say a thousand years hence, at the rate of inquiring of the last century, it seems clear that knowledge covering any particular field of the physical realm will, save in its very elements, have passed quite beyond the comprehension of any but the most elaborately equipped specialists: these men will be quite lost to their fellows, who may compute their greatness mathematically, but will be able in no sense to comprehend it. Even now we see that the truly great inquirers in the natural field are passing out of the public gaze, and are understood by their compeers alone. Only a small and ever more limited part of their discoveries comes to the understandings of men of ordinarily wide culture. It is safe to say that not the hundredth part of the important results of inquiry into the realm of natural science is comprehended by any one person, even by the most assiduous laborer in any of its departments. Year after year these workers find themselves the deeper in their several mines, more and more deprived of that wide-ranging sympathy with their fellows which of old rewarded the discoverer and dignified his station.

It is evidently in the study of man, of his structure, his qualities, his history, in his human station and in the vast perfections of the ancient life through which the way was won to his human estate, as well as, and supremely, in the problems of his moral development, that the masters of thought are to hold their place in the esteem of their fellows: then they will be followed by all who have the strength to do so, because in the teaching will be the revelation of themselves. The naturalist who has to tell of the steps by which man came to his estate will have attention that will never be given to the questions of life in general, near as these problems should be to all intelligent persons. The historian who deals with human conduct has his way to a hearing made easy by the motive of fellowship. Above all, the moralist who sets the man in face of himself and shows him his relations to the else than self will have the foremost place. If he do his work greatly, bringing to it Newtonian might or Darwinian devotion to his purpose, the only danger in the appreciation he is to receive is that it will instinctively lift him above the human plane, denying him true fellowship with his kind. It is only as men come to a higher appreciation of human quality that they are willing to leave their greatest teachers of morals in the same plane with themselves. That alone tells us

where lies the summit of greatness in the intuitive judgment of mankind.

The foregoing review of the measures of greatness leads us to the conclusion that in the civilized reorganization of the ideals of human station, the primitive idea that it is associated with mere dominating might, such as we see in the successful soldier or the amasser of wealth, is likely to pass away; and that the near measure will be found in the contribution men make on the one hand to our knowledge of the external realm, on the other, to the advancement of our knowledge of ourselves, and the moral gain that is connected therewith. The leaders of inquiry into the material realm are ever to go farther from the understanding and the sympathy of mankind; so far away, indeed, that few can hearken to them, and fewer comprehend their greatness: while those who explore the realm of man are sure of eager hearers, and of a great host to follow them as best they may in the wildernesses of that like illimitable realm. We thus see that it is those who lead us unto ourselves who are ever to have the foremost place in the hearts of men. Genghis Khan is utterly forgotten by the hosts to whom Sakya-Muni stays as a god. Leonardo da Vinci, as the greatest explorer of his century in the physical realm, and as the founder of engineering, is known to a few score; as a painter who penetrated men's souls he has a place in the memory of myriads. It is, indeed, evident that the supreme figures of the future, as those of the past, are to be the prophets hereafter armed with the methods of science who are to reveal man to himself.

THE SPIRIT OF PRESENT-DAY SPAIN

BY HAVELOCK ELLIS

THE common belief that Spain is a rigidly conservative country, unchanging and unchangeable, is not without an element of truth. There is a certain tenacity of fibre in the people of this land, tempered during untold generations by the mingled fire and ice of their keen Castilian climate, which makes it easy to recognize in the Spaniard of to-day the Iberian described by Strabo two thousand years ago. But this tenacity is like that of his famed old Toledo blades; it admits a high degree of flexibility. Of all the larger countries of Europe with a great past behind them, Spain has most fallen to the rear; but this has been the result of circumstances more than of any natural inaptitude for the tasks of civilization.

It is highly instructive to-day to read Gautier's *Voyage en Espagne*. This book is much more than a fine piece of impressionism. It is a massive intellectual achievement. Journeying in a little-visited country, with few modern means of locomotion, and with no Baedeker in his hand (it is scarcely ten years, indeed, since Baedeker recognized the existence of Spain), Gautier grasped in a few weeks all the more salient characteristics of the people and the land, and set them down in the clearest and firmest fashion. His book will never cease to have its value, for it represents a state of things which has largely vanished. No one nowadays need make his Spanish tour in a diligence, and no one now is likely to be permitted, as Gautier was, to spread out his mattress at night in the courts of the Alhambra. The virginal romanticism of a splendid and tattered Spain such as Gautier found has gone, almost as completely as the splendidly ruinous Rome

that Goethe entered in his carriage has to-day been swallowed up in the shoddy capital of modern Italy. Spain, indeed, has not yet attained the depressing exuberance of renovated Italy, — and the peoples of the two peninsulas are far too unlike to make any such resemblance probable, — but the contrast between Gautier's Spain of less than a century ago and the Spain of to-day is sufficiently striking to dispel forever the notion that we are here concerned with a country which has been hopelessly left behind in the march of civilization.

I have been able to realize this transforming movement in Spain in the course of my own acquaintance with the country during the past twenty years, — never more vividly than now, as I return from my fifth visit to a land which to me has long seemed perhaps the most fascinating I know, in the New World or the Old. And when I compare the Spain I have just left with the Spain I first entered at Port Bou twenty years ago, the magnitude of the changes which have been effected in so brief a space seems to me very remarkable. As soon as we leave the railway track, indeed, we enter at once what may be called the eternal Spain — the Spain *sub specie æternitatis* — which Cervantes has immortalized. It is in the cities and towns that the change has chiefly been manifested.

Spaniards are now experiencing the modern European tendency to crowd into towns. All the recent consular reports, from north and from south alike, contain the same monotonous refrain that the towns are becoming crowded and that the expenses of town life, both as regards rents and the prices of commodities, are increasing. Yet the population of Spain, as the censuses show, is not increasing at any inordinate rate. What is happening is that urban life is developing, and as it develops its attractive power increases, and it draws the country-dwellers more and more within its circle. The brothers Quintero, who rank high among the Spanish dramatists of to-day, in one of the best of their comedies, *El Amor que Pasa*, have presented a delightful picture of an old-world Andalusian village from which the tide of life has receded, where men are scarce and strangers rarely come, and all the vivacity and intelligence of the place are concentrated in a few girls whom there is no one to woo. It was not part of the dramatists' object to elucidate this question of urban development; but it is easy to see from their picture how the city has impoverished the village, and how those who are left only feel with the greater force the fascination of the city.

The more flourishing Spanish cities are nowadays full of life and animation. Not only are the large and handsome cafés crowded, — that is no novelty, — but factories are springing up, the signs of commercial and industrial activity abound, and the streets swarm with electric cars. In the use of electricity, indeed, Spain is before rather than behind most European countries. Electric lighting is becoming universal; even the smallest and most ancient cities are now covered with networks of wires, and as the massive old churches offer a tempting basis of attachment, the most beautiful and picturesque spots and buildings are everywhere being desecrated and disfigured, to the disgust of the traveling lover of the picturesque. The brilliance, vivacity, and modern activity of a large Spanish city, a certain touch of almost Oriental color in it, suggest that the Spaniards are taking as their models the Hungarians of Buda-Pesth, a city which, in the opinion of some, represents the highest point of city development Europe has yet attained.

The conservatism and traditionalism of the Spaniard, we have to realize, are compatible not only with an aptitude for change, but even with an eager delight in novelty and a certain discontent with the past. It would be surprising indeed if that spirit of restless adventure which enabled Spaniards to add America to the world, while the Portuguese of the same Iberian race were unveiling India and the farther East, had completely died out with the

days of great adventure. The Spaniard, even the Spaniard of the people, is eager for reform. The more or less philosophical Republicanism, so frequently found in Spain, as well as the Anarchism — a peaceful and humanitarian Anarchism for the most part — which flourishes to a greater extent in Spain than elsewhere, alike testify to this desire. The newspaper press of Spain — especially as represented by the *Heraldo* of Madrid and the new Republican journal *La Nueva España* — is enlightened and intelligent, in the best sense Liberal. The fermenting discontent with sacerdotal bigotry, and especially with the extreme developments of monasticism, which has spread among all classes in the country, even leading to restriction of the freedom of public religious processions, — notwithstanding the firm manner in which the Church is here rooted, — is another sign of the same kind, strikingly manifested a few years ago when the *Electra* of the popular author Galdos was performed amid opposing demonstrations of popular feeling all over Spain; it is not necessarily a movement hostile to the Church, — certainly not in so far as Galdos is its representative, — but it demands a purified and humanized Catholicism which shall be in harmony with the claims of Nature and of social progress. The bull-fight, again, the national pastime of Spain, — long a mark for opprobrium among English-speaking peoples, always so keen to see the mote in other people's eyes, — no longer meets with universal acceptance; and this year, with the approval of many prominent toreadors, steps have been taken to mitigate its more offensive features.

In all the practical appliances of domestic and working life, although it is the Spaniard's instinct to cultivate an austere simplicity, he is yet adopting the devices and appliances of more advanced nations, — with the same ease with which he is abandoning his national beverage, chocolate, for the foreigner's coffee, — and in cleanliness and convenience a Spanish city will usually compare favorably with a Provençal city. The Spaniard is honest, he is sometimes a little slow of comprehension, he is proverbially proud of his country's ancient glory; but he is at the same time deeply convinced that Spain has fallen behind in the race of civilization, and is eager to see her again to the front.

I find the typical Spaniard of to-day in an Aragonese peasant, elderly but lithe, whom I lately saw jump from the train at a little country station to examine a very complicated French agricultural machine drawn up on a siding; he looked at it above and below with wrinkled brows and intent eyes, he ran all round it, he clearly could not quite make it out; but there was no flippancy or indifference in his attitude towards this new strange thing; he would never rest, one felt, until he reached the meaning of it. And many of us will regret that in this eager thirst for novelties the Spaniard will cast aside not a few of the things which now draw us to Spain.

There can be no doubt that this attitude of the Spaniard of to-day, inevitable in any case, has been greatly fostered by the war. Thoughtful observers of great movements have often felt that the old cry "Vae victis!" requires very serious and even radical modification. In many a war it has been the vanquished, not the victor, who has carried off the finest spoils. Cuba and the Philippines have been like a tumor in the side of Spain, dragging her down in the race of civilization. They have drained her life-blood and disturbed all her national activities. Only a serious surgical operation could remove this exhausting excrescence; and Spaniards themselves have been the first to recognize that the operation, though painful, was in the highest degree beneficial. Not even the most Quixotic of Spaniards dreams of regaining these lost possessions. The war has been beneficial in at least two different ways. It has had a healthy economic influence, because, besides directing the manhood of Spain into sober

industrial channels, it has led to the removal of artificial restrictions in the path of commercial activity. It has been advantageous morally, because it has forced even the most narrow and ignorant Spaniard to face the actual facts of the modern world.

The war has had a further result in leading to a movement for a closer sympathy between Spain and the Spanish states of South America. The attitude of these states towards the mother country has hitherto been somewhat unsympathetic; they have regarded her as hopelessly opposed to all reform; the hostility of Spain to the aspirations of Cuba and their own earlier struggles for freedom amply accounted for such an attitude. Now there is nothing to stand in the way of a movement towards approximation which has already begun to manifest itself, and may ultimately possess a serious significance.

It can scarcely be expected that the lover of Spain should view this new movement of progress and reform with unmitigated satisfaction. No traveler will complain that Spanish hotel-keepers are beginning to obtain their sanitary fittings from England, or that clerical and secular authorities alike are putting down the national vice of spitting. But the stranger can feel no enthusiasm when he finds that similar zeal is exercised in suppressing, on the slightest pretexts, the national dances, unique in Europe for their grace and charm and ancient descent, or in discarding the beautiful and becoming national costumes. It is a little depressing to find a cinematographic show set up in the market-place of even the remotest cities, to hear the squeak of the gramophone where one has once heard the haunting wail of the *malagueña*, or to have to admit that the barrel-organ is taking the place of the guitar. Civilization is good, and progress is necessary for any people. But "civilization" and "progress" mean much more than a feverish thirst for new things or a mad race for wealth; and some of us think that, however salutary the lessons that Spain may learn from the more prosperous nations of to-day, there are still more salutary lessons in the art of living which those nations may learn from Spain. One would grieve to see that in the attempt to purify her national currency Spain should cast away her gold with her dross.

When I entered Spain twenty years ago I said to myself that here was a land where the manners and customs of mediæval Europe still survived. Spain seemed in many respects to be about three hundred years behind the age. Now, when all things are in flux, it is pleasant to find that that early impression need not be absolutely effaced. Spain is still the most democratic of countries. The familiar and intimate relationship which we know in the old comedies of Europe and other sources as subsisting between master and servant, between gentleman and peasant, is still universal. The waiter, even in your modern hotel a few paces from the Puerta del Sol, pats you on the back with friendly intimacy as you step out of the lift even on the day after your arrival; and every low-class Spaniard expects, as a matter of course, to be treated as an equal. We are not unfamiliar with that attitude in more progressive countries; but the Spaniard shows that he is entitled to such courtesy by knowing how to return it; and that is a phenomenon we are less familiar with.

There is among Spanish people a friendly trustfulness towards all, even towards strangers and foreigners, which belongs to an age when in a well-knit community no fear was necessary. The man of shifting and progressive civilization is always prepared to be suspicious; he scrutinizes a stranger carefully and feels his way slowly. That outcome of modern progress seems unknown to the Spanish man or woman; it is always assumed that your attitude is friendly; and on the strength of this trustfulness even the instinct of modesty, or the not less instinctive fear of ridicule, seems in Spain to become slightly modified.

We realize how far we are from the present when we enter a Spanish Church. The ecstatic attitude of devotion which the worshiper sometimes falls into, without thought of any observer, is altogether unlike the consciously elegant grace of the French worshiper or the rigid decorum of the English; while perhaps, if there is music, groups of women cluster with their fans at the foot of the piers, and children quietly play about in corners with unchecked and innocent freedom. Nor are the dogs and cats less free than the children; at Tudela I have even seen a dog curled up in the most comfortable chair by the high altar, probably left in charge of the church, for he raised his head in a watchful and suspicious manner when the stranger entered; and in Gerona Cathedral there was a cat who would stroll about in front of the *capilla mayor* during the progress of mass, receiving the caresses of the passers-by. It would be a serious mistake to see here any indifference to religion; on the contrary, this easy familiarity with sacred things is simply the attitude of those who in Wordsworth's phrase "lie in Abraham's bosom all the year," and do not, as often among ourselves, enter a church once a week to show how severely respectable, for the example of others, they can on occasion show themselves to be. It was thus that our own ancestors, whose faith was assuredly less questioning than ours, made themselves at home in the aisles of Old Saint Paul's. It would be easy to enumerate many details of life in Spain which remind us of a past which we have ourselves long left behind.

It is pleasant to feel that such evidences of the community of Old Spain with a world — in many respects an excellent world — from which we have ourselves emerged have not yet ceased to exist. When we pass out of the beaten tracks we still come in touch with it almost everywhere in Spain. The stranger cannot perhaps more easily get a glimpse of the true and ancient Spain than by acquiring the habit of traveling third-class. The seats, indeed, are hard, but the company is usually excellent, charming in its manners and not offensive to any sense. Here a constant series of novel pictures is presented to the traveler who may quietly study them at leisure. Perhaps it is a dozen merry girls on their way to a festival, packed tightly together and laden with packages; some, the more sedate among them, wear mantillas, some bright handkerchiefs on their heads, or go with hair uncovered; but, however they are dressed, to whatever class they belong, they are all clean and sweet. They carefully tie to the racks the little bunches of deep-toned carnations they bear, — Spanish women always treat carnations tenderly, — and give themselves up to unrestrained chatter and laughter; their voices are apt to be somewhat piercingly vibrant and metallic, but their delight is good to see; the younger girls at the climax of their glee will perhaps stand up and flutter their arms like wings, and the elder women, if any there be, join in with only more restrained enjoyment.

Or, perhaps, it is a less crowded carriage one enters; there are two middle-class Spaniards and a peasant group of three: a fat, jolly, middle-aged man in a peasant's costume, but clean and new, almost stylish; a woman of like age, — one of those free, robust, kindly women whom Spain produces so often; and a pretty bare-headed girl, evidently her daughter, though the man seems a friend or relative who is escorting them on their journey. By and by, when we have been some hours on our journey, he lifts from the seat in front of him the large, heavy, embroidered wallet, — that *alforja* which Sancho Panza was always so anxious to keep well filled, — unwinds it and draws out one of the great flat delicious Spanish loaves and throws it on the woman's lap. Then a dish of stewed meat appears, and the bread is cut into slices which serve as plates for the meat. But before the meal is begun the peasant turns round with a hearty "Gusta?" It is the invitation to share in the feast which every polite

Spaniard must make even to strangers who happen to be present, and it is as a matter of course politely refused: "Muchas gracias." Before long, the black leather wine-bottle is produced from the wallet, and the meal proceeds. At its final stage some kind of sweetmeat appears and small fragments are offered to the two middle-class Spaniards, and then — with a slight half-movement, expressing a fine courtesy restrained by the fear of offering any offensive attention — to the foreign *caballero* also. It is not improper to accept this time, and now the leather bottle is handed round and the middle-class Spaniards avail themselves of it, though with awkward unfamiliarity, for it requires some skill to drink from this vessel with grace: you fold over the belly of the vessel to the angle demanded by the state of its repletion, and as you apply the mouthpiece to your lips you slowly elevate your eyes towards the zenith. The two Spaniards quietly remark to each other that the wine is of first-class quality, and even without such an assurance one would know that that peasant never drank anything that was not of first-class quality.

Once more one enters a carriage, this time second-class, where sits a charming and beautiful Spanish lady with her child, opposite to a man who, with little success, is paying attentions to the child with the object of opening up conversation with the mother. Two black-robed monks enter. They do not look at the pretty lady, they seem unconscious of her presence, and the elder of the two, a man of gentle, refined face, alone greets us with the customary "Good day." The other brother, wearing gold-rimmed spectacles, is a larger man, of more stolid and impassive type, evidently of lower grade in the order. The two exchange very few words in the course of their three hours' journey, and it is always the elder and more intelligent man who takes the initiative. He sits with folded hands, quietly but alertly interested in every smallest incident, while the younger man, having placed his spectacles on the seat beside him, leans back, calmly vegetative, with arms folded within his sleeves. After a while the other, with gentle feminine fingers, touches him softly on the arm without a word. He understands, and produces a bundle fastened in a knotted blue check handkerchief. I imagine for a moment that the holy men are about to partake of a frugal repast; but the bundle contains a large book of devotions, in which the elder monk reads for a short time, then fastens it again in the bundle and pushes it toward his companion as its recognized guardian. A little girl enters the carriage with her small basket; the elder monk looks at her with affectionate interest; and when she passes him to get out at the next station he smiles sweetly at her, speaking a few words to which she responds with an "Adios." I seem to see here typified the two varieties into which the discipline of the cloister moulds men — the sensitively feminine and the listlessly vegetative. All the life of these men has marked itself upon them. I realize how true are the words of the wise physician, that "from him who has eyes to see and ears to hear no mortal can hide his secret; he whose lips are silent chatters with his finger-tips and betrays himself through all his pores."

If I were asked to sum up the dominant impression that the survival in Spain of old-world mediævalism makes, I should say that Spain is, in the precise and specific sense of the word, the home of romance. The special character of the Spanish temperament and of Spanish developments in literature and in art is marked, not by classic feeling, — though Spain owed so much to ancient Rome and Rome to Spain, — but by a quality, rising and sinking with the rise and fall of Gothic, which we call the romantic spirit: a mixture, that is, of the mysterious and grandiose with the grotesquely bizarre, of the soaringly ideal with the crudely real, — a mixture which to us to-day has the cunning fascination of art, but was really on both sides the natural outcome of the

experiences and feelings of the men who created it. This romantic spirit was once the common possession of all Christendom; but the Spanish temperament peculiarly lent itself to the romantic attitude, and it is in Spain to-day that we may catch its final vanishing echoes. It was certainly no accident that Victor Hugo, who created the renaissance of romantic drama in France, went to Spain for his inspiration. It is sometimes said that Hugo had but slight knowledge of Spain; he went there as a child of ten, that was all. But this child of precocious genius was able even at that age to receive impressions strong enough to germinate in the fullness of time. The whole of the earlier and more fruitful period of Hugo's work may be said to have been due to the stimulus which came to him from Spain.

To-day it is the Church, always the most powerful stronghold of tradition among any people, which enables the stranger most vividly to realize how well the romantic spirit has been preserved in Spain. Notwithstanding invasions from without and revolutions from within, especially during the early years of the last century, Spain is still the country where the mediæval spirit of romantic devotion is most splendidly embodied and preserved. To the English visitor, in whose churches nearly every beautiful thing that royal despoilers had left was battered and broken by still more energetic Puritans, it is a perpetual miracle to find so much delicate work from remote ages which has never been ravaged by revolutionists or restorers.

Moreover, there is no type of architecture which so admirably embodies the romantic spirit as Spanish Gothic. Such a statement implies no heresy against the supremacy of French Gothic. But the very qualities of harmony and balance, of finely tempered reason, which make French Gothic so exquisitely satisfying, softened the combination of mysteriously grandiose splendor with detailed realism in which lies the essence of Gothic as the manifestation of the romantic spirit. Spanish Gothic, at once by its massiveness and extravagance and by its realistic naturalness, far more potently embodies the spirit of mediæval life. It is less æsthetically beautiful, but it is more romantic. In Leon Cathedral Spain possesses one of the very noblest and purest examples of French Gothic, — a church which may almost be said to be the supreme type of the Gothic ideal of a delicate house of glass finely poised between buttresses; but there is nothing Spanish about it. For the typical Gothic of Spain we must go to Toledo and Burgos, to Tarragona and Barcelona. Here we find the elements of stupendous size, of mysterious gloom, of grotesque and yet realistic energy, which are the dominant characters alike of Spanish architecture and of mediæval romance.

We find the same character in every object which subserves the Church service and ritual. The Spaniard has no fine instinct for the æsthetic; but in the sphere of devotion his romantic instinct is always right. The gloom which pervades Spanish churches — so unlike French churches, which are a blaze of light — has its source in the need for tempering the glare of the southern sun. But this gloom is finely subdued to the purposes of devotion, exquisitely tempered not only by windows which are always painted, but by the use of candles as the only source of artificial illumination. Though here and there, as in Toledo Cathedral, we find the hideous French device of the electric light that pretends to be a candle, Spaniards still understand not only that the candle is the illuminant which symbolically best lends itself to Christian worship, but that the full and equable illumination necessary to reveal the symmetry of classic buildings is worse than useless in this more mysterious Gothic art, which demands the emphasis of its perspective, the broken play of light and shade.

The affinity of the Spaniard for the romantic spirit is far from being, in the com-

mon sense of the word "romantic," the expression of a superficial sentimentality. The chivalry peculiarly identified with Spain, — the chivalry, embodied in the conception of the Cid, which finally drove the Moor out of Spain, — however fantastic and extravagant it sometimes became, was stern in its ideals and very practical in its achievements. Interwoven with the manifestations of the romantic spirit in Spain, indeed a part of its texture, there is a perpetual insistence on suffering and death. A certain indifference to pain, even a positive delight in it, was long ago observed by Strabo to mark the Iberian. And the deliberate emphasis of the thought of death, so congenial to the ethical temper of this people, has always been a note of the romantic mood. But while the favorite mediæval conception of the Dance of Death has elsewhere passed out of the living traditions of European peoples, — for the new interest in the poignant old English morality, *Everyman*, is but an artificial revival, — in Spain the naked lugubrious fact of death is still made part of the lesson of daily life. "Hic jacet pulvis, cinis, nihil:" that inscription in huge letters, marking the grave of a great Archbishop on the floor of Toledo Cathedral, well expresses the Spaniard's haughty humility. The Escorial, the royal Spanish temple to Death, is unique in its elaborate and impressive circumstances; every ruling Spanish monarch may here descend the dark marble staircase to the little vault below the high altar and view the sarcophagus which was prepared for him centuries before he was born.

The Spaniard broods over and emphasizes the naked Majesty of Death. Very far from him is the sunny and serene saying of Spinoza that "there is nothing the wise man thinks of less than of death." In Barcelona Cathedral, the most solemnly impressive model of Catalan architecture, the broad and stately entrance to the crypt, the gloomy house of Death, is placed in the centre of the church between the *capilla mayor* and the choir. Every Spanish sacristan seems to possess a well-polished skull and a couple of thigh-bones with which to crown the catafalque it is his duty to erect, — a task in which we may sometimes find him engaged in the silent church at twilight, preparing for the funeral ceremony of the morrow. In a church in the heart of the city of Zamora I have found, prominently placed on a pedestal, a skeleton of fine proportions holding an hour-glass in one hand and a scythe in the other, while high on the interior wall of Salamanca Cathedral one discerns a skeleton of lesser proportions with what seems to be the skin still clinging to its bones.

The age of chivalry, as we know, is over; and the romantic spirit is rooted in conceptions of life and of death which are not able to flourish vitally in the soil of our time. It is inevitable that, however firmly the mediæval conception may have persisted in Spain, its tendency must be, if not to die out, at all events to become attenuated, overlaid, — at the least, transformed in its manifestations. But a nation that at one moment led the world, and has always shown an aptitude for bringing forth great personalities, must not be too hastily dismissed as no longer able to exert an influence in human affairs. The people of Spain are sound at the core; they have suffered as much from their virtues as from their vices — from their idealism, their indifference to worldly advantage, their cheerful good nature, their stoical resignation. In the women of Spain, also, one may discern an element of promise. However hampered by lack of education and a habit of Oriental seclusion, Spanish women have always possessed a singular native vigor and fibre. It is not alone their beauty and charm which distinguish them, but intelligence and character. As queens and as heroines and as saints, in literature and in philanthropy, Spanish women have in all ages asserted themselves.

Spain has suffered from incompetent and treacherous rulers, from her own lack of political instinct, even from a too ready

response to chivalrous and humanitarian ideals. It has become a commonplace to say that the Spaniards are a decaying nation. A country, however, which is noted for the number of its centenarians scarcely seems to be suffering from physical decadence; a nation which has learned to gain strength out of defeat can scarcely be held to be in a state of moral decadence.

THOMAS LOVE PEACOCK

BY H. W. BOYNTON

People of a practical and staving disposition have a right to ignore, and even to resent, the advances of your casual literary enthusiast. There is no reason why a private hobby should be allowed to get to be a public nuisance. Let the man dog's-ear his minor poets, by all means; that is a harmless form of amusement, like playing the flute or collecting postage-stamps. But in the name of common sense let him keep his little games to himself. We have "troubles of our own;" we know, perhaps, the difference between stocks and bonds, and are more or less applauded by the neighbors for our local applications to the pianola of evenings. What do we owe to the writing person? Why should we be expected to be interested in his interest in an always obscure book or a long-forgotten author? No good excuse can be offered for the following observations on Peacock. No accident of the calendar affords that momentary reanimation of interest which our conventionality yields even to a minor memory. There is certainly no question of presenting Peacock as a great man, even a great literary man; or as a small literary person who is in any sense a find. But Peacock is less generally known than he deserves to be, so that a finger-post here and there by the high-road may not be quite an impertinence.

Peacock does not appear to have been really popular in his own day; and we should judge from his frequent raps at the *Edinburgh Review*, that there was at least one quarter in which he failed to win a success of esteem. His modern readers could not well be many. He never even imagined that he was to have a perennial "audience fit though few." Yet the fact remains of his real, if limited and somewhat antiquating, charm. It is a charm which could not possibly belong to any product of our own bustling literary mode, and which is for that very reason worth reverting to for modern readers who are not satisfied with enjoying one kind of thing.

The external facts of Peacock's life do not go very far toward explaining the peculiar character of his work. He was born in 1788, the son of a London merchant; 1785
was self-taught after the age of thirteen; entered the service of the East India Company, and at twenty-eight secured a responsible post as Chief Examiner of Indian Correspondence. This office he held for forty years, to be succeeded on his retirement by no less a person than John Stuart Mill. Yet a mellow classical scholarship, and an air of humorous detachment from practical affairs, are the Peacockian qualities which are likely to impress modern readers most forcibly. How did he find time and opportunity to acquire this mood of bland leisure? *Headlong Hall* was published in 1815, *Crotchet Castle* in 1830, and *Gryll Grange* in 1860; they might all of them have been the work of some conservative and witty don

of Cam or Isis, serenely satirical over his second bottle, and somewhat garrulous in his skepticism as to new modes of government, of thought, and of cookery. The affairs of the East India Company were not, it seems, conducted upon the American plan; we have reason to know that those famous London offices contained more than one quiet corner where it was possible for a man to deal in other commodities than those of Ind; to grow ripe, say, in the humanities, and courteously to entertain a reputable Muse.

Peacock is commonly classed among the novelists, and the word novel does not mean enough to make it worth while to challenge the classification. It may be said, however, that he found his models in the eighteenth century, and in the work, not of the English novelists, but of the French satirical romancers. They used a discursive form bearing some such relation to fiction as the morality play bears to the drama. Now and then we come upon a bit of true action, or of lively characterization; but for the most part the talk's the thing, and the talk is of types of men and modes of human behavior. If Peacock had been born fifty years earlier, he would as like as not have made creditable place for himself among the Spectators and Guardians, the Ramblers and Idlers of that leisurely ruminating century to which, rather than to his own, he belonged. He could not, as essayist, have produced a Sir Roger, or, as novelist, an Uncle Toby. His characters lack the human, or rather personal, touch. There is no getting at them apart from the qualities for which they stand. With one or two exceptions they are as distinctly lay figures as Ben Jonson's; and Peacock uses the pictorial proper name quite as frankly to announce the fact. Often his label is some more or less fantastic Latin or Greek derivative, but quite as often he is contented with the simplest English forms. Mr. Toobad, Mr. Crotchet, Mr. Listless, the Reverend Mr. Grovelgrub, the Earl of Foolincourt, the borough of Rogueingrain; such a nomenclature might have served Bunyan perfectly, and confesses the official character of the persons named. To endow them with personality seems to have been beyond the aim as well as beyond the powers of our humorist, whose classical bias doubtless led him to regard that kind of invention with indifference if not disdain. He was not a poet, or we might draw a pretty close analogy between him and Landor in this respect; though Landor, as it happened, made use of well-known historical names where Peacock employed didactic tags. It matters little whether, to point your study of a human type, you say Cromwell or Lord Hackemdown: if you make Cromwell alive, you have transcended your office.

Peacock did, to be sure, produce several recognizable portraits; but if they are sketches from the life, they are still, pretty clearly, sketches from the living type. The most important of them, to modern readers, are the Scythrop and Cypress of *Nightmare Abbey*, acknowledged to be after Shelley and Byron. Shelley is known to have been delighted with the portrait, perhaps because he saw that, decided squint toward caricature as it had, it was a humorous delineation of the Shelleyan type rather than the Shelleyan individual: —

"When Scythrop grew up, he was sent, as usual, to a public school, where a little learning was painfully beaten into him, and from thence to the university, where it was carefully taken out of him; and he was sent home like a well-threshed ear of corn, with nothing in his head; having finished his education to the high satisfaction of the master and the fellows of his college. . . . At the house of Mr. Hilary, Scythrop first saw the beautiful Miss Emily Girouette. He fell in love; which is nothing new. He was favourably received; which is nothing strange. Mr. Glowry and Mr. Girouette had a meeting on the occasion, and quarrelled about the terms of the bargain; which is neither new nor strange. The lovers were torn asunder, weeping and vowing everlast-

ing constancy; and in three weeks after the tragical event, the lady was led a smiling bride to the altar, by the honourable Mr. Lackwit; which is neither strange nor new." The blighted Scythrop succumbs first to Wertherism and next to a passion for reforming the world. "He built many castles in the air, and peopled them with secret tribunals, and bands of illuminati, who were always the imaginary instruments of his projected regeneration of the human species. As he intended to institute a perfect republic, he invested himself with absolute sovereignty over these mystical dispensers of liberty. He slept with Horrid Mysteries under his pillow, and dreamed of venerable eleutherarchs and ghastly confederates holding midnight conventions in subterranean caves. . . . To get a clear view of his own ideas, and to feel the pulse of the wisdom and genius of the age, he wrote and published a treatise in which his meanings were carefully wrapped up in the monk's hood of transcendental technology, but filled with hints of matter deep and dangerous, which he thought would set the whole nation in a ferment; and he awaited the result in awful expectation, as a miner who has fired a train awaits the explosion of a rock. However, he listened and heard nothing; for the explosion, if any ensued, was not sufficiently loud to shake a single leaf of the ivy on the towers of Nightmare Abbey; and some months afterwards he received a letter from his bookseller, informing him that only seven copies had been sold, and concluding with a polite request for the balance. Scythrop did not despair. 'Seven copies,' he thought, 'have been sold. Seven is a mystical number, and the omen is good. Let me find the seven purchasers of my seven copies, and they shall be seven golden candlesticks with which I will illuminate the world.'"

Much of this we recognize as pretty directly transcribed from Shelley's youthful experience; but, as we have suggested, it is still more clearly a presentation of the typical boyish visionary and enthusiast. Just so Cypress is a portrait of the Byronic type; though there is no difficulty in tracing many of his thoughts and even phrases to their source in *Childe Harold* and elsewhere: "I have no hope for myself or for others. Our life is a false nature: it is not in the harmony of things; it is an all-blasting upas, whose root is earth, and whose leaves are the skies which rain their poison-dews upon mankind. We wither from our youth; we gasp with unslaked thirst for unattainable good; lured from the first to the last by phantoms — love, fame, ambition, avarice — all idle, all ill — one meteor of many names, that vanishes in the smoke of death." To reduce such stuff to prose is to make it absurd indeed. This was written just after the publication of the later cantos of *Childe Harold.* Byron had been in exile but a year or two, and the howl of popular execration which had attended his departure was hardly yet subsiding. Under the circumstances it is remarkable that, sharply as he ridicules the Byronic philosophy, Peacock casts no slur upon the Byronic character. What could be more perfect than Mr. Cypress's dismissal from the scene? "Mr. Cypress, having his ballast on board, stepped, the same evening, into his bowl, or travelling chariot, and departed to rake seas and rivers, lakes and canals, for the moon of ideal beauty." Peacock and Byron, be it noted in passing, were to be joint executors of Shelley, who left his satirist a substantial legacy as a further token of the value he had set upon their long-standing friendship.

Peacock evidently recognized his kinship to Jonson and the didactic humorists. A passage from *Every Man in his Humour* is used as motto to *Nightmare Abbey*, and verses from *Hudibras*, to *Crotchet Castle* and *Gryll Grange.* The types which he portrays are not very numerous, but he rightly takes them to be representative not only of the English society of his own day, but, beneath their temporary trappings, of all human so-

ciety. In the Preface to a collection of his work, published in 1837, he remarks, "The classes of tastes, feelings, and opinions which were successively brought into play in these little tales, remain substantially the same. Perfectabilians, deteriorationists, statu-quoites, phrenologists, logists, transcendentalists, political economists, theorists in all sciences, projectors in all arts, morbid visionaries, romantic enthusiasts, lovers of music, lovers of the picturesque, and lovers of good dinners, march, and will march forever, *pari passu*, with the march of mechanics, which some facetiously call the march of intellect."

In the opening chapter of the first of his satirical fantasias, four of these typical characters are introduced: "Foster, quasi Φωστηρ, from φαος and τηρεω, *lucem servo, conservo, observo, custodio* — one who watches over and guards the light. . . . Escot, quasi εϛ σκοτον, *in tenebras*, scilicet, *intuens;* one who is always looking into the dark side of the question. . . . Jenkison: This name may be derived from αιεν εξ ισων, *semper ex æqualibus*, — scilicet, *mensuris, omnia metiens:* one who from equal measures divides and distributes all things; one who from equal measures can always produce arguments on both sides of a question, with so much nicety and exactness, as to keep the said question eternally pending, and the balance of the controversy perpetually *in statu quo*. By an aphæresis of the α, an elision of the second ε, and an easy and natural mutation of ξ into κ, the derivation proceeds according to the strictest principles of etymology: αιεν εξ ισων — Ιεν εξ ισων — Ιεν εκ ισων — Ιεν 'κ ισων — Ιενκισων — Ienkison — Jenkison. . . . Gaster: scilicet Γαστηρ — venter, — et præterea nihil."

All this belongs to a variety of erudite facetiousness which is not especially grateful to the modern ear. Etymology is no longer an admired topic for the conversation of gentlemen. Not even Peacock's obvious consciousness of extravagance is likely to make his amiable pedantry palatable to the offspring of a modern scientific education. In his fondness for verbal archæology and invention he rivals the mighty Browne himself: witness such words as "philotheoparoptesism," and "jeremitaylorically," not to speak of the monstrous double-birth of sound which he puts into the mouth of his phrenologist, Mr. Cranium: the word "osteosarchæmatosplanchnochondroneuromuelous," being supplemented with the "more intelligible" Latin derivative, "osseocarnisanguineoviscericartilaginonervomedullary."

But a scientific mind would discern, beyond this amorous and whimsical classicism of manner, a more serious cause of offense in Peacock's unconcealed distrust of the importance to human life of the additions to knowledge, and to material efficiency, which were then beginning to be so loudly celebrated. Peacock was three parts statu-quoite, one part deteriorationist. "The march of mechanics, which some facetiously call the march of intellect," is a phrase which might serve as motto for much of his discourse. "'I conceive,' said Mr. Foster, 'that men are virtuous in proportion as they are enlightened; and that, as every generation increases in knowledge, it also increases in virtue.' 'I wish it were so,' said Mr. Escot, 'but to me the very reverse appears to be the fact. . . . The sciences advance. True. A few years of study puts a modern mathematician in possession of more than Newton knew, and leaves him at leisure to add new discoveries of his own. Agreed. But does this make him a Newton? Does it put him in possession of that range of intellect, that grasp of mind, from which the discoveries of Newton sprang? It is mental power that I look for: if you can demonstrate the increase of that, I will give up the field. Energy — independence — individuality — disinterested virtue — active benevolence — self-oblivion — universal philanthropy — these are the qualities I desire to find, and of which I

contend that every succeeding age produces fewer examples.'"

"'I admit,' says Mr. Foster on a later occasion, after a spirited sally by Mr. Escot, 'I admit there are many things that may, and therefore will, be changed for the better.'

"'Not on the present system,' said Mr. Escot, 'in which every change is for the worse.'

"'In matters of taste I am sure it is,' said Mr. Gall; 'there is, in fact, no such thing as good taste left in the world.'

"'Oh, Mr. Gall!' said Miss Philomela Poppyseed, 'I thought my novel—'

"'My paintings,' said Sir Patrick O'Prism, —

"'My ode,' said Mr. MacLaurel —

"'My ballad,' said Mr. Nightshade —

"'My plan for Lord Littlebrain's park,' said Marmaduke Milestone, Esquire —

"'My essay,' said Mr. Treacle —

"'My sonata,' said Mr. Chromatic —

"'My claret,' said Squire Headlong —

"'My lectures,' said Mr. Cranium —

"'Vanity of vanities,' said the Reverend Dr. Gaster, turning down an empty egg-shell; 'all is vanity and vexation of spirit.'"

Dr. Gaster is the first of a considerable line of learned and convivial parsons: the Reverend Doctors Larynx, Folliott, Portpipe, and Opimian. Dr. Folliott, really the central figure in the best of these effusions, is the richest and most delightful embodiment of the favorite type. Indubitably a product of the eighteenth century, he is neither a Parson Adams nor a Vicar of Wakefield. His palate is no more eager than his mind, and his stomach no more retentive than his memory. Over a well-filled table he grows mellow in spirit as well as in body. He has no patience with the "march of mind," and takes it hard that his cook should have nearly burned the house down by falling asleep over "hydrostatics, in a sixpenny tract, published by the Steam Intellect Society, and written by a learned friend who is for doing all the world's business as well as his own, and is equally well qualified to handle every branch of human knowledge." He has a cheerful contempt for reform, progress, and Scotchmen. The modern watchword, he complains, is "everything for everybody, science for all, schools for all, rhetoric for all, physic for all, words for all, and sense for none." He distrusts the human usefulness of the man who does not know who was Jupiter's great-grandfather, and "what metres will successively remain, if you take off, one by one, the three first syllables from a pure antispastic catalectic tetrameter." Withal, he has an endearing touch of irascibility; there are moments when the tone of controversy grows warm:

THE REVEREND DR. FOLLIOTT.

Alter erit tum Tiphys, et altera quæ vehat Argo Delectos Heroas. I will be of the party, though I must hire an officiating curate, and deprive poor Mrs. Folliott, for several weeks, of the pleasure of combing my wig.

LORD BOSSNOWL.

I hope, if I am to be of the party, our ship is not to be the ship of fools: He! He!

THE REV. DR. FOLLIOTT.

If you are one of the party, sir, it most assuredly will not: Ha! Ha!

LORD BOSSNOWL.

Pray, sir, what do you mean by Ha! Ha!?

THE REV. DR. FOLLIOTT.

Precisely, sir, what you mean by He! He!

Peacock was not a Dr. Folliott, but Dr. Folliott expresses a good deal of him. *Crotchet Castle* is the work of his prime: more mellow than the earlier satires, more vigorous than the *Gryll Grange* of thirty years later. Dr. Folliott has company worthy of him, and company somewhat more varied than is to be found in the other tales. Besides our more or less argumentative types, — our transcendental poet, our Scotch economist, our bib-

ulous squire, and the rest, — there is an amusing pair of fashionables, who deliver themselves of some excellent eighteenth-century comedy dialogue, — Captain Fitzchrome high-flown and sentimental, Lady Clarinda vain, flighty, and mocking.

CAPTAIN FITZCHROME.

Oh, Lady Clarinda, there is a heartlessness in that language that chills me to the soul. . . . Is it come to this, that you make a jest of my poverty? Yet is my poverty only comparative. Many decent families are maintained on smaller terms.

LADY CLARINDA.

Decent families: aye, decent is the distinction from respectable. Respectable means rich, and decent means poor. I should die if I heard my family called decent. And then your decent family always lives in a snug little place: I hate a little place: I like large rooms and large looking-glasses and large parties, and a fine large butler, with a tinge of smooth red on his face; an outward and visible sign that the family he serves is respectable; if not noble, highly respectable.

All this is no doubt belated enough. It might, and according to some authorities should, have been written a strong fifty years earlier. In form, as well as in content, Peacock was, if that is any satisfaction — or dissatisfaction — a survival rather than an original. He did not, like Sterne or like Borrow, invent a discursive style. There were, as we have said, pre-revolutionary French models of satirical narrative which he was wise enough to follow not more closely than effectively. They suited his purpose; and his purpose was not to be queer, but to do something worth while, — as natural an aim for a literary man, it may be, as for anybody else. That was an age which exposed itself with singular ingenuousness to the thrust of satire. It was an age of successful charlatanry in politics, war, society, science, and literature. The world was on a new course, and had not yet got its bearings. Peacock's conservative temper and quick eye qualified him to note with fidelity, if with good-natured scorn, the extravagances and ill-considered experiments of the day. Time has tempered many of those extravagances, and given a conclusive test to most of those experiments. And yet Peacock was quite right in claiming for his work a more important appositeness than mere timeliness. He, also, might claim to be speaking for all time, if not, like Aristophanes and Juvenal, Cervantes and Fielding, to all time. Our folly seems to us far more markedly different from the folly of our fathers than it is going to seem to our great-grandchildren. The twenty-first century will confound the memories of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries as the twentieth already begins to confound the seventeenth and the eighteenth. Did Cowper belong to the Lake school? and were pantalets worn under the first George or the last? . . . Phrenology is no longer a popular issue, nor is table-rapping; but sociology and "psychical research" are very decent equivalents; and the membership of the Steam Intellect Society is continually swelling.

"I think, doctor," says Mrs. Opimian, "you would not maintain any opinion if you had not an authority two thousand years old for it."

"Well, my dear," is the reverend doctor's placid retort, "I think most opinions worth mentioning have an authority of about that age."

Mr. Arthur Symons's vigorous utterance upon the newspaper finds a fairly close parallel in a certain sally of Dr. Opimian's: "Let us see, what is the epitome of a newspaper? In the first place, specimens of all the deadly sins, and infinite varieties of violence and fraud; a great quantity of talk, called by courtesy legislative wisdom, of which the result is 'an incoherent and undigested mass of law, shot down as from a rubbish-heap, on the heads of the people;' lawyers barking at each other in that peculiar

style of hylactic delivery which is called forensic eloquence, and of which the first and most distinguished practitioner was called Cerberus; beargarden meetings of mismanaged companies, in which directors and shareholders abuse each other in choice terms, not all to be found even in Rabelais. . . . Societies of all sorts, for teaching everybody everything, meddling with everybody's business, and mending everybody's morals; mountebank advertisements, promising the beauty of Helen in a bottle of cosmetic and the age of old Parr in a box of pills . . . announcements that some exceedingly stupid fellow has been 'entertaining' a select company."

There is no denying that the good doctor, like his creator, hates not a few institutions simply because they were not known to the Greeks. And the rule works both ways: he will not admit the Greeks inferior in anything, arguing that their practice in painting was as perfect as in poetry and sculpture, and that their morals were as unexceptionable as their taste. To a judgment so biased and trained there was much to offend in the literary manner of the hour. Peacock loses no chance to rap the realistic method then coming into fashion: "The whole party followed, with the exception of Scythrop, who threw himself into his armchair, crossed his left foot over his right knee, placed the hollow of his left hand on the inner ankle of his left leg, rested his right elbow on the elbow of the chair, placed the ball of his right thumb against his right temple, curved the forefinger along the upper part of his forehead, rested the point of the middle finger on the bridge of his nose, and the point of the two others on the lower part of the palm, fixed his eyes intently on the veins on the back of his left hand, and sat in this position like the immovable Theseus, who, as is well known to many who have not been at college, and to some few who have, *sedet, æternumque sedebit.* We hope the admirers of the minutiæ in poetry and romance will appreciate this accurate description of a pensive attitude." Fifteen years later we find our satirist increasingly warm against the realistic trick: on one occasion, speaking in his own person, he works himself into a very pretty passion against modern literature:

"We shall leave," he says, after another bit of mock description, "this tempting field of interesting expatiation to those whose brains are high-pressure steam-engines for spinning prose by the furlong, to be trumpeted in paid-for paragraphs in the quack's corner of newspapers: modern literature having attained the honourable distinction of sharing with blacking and macassar oil the space which used to be monopolised by razor-strops and the lottery, whereby that very enlightened community, the reading public, is tricked into the perusal of much exemplary nonsense; though the few who see through the trickery have no reason to complain, since as 'good wine needs no bush,' so, *ex vi oppositi*, these bushes of venal panegyric point out very clearly that the things they celebrate are not worth reading."

Elsewhere our censor is even more emphatic in his reflections upon contemporary letters. Scott he dismisses outright, in good set terms; not, perhaps, with the most perfect candor. There had been some little preference on the part of the critics as well as of the public; of the *Edinburgh Review* in particular, manned by a crew of the hated Scotch breed, among whom had been the romancer himself. At all events it was a bold Dr. Folliott who in 1830 (Carlyle had his say some eight years later, — not in the *Edinburgh Review*) could compare the *Waverley Novels*, then at the height of their fame, with the Covent Garden pantomimes: "They are both one," he asserts, "with a slight difference. The one is the literature of pantomime, the other is the pantomime of literature. There is the same variety of character, the same diversity of story, the same copiousness of incident, the same research into cos-

tume, the same display of heraldry, falconry, minstrelsy, scenery, monkery, witchery, devilry, robbery, poachery, piracy, fishery, gipsy-astrology, demonology, architecture, fortification, castrametation, navigation; the same running base of love and battle. The main difference is, that the one set of amusing fictions is told in music and action; the other in all the worst dialects of the English language. As to any sentence worth remembering, any moral or political truth, anything having a tendency, however remote, to make men wiser or better, to make men think, to make them even think of thinking, they are both precisely alike: *nuspiam, nequaquam, nullibi, nullimodis.*" . . . "Very amusing, however," says Lady Clarinda. One can imagine the doctor betrayed into a snort and a glare which his breeding at once repents of. "Very amusing, very amusing," is his only and perhaps sufficient retort, as to the precise inflection of which we can only speculate. As usual, the discussion begins and ends with a bumper; for Peacock invites us to a series of symposia in the full sense. Whatever their limitations or differences, the interlocutors are all stout trenchermen and lusty topers.

"You are leaving England, Mr. Cypress," says Mr. Glowry on a certain occasion. "There is a delightful melancholy in saying farewell to an old acquaintance, when the chances are twenty to one against ever meeting again. A smiling bumper to a sad parting, and let us all be unhappy together.

MR. CYPRESS (*filling a bumper*)

This is the only social habit that the disappointed spirit never unlearns.

THE REVEREND MR. LARYNX (*filling*)

It is the only piece of academical learning that the finished educatee retains.

MR. FLOSKY (*filling*)

It is the only objective fact which the sceptic can realise.

SCYTHROP (*filling*)

It is the only styptic for a bleeding heart.

THE HONOURABLE MR. LISTLESS (*filling*)

It is the only trouble that is very well worth taking.

MR. ASTERIAS (*filling*)

It is the only key of conversational truth.

MR. TOOBAD (*filling*)

It is the only antidote to the great wrath of the devil.

MR. HILARY (*filling*)

It is the only symbol of perfect life. The inscription 'HIC NON BIBITUR' will suit nothing but a tombstone."

Talk, for all this, is the first object of these convivial assemblies; and if the Burgundy appears now and then to have gone in the direction of the head of one or other of the company, it never succeeds in stealing away their brains. Nobody speaks thick, nobody is taken home in a wheelbarrow. Dr. Folliott is inspired to the point of knocking out two thugs one night, on his blameless way home to the bosom of Mrs. Folliott: the only "low" occurrence recorded of these mighty men. Six years later, with the creation of Pickwick and his not merely drinking but drunken associates, the last straw was added to the burden which Fielding and Smollett had heaped upon eighteenth-century standards of decorum. Peacock, for his part, continued to hold to them; so that Dr. Opimian, born full-grown as late as 1860, displays the same admirable balance of capacity and sobriety we have been admiring in the worthy Folliott. Talk, I say, is the main object here,—talk about anything whatever, from how to cook a gudgeon to how to rule a state, from a theory of wealth to a theory of immortality. "The sentimental against the rational, the intuitive against the inductive, the ornamental against the useful, the intense against the tranquil, the romantic against the classical: these," says Mr.

Crotchet mildly, "are great and interesting controversies, which I should like, before I die, to see satisfactorily settled."

It must not be suggested (to any reader who may be uninformed by a first-hand acquaintance) that Peacock is helpless to do anything but argue by means of dialogue. His tales contain some admirable descriptions of that English country-house life which, according to the recent utterance of a capable critic, was the source and theme of very much of English mid-nineteenth-century literature. His descriptive matter is brief, but every word tells. Where can you find a better suggestion of the ease, the elegance, the exclusive privileges of that life than in these two sentences? "Four beautiful cabined pinnaces, one for the ladies, one for the gentlemen, one for kitchen and servants, one for a dining-room and band of music, weighed anchor, on a fine July morning, from below Crotchet Castle, and were towed merrily, by strong trotting horses, against the stream of the Thames. . . . Sometimes they dined in their floating dining-room, sometimes in tents, which they pitched on the dry smooth-shaven green of a newly-mown meadow; sometimes they left their vessel to see sights in the vicinity; sometimes they passed a day or two in a comfortable inn." The writer lived most of his life in London; but had to look to the country for that atmosphere of cultivated leisure which his temperament and the character of his work demanded.

Peacock attempted, it remains to be said, two other rôles beside that of the discursive satirist: he wrote two romances, and a great deal of verse. *Maid Marian* seems to me the most spirited and graceful version of the Robin Hood legend which we possess. Its undertone of quiet irony, to be sure, betrays the lurking satirist. "The Abbey of Rubygill," we are told at the outset, "stood in a picturesque valley, at a little distance from the western boundary of Sherwood Forest, in a spot which seemed adapted by nature to be the retreat of monastic mortification, being on the banks of a fine trout-stream, and in the midst of woodland coverts, abounding in excellent game." It may naturally be surmised that devout admirers of the forest scenes in *Ivanhoe* (which appeared only a year or two earlier than *Maid Marian*) would have considered Peacock uncomfortably flippant. Well, Scott's day is by no means over yet, while Peacock's name is not to be found in certain modern manuals of English literature. Such is the difference of fate in most ages between a wizard of story-telling and an ironical commentator on life. Peacock's books are, however, as we should by this have sufficiently proved, well able to stand the test which, according to Dr. Folliott, Scott absolutely fails to meet. "My quarrel with him is that his works contain nothing worth quoting; and a book that furnishes no quotations is, *me judice*, no book — it is a plaything. There is no question about the amusement — amusement of multitudes; but if he who amuses us most is to be our enchanter κατ' ἐξοχήν, then my enchanter is the enchanter of Covent Garden."

The Misfortunes of Elphin, Peacock's second romance, I think simply dull; mainly perhaps because it stands for an attempt to enchant on the part of a man who was not an enchanter. That rambling narrative contains, we suppose, not a little properly authenticated Welsh lore of the heraldry-falconry-minstrelsy-scenery sort. It may be symbolic or something: I don't know; but I must place it on record as a bit of Peacock which I can make nothing of. Part of the difficulty seems to lie in the fact that the tale is decorated with numerous translations from Welsh poetry. Peacock, let me make a clean breast of it, wrote much, very much verse, of which not a line that I have read is worth rereading. So be it: Bacon and some others have not been able to write poetry either. It is nothing against a man that he has tried. We set out with the intention, not of proving that Peacock wrote Shelley, but of recom-

mending a worthily amusing and little read author to people who like to be worthily amused; or of recalling him to some persons who may have known and half-forgotten him. For his success in one of the most difficult of literary fields — that of prose satire — nay, of course we mean for his continued ability to give a certain kind of pleasure to persons who happen to be properly constituted for it, — he is in no great danger of being entirely forgotten.

One moment, then, we may fitly, even at this busy hour, devote to the celebration of his memory; and in what way better than according to that hearty ritual of Dr. Opimian? "And now to his health in bumpers of champagne. Let all the attendants stand by, each with a fresh bottle, with only one uncut string. Let all the corks, when I give the signal, be discharged simultaneously; and we will receive it as a peal of Bacchic ordnance, in honour" of one of the most genial, if not one of the greatest, of English humorists.

NIGHTFALL

BY JOHN B. TABB

Now, weary, one by one we lay
Aside the panoply of day,
And like to little children, creep
Defenseless, to the arms of Sleep.

Our heads upon her bosom, soon
Forgotten are the cares of noon,
That, shorn of shadows, helpless lie
As Samson in captivity.

THE LABORATORY IN THE HILLS

BY ELIZABETH FOOTE

I

Dr. Carthew had founded his laboratory, including, with an air of afterthought, his house, in a way that illustrates the force of reaction. Privacy was his first need; but he seemed to have desired that, when his close-worked eyes were raised from the microscope, they should have the contrast of as wide a vision as they could command. He was both in the hills and for the most part above them. His workshop clung to a high, sun-beaten crest. with an alarmed appearance of holding on by both hands, and supporting itself on an unusual number of legs. The drop of the hill from under necessitated this propping of quite half the building upon timbers whose length increased with the slope. This made, beneath, a shadowy, pillared cave. Its floor was rocky and of various degrees of steepness, its ceiling was the underside of the house; it was the private den of his daughter Babette, and strewed with her belongings, — books showing marks of the same violence she bestowed upon her friends, mending of a large and hopeless description, and a few attempts at comfort in the form of battered rugs and cushions. Her brother had contributed certain woodsy collections barely distinguishable from rubbish-heaps; but she had the place mostly to herself. Young Carthew ranged the hills like a stray hound, and looked upon his home as a lodging for the night or occasional base of supplies.

Babette came around the corner of the blazing piazza and descended its steps humming under her breath:

Pars, mon ami, l'Alsace est prise!

She was a fierce-eyed maiden of fifteen, thin as a little wolf, with a weight of black hair about her shoulders. There was an air of mastery about that head of hair which suggested that at some rather remote period Babette had been worsted in an attempt to comb it.

She stopped her song suddenly, because, on looking over the railing into her cave, she saw that Patsy Chaloner was there. He was lying on every possible cushion, with an open book propped face-downward on his chest. He presented the very impersonation of laziness. He was also an intruder. Yet only that morning she had been defending his presence at the laboratory to his imperious cousin, Roma Chaloner, on the ground that he was studying chemistry with her father.

"So he told me," Roma had said, — but with amusement.

"You don't seem to believe it."

"That he's studying! *Patsy!*"

Babette had championed her father's guest with her usual irrelevant detail.

"Patsy is very nice. He helps me with my pony. John never has time to clean her, and I can't take her to town with burs in her mane, but Patsy helps me. When he brought his horse he wanted to bring his groom too; but of course there was no room for him. There really is n't any room for Patsy."

Which brought one back to the original fact, that among the Carthews, with their faces of deadly earnest, and their abstracted housekeeping, Patsy was an anomaly.

Babette descended upon him with a forbidding expression. She slipped among the rocks, declining his assistance, and fished up his book from a crevice where it had slid. "If you don't like this book there are others in the laboratory," she remarked.

"It's cooler than the laboratory," Patsy pleaded. He had gentle, brown-amber eyes like a setter dog. It was difficult (though often essential) to be harsh with him. "Besides, I'm kicked out. Mrs. Bunce is scrubbing."

This explanation seemed to be satisfactory, and even diverting, to Babette. She seated herself with a satiric smile. "Did you stay long enough to hear any of it?"

Patsy also smiled. "There seemed to be some disagreement between Mrs. Bunce and the doctor."

"I should think there was! They have different ideas of cleanness."

"Chemical cleanness," suggested Patsy.

"Yes. Against the ordinary soap and bucket kind. The crash is something awful."

At this point Newton Carthew appeared on the steps of the piazza, and peered down at them.

"Hullo, Tony! Did no one call you?" asked Babette. It was near noon, but Newton was not a person of fixed habits. He blinked in the sun, his hair was all rubbed one way, and his just having got up was needlessly confirmed by the bath-robe that was his outer garment.

Babette observed him. "You look as if Mrs. Bunce had been scrubbing you."

"She scrubbed me out of bed all right. She must have broken something in the lab, by the noise. I say, Patsy, will you go fishing with me after lunch?"

"'Fraid I can't," said Patsy.

"Oh, why not! I grant you it's a poor time to start; but we need n't come back till we're ready."

"That's the hitch. I have an appointment with the doctor. Nobody ever kept an appointment that went fishing with you."

"Your appointments! I don't believe they're as important as you make them out. I can't see what you do puttering around in the lab."

"He does microscope work for father," said Babette.

"What makes you think so?" inquired Patsy.

"Stains on your fingers," said the daughter of the laboratory.

Patsy laughed. Developing kodak films was responsible for the stains. "You're a great little detective, Babette, but you're off this time. The doctor would n't trust me with his slides for a round sum." Patsy got up and shook himself and went up the steps, making a grab at Tony's frowzy head in passing. He stood on the high piazza and looked far out on the wide circle of the hills, dreamy with heat, fading, height beyond height, into mysterious union with the sky. To see so far was yet to be shut in. It was like gazing into the future. And, for a moment at least, Patsy Chaloner's eyes looked as though they were following his thoughts into the invisible.

But by and by my soul returned to me.

Probably he was only taking in the remarks of Mrs. Bunce from within.

Mrs. Bunce was a person of considerable presence apart from her command of rhetoric. The breadth of her hips, more especially when she planted both hands upon them, seemed to throw a certain personal weight into her most abstract arguments. On the occasion of this morning's cleaning she wore a jaunty sailor hat over a small amount of strained and knotted hair. Evidently she considered the laboratory an unsheltered spot. Those who encountered Dr. Carthew there occasionally found it so. Mrs. Bunce was cook and housekeeper, and ruled in her department with a tyranny not unlike the doctor's in his. She was nothing daunted when the departments — and the tyrants — met. She was even now about to deprive the laboratory of her ministrations.

"And the last time ever I was to town," she wound up her ultimatum, "I says to my daughter Mrs. Bucket: 'My Lord!' I says, 'I ain't done all my own work besides working for the mayor's wife, in a three-story house, and the best street in

town, to come out to a rough place like here, and be told how to scrub floors.' When I've done with a room it don't need no going over again, — not with no such rank-smelling dose as that;" she pointed to her pail, the contents of which had evidently been tampered with. "What's more, — I say it looks bad when a place needs disinfecting and there ain't nobody been sick. I say it's a queer place that's got to be cleaned that kind er way. An' I ain't so dull but what I know there's things kept in these rooms and things goin' on here that you won't find in no respectable house."

"I dare say you would n't," said the doctor. "Take that pail away! Come in here, Chaloner." As Patsy entered he shut the door on Mrs. Bunce's indignant exit; but the mingled reek of brown soap and disinfectants being rather overpowering, he opened it again. It showed one corner of the queer little sitting-room, dark against the light of a window opposite, which framed in turn a burning glimpse of the hills. This little picture of immensity, set in the wall as in a telescope, held Patsy's eyes this afternoon as those far, familiar hills had never done before. Perhaps it was the hypnotism of a square of brightness; perhaps it was that, as the old woman had said, strange things happened in the doctor's house.

The doctor himself, in a well-dressed, gentlemanly way, was an alarming-looking person. His eyes were as full of youthful madness as Babette's, yet they were intensely cold. He had the brows of a fanatic. The blackness of his close-cropped head, the blueness of his shaven lips and chin, gave him the appearance of a man who, if once he gave in to his hair, would revert to the original jungle. He leaned across his desk and scrutinized Patsy, who remarked conversationally, —

"I suppose you're not afraid of the old woman's talk?"

"I am," said Dr. Carthew. "I'm afraid of all fools. They're extremely dangerous. The world being full of them, I don't consider it a safe place for a busy man. However, I've been very mild with the old thing." Patsy had only the doctor's word for this unlikely statement. "I don't want her to leave us in the lurch just now."

"Then we're all ready?"

"Ready!" muttered the doctor. "I've been ready these ten years!" He had a deep, sweet voice, and it touched with a tragic contrast the harshness of his words, seeming to hint that he might have been human if the world had not needed him for an implacable tool.

"You are prepared — physically," he said to Chaloner. "I don't know what you are thinking about. I don't want to know. But I should think you would be a good deal interested. I was mad once to do it myself, — and held back by having two children. I never thought then I'd find a man who would offer to do it for me. Certainly not one in your circumstances."

In spite of his alleged indifference, Dr. Carthew looked curiously at Patsy.

"I suppose I'm rather in luck," said the young man dully. "It's a neat way of closing things up if you don't care to go on. Only I hope there won't be a row till it's over. Of course there will be one then."

"There certainly will," said the doctor. "If it fails there'll be one that may send me to join you."

"I should think the law would give you a big chance even if you can't hush it up."

"Oh, there'll be plenty of chance. And I suppose I shall have to truckle to it for the sake of the kids. It will be the most I've done for them yet. Imagine the sweetness of daily life, when you've aspired to change the fate of present millions and unborn generations! You've heard of a fellow who was sent to St. Helena after trying to conquer the world!"

Patsy might have reflected that it was a fellow with somewhat of the doctor's fatal genius. But he was merely looking at the little far-away hills and thinking

childishly: "However it comes out, she will think of me a little different from the way she does now." He found it difficult to attend to the doctor's remarks, though he knew them to be freighted. Almost anything distracted him. He heard Babette going up to her little attic room, and mechanically counted her steps on the stairs, and then on the floor above his head.

Babette was a person of associations. There were so many cherished knick-knacks pinned to the walls of her bedroom that it looked something like a scrap-book. A libellous assortment of snapshots taken by Patsy gave glimpses of Roma's Chaloner striking face, seeming to submit with a humorous stoicism to all the forms of caricature; and beside Roma's, another face, so fair that the sun could not distort it,—that of Ellen Fearing, her dearest friend.

Babette was turning things over in a drawer. She drew out a photograph of a different finish and date. It was of a round, thoughtless, girlish face, with a hurt look in the eyes which some one perhaps had put there, for it did not seem to belong to that face. Beneath it was delicately scrawled:

"Mes mains dans les vôtres —
HÉLÈNE."

Babette took out a French book that was underneath the photograph, and then put it back again, reflecting that Patsy was not going fishing and would be at large in the house all day. She did not wish him to see her reading that book, and to question her about it. This was part of a curious fancy of Babette's that no outsider should know how she clung to the speech of her French mother. She would not have admitted that she could speak French. Yet she had kept her hold upon it. She read it, thought in it; sometimes she spoke it with her father in certain moments of odd intellectual comradeship that arose between them. Yet it was he who was responsible for the suppression of this as of all other tokens of her mother's memory. He never spoke of his dead young wife nor permitted the mention of her name. He had loved her; she was not clever; he was a man of imperious intellect; and he had been cruel to her. But Babette did not know that. She only took his hardness for granted, and kept the dream of her lost childhood far from him and from all uncomprehending eyes.

The door opened suddenly and Newton extended a torn jacket into the room by the scruff of its neck.

"I say, Babette, I wish you'd —"

"I wish you'd knock at my door!" snapped Babette. "Leave it here. I'll mend it right away." Newton retreated and Babette took the coat downstairs with her. She went out upon the piazza first, but the afternoon shadow had not yet prolonged itself there, and she slipped back into the gloom of the little sitting-room. She could see Patsy through the laboratory door, evidently talking to her father, whose desk was out of range. He looked at her in a reflective way and his next remark was in French. Babette turned her head with a little thrill at the sound. The doctor answered,—in noticeably better French than Patsy's.—and the conversation continued in that tongue. The doctor attributed it vaguely to some glimpse of Mrs. Bunce seen by Patsy through the door, or a general feeling of a wish to veil their discourse. Babette, listening mechanically as she wrestled with a patch, was gradually impressed with a meaning to their words.

So that was why Patsy Chaloner was staying at the laboratory! Well, he might not be useful himself, but he was certainly allowing others to make use of him! The extent to which he was being used did not dawn upon her. It would hardly have occurred to any one who should have beheld Patsy through the half-open door, his hands in the pockets of his sporting breeches, tilting back his chair and bumping his brown head softly against a tall box behind him where the doctor kept a skeleton. Lengthening shadows

lured Babette to a seat on the piazza, and Patsy subsided with relief into English.

"D' you mean to say you can tell it within a day? Sort of like tracking up a comet, is n't it?"

Dr. Carthew kicked his desk with one of the sudden, irritable movements peculiar to him. "You 'll be of a good deal more importance to this world than a comet if you live to be tracked up!"

II

In the afternoon Patsy descended from the double-edged atmosphere of the laboratory in the hills to the little, provincial town at their feet. He tied his skittish saddle-horse, put into harness for the nonce and extremely unresigned to it, and ran up the steps of the Fearings' house. He searched unsuccessfully for the bell. Through the screen door he could dimly see within that a lesson in gymnastics was going forward. Ellen Fearing's two little sisters, holding themselves breathlessly erect, stood opposite Ellen and followed her movements stiffly with serious eyes. Ellen was counting in tones of encouragement: "One, two, one, two — straight up, Polly! — Come, you 'll do better with the music!" She sat down to the battered little piano and began an enticing march. The little girls interrupted her: "Mr. Chaloner 's at the door!"

They assisted Ellen (all with rosy faces) in receiving her guest. "We 're doing physical culture!" they hastened to inform him.

"Bully!" said Patsy, while Ellen laughed deliciously. "Going to be mug-hunters, are you?"

"We 're going to be as straight as Miss Roma Chaloner," Polly, the eldest, explained.

"You don't say! Are you going to be as tall as Miss Roma Chaloner?"

The little Fearings were not sure as to that. Patsy reported himself as on the way to the Chaloners'. Roma had said she expected Ellen there that afternoon. Would she not go with him?

"I 'm afraid I can't go now," Ellen considered.

"I know. Roma said you could n't. But she said I was to tag around till you could."

Ellen rolled down her sleeves, and replaced the stock which hid the perfection of her throat. "A sweet disorder in the dress," did not alter her reserved and delicate beauty.

"I have to take flowers to the church, and arrange them — "

"All right," agreed Patsy. "I 'll carry the flowers."

The little girls brought baskets with green boughs and summer roses, and Patsy picked up a basket and a little girl with an air of imperfectly distinguishing them and led the way. The small wooden church was dim and close, its atmosphere reminiscent of past congregations. Under Ellen's directions he opened the long windows; leaves from the poplars outside drifted in. He fastened boughs in an arch over the chancel, the little girls taking care to "hold the ladder" lest he should fall. He narrowly escaped treading on their fingers, and they were sent to gather hymn-books in the pews.

"Do you want some of the roses stuck up there?" inquired the philistine Patsy.

"Oh no, I want them all for the altar."

He watched her as she spread white linen cloths over the green baize ones, and placed a slender vase of roses on either side of the bright brass cross.

He found it a pleasant sight. But Ellen was thinking of another church; of a high altar in whose shadow she had stood, as in the shadow of a great rock, with the heavy-headed roses of the city in her hands. She thought of the light from dark and glowing windows, of the long vista of the aisles, the climb of great organ pipes, — mute repositories of enormous sound. She recalled these things like the daughter of a deposed sovereign remembering her father's halls of state, and scorned herself because the memory had power to make her deplore the tawdry little shrine she was adorning, even to make her blush

for it under the eyes of the young worldling beside her. How little it should matter since the kingdom of her father's teaching was within. She banished these regrets of her starved young senses, but one wistful thought she permitted.

"How beautiful it would be if we could only take it all out of doors and have tall, dark trees for walls, and the sky between, and a little stone for an altar."

"Why do you need an altar?" asked Patsy.

"For the sacrifices," she said obscurely.

Patsy looked mystified, but turned to the roses for help. "Do you sacrifice these?"

"Yes," Ellen smiled. "But of course it means something else."

"What does it mean?"

She flushed under this probing, but bravely took on her lips the words that were a little difficult to speak before him.

"Have you ever heard of — 'presenting your body, a living sacrifice'?"

"Yes, I've heard of that," said Patsy with conviction.

He was so like a big, serious child that Ellen turned with frank amusement, and smiled at him.

"Where did you hear of it?"

"Oh, from Dr. Carthew."

This was not a source that Ellen had thought of. It made her wonder what the relations could be between such an odd pair as Patsy and the doctor.

"Is he your ghostly counselor?"

He appeared to find something descriptive in the title.

"Ghostly's the word," said he. "If you mean, does he give me advice, he does n't. But I must say he makes you think what you never thought of before. Between him and you I've had things knocked from under a good deal lately."

Indeed, by devious paths, swayed by two widely dissimilar guides, Patsy was touching a plane of life whose existence he once had not dreamed of. It was not a long-practiced regard for its obligations that made him remark further: "Of course you have to pay for everything."

Ellen thought of her father's work in the little dead, complacent town. "Yes. You have to lose your life to find it."

"What!" said Patsy.

"Has n't the doctor told you that too?" she smiled.

"I suppose he has." At all events Dr. Carthew had put him in the way of finding out for himself. The stern saying held him for a moment. Could it be that it really was true?

Ellen wondered if a certain fruit of her own maiden experience would be of any use to this child of the world. "I think one difficulty is not recognizing your life when you find it. You think it will make you satisfied and happy, and it does n't, — not in the way you expect."

"No," agreed Patsy.

"I'm always going back on it myself," said Ellen; she looked at him with a comrade's humility. "I'm the greatest backslider you ever knew!" she declared. "But all the same I know it is worth — everything else."

He had reached a point when, for the moment at least, he could believe her. It was better! Better than a lifetime with an Ellen lured to be his through the less perfect side of her. He had raised himself to her instead. And she had acknowledged the change. He dared not tempt the thought that at the last his price might not be required of him. He took his reward as it came, sweet with hope and wild with frustration. He could not ask for more than was offered; but Ellen was good to him that day. Unconsciously she wounded him with her new, confiding sweetness, thrust after thrust; but they were glorious wounds. Patsy set his teeth, and thanked his bewildering fate.

There were times when the meaning of that morning at the laboratory seemed incredible. He could perfectly recall its culminating moment, — the touch of the doctor's hands, the bite of the little instrument. It was only the last of a familiar and unimportant series. How could its consequences be so irrevocable! Then he tried to imagine how it would be if that

moment had not existed. There was a flatness in the thought. All his previous life seemed without color. Dread — and hope — were better.

The roses of sacrifice were all on the altar and they left the church. But after all, Ellen did not go with him. Some extension of her household duties claimed her. Like him she was bound by half realized and inconsiderable things, he did not yet know how many. She watched him undo the windings of hitching-strap in which his horse had involved itself in the course of experiments toward eliminating the trap.

"Don't you generally ride him?"

"Ah, yes," said Patsy, "but I'm moving, you see." He pointed to some objects of a photographic nature which protruded from under the seat. "The doctor objects to my amusements. At least he objects to them in his lab. He says I use his things. I don't. But it makes him nervous to see me look at them. And it makes him still more nervous to look at my things when they're strewed all over the place. So I'm clearing them out."

"I should think you'd clear yourself out," smiled Ellen.

"Not at all," said Patsy. "The doctor and I don't seriously disagree. If you stay with a man like him you expect things to blow up once in so often, — no harm done. He does n't object so awfully to my photo-truck, you know; but the time 's come round when we had to have a row about something."

"You're going to keep your things at the Chaloners'," she surmised.

"Sure! I always keep things there. I've got a suit-case full there now and a horse. But the beauty of it is, Roma 's all fixed for it. There 's nothing unusual about borrowing stable-room of your cousins; but you don't often find a girl with a dark-room to lend."

The Chaloners' was a summer place, but strongly built as befitted the hills. The genius of hospitality might have spread its sloping lawns and wandering brick terrace. But Roma, standing at the steps, was not the type of the warm and tolerant welcomer. She had the considering eyes of a judge, the mocking eyes that laugh at their own judgments. Patsy's reception at her hands was superficially abusive. She dismissed him to the dark-room. She was extremely fond of him, professing to have sought in his character some quality to explain the fact, but to have been signally unsuccessful. The fact remained, and with one visible foundation, — a great and mistaken enthusiasm for photography, which they shared in common.

Having provided for another place at the lunch table, she mounted to the dark-room door and knocked.

"May I come in, Patsy?"

Patsy rescued an exposed pile of velox, and opened the door.

"If you're printing, let me help you," said Roma.

He murmured an abstracted thanks, and she groped skillfully among his materials. She filled a printing-frame, and then stood aside looking at the little illumined circle under the drop-light where Patsy's head appeared; bright gleams fell on his wet fingers and floated on the dark surface of the fixing-bath. He was developing a print. With her thoughts far otherwhere Roma watched the little blank square of paper with the clear fluid sliding across it. A faint stain invaded its whiteness, and, softly as the coming of a dream, Ellen's exquisite face emerged upon it. For once in the reckless career of Patsy's camera it had stumbled upon an inspired likeness. He put down the tray of developer in a way that amounted to dropping it, and stared at the little vision that floated in its contents. He transferred it with reverent fingers to the fixing-bath and turned the drop-light full upon it. The maiden face looked up at him with serene eyes. Patsy drew a long, broken sigh like a child that has been crying. The light was on him too; he felt Roma's gaze and turned, blushing heavily. It was not the first time she

had seen that exalted shame in a man's face, and she knew her cousin's secret as though he had told it to her.

She looked away from him, and down at the beautiful little print. "She does n't appear to all of us like that, Patsy. Is she your guardian spirit?"

Patsy was miserably silent; his clouded eyes asked for mercy.

"I beg your pardon," said Roma. "I won't talk about her if you 'd rather not."

Finding himself irrevocably understood, Patsy appeared to reconsider his cousin in the light of a confessor. "Has she ever spoken of it — of me — to you?"

"She does n't speak of you much."

"She has refused me," said Patsy, with a kind of piteous dignity.

"You might be sure she would n't speak of that."

"No, you 're right, she would n't. Not that I 'd care especially. I 'm only glad I knew her long enough to get refused."

Roma suppressed a smile, but she was touched.

"I don't think it has hurt you, Patsy."

Patsy seldom rose to double meanings. "Oh, you bet it hurts!" he murmured.

"I mean that I 've liked you better ever since. I could almost tell you when it happened." Roma pondered. "You 're such an improvable old chap, Patsy. I don't believe she 'll always refuse you."

"She certainly will. What could she have to do with a fellow like me? I knew pretty well I was n't in it when I asked her; but I saw it a whole lot better afterwards. I would n't even hang around now very much. She was awfully lovely about it; but she let me see pretty well where I stood. I have n't been always very nice, you know, and things like that show right up when she looks at you."

"You poor youngster! I know how she looks at you. Well, you see now why a man has to be nice. But she 's not looking for spots on your silly past, Patsy. She would n't recognize the absurd things if she saw them. And anyhow, she would n't drop you, as long as you 've dropped them. I 'm sure she likes you personally, — it 's an unexplained fact, you know, that everybody does. I think it 's your general setting she objects to."

"My general what?"

"Well, your plan of life. You 're not altogether responsible for it. Your friends, for instance."

"Oh, if you mean that crowd down at the stock-ranch!" groaned Patsy. "And I don't care a bad cent for them! which nobody knows better than themselves."

"Some of your friends," continued Roma judicially, "and *all* of your money."

"What has my money got to do with it?"

"I should think your knowledge of the family past would suggest — well, a certain unsuitability in laying that fortune at the feet of Ellen Fearing."

"I did n't make any of it," said Patsy serenely. "I would n't have had the brains to."

"The trouble is, it has more or less made you. And of course you have got used to the idea of it. Still, you must know what people mean by tainted money. I can speak of it to you because we have a good deal the same background. If my father kept out of that particular deal, I 'm afraid it was partly by chance. Do you know anything about Ellen's father? Do you know why they are stranded in that little town?"

He shook his head.

"I believe Dr. Fearing had one of the richest parishes in the country. He certainly had big congregations. Gracious! you should hear him in that little pulpit of his in town. Even here he 's not wasted; though of course all the scholarly side of him is, and you can imagine how he 's paid. That rich church took (for churchly purposes) a donation of notorious money. Dr. Fearing left; and mentioned the reason of his leaving in a way that did n't improve his prospects. Ellen says their relatives blame him very much because of the children. Ellen herself is so proud of him that I believe she positively glories in the shabbiness of that blessed

little house, and the straits they're put to to educate the younger ones. And mind you, Patsy, the man who offered that money to the church was not the man who made it, but his son! Do you see now what your lady's traditions are?"

"Ah! Then it's not altogether me she minds. And you think I might stay around a little, — not for long perhaps? It won't seem long," mused Patsy, — a remark which appeared to have no meaning whatever; this was occasionally the case with Patsy's remarks. He had been carefully printing some duplicates of Ellen's picture. He examined these and assured himself of their stability. Then he took his negative from its frame, drew some hot water, and deliberately washed off the film. Roma gave a horrified exclamation.

"I have printed one for you," said Patsy, "and one for her and two for myself. I don't propose to have any one you please printing from this negative."

"No one here would touch your negatives!"

"I know that. But you never can tell what may become of things later on."

This seemed, for Patsy, an unwonted consideration. Roma did not know how he had tampered with his future one morning at the laboratory in the hills.

III

Whatever fate they held for Patsy, the sweet, dead quiet of the hills was a yearly refuge to Roma, for which she thirsted in her city life. With a similar relief Ellen escaped from the small activities of the little town, for afternoons with Roma on the bright terrace or in the luxurious dimness of the Chaloners' library. They brought to their girlish discussions an oppositeness of experience which Roma played on with amusement. It covered a touch of scorn for her own more obviously fortunate lot.

"Your troubles are always so superficial, Ellen," she pronounced at one of their counsels. "It's not every one whose life is so founded on the things that really matter that she can afford to talk about trifles as though they were tragedies."

"You'll realize that it's tragedy," groaned Ellen, "when you hear my little Polly after all my care saying" — she gave a shrinking imitation of the village accent.

"Ellen, can't you think of something at least skin-deep!"

"It means immeasurable things," said Ellen.

"It never means for an instant that you regret the stand your father took, the choice he made for you, whatever comes of it. That's what I call happiness."

The reluctant pride in Ellen's smile acquiesced. She could trifle with vain longings, however. "It would n't be safe to say what I could n't renounce for one year of your dear, well-bred society people. Are they so bad?"

"Not at all. I said they were stupid. The same thing you complain of in your country neighbors, you know."

"I've heard you describe some of them as brilliant."

"Then they use their brains for stupid purposes. They play for mean stakes. Imagine your father troubling his head about — money for instance — for himself or for those he cares for."

"He troubles his head about it a great deal and wants it very badly."

"Oh, he happens to need it. Not one thing of what he considers real importance would he renounce for it. Not even his leisure if he had any."

"But they are not all like that. Patsy cares nothing for money and you say he is a type."

"Oh, yes, he is a type. Have you ever heard me describe him as brilliant!"

Ellen smiled and stretched back in her chair. There was a lazy silence, interrupted by the voice of Babette Carthew on the terrace outside exchanging warlike civilities with Roma's bull-terrier.

"Now, that's enough! Lob, get down! You don't know how hard you bi-i-te!"

Her voice went off into joyful squeals.

She and Lob, overbearing presences both, were ushered into the library and their exuberance disposed of silences. Lob, having been suppressed, lay down with a thud, panting, and watched the company with riotous eyes in case there should be an opening for further scuffles. Babette composed herself in a chair and shook her dryad hair from her brown cheeks.

"I've come to say good-by. Tony and I are going away. We leave on the afternoon train to-day." It took somewhat from the importance of this announcement when it appeared they were only to be gone two weeks. Babette was excessively gloomy on the subject.

"I thought you liked to visit your Aunt Janet!" said Ellen.

"I do. But Tony hates it always, and there are particular reasons why I don't want to go just now. For one thing I've started some ferns at the edge of the cave and they'll certainly die. But the great reason is that Aunt Janet said in her letter to father that she is very busy, and though she *can* have us now she would prefer to have us next month instead. You can imagine," Babette smote her knee impressively, "how pleasant it will be to visit in a place when you know a thing like that!"

"And you can't postpone the visit?"

"No. Father 's going to be still busier than Aunt Janet, and he says he can't have us in the house."

"You poor chickens!" laughed Roma. "You'd better come down here and stay with us." This was a generous suggestion, for though the young Carthews were diverting for a time, they were not permanently restful.

"I asked father if we could do that — I mean if you asked us of course — but he says we'd forget things and come back for them if we were any place where we *could* come back."

Roma bethought herself. "I suppose Patsy will come to us. I'm sure he won't have anything to go back for, — his belongings are so very much here already."

"Patsy will stay," said Babette.

"We're always glad to have him, you know. I really need him. I'm buying a horse and I want his advice."

"Father needs him too."

"Do you mean he needs his advice?"

Babette giggled. She disapproved, none the less, of jokes at Patsy's expense. She resolved to set him right in the eyes of his unappreciative cousin.

"Patsy is doing father a very great favor. He's allowing himself to be experimented with. Very few people would do that."

"What do you mean?" both the girls questioned.

"If you're discovering a cure," Babette explained, "you have to try it on somebody before you begin using it on everybody."

Her hearers appeared to see the force of this.

"And it's very unusual, father says, to have an intelligent subject to experiment on."

"How does he experiment?" Roma asked.

Babette considered. "I'm not quite sure, but I think it's the same as when he does it to little animals. He gives them the sickness weakened, like a little vaccination, and does that a good many times till they ought to be immune. Then he gives them the real sickness. And of course if the experiment fails, they take it awfully. If it's a bad sickness, I think," said Babette with knitted brows, "they die. Of course he would n't give anything like that to Patsy."

"Of course not. And when is Patsy to take his 'real sickness'?"

"Oh, he took it some time ago. I think it's to-morrow that they'll know if it succeeds. But they seem to think he'll quite probably be sick. One reason why I think it's so nice of him is because you described once how impatient Patsy is when he's sick; and you made me laugh so! But it shows that he hates it very much."

Roma smiled at the recollection. "My

dear, if I knew Patsy was going to be sick on Wednesday I'd go to my Aunt Janet's and think myself lucky. What is his affliction to be?"

Babette hesitated on the curt syllables of a Latin word. "But that must be only its *particular* name, — it probably has another quite common one, — I think some child's sickness. I've heard father talking to Dr. Madison about a cure for one of those."

"Mumps, perhaps," said Roma. The comical side of the affair in connection with Patsy appealed to her.

Ellen's expression was more serious. She asked for the Latin name again. "You're a regular little doctor's daughter to be able to remember it, Babette."

This remark appeared to trouble the doctor's daughter. "I'm not sure that I should have talked about it so much. Father never told me not to; but he never talks himself, and he despises people who do. He says they're all like Mrs. Bunce. I don't suppose he would mind your knowing; but please don't tell any other people. Patsy would n't like it either," added Babette remorsefully. "He seems rather ashamed about doing it at all."

"It is certainly mumps," murmured Roma.

"They're sometimes quite dangerous for grown people," said Ellen.

"I'm sure it's nothing dangerous," said Babette. "Patsy would n't laugh and fool around the way he does if it were. And of course father would never do such a thing, — especially to Patsy; he cares for him more than for most people. He's not gentle with him as he would be to a patient; he really cares."

This was reassuring to Ellen. It would not have been had she known Dr. Carthew; he would have given his own life as readily in this cause had he been childless, and had there been a man to take the part he was taking now. Neither was it strange he should love the boy who had offered his — lightly, as something he had played with and, being sick of play, would gladly give to some one who could use it. The allusion to Patsy's manner was no guide. She had seen him happy in her presence of late with a happiness that seemed beyond past rebuffs. He had said curious things; he had surprised her into confessions of interest, of feeling; and then he had asked for nothing, as the dead ask nothing, but remembrance. She sat very still, trying to bring back elusive memories of his looks and words.

Roma took Babette away to choose a book for the train, and watched her ride off with flapping hair. She strolled back slowly across the room and perched on the arm of the Morris chair in which Ellen was lying back with a noticeably white face.

"It's a queer world, is n't it? Ellen, you must n't take Polly's inflections too hard. She is probably only the beginning of your troubles. You'll excuse my mentioning it, but I think that cousin of mine is going to make your little heart ache before you are through with him."

Ellen looked at her with no evidence of hearing what she said. She dragged herself out of the deep chair. On the desk a dictionary lay open. She pointed to a Latin word, — the word which had drifted to them from the laboratory in the hills.

Its English equivalent could be read at a glance. Roma stood staring at it with astounded eyes; she read the smaller print below: "An incurable form . . ."

It was not a childish ailment. She went back to the fearful word. Then she stood still and thought.

"It's impossible," said Ellen. "Dr. Carthew is not a murderer."

But Roma's mind was rushing through a strange mass of considerations. "He is a great and extraordinary man," she said. "He is too important to have shut himself up here for years and let his practice and his — Don't you see he might have had some — some staggering reason?

"Listen, Ellen!" she flung her hand down on the dictionary. "It's the cure for this — *this* above all things — that they are working for — the men of re-

search. Think of the horror, the unspeakable suffering it would take out of the world. And the risk of one life to pay for it all!"

"And — Patsy?"

"Patsy — our Patsy — has offered his!"

Ellen was not given the respite of fainting. She lay sick in her chair, and the study turned dark red and then black around her, but soon came clear again, the quiet comfort of its aspect unchanged.

"You poor child!" said Roma; but in the same breath: "Oh, I'm proud of him! He has gone wild over something; but I'm glad he did it that way."

"Why did he do it?"

She looked at Ellen's anguished little face, and gave reasons as she would have brought her water.

"It can't have been only your refusal. There were things that went before; and Dr. Carthew has had a strange fascination for him, — the contrast of that life made him see the childishness of his own. You made him see it too; but it was n't what you did, it was the way he felt, — not worthy." She flung herself into thought again.

"What can we do?"

"Nothing."

"Nothing! Roma, think! I cannot think."

"I am thinking. But the thing has been done."

"If it — goes wrong, it must be known, — he must have help!"

"He's in the hands of the only man who can help him."

They faced each other over the incredible thought of those two men who had risked inhuman stakes, shut up together now with the human tie between them.

"It must be known," said Ellen.

"We're not even sure that we know. What could we tell? And to whom should we tell it?"

"There must be some one powerful enough to do" —

"There is *nothing* to do! The most powerful being I know is Dr. Carthew. You can't meddle with a man like that. You can't meddle with the things he does, — they're too awful."

"And we are to stand aside?"

"And wait. We're a couple of ignorant, helpless girls. We can't interfere with those men. They are as much beyond our reach as if they were both dead already."

"We can't keep such a secret as that."

"We must keep it."

Roma's mind went clear and at once to the final issue. Short of that she saw one could only think in a circle.

"Listen, Ellen. There is nothing can stop this now. To tell of it would only bring unspeakable confusion, talk, and publicity. If it succeeds, the whole world will ring with it. If it fails, we must let our boy die as he meant to, in silence and dignity, alone with that great, terrible man."

Ellen's sobs made a hushed sound in the book-lined room. But Roma's whole being thrilled to a strange, exultant thankfulness. Then one might still rejoice in them, these hard young modern men! They were not dead — "the knights of the unshielded heart!"

Ellen at the desk had closed the dictionary and drawn out a sheet of notepaper. She raised a wan, thoughtful face. "I shall write to him and I shall give him — what he asked for a very long time ago. But never since; he was even careful not to."

"I'm afraid we know why."

"We don't know. And if it's not true I shall have done a most unwomanly thing."

"If we can't be manly," Roma observed, "we can at least be unwomanly." After a pause: "I see you must do it and do it entirely, — because of what might happen."

"Yes. You said at first we could do nothing; and you are very clever, but —"

"But your heavenly foolishness knew better. Write your note. I will see that he gets it."

Ellen wrote: "Dear Patsy," — she had never called him so. The name, like

the boy himself, seemed touchingly out of keeping with all dark experience. "Something I have heard about you, that may be happening to you now, has made me realize how much I care for you. What we have heard may not be true, but it is true that I love you. I want you to know it even if you do not feel as you did before. There were outside things to separate us, I suppose there still are, but you yourself have always had my love. If something else has come to you now — perhaps death — then you will take it with you. Yours always,

ELLEN FEARING."

IV

At the laboratory next morning there seemed to be strangely little space indoors, and that of the hill-rimmed sky was shut out, — because of the heat; but in any case those within did not need to be reminded of infinity. They were quite alone. Mrs. Bunce and the doctor had had their final disagreement, — premeditated this time on the doctor's part. Patsy was reading. Books never held him at any time. He took refuge in one now, with the air of having thrown up a fortification but without being at all sure that it would stand. His long legs were stretched in front of him, and one of them twitched continually. Dr. Carthew watched him with controlled concern.

He was seldom mistaken in a personal diagnosis. His inspection of his fellowmen would have been intolerable from less dispassionate eyes; yet it was perhaps for its very overpower that men submitted, even bared themselves to it. Instinctively we know there is less to fear from the eyes which see too much than from those which see too little, and misinterpret that. Patsy was always placidly aware that the doctor could, as he expressed it, "read him upside down" whenever he wanted to. He had not pressed the advantage of their intimacy; save for his immediate purpose, Patsy had not particularly interested him. But he had watched him through the phases of his inoculation, in his dealings with a treacherous horse on the steep ledge outside the laboratory window, and so on, and had noted that excitement seemed rather to increase the almost stolid serenity of his nerves. He had calculated that it would be so on the crucial day of his test, and certainly, to all ordinary eyes, Patsy's appearance was calm enough. Dr. Carthew saw that he was wild with nervousness.

It might be purely a mental state. Generally speaking, there was cause enough for that. There was also a baffling similarity to the first symptoms of disorder of another kind. The doctor spoke suddenly to make his companion look at him. The boy's eyes were bloodshot from an uneasy night. Was there not another look to them as well? He dropped them, and the doctor rose and paced the room.

"I wish you'd sit down!"

Carthew sat down and focused his black eyes in a book as you might sheathe a blade. He could handle distress of mind as delicately as shrinking flesh if he thought it worth while to do so.

Outside, the feet of a horse among the rocks sent an echo up to them from lower windings of the road. Patsy stretched back and pushed the shutter ajar.

"Has Tony broken loose and come home?" inquired the doctor without looking up.

"It's one of the Chaloners' men. What on earth!"

The doctor went out as the groom dismounted. He relinquished a letter unwillingly. "Mr. Chaloner is here, is he?"

"Inside. Do you want to see him?"

"Miss Roma said I must see that he gets this now."

"I will see that he gets it — now. Is that all?"

Patsy took his letter, looking moodily at the doctor.

"It's a wonder you don't open it first to see if it's proper reading for your delicate patient."

"Do I ever meddle with my delicate patient's affairs?"

"I suppose not, — you don't have to, to know all about them."

The doctor took up his book. Once or twice he looked at Patsy, and seven times confounded the little letter that had dropped in upon them. Evidently it had hit him somewhere in a way that was going to make symptom-reading more complicated than ever.

Patsy read Ellen's note again and yet again, drinking its overwhelming sweetness and pain for himself. He was suddenly struck by another thought.

"I say, Dr. Carthew!"

"Well?"

"I think you ought to know they've found out something about this."

"Good Lord! Did you suppose they would n't!" The doctor was not disturbed.

"Well, but won't it rather dish things for you if it fails?"

"I expect to be dished if it fails, but not till to-morrow. Don't tell me they're going to bother us to-day! Who is it knows?"

"Miss Fearing. She won't make any fuss. But of course I don't know where she got it."

"How much does she know?"

"Oh, I guess she knows it all."

"Does she say so?"

"No."

"What does she say about it?"

"Nothing directly."

"Then why are you so sure that she knows?"

"Because — she never would have said — this — to me unless she had known."

Patsy was fingering his letter. He looked up and met Dr. Carthew's eyes searching his face, with no attempt now to veil their intense inquisition.

"Chaloner," he said, "I wish you would tell me what I want to know."

Patsy stood up and backed furiously against the wall: "You don't wait to be told! Leave me alone, will you! Take your eyes off me!" In the midst of the wrathful imprecation with which he wound up he wondered what the older man would do.

He was seated opposite. He bent his head and looked down at his clasped hands. With his great, leashed energy he was capable of tigerish fits of irritation; but this was not the way to rouse them. Moreover, as Patsy saw, he had learned enough. In a deep, stirred voice he said,

"So that is what I have done to you!"

"Never mind what's been done. You can't help that. But I do wish you'd respect a man's — privacy."

"It's not much to ask, when you've taken his life."

"Well, I suppose I need n't get so mad. But it's poor work waiting around like this, — you feel all kinds of ways. You can look at me as much as you like afterwards."

"Do you mean after you are dead?"

"I've got an even chance, have n't I? And I thought you had a kind of faith in the thing checking up all right. You're not a fellow that makes mistakes, you know."

"I've made a sickening mistake! I took a boy at his fool word. When I know what life can hold for a man! My God, Chaloner!" His great, sweet voice broke in the futile moan, "I wish I could get you out of it."

Patsy gravely drew up his chair to comfort him.

"You don't begin to know what you have done to me, Carthew. I grant you we're having a most annoying time, but I could n't have got this" — his letter — "without it. She did n't want me the way I was before, you know."

The doctor muttered something about it's being like a woman to plague a man into some madness like this and then —

"Oh, I say, shut up!" smiled Patsy, "she's not like that at all. She cuts out the whole thing except to say it makes her see how much she cares. She gives me all the credit to myself; but I know she never would have cared enough to

let it out if I had n't done some tall changing. That's where you come in. You do stir a fellow up, Carthew! I don't mean necessarily," he grinned a little, "by killing him off. But you do get down to things in a way that's positively superb. I had n't begun to have any life, not so you'd notice it, the time I was so cheerful about offering it up. You laid the course for me right there, and it's been a terror for the last six weeks, I can tell you."

"Patsy, if we find it's all up, do you want me to send for her? She can stand it if I can, I guess."

"Not on your life! You told me what it was like, you know, before you let me go into it. You might tell her I died game, though. I intend to, of course. I don't expect you to drug me with things. You said your notes would be valuable, on an intelligent subject, so of course you'll have to — keep him intelligent."

The doctor made no promises on this score, but remarked that he should stay behind long enough to see Miss Fearing. Then he lifted a face so white that the shadowed line of his brows was like a scar across it, and smiled at his companion; and Patsy began to be "game" by suddenly breaking down with his head against the doctor's arm, swallowing his sobs and saying, "Oh, damn you, Carthew, I could stand it if you'd only treat me as you did before!"

In general, however, he did his part towards keeping up the tone of the occasion. He stalked about, jingling the change in his pockets, and remarking, "There's nothing really sensational about this, when you think of the auto-smash-ups, and the horses a fellow's liable to ride. I've always been booked for something of the sort, you know."

He had, moreover, an employment fitly consecrated to the hours of a great suspense. He answered Ellen's note, — believing that such a one had never been written to any man. That he, of all men, should have received it! The look in his face was of happiness supreme, — "with darkness and the death-hour rounding it."

Dr. Carthew turned as by habit to those written notes which would record in cool keen phraseology the story of that day. It was exquisite condensation, — an exhaustive statement of the work of years brought down to a few stripped and crowded sentences. One page was needed to finish it. . . .

The afternoon drew to a solemn close. The fittings of the laboratory became dark and unexplained shapes. Shutters were opened. The sun laid its cheek against the hills, and the dim workrooms woke to a low, fantastic light on fragile glass and polished surfaces.

The men went out, and the great twilight died around them. The circle of the hills seemed to contract. It became a strange black rim of heaped and broken forms. They walked through hours of weary restlessness. The stones under their feet started, and rolled with sharp sounds like musketry in the stillness. But their voices were low, as if the stillness listened. The moon appeared in a notch of the wild horizon line and rose gloriously, laying black shadows at the feet of the rocks, melting the farther hills into wraiths of mist. It caught a white sparkle from the little crystal of the doctor's watch when he opened it to count the climbing hours. They were signing a release.

Speech grew less and less between the two men. When finally Carthew put the fact of his deliverance into words, Patsy only said, —

"Don't! I can't believe it."

"No. You can't. It's no use. We can struggle for wider thought, but it's unthinkable. And men are strangely bound. Your life was more to me tonight than all the uncounted millions this will reach."

"You're a man all right!" said Patsy. His eyes followed the sinking curves of the road, moon-traced, till the pine tops hid them. "I suppose I can't go down there till morning."

And still they walked the hill. When at last Patsy dropped down among the rocks and crowded himself into their hard embrace, the weariness of cumulative sensation came over him, and he fell asleep. The velvet shadow of a boulder was flung across him like a coverlet, but the setting moon fell clear on his face and turned it to a fair death-whiteness. For the older man there was no need nor possibility of rest. In his strong prime he was shaken and jarred as rocks are jarred. The glory of his consummate achievement was nothing to him. All that allied him with the pitiful human was aroused, as though the race he had served with the single strength of a man were claiming him now through the weakness of all men.

He sat in absolute stillness and watched the sleeping face beside him. Patsy had said he might look at him — afterwards. Even in the sleep of his young relief he stirred as though he felt those eyes.

THE HOUSE OF LORDS

BY WILLIAM EVERETT

DURING the year that is passing the Senate of the United States has been the mark of sharp criticism; and even those who have examined it most sharply must admit that it stands higher to-day than it has done for many months as a deliberating, revising, and checking body. But the keenest criticism which our Senate has received is nothing to what is at this moment uttered, and may, even before these words can be printed, pass from utterance into action, of the Upper Chamber of the British Parliament, the venerable and powerful House of Lords.

A great deal has been written, by no means all of it according to knowledge, on the history of the House of Lords, the steps in the transformation of the Great Council of the Norman and Angevin kings into the baronage of the Plantagenets and the peerage of the last four centuries. This is by no means a purely antiquarian study. There is locked up in that history the secret why England never became, as France and Spain did, the mere footstool of a throne, but retained, in close resemblance to its original form, and with no little of its original spirit, that traditional constitution which secured to the English people, in what they thought days of tyranny, a living share of the freedom which Cerdic and Ida had brought from the mouths of the Weser and the Elbe. If one were to strike out from the substance of English freedom all that has been wrought for it by the Upper House of Parliament, the Earls and Barons, not only the history, but the actual liberty, would shrink to rags.

It is of course generally understood that the House of Lords is a hereditary body, the titles and rights passing from father to son, and in some cases to daughters, — though as yet no peeress in her own right has ever been admitted to a seat in the House, however readily she may be admitted to walk in a coronation procession. There is also an undefined belief that a considerable part of the peerage dates back to extreme antiquity, to that shadowy age vaguely known as the age of the Conquest, — an epoch, as ordinarily conceived, which never had any inhabitants but the living fictions of *Ivanhoe*, where followers of St. Francis, who was born in 1182, consort with men who remembered the actual Norman conquest of 1066. For instance, Hawthorne, in his wonderful vision of *Earth's Holocaust*, beholding the cremation of all evi-

dences of title and rank, says, "Tossed into the flames were the patents of nobility of English peers, from the worm-eaten instruments signed by William the Conqueror down to the bran-new parchment of the latest lord who has received honors from the fair hand of Victoria."

But William the Conqueror signed nothing like modern patents of nobility, and no peer of England can trace his title to him or any of his successors for two hundred years. A very few peers date back in the female line to Edward I; and, with one anomalous exception, no earldom antedates that of Shrewsbury, conferred on John Talbot, Shakespeare's stout warrior, in 1440. Such is the date of the oldest peerages; a few were conferred by the Tudors; but Elizabeth was sparing of hereditary, as of all other honors, and in her reign the order of dukes became extinct, and remained so for over fifty years.

The Stewarts were lavish of titles of nobility, both in England and Scotland, positively selling them to replenish their ever drained treasury. The majority of these new peers were stanch to the royal cause, while a goodly number of the more ancient nobility sided with the Parliament in the "Great Rebellion." Charles II lavished the title of duke from family affection, and William III from policy; yet the peerage as a whole remained a great and exceptional honor nearly through the eighteenth century, until Burke's measures of economy introduced a mighty change.

All through the early and middle Georgian period political services had been rewarded, not merely by sinecure offices, but by large cash pensions. This source of royal bounty had been sensibly choked, and William Pitt, determined to get votes by any method, persuaded King George III to multiply peers to an extent never dreamed of. Dukes he would not create out of the royal family; but whereas the death of the Marquess of Rockingham had erased that order from the English peerage, Pitt made nine marquesses in his twenty years of power; and the lesser ranks were multiplied in proportion. Of course, the male succession was steadily failing in the older houses, and many of the new peers were childless. Still the numbers grew; and whereas in Walpole's time the House of Lords had been a moderate-sized and decidedly Whiggish body, Pitt's upper chamber was overwhelmingly Tory, and presented for years a steady resistance to all manner of needed reforms. In 1831, when the reform of Parliament was called for by nearly the whole nation except the Lords, and the House of Commons would endure none but a reform ministry, Lord Grey obtained from the king authority to swamp the Tory majority by a wholesale creation of peers; at least fifty would have been needed; but the existing Lords were so frightened by the prospect that active opposition was withdrawn.

For some time afterwards not many peers were made. Lord Melbourne's Whig ministry created no little scandal, and was mercilessly satirized by Disraeli in *Coningsby*, for reviving dormant peerages, which had fallen into abeyance among the descendants of heiresses, and had given no seat in the House for centuries, and were suddenly "called out" in the person of claimants who possessed a very small share of the original holder's blood. Sir Robert Peel scarcely made a peer, — he did not need them; and some moderation was maintained till about thirty years ago; since when ministers have vied with each other in the promotion of their respective partisans; till the House, to which Henry VII, after the Wars of the Roses had cut the old baronage to pieces, summoned less than thirty peers, now counts its members by hundreds, and grows every year.

At first sight there is not much likeness between the comfortable country gentlemen, retired lawyers, *blasé* men of fashion, and liberal subscribers to party funds, who now drop in to, rather than frequent, their magnificent hall, and "the mail-covered barons, who proudly to battle led

their vassals from Europe to Palestine's plain," in the days of the Henrys and Edwards; but in one point the House has always maintained its character through centuries, — it is an aristocracy of birth, but it is still more emphatically one of wealth. The law of entail and primogeniture has kept the landed estates together as far as the law can. Many have passed by heiresses to new names, or been sold by spendthrift lords; many holders of ancient titles have lost the wealth that gilded their ancestors' coronets; but new peers are almost always rich, and a title is still an attraction to an heiress. We sometimes hear that the House of Lords represents nothing. This is false; it represents property. Tennyson's new Lincolnshire farmer, whose horse's hoofs trotted "proputty, proputty, proputty," is the type of a vast number of Englishmen. Such men are not only content, but proud, to be represented by the House of Lords. They know that as long as the Lords have their say, "proputty" will have a stanch body of organized champions.

In ennobling wealthy supporters, recent governments have not been very scrupulous as to the sources of the wealth. The great brewers, Allsopp and Bass, were raised to the English, and Guinness to the Irish peerage, much to the disgust of some fastidious people, who declared the nobility was becoming "the beerage." But the average conservative Briton does not understand objections to malt liquor. He would be much more likely to sneer at Lord Kelvin's peerage for scientific discoveries he cannot comprehend, or Lord Lister's for medical services, which he admits are useful, but cannot conceive are ennobling, than at crowning with deserved laurel such eminent pillars of Church and State as brewers. Even Tom Hughes, the radical of radicals, told us in *School Days at Rugby* of "good honest beer."

Now it seems to modern theorists, — and to many who are more than theorists, — a strange abuse that the king or his ministers should give a seat for life in a great governing body to any one whom he may choose, and a still grosser abuse that when the new peer, who had some claim to his elevation, dies, he should be succeeded in plenitude of right by his eldest son, who may have no claim, or even less than none. Few men ever deserved high rank better than Earl Cairns, the great equity lawyer and Conservative statesman; few ever deserved it less than his son and heir. The abuse is not seldom aggravated by the fact that a second son is far better qualified to succeed than the elder. The second Lord Chatham was a nonentity; his brother nearly their father's equal; the late Lord Salisbury, born a second son, succeeded to the peerage by a brother's early death.

An attempt was made, about fifty years ago, to create peers for life. The plan, undoubtedly a good one, was defeated by the unquenchable factiousness of Lord Lyndhurst, then over eighty; in late years the reform has been carried through, but only for that peculiar province of the Upper House, its high appellate jurisdiction in law. In this jurisdiction all but "law lords" have long waived their rights. But more irritating by a good deal than the hereditary claim to legislation is its non-exercise. The legislators do not legislate. The majority of them seem to care nothing for the ancient and mighty rights vested in them. A quorum of the Lords is three; and of the Commons, indeed, only forty; so that it is entirely possible for a bill to go through all its stages and be presented to the king as an act for his signature, in which not fifty men have had a hand. If a member of the House of Commons should regularly absent himself, his constituents would very soon call him to account, although his seat is assured on an average nearly as long as that of a United States senator, who may stay away his whole six years if he choose. But a peer has his seat for life, and all England crying out against him could not make him occupy it if he did not want to.

The peers complain that it is of no use for them to meet in large numbers and sit long, for they have nothing to do. Most important bills are introduced in the House of Commons by the ministry, debated to rags there, and not sent up to the Lords till the session is near its close. They assert that if they had these measures in time they could do their unquestioned duty of revision promptly, intelligently, and continuously. More:— if the Commons, instead of standing on punctilios derived from remote times, would encourage the Lords to initiate more bills, legislation could go on *pari passu* in both houses, to their mutual advantage.

But ever since the Commons felt that they had the real power in England, they have determined to be as far as may be the sole legislators. They positively grudge the Peers a coördinate voice, not only in decision, but in discussion. Hence they are overworked; Parliamentary government gets every day more discredited; while the Lords, who admit that power has largely slipped from them, justly feel that the share they ought to have in the business of the nation is denied them.

This comparative insignificance of the Lords, this gradual drawing away, not only of the reality but the semblance of power to the Lower House, has led to avoidance of the Peers' benches by many men who would honor them. To refuse a peerage might almost be called a common thing. When the Earl of Selborne died, who as Sir Roundell Palmer had been made Lord Chancellor, his son, a prominent M. P., declared he would not go to the Upper House, — that he would *unpeer* himself. But such a thing had not been done for four centuries, — he had to be an hereditary lawmaker.

It is well known that most peers begin by serving in the House of Commons, before coming to their titles, — and it is reckoned a disadvantage when that succession comes at such an early age that the peer has had no chance to represent a constituency; such was the case with the late Duke of Argyll, able, eloquent, high-minded, well-informed, — he lacked just what a few years in the "House" alone can give.

The antiquated constitution of the House of Lords, and its comparative neglect of its duties, irritates modern reformers both theoretical and practical, and has led them often to call for its overthrow. But at the bottom of this charge of obsoleteness and inefficiency is the fear that the peers may take it into their heads to be energetic and industrious, constant in attendance and active in operation. If they were so, — if the Lords chose to be as vigorous as they were in 1689 or 1782, or even in 1807 and 1832, — the democratic element in the United Kingdom would have hard work to complete the change which it has carried so far, and longs to carry farther. What the Lords can do now was shown by Gladstone's Home Rule Bill. His immense personal influence, and the fear of an Irish revolt, added to no small amount of serious conviction, forced the bill through the Commons. The Lords met in numbers scarce-known for a lifetime; the case was put on both sides with great force, and with that serious, lofty, high-bred eloquence that has never become extinct in the Upper House during many centuries. The bill was rejected by an immense majority; and the friends of the measure had the satisfaction of knowing that the verdict of England was against them and with the peers; and not a few voices raised the cry which is heard at steadily recurring intervals, "Thank Heaven we have a House of Lords!"

Such cases are exceptional. It is rare indeed that the present peers see fit to resist the principle of a measure on which the Commons are practically united; still rarer that they push their resistance to the point of rejection. In 1869 the bill for the disestablishment of the Church of Ireland came perilously near failure, — and the consequences of rejection can scarcely be conjectured. But by the joint efforts of Archbishop Tait, the Earl of

Clarendon, and Lord Cairns a settlement was made, worthy of the dignity of both houses and both causes.

But there is a general and growing sentiment in the United Kingdom that the Lords ought not to retain even the nominal power of rejecting what the Commons have passed; that its existence, if not wiped out, must be seriously modified; or, in Lord Rosebery's phrase, "It must mend or end."

There are those in England, glorying in the name of Radicals, who ask nothing better than to have the House of Lords swept away entirely, — "ended," — and nothing put in its place. They seem to have come straight down from the days of Couthon and Saint-Just, and their National Convention which pretended to be the French people. Or we can help them to a more respectable authority, — the name of one who had quite as much patriotism, much more experience, and what the French Revolutionists tried to abolish together with nobility and January, — common sense. Dr. Franklin at eighty-two favored a single house for the Federal legislature. It was in line with the constitution of Pennsylvania, — but Pennsylvania changed.

The idea that all power must be in the people, and that for the expression of the people's will a single house duly chosen, duly deliberating, and then deciding once for all without appeal, is all sufficient, seems to have a fascination for some democratic theorists who are always calling on us to trust the people. But the belief that there is needed a second chamber, organized on a different basis from the great popular assembly, at least to revise, if not to veto, is deeply rooted in the Aryan mind, — for the institution of two bodies goes back to Homer, and back of Homer, — and at the root of that belief is a conviction, which few men in public life have the courage to assert, — that any people, at least in its first impulses, needs to be saved from itself by some authority outside of its immediate representatives.

But if the Upper House is not to be ended, how is it to be mended? Europe and America and the British colonies, since the great political revolutions of the last century, have seen the establishment of a score of senates, some elective, some appointive, some constructed on a joint principle. Many of these bodies do their work well enough, — but they are those in which no great international problems have arisen. In most cases the Lower House has asserted its supremacy, and the Upper House is a respectable, but hardly an authoritative body; in a few, like our Senate, it has more than asserted itself, and made the Lower House to feel that it is really the paramount body. The great difficulty has been to find some process, whether by appointment by the executive, election by the Lower House, popular election by larger districts and in smaller numbers, whereby the Upper House can really maintain a distinctive and original character. In this regard our state system was a most fortunate circumstance, to which there are parallels in Switzerland and in the German Empire. But could any such basis be found in the rest of the British Constitution, if the House of Lords were abolished? A species of federative assembly, not wholly unlike our Senate, might possibly be chosen by the county councils; if this were done, it is quite certain that seats in it would be almost forced at the first election on members of the House of Lords, who are in much demand for the county councils themselves.

But the British counties are already doubly represented in the councils and the House of Commons. An Upper House chosen by their means would only bring about exactly what we see in so many of the United States, — a smaller body which is really only a concentrated reflection of the larger, as in a concave mirror, and like that apt to be distorted, that is, more accessible to improper influence. Such senates may be tolerable as creations from the beginning; but they have none of the dignity and individual

character needed in a body which is to replace the august House of Lords.

And when the new Senate is procured, shall it be a controlling or merely a revising senate? Some persons have declared in favor of keeping the House of Lords, provided its power shall extend to revising only, — that it may refuse assent once to a measure passed by the Commons, but that that House may, if it chooses, finally pass it over the Lords' veto. This is practically what happens now; but it is hard to believe that a body so avowedly as well as actually impotent could long retain the national respect, or find its "revisions" much regarded by the all-powerful Commons. Our legislatures are subject to a stricter and better revision in the power of the courts to annul unconstitutional acts.

The veteran Radical, Professor Goldwin Smith, who advocates a revisory Senate, thinks the Privy Council could at once step into the proposed vacancy. That is a very ancient and very honorable body, to which the king, that is, the ministry, names certain exalted personages as a matter of course, and appoints on coming into power a certain number of its most prominent official and other partisans from both Houses of Parliament This venerable body very rarely meets as a whole; but it has many select committees for executive work, of which far the most important is the Cabinet. It certainly would have many of the qualities needed in an appointive Senate; but as many of its principal members are also members of the House of Commons, the existing Privy Council could never become the Upper House.

A method which would entail the least radical change would be that of selection by the Lords from their own number.

This principle of representation already exists. Scotland and Ireland, before their respective unions, had parliamentary peers of their own; and these bodies select a number to sit in the Imperial House of Lords, — the capacity of choice descending from father to son. This method, no doubt, retains the hereditary principle. But is Britain so very sure to give that up? It is rooted, and has been for centuries on centuries, in her entire polity. Fifty years ago the cry was that Queen Victoria was to reign for life, but that her son should never be allowed to succeed. At this day hereditary monarchy is as strong as ever in England; and throughout Europe from Spain to Norway, the chances of increase in the number of republics seem to lessen every day. Are *Messieurs les Doctrinaires* quite sure that the people of the British isles as a whole consider hereditary legislation an effete and pernicious element? The nation has repeatedly surprised itself by its attachment to that part of its constitution. It at this moment eagerly selects noblemen for membership in its county councils. It has seen the Lords absorb not only soldiers, sailors, statesmen, squires, and lawyers, but physicians, authors, scientists, capitalists, manufacturers. Is it prepared to throw all that overboard? Is it certain that a revising house, which before long, if not at once, would be no more, however chosen, could serve the people better than their ancient hereditary Senate?

The Lords have never separated themselves from the people; they have been, in all ages, recruited from it, and after one generation all their descendants, except the head of each house, fall back into it. They are not a *noblesse*, like the Continental aristocracies. They have more than once stood for liberty when the Commons have been recreant; such things are called ancient history now; but they were written for our learning. They are absolutely independent; not forced to resign their trust at the whim of a constituency, like Burke in old times, and Sir Edward Clarke the other day. With many inefficient members they have never lacked leaders of supreme ability; and they possess almost to a man the character, so dear to English and Scottish minds, of perfect simplicity. There never was a body of men with so little pose,

whose way of dealing with their fellow men was so devoid of assumption, pretence, or flattery, as these same peers, from whom too many of their countrymen would be only too eager to accept such hateful traits.

They, no doubt, as a rule oppose a strongly conservative majority to such a reforming one as now dominates the House of Commons; but English history is full of conservative reactions, when the people, frightened by the violence of their own representatives, have fallen back on the protection of the feudal House. That House has always furnished leaders, eloquent, patient, brave in every sound reform; and if its monument was soon to be erected, its epitaph must contain many a word of gratitude for the long line of services it has rendered to British freedom, beginning with the Great Charter.

Americans cannot afford to neglect or sneer at the crises in English politics, any more than England could afford to neglect or sneer at ours in 1861. It is an insult at once to philosophy and to common sense to declare that all nations will prosper under a uniform set of institutions. The strangely composite people that holds the British Isles has had its full share of political vicissitudes. Its constitution, founded six hundred years and more ago, included in no one document, but far more stable than many engrossed patterns of government, has seen every part of itself in danger of perishing, and then has taken on a new lease of life, to the amazement and envy of foreign nations. If that life is to continue, it will not be by violent changes of polity, though more than one such it has survived; but by the operation of the strange genius of its people, which, as its great poet says, "Nought shall make us rue if England to itself do rest but true."

LITERATURE AND THE MODERN DRAMA [1]

BY HENRY ARTHUR JONES

In an introductory lecture I gave last week at Harvard, I tried to clear the ground for laying the cornerstones of a National Anglo-American drama. I tried to justify the phrase "National Anglo-American drama" by pointing out that for many years past the same ranges of poetic and modern drama have been common ground to both nations, and that the highest talent in acting has been equally at the service of both nations, and equally at home on both sides of the Atlantic. I tried to show that any possible national school of Anglo-American drama must be built upon these four cornerstones: the establishment of right, and definite, and continuous relations between the drama and literature; between the drama and morality; between the drama and popular entertainment; between the drama and the theatre.

I propose in this lecture to deal with the relations that exist, or rather with the relations that do not exist, between literature and the drama in America and England. Here I may perhaps call your attention to a suggestive and well-reasoned paper by Mr. Brander Matthews on the relations of the drama to literature. He truly points out that the art of the drama is not coincident with literature, that though it sometimes overlaps literature, it must not be judged solely by the same rules as a piece of literature. Mr. Brander Matthews covers widely different ground in that paper from the ground I purpose to take you over to-day. For one

[1] A lecture delivered at Yale University.

thing he establishes a striking likeness between the art of the drama and the art of oratory, inasmuch as their immediate appeal is to a crowd, and if that immediate appeal is lost, — all is lost. He quotes with approval from the preface by Dumas fils to *Un Père Prodigue:* "A dramatic work should always be written as though it was only to be read. . . . The spectator gives it vogue: the reader makes it durable." Mr. Brander Matthews sums up the whole matter in one pregnant sentence: "Only literature is permanent." That is a great saying which every American and English playwright should print on the inside cover of his writing-case.

Now, if I were to ask you, What are the present relations between American drama and American literature? How many American plays are in active circulation amongst you, so that on reading them over you can put your finger on the fine passages that amused you or stirred you when you saw them acted? How often do you go to a theatre and the next day take from the library shelf the play of the previous evening and chew the cud of the author's wisdom, or passion, or satire; as a Frenchman can chew the cud of a living French dramatist, as a Norwegian can chew the cud of his modern Ibsen?

If I were to ask you these questions you would reply: "We are a young nation; we are still partly in the leading strings of England in matters of art and literature; we have scarcely had time to build our house, much less to decorate it. Our art and our literature and our drama are at present in the nebulous state; scarcely even in the fluid, certainly not in the final congealed, concrete state. It is not fair to ask such a question as: 'What is the relation between American literature and the American drama?'" Very well, I won't ask it. In place of that question, I will ask another: Seeing that only literature is permanent; seeing that all plays however amusing or exciting or popular, that are not literature, must quickly perish, nay, did perish before they were born; seeing that it is the literary quality which keeps fresh and vital and operative upon our stage to-day the plays of Shakespeare, Molière, Sheridan, — how can a relation be established between literature and the modern acted drama in the theatres of America and England to-day? For, as we have seen, it is only by the establishment of this relation that Americans and Englishmen can have a national drama in which they can take a legitimate pride, or indeed a drama that is worth a single moment's discussion. I am sure it was with some such idea in your minds, the idea that the drama is worth earnest consideration, that it is of vast importance in your national economy, that it needs to be clarified from mere popular entertainment and set upon a permanent intellectual basis, — it was with this idea that you invited me to speak to you about my art.

Now, if it would be unfair to ask, What is the present relation between American literature and the American drama? it would be satirical to ask, What is the present relation between English literature and the English drama?

Briefly, in England men of letters have an open contempt for the modern drama, or at the best a supercilious indifference. These feelings are streaked by the highly fantastic notion that playwriting is an easy, ignoble form of scribbling which makes much money. English and American dramatists are greatly indebted to Mr. Brander Matthews for his constant affirmation that the drama is the most difficult, the most vital, the most noble form of literature. I can only invite those who doubt his assertion to make the experiment. At the end of twenty years they will be inclined to agree with him. If we lump both our nations, and ask what notion or notions the general body of Anglo-American playgoers have formed of the relations of the drama to literature, I think we must own, that for the most part, they are in a very blessed state of child-like innocence about the whole matter. One common cardinal notion, however, seems to possess playgoers on both

sides of the Atlantic. It is the notion that a costume play, a play whose scenes are laid anywhere and any time between the birth of Christ and 1840, does by that very fact acquire a literary merit, a literary distinction and profound significance which rank it immeasurably above the mere prose play of modern everyday life.

It matters not whether the personages of the costume play talk blank verse, or a patchwork diction compounded of every literary and conversational style from Chaucer to a White-Chapel costermonger; to the great majority of playgoers, the costume play brings that elevation of mind and feeling, that vague but gratifying sense of superiority which was felt by the Bourgeois Gentilhomme when he discovered that, without taking the least pains, he was a person of very considerable literary attainments. This feeling of awe in the presence of a costume play has persisted as long as I can remember. In my early playgoing days, it was chiefly called forth by the blank verse plays of Bulwer Lytton and Sheridan Knowles. Leading actors played on alternative evenings *Hamlet* and *The Hunchback; Othello* and *The Lady of Lyons; The Merchant of Venice* and *The Love Chase.* Each item of the répertoire equally aroused in the actor the sense of meritorious poetic achievement, and in the audience the sense of reverent, elevated, æsthetic delight. Bulwer Lytton and Sheridan Knowles have now retired from competition with Shakespeare. What has taken their place in the répertoire of leading actors? One or two plays of genuine poetic merit have been produced, have been cordially recognized, and have been played with some degree of success. It would, however, be rash to hope that they will keep a permanent hold of the stage.

Many costume pieces have been produced with considerable success and profit. One or two of them have been really well written, and may claim to rank as literature. But for the most part, the costume pieces that are successful on our stage are very sorry fustian, and would not bear a moment's examination in print. Indeed, I fancy it is mainly the costume of the leading actor, his lofty tone, his imperial air, that persuade our good-natured playgoers that the ancillary literature of the play must needs be correspondingly sublime. When such very fine clothes are paraded, such heroic sentiments uttered, such gallant deeds done, such lavish, nay, such wasteful feats of self-sacrifice performed under our very eyes, I fear it shows a mean and churlish spirit to call for any examination of the author's diction, of the reasonableness of his characterization, or indeed of the common sense of the whole scheme.

I remember a scene in a West London theatre that effectively showed to what extent an audience may be moved to a wild expression of approval by the assured tone and manner of the actor. A venerable old village clergyman came up to London and discovered his only son in undesirable relationship with an undesirable lady. The old man was heartbroken, and used all the arguments of his profession to recall the boy to a sense of his duty to society. Having failed to move the young man, the white-haired old father at length revealed the fact that he, too, in his youth had bound himself by the closest ties to a certain lady. "But," sternly declared the venerable old clergyman, "when Honor called, I flung her off, and married your mother!" This atrocious sentiment was delivered with so much dignity, so much severity of moral conviction, that it called forth enthusiastic applause night after night from the audience. And I doubt not that our actors, by their elevated tone, manner and bearing, are largely responsible for the notion so widely prevalent amongst playgoers that a costume play must necessarily rank higher as literature than the prose play of everyday modern life.

Please do not suppose that I am bringing a sweeping charge of willful deception against actors generally. In most cases their enthusiastic production of costume plays cannot be ascribed to any

baser motive than an ignorance of what literature is. As a rule, actors honestly believe that some superior literary merit natively belongs to a play that is not written in modern everyday prose, and that great artistic credit may be claimed for losing five or ten thousand pounds in producing a costume blank verse play. Oh, the vast sums of money that have been lost in exploiting such plays, in the mischievous idea that they are "literary," and that the public taste is elevated by producing them! More than enough to establish and endow national theatres in England and America! I will make the statement that in the matter of the permanent worth of plays, the public, without taking much thought or care about the matter, has on the whole a surer instinct and a higher taste than the actor. For with the actor, personal and ulterior considerations must often intrude and warp his judgment. The literary merit, the permanent worth of the play, must always, consciously or unconsciously, be a matter of secondary importance to the actor, so far as he has the true spirit and the rightful ambition of the actor within him. To deny this is to deny that human nature is human nature. "Have I the best part? Shall I score above everybody else in the cast? Shall I hold or better my starry position, or will it be taken from me?" Does anybody deny that these must be the chief considerations of the actor? Again, I tell him he is merely affirming that human nature is not human nature. It is quite right, and indeed it is most urgent for the success of his career, that a leading actor should make his own part his chief concern. But this first necessity of his position must always govern, and color, and influence his choice, and sometimes altogether distort his judgment, of plays. The matter is of the greatest importance, but it may be more conveniently discussed when dealing with the relations of the drama to the theatre. I fear that sometimes a motive quite alien from a love of literature, or from mere ignorance of literature, decides a leading actor's choice of a play and moves him to give the preference to a costume piece. Until quite recent years, our British army clad its recruits in flaming scarlet and thus gave them an unfair advantage over mere civilians in the important matter of winning the hearts of their females. If the great Israelite prophet's question, "Wherefore art thou red in thy apparel?" had been put to the young British soldier, he would have answered, "To sweetheart the nursemaids in the Park."

It is only within a century or so that the European male has dropped the immemorial custom, common to him and to all male animals, birds, and insects from creation onwards, of outblazing and dominating his female by the splendor of his raiment, coat, skin, fur, or feathers. It is with great humiliation that a lover of the theatre must reluctantly confess that in the matter of male garments, as in matters intellectual, the British theatre tends to lag about a century behind date. For, to ask a quite plain, frank question: Has all this costume bravery of the stage any other or any higher significance than the soldier's scarlet tunic, displayed before the worshiping nursemaid?

You have two phrases in America, "matinée girl" and "matinée idol." We have not the phrases in England, but we have the corresponding personages. At a recent matinée given in an English city by one of our most deservedly popular stage heroes, it is credibly alleged that at the opening of the doors two hundred and seventy-nine ladies consecutively passed the pay-box! Then a single man appeared. But he was a curate. I do not think that any explanation can be offered of this incident that would flatter the dramatic taste of the town, or indeed that concerns the drama at all. I think the only explanation that can be given of these matinée phenomena is to class them with the nursemaid and the soldier in the Park; except indeed that the nursemaid has this great advantage, or disadvantage, — she does actually talk with her hero, and in

many cases is made the veritable heroine of the story.

Now, I think, I had better pause. I have made a mortal enemy of every matinée young lady and every matinée idol in England and America. I hasten to express my deep sorrow, and to make a bow of profound apology all around on both sides the Atlantic. Let me try first to win back a smile of good-will from the matinée young lady and all her sisters; from those who form so large, so powerful, so desirable, so welcome a majority of many of our theatrical audiences in England and America.

Let me take a grandfather's privilege and whisper a little confidential aside to the matinée young lady. My dear granddaughter, never will I be so foolish as to bring this tiresome art of the drama into competition with the great business, the fine art of love-making. I have claimed for the drama that it is the finest of all arts, but in your presence I frankly own it sinks into insignificance beside your own natural art, which is indeed the oldest, the finest, the subtlest of all the arts. It is better to have "a vermeil-tinctured lip" than a sound contempt for fustian blank verse; while the possession of the most correct taste in literature is a very drug compared with the possesssion of "love-darting eyes and tresses like the morn." Therefore, do not think that I am scolding you, or questioning your good taste in flocking to costume plays, and in worshiping your matinée idols. But I would like you to recognize, and I would like those who direct your taste to recognize, that all this nursemaid and red soldier business is only very distantly and incidentally connected with the drama; while a confirmed indulgence in it, a belief in it as actuality, is quite destructive of your enjoyment, or indeed of your comprehension, of any serious drama whatever. I should say of all this costume flummery and fustian what I so constantly say of popular entertainment, Enjoy it by all means, but recognize it for what it is. Separate it from your drama; that is, separate it in your own minds, when you are talking and thinking about it. I do not ask or expect that it shall be separated on the boards of all our theatres, or in the words and business of all our plays. That is impossible. Even in Shakespeare's greatest tragedies there are occasional sops of popular entertainment thrown in; while in the most inane musical farce, in the most violent melodrama, in the most fallacious costume play, there are occasional strokes of wit and humor; occasional scenes of true pathos; occasional apparitions of dead heroes and clashing antagonists, which justify us in marking those particular passages respectively as morsels of true comedy, true drama, true tragedy.

In all those instances it is a question of distinguishing what is senseless foolery, false sentiment, or cardboard armor,—what is dross from what is gold. With one little parting insinuation not to take costume stage heroes at too high a valuation, I again humbly apologize to the matinée young lady for having disturbed her maiden meditations with my most rude, my most impertinent remarks. But I hope I shall induce her to give her attention sometimes to modern serious drama, where superhuman heroism and self-sacrifice are not dealt with in wholesale quantities and served up hot in red jackets, but where human courage is sustained and the æsthetic instincts gratified by the presentation of men and women, not as they impossibly ought to have been in the middle ages, but as they are to-day on the hard actual surface of this planet. I hope I have made my peace with the matinée young lady.

I have still to reckon with the redoubtable costume hero himself. My first instinct is to hide myself lest in a fit of justifiable anger he should challenge me to mortal combat by pistol, rapier, or broadsword; and upon discovering my caitiff terror of him, deal me one mortal thrust with the jeweled dagger that always hangs so opportunely at his jeweled belt. Per-

haps, however, I had better take heart and face him with the simple request to ponder carefully what I have said. He will find that I have not uttered one word that can give offense to those actors who have a high esteem for their calling, not as it quaintly appoints them judges and arbiters of dramatic literature, or as it gives them the opportunity of captivating the matinée young lady, but as it gives them the chance of fulfilling the actor's legitimate ambition, which, I humbly submit, is — to act. Acting is a very great art; no one has more cause to know and remember this than I have. It is a very arduous art; it may very well absorb the chief energies of the actor. It is cruel to burden him also with the weighty business of deciding in matters of literature.

With regard to the costume play itself, I hope I have not shown ill-nature in dealing with a class of play with which, I confess, I have little sympathy. I will ask any one who questions my attitude towards the costume play to read carefully a recent essay by Mr. Brander Matthews on the Historical Novel. The arguments which Mr. Matthews advances with irresistible force and insight against the historical novel may be equally leveled against the historical play.

There is always a recurring tendency in every generation to write and to believe in the same kind of sublime nonsense that Cervantes laughed away three centuries ago. In truth, this return to fustian romance is perennial, and needs always to be laughed away. You have a not distant kinsman of Cervantes in America to-day, who has laughed away much of this nonsense from literature. Will not Mark Twain do your nascent American drama the service of clearing it at the start from sham heroes and sham heroics?

I have given much time to point out what I do not mean by uniting the Anglo-American drama and literature. But doubtless students at Yale will tell me that Professor Phelps has taken good care to safeguard them from tumbling into the fallacy I have all this time been warning them against. You will say it is granted that the fustian costume play is not literature; and, therefore, cannot be permanent; and, therefore, cannot be the type and foundation of any worthy school of drama. But what about the genuine poetic drama? What about a school of modern blank-verse plays? Now, the drama being a highly conventional art, like sculpture, far more conventional than novel-writing or painting, it is certain that its highest and most enduring achievements must always be wrought in the conventional language of poetry. The greatest things in nature or in life can never be expressed, or painted, or carved, or represented in exact imitation of real life, or in a spirit of modern realism. Least of all in sculpture and in the drama can they be so bodied forth. Therefore, the greatest examples of drama are poetic drama, and the highest schools of drama are, and must ever be, schools of poetic drama. But I think it would be a sad waste of time if England or America were to put forth any self-conscious efforts to found and sustain a school of poetic drama to-day, or indeed to hope that by any possible process of manipulation or endowment the rising generation of English and American playwrights can with labored forethought accomplish what the Elizabethans did naturally and spontaneously.

Any vital school of drama is intimately connected with the daily lives of the people, and it is useless for Englishmen or Americans to hope for much poetry in their drama till they have put a little more into their lives — that is, until the reign of omnipresent, omnipotent commercialism is at an end. The Elizabethan drama came at an exact moment in the life of the English language and of the English race; at an exact distance from the Renascence and the Reformation; it was indirectly related to gorgeous dreams of empire; to great national ambitions; to a noble style in architecture, and to many other conditions which do not prevail to-day

either in England or America. Neither the habits of life, nor the mold of thought, nor the period of development in either the English or the American language, is at all favorable to the prospects of the poetic drama on either side of the Atlantic. Such examples of blank-verse drama as obtain a fitful success on our modern stage, — even those which contain scenes and lines of genuine poetry, — seem to lack the freedom and bustle of healthy life; they have the uncomfortable air of men cased tightly in armor, walking on stilts down Piccadilly or Broadway. They do not reflect or interpret our lives, or any life; they reflect reflections of life from poetry and history.

I do not think there is the least hope of successfully founding and developing a school of poetic drama in England or America to-day. I shall be glad to find myself mistaken. I should like to think that a body of Yale and Harvard students will prove me to be wholly wrong in my estimate of the dramatic harvest of the next two generations; but I can only discourage any American student who wishes to be a dramatist from using blank-verse as his instrument. I discourage him, because I know that if there is in Yale or Harvard to-day any dauntless soul who is resolved to win the unattainable prize of poetic drama, he will most rightly despise and defy my counsel, and will go straight on to his goal. I can only wish him Godspeed on what seems to me a forlorn hope. At present, then, only two reasons can be clearly discerned for producing modern poetic plays in England and America. They enable our actors to spend thousands of pounds in scenery and costumes, and by this means to "elevate the drama" for the benefit of a populace who are judges of scenery and costumes, but who confessedly are no judges whatever of literature or poetry. They also have this further immense advantage, — they set free the dramatist from the ceaseless worry and drudgery of studying the lives and characters of the living men and women around him. These seem to me the only reasons for cultivating the poetic drama in the present state of Anglo-American civilization.

Having then dashed your hopes of founding a living school of national drama upon the romantic costume play, and the imitation Elizabethan blank-verse play, you will ask me: "What kind of play then is likely to fulfill the two necessary conditions, — that it is to be at the same time operative and successful on our modern stage, and also to take permanent rank as literature? You have told us what to avoid, — now, tell us what to pursue."

I dare say many of you will remember a fine piece of true drama in the *Pilgrim's Progress*. I mean the trial scene of Christian and Faithful at Vanity Fair. Bunyan was a born dramatist. What is the hall mark of the dramatist? What is the sure sign whereby you may always distinguish the dramatist from the humorist, the satirist, the *farceur*, the parodist, who also have legitimate places on the stage, and are welcome so far as they entertain us. The sure sign of the dramatist is the instant presentation and revelation of character in action by means of bare dialogue. The dramatist makes his characters think, speak, act, live for themselves and for their own aims; the characters of the humorist, the satirist, the parodist, speak, not their own words, but the author's; they walk the stage, not for their own aims, but for the author's. In the drama you should never hear the author speaking. If he wishes to speak *in propria persona* he should gather around him a crowd of good-natured persons and ask them kindly to permit him to lecture to them, so that he may keep silence in his own work. It is better for a dramatist to keep silence in his work than on his work.

Burns, like Bunyan, had a rich dramatic vein. Read *Holy Willie's Prayer* — it is not Burns speaking, it is Holy Willie himself exuding the genuine oily drivel and brimstone of the conventicle.

Bunyan had a great dramatic faculty. All through his allegories you will find instances of most vivid and direct presentation of character in dialogue. If you will read the scene I have mentioned, — the trial scene in Vanity Fair, you will find it a masterly tragicomic drama in miniature. The personages talk the exact talk of the day: short, apt, striking, colloquial sentences, nearly every one of which goes straight home, and would get a roar of laughter if the scene were played by accomplished comedians in our own theatre to-day. The truculent judge is a gem of character. This imperishable piece of dramatic literature was written, not by a man of letters, but by a traveling tinker. How many hundreds of labored poetic dramas have been played, and are forgotten, since that was written! Bunyan got his material, not from library shelves, not from the past, but quick and live from the world of living men around him.

That is where you must get your national American drama from, if you are to have a living drama at all. Perhaps you will think, "Then we have only to go out into the streets, into the hotels, into the stores, and write down what we see and hear, and make it up into a play." No, you will never get a play that way. You will merely get a more or less interesting catalogue of facts and speeches, — at best something akin to a photograph or a phonograph. All your materials must be sifted, and selected, and shaped, and transformed by the imagination into something rich and strange. But the ore from which the gold has to be extracted is lying in apparently useless heaps at your very doors.

Recall the fine sentence from Mr. Brander Matthews that I quoted at the beginning of my lecture: "Only literature is permanent." If your drama is to live, it must be literature. But the same truth may be put in a converse form: "If your drama is truly alive, it must be literature." If you have faithfully and searchingly studied your fellow-citizens; if you have selected from amongst them those characters that are interesting in themselves, and that also possess an enduring human interest; if in studying these interesting personalities, you have severely selected, from the mass of their sayings and doings and impulses, those words and deeds and tendencies which mark them at once as individuals and as types; if you have then recast and reimagined all the materials; if you have cunningly shaped them into a story of progressive and accumulative action; if you have done all this, though you may not have used a single word but what is spoken in ordinary American intercourse to-day, I will venture to say that you have written a piece of live American literature, — that is, you have written something that will not only be interesting on the boards of the theatre, but that can be read with pleasure in your library; can be discussed, argued about, tasted, and digested as literature.

In some respects, the American colloquial language is to-day a better instrument for this type of play than the English colloquial language. A greater number of your population are dealing more directly with realities; hence your speech is more racy; it has more present bite and sting; it swarms with lusty young idioms. We are constantly importing from you bright, curt phrases and metaphors struck off red-hot in the common mint of the workshop, or the mine, or the factory.

Your own modern colloquial language is the fitting, nay, the only vehicle for a national American drama. And of all characters in the world for an American dramatist, surely present-day Americans are heaven-sent ideal personages for him to study and people his plays withal. A dramatist, a novelist, is never so effective, so vital, as when he is drawing the inhabitants of his own village, his own city, his own circle, the men and women whom he lived amongst in his youth, and unconsciously studied when his memory was fresh, and vivid, and impressionable. Compare George Eliot's portraits in the

Scenes of Clerical Life, *Adam Bede*, and *Silas Marner* with some of the intolerable personages in *Daniel Deronda*, written after the critics had told her most truly, but most disastrously, that she was a great genius. The self-conscious, ex-officio production of masterpieces is often a terribly wearisome and unprofitable business both for author and reader. I repeat, your own American streets and drawing-rooms and tramcars and prairies are the only possible recruiting ground for a present-day American drama. As for the poetic drama, let it rest a while. Let me beg your rising dramatists to "cross out those immensely overpaid accounts," that matter of Troy and Achilles' wrath, and set to work in the better, fresher, busier sphere, the wide, untried domain that awaits and demands them. And surely America is a most tempting sphere for an American dramatist. I think, guest and stranger as I am, I think I can detect little American weaknesses and foibles and follies, — nay, I will say characteristic American vices, — peeping out here and there at your shirtsleeves, from between your waistcoat folds, and especially sticking out from that pocket where you keep your pigskin dollar-note purse. Yes, Madam, and I fancy I spy them straying from under your picture hat, and flickering around the sparklets of that diamond necklace, and peeping in and out with the pretty toecaps of your elegant American kid boots. As I walk your streets, and ride in your tramcars, and read your journals, and try to fathom your politics, I fancy I hear airy tongues calling out to your American playwrights in some such syllables as these: "Here 's a delightful display of native purse-proud egotism and bad manners. Snapshot it! Look at that horribly grotesque piece of American prudery! Tear its mask off! Come here! Watch this morsel of feminine affectation and vanity come tripping down the street. It 's feminine; so deal gently with it, but don't let it escape you! Hush! Here 's a great show! All our brother Pharisees and brother hypocrites swelling visibly with windy religious platitudes! Follow them into church, into the best seats. Stick a pin, point upwards, in their cushions! Ah, look at that loud piece of brazen bluff! Have you shamed it down? Then hurry here and see what a rascally lump of bloated greed and filthy chicanery has seated himself in the chief seat of your marketplace! Arrest him! Hale him to the pillory of the stage! Gibbet him for the delight of American audiences!"

I hope you will not think that in speaking thus plainly I have overstepped the limits of courtesy which I laid out for myself in starting. I think you must have perceived that throughout this latter part of my lecture I have been advancing the strongest plea on behalf of my brother American playwrights, that the American stage should be first and mainly occupied with the representation of American life and character, American manners and modes of thought.

I have a great love for France: for her people, for her fine manners, for her clear, logical method, for all that wise encouragement of literature and the arts which will assure her a future place in universal esteem akin to that which Greece holds to-day. Above all, I have an immense admiration for the French drama. But I have constantly protested that the business of the English theatre is not to exhibit absurd emasculated adaptations of French plays, where all the characters, all the situations, all the manners, all the morality, all the modes of thought, all the views of life, are fantastic, amorphous hybrids, and are therefore sterile. Now, although the differences and difficulties between France and England, in all that relates to the interchange of plays, are enormously greater and more insurmountable than the differences and difficulties between England and America, yet the same reasons are to be urged against the unregulated and wholesale importation of modern English plays into America. I shall be credited with speaking from some subtle interested motive here. When I

speak or write about the drama in England, I am credited with some unworthy interested motive; it being a thing incredible, unheard-of, that a man who practises an art should have the honesty to speak about it exactly as he thinks and feels, without some selfish, ulterior motive. I will ask you, and I will ask my English friends also, not to seek for any underhand motive in what I am saying, for I have none. You have done me the honor to ask me to speak here about the modern drama; I do you the common justice to tell you what I believe to be the exact truth.

I believe the French drama and French acting to be immeasurably on a higher level than English drama and English acting at the present moment. That is no reason why English playwrights should be the lackeys and underlings of French playwrights. It is a reason for English playwrights, and actors, and critics, and playgoers to set diligently to work, — not to adapt and applaud French playwrights, but to develop and encourage their own native art. The same reason should rule the transplantation of plays from England to America, and from America to England. As I have always urged that the main business of the English drama is to represent modern English life and character, and to move responsively to English civilization, so I equally urge that the main business of the American drama and the American theatre is to represent American life and character, and to move responsively to American civilization.

This is the law that must govern the development of the national drama in any country. Subject to it is the question of the translation and adaptation of foreign plays. When a play, by reason either of the strength or the originality of its story, the power of its character-drawing, or the depth of its philosophy, is of permanent and universal interest, it should be quite faithfully, and, so far as possible, quite literally translated; all its scenes and all its characters being left in their native country. A modern play should never be adapted except for two good and sufficient reasons, — the first one being when its scheme, or some part of its scheme, suggests to a foreign dramatist that it may be so altered and strengthened as to be made into a better, or into a virtually original play. The only other good reason for adaptation arises when a fine, strong, sincere French play can be bought cheaply by a manager, and being emasculated and sentimentalized by a cheap adapter, can then be put upon the British stage to the great glory of British morality, and the great gain of the British manager.

These are the laws that govern the translation and adaptation of foreign plays. That they are operative between England and America was shown in the recent instance where a successful American play, with strong local color, was adapted and put on the English stage in an English dress and setting, and was thereby found to have lost its savor, and vraisemblance, and interest. Doubtless England and America have at present so much that is common in their language, their manners, their laws, their philosophy, and their religions, that there must always be a much nearer relationship between them in their drama than between any other two nations. Throughout this lecture I have spoken of the English drama, the Anglo-American drama, the American drama, in a way that I fear has been confusing. But the confusion exists in the subject itself, and not in my handling of it.

How far are the American and English drama distinct from each other? At present each nation may be said to have in some sort a distinct drama, and a distinct theatre of its own. And yet in everything that counts as the best dramatic art, the two nations are to-day almost as one community. I hope this kinship of thought and interest in the drama will endure and will be strengthened. I would like to think that a common drama will be one of the strongest links between the two nations

in future generations. You are a cosmopolitan nation; from happy experience I can affirm that you are a most generously receptive nation. "Receptivity," says George Eliot, "is a massive quality." It is not only generous to be receptive; it is wise. You are wisely receptive of foreign art. I have just counseled you to make it your chief business to forge and hammer out a distinctive national American drama for yourself, subject to the laws I have stated. I now ask you for your own sake to continue to keep an open door and a warm corner for distinctively English plays and English actors. For, I believe, we can teach you something in technique and finish. Take our technique, so far as it is useful to you, and use it as a frame for your own living American men and women. You see I return to the subject of your own living national drama. Forgive me if I have broken my promise, if I have been betrayed into speaking dictatorially and controversially, if I have disputed at the table of my hosts, and argued where I ought only to have returned thanks. When I accepted Professor Phelps' kind invitation to speak here, two courses were open to me: I could have strung together a chain of amiable platitudes about the drama, which would neither have offended anybody, nor have thrown any light upon the subject. My other course was to speak out exactly what I felt, in the hope that some word of mine might be of service to you in building up a school of American drama, and that I might stimulate your thoughts and actions to that end. For I believe that some such idea is nascent in America to-day, some such "glorious, great intent," which will not be allowed to miscarry and fall to the ground.

How long will the present relationship in the drama continue between England and America? Doubtless the present interchange and transhipment of plays and actors to and fro the Atlantic will, with some modifications, last out the lives of most of us here to-day. But what about the future, the not very distant future, in respect of the lives of our two nations?

No stranger who has visited your great cities can fail to be deeply impressed with the swift and enormous development of a new type of civilization. If that stranger knows England well, he cannot help making comparisons between the two countries. And taking a wide, impartial view, I think that any candid observer must be driven to the conclusion that the American continent will develop, not only at a very different rate of speed from England, but also very largely in widely different directions. What does this mean? It means, either that the older nation will drop behind on a different track, or that the younger and more impetuous nation will drag the older nation headlong with it.

On our side we hear plaintive bleatings about the Americanization of our institutions. Englishmen must sympathize with these bleatings, must sometimes bleat. At the same time, we cannot keep watching this fascinating, stupendous clattering engine of American democracy with all of you so busy steaming and stoking it — we cannot help watching and wondering, wondering, wondering, where it is going. It is certain that it is making a new type of civilization, a new national character, with new national ideals and modes of thought. Incidentally, it also means a change in dress, in habits, in ceremonies, in all those thousand details and minutiæ of everyday life which make up so large a part of the dressing of our modern realistic plays. It means more than this — it means the gradual evolution of a new branch of the English language. You will notice that I have once or twice used the term "American language" in this lecture. I think you may already claim in some sort to have an American language. I dare say many of you will remember that early in the eighteenth century such scholars as Swift and Bentley thought that the English language had arrived at the exact point where it might be fixed and made de-

finite forever. Swift actually made proposals to that effect. That was before Darwin. No scholar could make such a proposal to-day. It is amusing and instructive to notice that many of the slang words reviled by Swift are now old and respected tenants of all our dictionaries. That the present evolution of the American continent does imply the evolution of a more or less distinct American language, cannot, I think, be doubted. What will the future American language be like, the language in which you will be writing your telegrams and your dramas in a few generations to come? It must always be the highest conscious aim of any civilization to provide a large, dignified, intellectual, humane existence for the greatest possible number of its citizens. So far as this is possible to large classes amongst you, so far will your new language be a fit instrument for a school of drama correspondingly large, dignified, intellectual, humane. Prophecy and forecast are not always gratuitous blunders; they are sometimes practical and helpful. A single word spoken by a single person in Europe might at any moment bring about events which would entirely displace Anglo-American and Anglo-Colonial relationships, and bring undreamed-of sequences into our common civilization, our common language, and our common drama. Who can help sometimes throwing an anxious look into the distant future and breathing the wish of the dying Henry IV:—

> Oh God! that one might read the book of fate
> And see the revolution of the times
> Make mountains level, and the continent —
> Weary of solid firmness — melt itself
> Into the sea! And other times to see
> The beachy girdle of the ocean
> Too wide for Neptune's hips; how chances mock
> And changes fill the cup of alteration
> With divers liquors!

With this large thought in our minds, with this questioning wonder of the future haunting us, it is impossible for an Englishman, especially an Englishman who has been so generally welcomed and honored in America as I have been, it is impossible for him not to wish your country a very high and noble destiny, bound up, so far as may be possible and expedient, with the destiny, the civilization, the language, and also with the drama, of his own country.

THE RUIN OF HARRY BENBOW

BY HENRY RIDEOUT

"When a man 's married, he 's safe in port." Captain Pratt whirled the whiskey-tansan in his glass, cocked his bright blue eyes at the seething heel-tap, then added, "And paying pilotage."

We sat visiting aboard the Mindoro, Coast-Guard cutter, in the enchanted harbor of Romblon. She had looked in at daylight, we had rowed over for breakfast, and now sat comforting her commander. A pair of linked murderers, guarded by two of the constabulary, had clanked aboard, bound for Manila to hear confirmation of their sentence of death. All four lay huddled aft, — constabulary distinguished from murderers by their khaki, Krags, and conscious virtue. All subtler points of difference favored the plain homicides. The provincial treasurer, who should have charge of them, had not yet come on board. He was newly married; he was perhaps an hour late; and Captain Milbank of the cutter, who was losing his ebb, had just described the

treasurer's bride in terms which we hoped were not true.

"*And* towage," continued Captain Pratt, winking craftily. As the only one to laugh, he explained: "D'ye see? Signifying his troubles have just begun. So they have, be-'anged. Look, would ye, at Merriwether o' the Sui-Jin. How used he go out o' Cebu harbor? North passage, o' course, because it's quicker. How does he go out now, as a bloomin' bridegroom? South passage, be-'anged, because it's safer. Safer! Ha!"

The little captain's metallic laugh of scorn waked even the murderers from their siesta.

"And they lived happy ever after!" he jeered. "My word!—And there was Harry Benbow, too, mind ye. He was Scott-Newnes agent at Carigao: and a fust-chop agent, that run the Tabacalera out o' business there afore you blasted Yankees knowed the Philippynes was charted. Such 'orsepital ways he had, too. Harry Benbow's house was a fair chummery, a—a club, be-George, known and respected from here to Amoy and Singapore. Land there night or day, you'd find it full blast. 'T was Hoo-bloomin'-ray! and 'Dear old chap, glad to see ye!' and 'Hallo, here's Pratt again!' and 'Sit in and take me hand this round, cap'n!' and 'Blast the bally cargo!' and '*Uno*, bring the señor his usual!' And you'd be having such a happy time that you'd roll down the *pantalan* aboard ship thinking the Eldest Brother o' Trinity House Corporation had dined the Fust Sea Lord.

"That was young Harry's fashion,—his 'orsepital ways. Happy times, happy days!" Captain Pratt sighed. "Finish! Like the poem, ye know,—

> But Scripture says, an ending
> To all fine things must be.

And the bloomin' fact that spoiled Benbow for good and all was this same little girl that I'm going to tell ye about."

The captain tilted down the last drop, bird-like; wiped his gray mutton-chop whiskers carefully; then, with sudden passion, dashed on the deck his best shore-going hat.

Hang it all! When I think o' the lights in that there blessed bungalow, and the cards, and the drinks, and the good chow, and singing, and—all Carigao used to mean—s' help me, I could turn a bloomin' Diogynist!

Christmas was frightful hot that year. Christmas! There ain't no proper Christmas outside England. But that made no odds to Harry Benbow. What man could do, he done. Why, bless his heart! all us lonesome devils from four hundred miles roundabout, we 'd come, as ye might say, to hang up of our stockings. That is, those that did n't come limping barefoot with water-sores. 'T was hot and homesick outside; but inside the bungalow was well irrigated, and hung with bamboos for evergreens, and these red Flame-o'-the-Forest for holly-berries. Harry Benbow 'd got plum-pudding out from England, and roast beef in tins, and Dan Leno in the phonograph, and Bass in the barrel, and good Scotch, and ice by the picul. We got no harm, neither did we do any,—'cept raising a bloody row. My word, the lights, and cards, and drinks, and lies, and good chow! Only one man under the table, and he was put there unanimous for swearing to do "God Rest Ye, Merry Gentlemen," all on his own, when Harry had n't finished his speech yet.

"I had meant," says Benbow, balancing on the table careful, "gentlemen, I *had* meant to gather all the European residents here on this happy festival, but I regret that the two pedagogues declined. However, I wish 'em both a Merry Christmas, wherever and however they may be celebrating. And now, for Christmas Eve I give ye the toast 'Absent Friends!'"

Solemn enough we was all about to drink it, when in rushes a fair crazy man.

"Stop, gentlemen!" he hails us. He was lean, long-haired, hatchet-faced, mounted spectacles big as binoc'lars. And

my word, the Yankee twang! — "Stop, gentlemen! There has been insurrection and abduction in our midst!" he says. "A delicate and refined lady," he says, "whom any high-minded gentleman would be proud to rescue, has fallen into the hands of low-class villains!" he says, or about those words. "To arms, and snatch her from peril!"

"Snatch a drink, old cock," says Benbow. "Come join us. You're heated."

"Heated?" shouts the man in the spectacles. "Heated? My blood boils, sir! Sit down and drink now! Never, sir! — Why," he says, "back in God's country, sir, in Loosianah, the lowest beasts o' the field would spring to arms, sir, to rescue female beauty. And you propose cold-hearted gluttony! Is it possible I'm addressing English gentlemen?"

Harry Benbow climbed down off the table, and spoke to him very polite and drawling:—

"I can answer for the character of my guests," he says. "And there is no compulsion to drink with us. So will you kindly explain this — this unexpected contribution to our humble orat'ry?"

That cooled the other man down.

"My name, sir, is Jefferson Davis 'Iggins," he says. "I have the privilege of instructing the native youth o' Carigao. My message is that one Pablo Reyes, a *pulajan* chief, and his band of lawless, low-minded mountaineers, has looted the customs house. Worse than that, sir, he has abducted and carried off Miss Lucy Reade, from her own residence, sir!"

"By Jove, the little schoolmistress!" says Benbow. "There *is* some female beauty, if you like." He pulls out his watch. "*Uno!* have Felician saddle all the ponies, and Ramon get out all the Company's guns and ammunition. *Sigue!* . . . Now, Mr. 'Iggins, I understand your natural agitation. So take this glass, won't you, and join us in drinking to Absent Friends. It's Christmas Eve, after all, is n't it? We'll start in half an hour."

"What?" he shouts. "Every second is precious, and you sit toasting! The man who hesitates to follow me at once, sir, is a coward. A white-livered toper, sir. You all hesitate? You are all white-livered topers!" He stared at us bitter. "Very well. The Muse of History will record this night to your shame. I will save the lady single-'anded!"

Out he rushes, and we heard him gallop out o' compound.

"Once more," laughs Harry. "Absent Friends!" When we'd all drunk it, he says, "What a Hotspur schoolmaster! He's forgot you can't ford the inlet till the tide's half an hour out. Old Pablo's made straight across it for the hills. He'll have smashed the ferry and cut all the bancas adrift, o' course, way he did two years ago. We must give him a lesson this time. If our bold knight 'Iggins prefers waiting by the shore, it can't be helped."

In twenty minutes we all had a Duck-and-Doris, and went spurring off to the ford. That is, they all spurred, and I could n't stop my 'orrid pony. I'm not a bloomin' centurion.

We found the schoolmaster by his noise o' cursing, foundered down amongst the mud and *quiapo*. Then we crossed the inlet,—I could steer the 'orrid pony right with water under us onc't, — and clawed up the bank. Then he pounded me sickening again till daylight in the morning, when the blessed hills slowed us all to a walk. Harry Benbow knowed all that country, d' ye mind, and piloted us straight, be-George, as if he was walking through Poultry to the Bank.

He was cool, too, till all to onc't, as we came sweating up a little rock path in an arroyo,—Bang!—A noise like smashed bottles all amongst us, and cut palm-leaves comes a-twirling down overhead. "That gun kicked their bar down atop of us," laughs Harry; then hops off his horse, stoops over, and holds up his hands full o' broken green glass, swearing like a second mate.

"The little brown " . . . And he spent some time calling 'em names their mothers never would claim 'em by. "This

is serious. They've broke into the Company go-down. This ammunition is the ins'lators for my new telegraph line."

"Charge, charge!" shouts Master 'Iggins. "I demand a charge at once, — a frontal attack!"

"Right-oh," says Harry. "You can execute it." And blow-me if the maestro did n't run straight up the path. "The fool's got pluck!" says Benbow. He ploughed us in two. "Left wing, follow him! Right wing, come flanking with me."

In ten minutes, s' help me, we'd took that temp'rary citadel, capsized old Pablo hisself, and driven our brown brothers into the *bosque*. At sight o' their cannon, Harry Benbow took on worse than before. It was a whacking big bamboo, seized round from breech to muzzle with new shiny wire.

"Three hundred feet o' my line to Pacatlog!" he roars. "The little brown" —

"Easy does it," I whispers. "Lady present."

And there under a bloomin' hemp tree, the coolest member o' the party, sat this little girl I been telling ye about.

She was pale, but quite the lady. Big soft brown eyes, like a cow's. (What ye snickling at? My word, cow's eyes is pretty. Have n't seen a proper cow since I was a boy, at Home, 'cept their pictures on the condensed labels. Australia steers be-'anged! I mean a proper cow.) They was big, and grave, and — melting. Harry forgot all about his wire.

"Thank you very much for coming after me," she says, in a nice enough little prim voice. "I hope you won't be too severe with that old native." She points to Pablo, the old rascal, wriggling with his feet and hands in a clove hitch. "Under the circumst'nces and according to his lights," she says, "he's treated me extremely courteous. He was only holding me for ransom."

Benbow stood looking at her like one of her own school kiddies.

"I'll deal with him justly, miss," he tells her. "I — I hope" — (Did n't know what to say, he told me private afterward.) "I'm — I'm sorry ye could n't come to my Christmas Eve party."

"I'm sorry, too," she answers him. "If I had, I'd not have put you to half the trouble, should I? Mr. 'Igg — a friend warned me that I'd find it too boist — I mean, that a girl would dampen the festivities. I wanted to go," she says, "like everything."

She smiled at him so pretty that Maestro 'Iggins turned black as a South China squall. She knowed it, too, I bet ye, but sat there as unwary as a bird on the bough.

When we mustered all hands, we was right enough, 'cept one or two had got sliced a bit. Miss Lucy never squeals at the blood, but ups and bandages 'em proper.

Riding home, I saw the fust change for the worse come over Harry Benbow. He drops back from alongside the girl, and says he to me, —

"Cap'n Pratt, this Pablo looks tough and musc'lar?"

"We don't look for'ard to eating him," I says; "just to yardarming him by the neck."

"I mean," says Harry, "he's well and hearty?"

"Sight more able-bodied than most o' my crew," I tells him.

"These Yankee schoolmistresses," complains Benbow, "they have taught the value of edgycation so jolly earnest, Carigao 'll have no workmen. Nothing but lawyers and patriots and caballeros," says he, "a-fandangoing round in patent leather. We need Labor. And," he says, "this musc'lar old rebel could bale hemp, alive, better 'n he could stretch it, dead. If he can be begged off, I'll make him work!" he says.

Softening already, d' ye see, weakening. And there was we — his guests, mind ye, too — a-looking for'ard to a hanging that we'd pictured for two years.

All the rest o' the way he rode alongside the girl, laughing and playing the bloody Tom Fool. Crossing the inlet, he

must hold her safe on to her horse — Hah!

We got back, be-'anged, at nightfall, and all troops topside into Benbow's house to celebrate Christmas Night. But after what Christmas Eve promised, be-George, 't was tame. She played the old piano proper, and sung how shepherds was watching of their flocks by night, ye know, and we all asked for more, and — well, I *will* say that passed off pleasant enough. And Jefferson Davis 'Iggins, he rumpled up his hair and recited us some noisy poems, about the Turk a-snoring in his gilded tent. And that there monologue, name of Hamlet. And I must say, if all Shakespeare's so 'orrid doleful as that poem was, I would n't want him for shipmate o' mine.

Next day I sailed for Manila. 'T was a month afore the Nostar Seenoria tied up to the pantalan in Carigao again. Harry and I sat up late over our pegs, as always; but he seemed absent-minded; and just as I started to go back aboard, he said,

"Ye know, Cap'n Pratt, 't would be rather a pity if that little schoolmistress *should* marry the maestro?"

"Why not?" I says. "Birds of a feather" —

"No fear!" cuts in Benbow; then, drawling as he did when puzzled, "the bounder has pluck, but — 't would be rather a pity, ye know." I came away and left him sitting, pulling his mustache and drawling: "An elocutionist! Rawther a pit-ay, rawther a pit-ay!"

Thought no more of it till the Seenoria put in there along Easter. Benbow said he thought of joining Lord Roberts's league not to drink afore dinner much; behaved mournful; said, just as I was leaving again, "Ye know, Gregory," (called me Gregory, be-'anged), "ye know, marriage is like doubling No Trumps: unless you're sure, play it single."

Two months later I had the dismal billet o' taking him to Manila to their wedding.

Pretty? Why, Lucy was — Look here, my fust officer, — and I only stand that goo-goo 'cause he can talk Spanish, — well, he stayed awake all one day just to look at her! My word, she was a handsome bride, and a happy. Eyes like bloomin' stars. Laying out a new course in my chart-room, I could n't help overhearing' em on deck, out o' window. The talk between those two did n't have to travel far, and rated about as high as this: "I love you, dear." . . . "And *I* love *you*, dear," . . . "I know ye do, don't I, sweet'eart?" . . . "And *I* know *you* do, don't I, sweet'eart?" . . . "No, ye don't, ye only say ye do." . . . "Yes, I do, dear." . . . "No, ye don't." . . . "Yes, I do." . . . "No, ye don't." . . . Hah! About four cable-lengths of that, and then they'd start arguing the same point all over again. It threw my figgers out a whole decimal place, and smudged the chart. So I went out and cuffed Pedro at the wheel, and stood beyond earshot and blushed! Yes, sir, I fair blushed for poor Harry Benbow! And then all to onc't it comes over me, "Gregory Pratt, there *ain't* no more Carigao for you!"

No more there was n't, mind ye. In good old bachelor days, it took two *muchachos* to carry in the trays o' bottles. But next time I goes topside in the Company's house there, who comes floating and flipping into the room but Mrs. Harry Benbow — if — you — please — with one lonesome glass o' whiskey-tansan in her hand.

I'm drinking "Best respects, ma'am," when she ups and says: —

"If any of Harry's friends come in, cap'n, please hide it."

"Hide what?" says I.

"Hide the glass," says she.

"What 's wrong of it?" says I, holding it up to the light.

"Why, ye see, cap'n," says this young missus, cajoling at me, "I've decided — we've decided we must save our money. Poor Harry's so frightful extravagant. And ye know, Cap'n Pratt, in the islands drink is the biggest bloody expense about

a house. But Harry and I 'll always break the rule for you," says she, sweet as treacle.

Think o' that! At Carigao! O' course, the theory might sound plausible, but in practice, — and Harry Benbow's house!

"Well," says I, breathing difficult, "well, I'll be everlastingly — honored!"

That word came just in the nick, too.

Next voyage, I spent my shore time at the new Club the boys had founded in the old Tabacalera go-down: last year's *Punch* to read, amongst the ruins, — cheerful as Bilibid prison. Then I was transferred to the East-Luzon route, and never went nigh Carigao for a twelvemonth.

Coming ashore then, be-'anged, I forgot there was a Mrs. Benbow. I bust into the office, so glad to see him again I fair shouts, "Hallo, Harry, ye old pirate! How are ye?"

"S-s-sh!" says he. "You 'll wake the Junior."

Something squalled 'orrid, topside.

"There!" says Harry, quite put out. "You have waked him!"

By and by, ye know, the *amah* comes in, holding a silly red twisting baby.

"How's that?" says Harry. "What d' ye think o' Him?"

"Well," I says, "I s'pose the world has to be popylated somehow."

He was almost huffy. It only shows how these women can gradually spoil a natural sweet temper. And in time, what with her artful ways, and seizing hold of her husband's own money, and wheedling him round her finger, and undermining his independence, that girl saved so much that Harry Benbow went Home to live!

And you 'll know how mean the next agent was, when I tell you he was a man from the Kingdom. What? Kingdom o' Fife, o' course. So the station was ruined, too. Dead! And hang it all, when I think o' what used to be, — the lights, and card-playing, and sing-songing, and drinks, and lies, and happy days, and good chow —

The accommodation ladder rattled. A brisk step sounded along the deck. Smiling, affable, rejoicing as a strong man to run a race, appeared the belated bridegroom and treasurer. The drowsy murderers blinked recognition.

"Hallo, Pratt! Hallo, Milbank! — Kept you waiting? You see, she made me write down all my orders for Manila shopping."

The Mindoro's commander grunted, strode to the telltale, and clanged the handle to "Stand By!" We in the dinghy had rowed half way back to Nostra Señora de Buen Viaje, and the cutter was slipping out from the noble headland amphitheatre of Romblon, before the little captain spoke again: —

"O woman, in our hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please;
When pain and anguish wring the brow, —
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please!"

"And that's how they ruined Harry Benbow." Captain Pratt twitched the tiller-ropes impatiently. "That's how they delay traffic. And be-'anged, that's how they do us lonesome old beggars out of a pal."

SOME UNPUBLISHED CORRESPONDENCE OF DAVID GARRICK

EDITED BY GEORGE P. BAKER

II

THE HARASSMENTS OF A MANAGER

When one reads the letters of the Leigh Collection it ceases to be surprising either that Garrick constantly feared misrepresentation, or that, in his effort to steer safely amidst so many conflicting human interests and so many hampering traditions, he should at times have seemed temporizing or vacillating. Two letters of the collection, both to Lord Holderness, show the maze of conflicting interests — the jealousy of rejected authors, desire to please noble patrons, and actual fear of Court disfavor — through which Garrick had to thread his way. Robert D'Arcy, fourth Earl of Holderness, (1718–1778) was naturally predisposed to serve Garrick, for in his earlier days he was passionately fond of directing operas and masquerades. Indeed, in 1743 he and Lord Middlesex had been sole managers of the London opera. Hence the fitness of the lampoon that greeted his selection, in 1751, as a Secretary of State.

> That secrecy will now prevail
> In politics, is certain;
> Since Holderness, who gets the seals,
> Was bred behind the curtain.

On his death it was said of him that he had been "not quite so considerable a personage as he once expected to be, though Nature never intended him for anything that he was."

My Lord.

I have taken the Liberty to send Your Lordship a Copy of ye *Guardian* before publication; could I possibly shew my Respect & Gratitude in things of more importance I certainly would, but I deal in Triffles, & have Nothing Else in my Power. Prince Edward ask'd me last Night, who was the Author of ye Farce; I was in great Confusion at ye Question, because I happen'd to be the Guilty person Myself, But I have so many Enemies among the Writers on Account of my refusing so many of their Performances Every Year, that I am oblig'd to conceal Myself in order to avoid the Torrent of abuse that their Malice would pour upon Me — I thought it proper (and I hope Your Lordship will Excuse Me) to discover this; lest his Royal Highness should be angry at my not answering his Question directly, as I ought to have done — as Your Lordship well understands my disagreeable Situation, may I hope to have so good an Advocate as Lord [erasure and blank]? It is of Great Consequence to me to Conceal the Author of ye Guardian, but it is of ye Utmost to Me not to be found Wanting in ye least Article of my Duty to his Royal Highness.

I am
My Lord
Your Lordship's
most Oblig'd, & most
Obedient, humble Servt.
D: Garrick

Sunday
Febry. 11th. 1759.

The second letter to Lord Holderness and the two which follow it show the somewhat ticklish relations of a manager of one of the two patent theatres to the Court. Garrick's words prove that he felt that his own comings and goings were under surveillance, and thought it was wise to ask for a consent, at least for-

mally necessary, before leaving the stage during the season.

March 11th.
1759

My Lord.

I have been so much indulg'd by your Goodness, that I shall venture to open my Griefs to Your Lordship — It is my greatest Ambition that the Company of Drury-Lane should not appear unworthy of his Royal Highness's Commands — but indeed I am affraid, from a late Rehearsal, that the Comedy of *Every Man in his humor* will disgrace Us, If I have not a little more time for instruction — the Language & Characters of Ben Jonson (and particularly of the Comedy in question) are much more difficult than those of any other Writer, & I was three years before I durst venture to trust the Comedians with their Characters, when it was first reviv'd — however, my Lord, the Play will be ready in ye best Manner We are able to produce it, should his Royal Highness honour us wth. his Commands, but indeed I tremble for the little Reputation we may have acquir'd in other performances — I am affraid of being thought too bold, & Yet I could wish, that Your Lordship would favor us with Your Good Offices, & if the *Rehearsal* might be permitted to make It's appearance first, I should hope, by having a little more time, to make the other Play less unworthy of his Royal Highness's presence. I hope Your Lordship will attribute this Liberty I have taken to the Zeal of appearing in ye best Light I possibly can, as a Manager of a Theatre.

I am
My Lord
yr. Lordship's most dutifull
& most Obedt. huml Sert
D: Garrick.

Evidently one of the many new friends made by Garrick during his vacation on the Continent which ended in April 1765 was Lekain of the Théâtre Français. In July, 1765, the great French actor — who, said Horace Walpole, "is very ugly and ill made, and yet has an heroic dignity which Garrick wants, and great fire" — wrote Garrick that he hoped to visit London in or near the following Lenten season. In warmly friendly fashion he added: "I shall find it very pleasant to join my applause to that which you receive daily from a people of whom you have sometimes had cause to complain, but who have made your talents immortal and have established your fortune: with such mitigations one may pardon many things. You are in the good graces of your clergy, and our archbishop has sent us all to the Devil; you are your own master, and we are slaves; you enjoy a glory that is real, and ours is always in dispute; you have a brilliant fortune, and we are poor; there are terrible contrasts for you!" As the following letter and one printed by Boaden show, Lekain arrived at a most inopportune time for Garrick and the expected meeting did not take place.

Bath, Mars 27e 1766.

Je ne scai pas, mon tres cher leKain, si Je suis plus étonné ou affligé de recevoir votre lettre: vous m'avez mis dans le plus grand Embarras. Ma femme qui partage mon Embarras, et vous envoye mille amitiez a eté malade depuis quelques jours et garde la maison; J'ai commencé les eaux avec succes et nous sommes Entourés de la Neige; toutes ces considerations m'ont Empeché d'etre deja en route pour vous joindre: cependant si vous pouvez resté a londres Encore huit ou dix jours, Je partirai sur votre reponse que, Je vous prie, de me donner le meme jour que vous receverez la presente. vous pouvez contér de me voir avant le fin de la Semaine: mais quel Malheur pour moi que Je ne puisse pas suivre mon inclination en jouant expres pour vous — et en voici la raison — c'est que J'ai demandé permission au roi de m'absenter pour six semaines — dailleurs tous les jours sont engagés pour les benefices des Acteurs exceptés les

jeudis qu'on donne la nouvelle Comedie dans laquelle je ne joue pas. Mais mon cher LeKain, pourquoy n'avez vous pas fait attention a la lettre que Je vous ai ecrit d abord en reponse a la votre — Monsieur Bontems chez Monsr. le Comte de Guerchy, s'estoit chargé de vous faire parvenir ma Lettre, et il me rendra temoignage que Je vous ai prié de remettre votre voyage jusque a l'année prochaine, lorsque J'aurois été tout a vous — parlez, je vous prie, de cette affaire a Monsr Bontems, car ce contretemps me met au desespoir. En attendant j'ai prié un Ami de passer chez vous pour sçavoir s'il peut vous etre utile a quelques choses — peutetre serez vous dans le cas de faire quelques emplettes dans ce pais, Si cela vous arrive, je vous prie de disposer de ma bourse et de me regarder toujours, Comme Je le suis reellement, votre tres humble et tres affectione Ami

D: GARRICK

N'oubliez pas, je vous prie,
de me faire
reponse sur le champ —
Vous ne scauriez croire dans quel Etat
d'inquietude mon
malheureux eloignement de Londres
m'a jetté en me
privant du plaisir de vous Embrasser sur
le champs.

A brief but pleasant reply of Lekain printed in Boaden shows that the French actor took the situation in good part, but had to leave at once for the reopening of the Parisian theatrical season.

The next letter, to William Woodfall, seems to show that even after retiring from the stage Garrick felt some responsibility to the Court for his movements. Woodfall, son of the founder of the *Public Advertiser*, was actor, newspaper man, and dramatist, though his chief significance lay in the second activity. Richard Savage had intended to rewrite his *Sir Thomas Overbury*, produced unsuccessfully in 1724, but died before completing the work. The MS. came into the hands of Woodfall, who, changing both the arrangement of the scenes and the conduct of the plot, successfully produced it, as Garrick's letter shows, at Covent Garden in Feb. 1777. Garrick's reference to "your benefit" is interesting, for controversy had arisen as to the reward of Woodfall for his work. The manager, Harris, and the author agreed to refer the whole matter to Garrick and Colman the elder, who decided that Woodfall should have the receipts of two nights, less the usual charges deducted for a night. This the manager of Covent Garden said should be £100, although he admitted that heretofore the sum had been £70. His reason was recent improvements in the theatre. Woodfall felt that his case would be made a precedent for future authors and stood his ground for the old amount. The matter was adjusted by the offer of a liberal round sum in place of the probable profits of the two nights.

Sunday Feby. 2 [1777]

Thank you, Dear Woodfall, a thousand times for your kind attention to me — had you known my anxiety for you & yours, you would not think this very friendly Care of me thrown away — I was not merely content to have Your Account, I insisted upon Becket's going & sending me *his* thoughts — which I inclose you — I am glad I did not quite destroy it in lighting my Candle. he seems to speak more confident of prodigious Success than Even yourself — If the play had not met with the publick approbation, I would never have given my opinion again — if a little Critique in my Way, will be of any Service, I will give it you when-Ever you please — as to the M—— he must be Dormente a little, for their Majesties have Employ'd me Every Minute — I have written within these last two days 3 scenes & 2 fables — if you behave well & don't abuse Managers perhaps you may have a Slice before they are tasted by Royalty — when yr. Benefit Matters are to be settled — You cannot, if you have any doubts, have a better

Chamber Councillor than the late Manager, who will be always ready to give you ye best advice he can — so much for that *Overbury* for Ever! — I grieve about Hull — & somewhat surprised about Hartley — all a Lottery! now to my own business — my old friend Sampson has said in his Publick Adr. Yesterday that I was in London to visit Mrs. B—— as I am here upon the ——'s Business, & got leave to recover myself in ye Country — they may take it ill at St. James's — could you desire him to say in an unparading paragraph from himself — *that he was Mistaken about Mr. G—— that he was in the Country & had been for some time in order to recover the great weakness which was caus'd by his late illness.* — You or He will put it better & Modester for Me than that, which I have written upon ye gallop: pray let it be inserted in ye same paper tomorrow — He always sees ye *Publick Adr.*

You must really take care that our Friend is not suspected of the M—— Thompson [this word crossed out] if he can will be rude with C—— or me — his rudeness I would chuse to have — but letting the Cat (M. Joncan) out of ye bag — wd be ye Devil: I promis'd that I would speak to you for him that he may still be conceal'd — I laugh at him — but he is too foolish upon ye Occasion — Always in a hurry —

Yours Ever most Sincerely
under the Signature I now
rejoice in
T. Overbury

Pray don't forget ye Contradictory paragraph in ye Publick Ad — for tomorrow if possible.

I shall be at the Adelphi to Morrow Evening.

Drilling the Drury Lane company in difficult plays, a responsibility which we have already seen weighed at times on Garrick, was by no means the worst of the worries the actors, or rather the actresses, brought him. Vanity, ambition, petty jealousy led them, one and all, Kitty Clive, Mrs. Cibber, Mrs. Abingdon, Mrs. Yates, and Miss Pope, to write him irritating letters such as one of Mrs. Abingdon's which he grimly labeled "Another fal-lal of Mrs. Abingdon." In the spring of 1759 when Garrick was preparing to produce Arthur Murphy's *Orphan of China*, with Mrs. Cibber as *Mandane*, Murphy, always suspicious, got an idea that some pretended illness of Mrs. Cibber would be used by the manager as an excuse for postponing the play. Murphy therefore arranged to have Mrs. Yates, then playing at a small salary, understudy the part. Mrs. Cibber fell ill, or said she was ill; Murphy, much to Garrick's surprise, produced Mrs. Yates ready with the lines; and the play ran for nine nights, lifting Mrs. Yates into fame. The reference to all this in the opening of the following letter to Dr. John Hawkesworth does not sound as if the refusal of Mrs. Cibber to act was with the connivance of Garrick. One of Samuel Foote's famous mots is connected with this illness of Mrs. Cibber. He and Murphy were dining together when Mrs. Cibber's note was brought. It ended with the statement that she was "praying most earnestly for the success of the piece." "What is Mrs. Cibber's religion?" said Foote. "A Roman Catholic, I believe," answered Murphy. "I thought so," said Foote, "by her praying so earnestly for the dead."

John Hawkesworth rose, largely by favor, from somewhat pinched conditions and hack work to a brief period of affluence and notoriety. In December, 1759, Garrick produced Hawkesworth's alteration of Southerne's *Oroonoko*, and from time to time the actor threw considerable hack work in his way. When the official history of Captain Cook's expedition to the South Seas was to be written, Garrick by intercession with Lord Sandwich got the job for Hawkesworth. For his work, so great was public interest in the voyage, publishers paid Hawkesworth £6000. The results of the appointment were, however, disastrous. In the first

place, Garrick was angered, apparently at what he considered the breach by Hawkesworth of some agreement to publish through Garrick's friend Becket, and the friendship of the actor decidedly cooled. More important by far, when the book appeared, it raised charges of heterodoxy, and even of too great freedom in reporting certain Indian customs. There was a paper war, and the attacks so preyed on Hawkesworth's mind that they were said to have hastened his death, by fever, November 16, 1773.

Thursday 9th. [1759.]

My dear Sir,

Notwithstanding my late Troubles & Disappointments (for among others, you must know that Mrs. Cibber has sent us word that she can't perform in the New Play, so that the holy Week was very ill Employ'd by Me — We have got another Person ready in ye Part & shall certainly act it on Saturday — In short, my dear Sir, I have had Nothing but care & Anxiety since you left us, & some revolutions & unexpected Matters have arisen which you shall know when I see you, that will absolutely hinder us from performing the *Masque* next Year, if it was all ready & to our Wishes — however we will loose No time & I will see you next Sunday by ten o'Clock if agreeable to you — Mrs. Garrick & Mr. Berenger will likewise partake of yr. Beef & Pudding & will be with Mrs. Hawkesworth & you before two — they will come after Me — so let not Mrs. Hawkeswth. lose her Church. If there is ye least Objection to our coming pray let me know it as freely as I propose troubling you — I have Much to say to you & am a little puzzled about Mr Stanley; has he done quite right? — but I will open my Budget on Monday for I am quite dead with fatigue & some fretting.

Yours Ever my dear
Sir
Most truly &
Affecty
D Garrick

P. S.
What time shd you
like best next Season
for Oroonoko; I wish you
would hint yr. Mind to me for on Saturday
Night I must settle wth. Another Gentleman.

James Lacy, from 1747 to his death in 1774, partner in Drury Lane with Garrick, was often very exasperating. After Garrick's return from the Continent in 1765, Lacy, presuming on his success in management during Garrick's absence, began to take to himself some of his partner's functions, though their contract clearly excluded him therefrom. This difficulty in 1766 was smoothed over, but in the summer of 1768 Lacy became troublesome again. This time he wished to get rid of George Garrick, who was a kind of acting manager at Drury Lane, and entirely devoted to his brother's interest. In the midst of the disagreement Garrick wrote to his friend John Paterson, "I have (and I believe you know it) withstood very great temptations to be easy at Drury-Lane, and to end my theatrical life there; but fate, and Mr. Lacy, who seems to be alone insensible of my merit and services, will drive me away, and they shall have their ends. — Mr. Lacy thinks and speaks very injuriously of my brother, and has lately done some things which I think shows a spirit contrary to that of our articles, and the terms of our reconciliation settled before you." The letter now printed shows the warmth of relationship between the brothers.

Hampton Monday
Night
[*Circa* August 15th, 1768.?]

Dear George.

Your Affair with Lacy cannot be in better hands than those of our friend *Chamberlain* — He is clever, knows *Lacy's* Character, & is well assur'd that What we Ask is a triffle to what he (Lacy) ought to have done on his own Accord —

I would not have You go to Lacy, & could I have wished a Person to transact ye matter, it Shd be *Chamberlain* — therefore leave the Business to him, & I will through you tell him my thoughts of ye Person he is to treat with, & the thing he is to treat about. I have fix'd my resolution, that if he does not make it Easy to You, & consequently to Me, I will never upon my honor, let what will be ye ye Consequences, go on wth him as I have done. It is monstrous that he shd. seem to be (for it is only a Seeming) insensible of my very great, nay foolish Generosity to him who has return'd it so ungratefully. the last year, my playing alone brought to ye house between 5 & 6 thousand pounds — I got up ye Pantomime for wch. I might have had a benefit & got 200 pds. for it — I wd. not let Barry or myself perform for ye *Peep behind* &c, & you know what [fame ?] I have given to ye house in altering *Romeo* — *Every Man*, &c &c &c without fee or reward — now my dear George — this is the ground that I wd. have our Friend take — let him talk ye Matter over with *Lacy* as from himself — & tell him that upon his behaviour to my Brother will depend *my* future behaviour to him — that He must tell Lacy as his friend — that I have had great inducements to quit Drury Lane, & if he shd. be riotous Mr. Chamberlain may insinuate that Mr. Yorke has given it as his opinion that I may sell to-Morrow without his leave, or giving him ye refusal — this I say in case of his being furious, for we must carry our point at all Events — We must have yr. Addition to yr. Salary without any Conditions of my doing this or that, which he wd. meanly barter for —

If he could nobly give You ye 200 pds. he has taken from me & give it you, he shd. have it again ten fold — but he is incapable of it, as I was foolishly Easy in giving it up —

Lacy must be frighten'd — if *Chamberlain* could settle this Matter so that I might think well of Lacy, I should be Easy in my Mind — but I am sick of his *mean, ungrateful, wretched* behaviour — I will prove to the Man that I am cheaper than ye Cheapest of ye lowest part of his Company — I have a thought — Suppose, you were to attend Mr. Chamberlain to Richmond or to Isleworth in his way to Lacy's, on Wednesday Morng. I will be wth you at Eleven or 12 o'Clock sooner, or later (as he pleases) & at any house you will appoint we can talk over more in a qr. of an hour than we can write in a qr. of a Year — You then may drive with Me if you please, & we shall know wt. to do — If *you* can't conveniently come, I will meet *him* on Wedy. at his own time & place, & then will settle ye Whole — Send me Word to-Morrow Night, & I will do as you bid me —

I am so angry wth Lacy — that what-Ever
plan Chamberlain & you settle I will pursue
most punctually
Ever & Ever Yrs
D. G——

No charge against the actor-manager is more often heard than that he sees nothing commendable in any play which will not let him shine. The widespread feeling of this sort in regard to Garrick, Horace Walpole phrased strongly in connection with his play, *The Mysterious Mother*. "I have finished my Tragedy," he wrote; "I am not yet intoxicated enough with it to think it would do for the stage, though I wish to see it acted, — nor am I disposed to expose myself to the impertinences of that jackanapes Garrick, who lets nothing appear but his own wretched stuff, or that of creatures still duller, who suffer him to alter their pieces as he pleases." On the other hand, three letters of Garrick's to Captain Thompson, Hannah More, and Lord Bute, criticising plays by the first two and by John Home, show that he was a sound critic. What he says in the letter to Thompson of the relation of character to fable might well be taken as

a first principle by young playwrights, and posterity has corroborated his judgments on the other two plays. Indeed, the *Biographia Dramatica* says of Captain Thompson's *Hobby Horse*: "It would do discredit to any Author that ever existed."

Captain Edward Thompson illustrates the treatment Garrick often met from those whom he befriended. After an adventurous career he had by 1762 reached the rank of Captain in the Navy. He then withdrew from it and devoted himself to writing, in the main ephemeral verse of a low order both in subject — *The Meretriciad*, *The Courtesan*, etc. — and in quality. In 1766 Garrick produced his *Hobby Horse*, which failed. Garrick showed him repeated kindnesses, among others procuring for him in 1772 the commission of commander. This Garrick did in spite of Thompson's satire, *Trinculo's Trip to the Jubilee*, on the actor's pet spectacle, the Shakespeare Jubilee at Stratford in 1769. But in 1776 a letter appeared in the *London Packet* charging Garrick with conspiracy to destroy Thompson's play, *The Syrens*, then acting at Covent Garden. Bate, the proprietor of the paper was so indignant when he learned the facts, that he published a reply, signed *Mermaid*, letting the town know of Garrick's many kindnesses to the man. This letter Thompson tried to fasten on Garrick, who had Bate swear to an affidavit as to the authorship, and thus wrung an abject apology from Thompson. It is sad to turn from the very friendly letter here printed, with its evident enjoyment of Thompson's letters from Scotland, to the words with which Garrick closed their relations after the final affront in 1776: "Be assured, Sir, that I have as totally forgotten whatever you may have written to me from every part of the world as I will endeavour to forget that such a person as the writer and his unkindness ever existed, and was once connected with, Sir,

Your most humble servant,

D. Garrick"

Hampton
Sept. 12/66

Dear Sir

Let me thank you most sincerely for yr. very Entertaining, & obliging letter.

I am sorry that you so feelingly lament the loss of yr. Patron — He is only retir'd for a While, that he may return with more power & Splendor. I don't like your remarks upon Fortune, she is certainly dim-sighted at times, but . . . you have at present no reason for Complaint — consider my dear Captain — that you are Young, Stout, have great health, great Spirits & one of ye finest women in England with you — what ye Devil would you have? . . . let me hear no more, my good Captain, of yr. Complaints against fortune loss of friends &c &c — remember the burden of ye old Song — *a light heart* &c.

yr. Account of Scotland pleas'd me much — I read it to our friend Colman yesterday, & we laugh'd heartily — yr. accounting for their filth by way of preservation against ye Plague, & ye broken-winded Priests are admirable touches; You must give me some more from ye fountain head, & we will send you some News from the banks of ye Thames in return for it — Colman sends his Love & Best wishes to you — & hopes to hear from you — he is still hoarse, & his friends are alarm'd about him — Mr. Lacy thinks he 's in great danger, I think, he 's past it, & begins, in spite of his hoarseness *to be himself again.*

I am sorry you did not see Aikin, but I have have [*sic*] a very good Idea of him from what you have pick'd up — I have Ever spoke my Sentiments to you about yr. dramatic Matters, & I will now, with a freedom, that you will not dislike because it is the result of very good Wishes & good liking to you, & proceeds from my honest Judgment; tho there were good things in the *Hobbyhorse*, & some Character; I never approv'd it — I always was afraid of it, & foretold the Event — it wants fable — *Action*, *Action*, *Action*, are words better apply'd to ye Drama,

than to Oratory — be assur'd that without some comic Situations resulting from the fable, the *Hobby horse* will not run ye race we could wish it — all the knowledge of Character, with ye finest Dialogue would be lost without a proper Vehicle, to interest ye Audience. You will throw away much powder & Shot, if you don't ram down both, & compress them wth a good fable; there is yr. great failure, & were I worthy to advise you (I am an old pilot & have brought some leaky vessels into port) I would not write a line till I had fix'd upon a good Story & consider'd it well upon paper — If you don't you will sail without rudder, compass or ballast — whatEver you send to me, I will read it as I would any Brother's & give you my opinion like a Brother — You on the other hand, must not be displeas'd with my frankness — & if you *should*, I had much rather you shd. be angry at my not thinking wth. You, than curse me for a Miscarriage upon the Stage.

My Brother is in Staffordshire — Mrs. Garrick sends her Compliments, I beg mine to Yr. Lady & may Success attend ye & Fortune see better for ye future.
I am Dear Sir
most truly yr. humle.
Sert.
D. Garrick.

Samuel Johnson said of Hannah More, "I was obliged to speak to Miss Reynolds, to let her [Miss More] know that I desired she would not flatter me so much." Somebody observed: "She flatters Garrick." Johnson answered: "She is in the right to flatter Garrick. She is in the right for two reasons: first, because she has the world with her, who have been praising Garrick these thirty years; and secondly, because she is rewarded for it by Garrick. Why should she flatter *me?* I can do nothing for her." If a boyhood friend of Garrick's chose to put such an interpretation on the deep friendship of Hannah More for Garrick, what wonder that the world in general constantly misinterpreted him!

The following letter shows one of the ways in which Miss More was "rewarded" — by detailed and helpful criticism of her second play, the *Fatal Falsehood*, produced not till shortly after Garrick's death. On October 10 1778, Miss More wrote to Garrick, "I have taken the liberty, dear Sir, to send you my first act. I have greatly changed my plan, as you will see: *Emmeline* is now my heroine, and *Orlando* my hero. Be so good as treat me with your usual candour, and tell me how I have failed or succeeded in unfolding the story or characters; and, above all, if you can recollect any other tragedy that it is like, as I shall be most careful of that." In the *Fatal Falsehood*, as printed, any trained reader of plays must at once recognize the truth of Garrick's criticism of the weakness in the scene of the two friends, which persisted, and of the slight complication the "fable" shows.

Hampton Novr
23d. 1778.

My dear Madam

I have read the three Acts & laid them by, & to them again — there are some Objections, which may be alter'd when we Meet, & can read them together: the two next Acts must determine of the former three — there are some Abrupt Endings of ye Acts or rather Scenes, & I think ye Scene, wch: shd. be capital between *Rivers* & *Orlando* in ye 3d. Act not yet warm enough — the last should inquire whether some Intelligence about his Family, or some female Connection may not lie heavy upon his Mind — Why shd. he doubt of his Father's Consent for his union wth. *Emiline?* If that had been mark'd or known before it would have done; & perhaps the Father's Objecting to marry his Daughter to a stranger &c might be an addition to the Fable — however do not alter till I have consider'd ye Whole — You have good time before you, & we will turn it about in our Minds with Advantage — from the

Father's Objections might arise some good Scenes between the Son & him, & ye Daughter & him — then indeed *Rivers* might mistake, & *Orlando* being afraid to tell, might create an animated Scene and more confusion — but let it alone till I see ye Whole — I have been very ill with a Cold & Cough wch. tear my head & breast to pieces — has the Sincere, little, very little Gentleman deign'd to visit you — I have had such proofs of his insincerity to me upon many Occasions that I am more astonish'd, than displeas'd at his Conduct — *Mrs. Cholmondeley* gave him a fine Dressing at Sr. Jos: Reynolds's. He was quite pale & distress'd for ye Whole Company took my Part — among other friendly Matters — he said, that it was no Wonder, Wits were severe upon Me, for that I was always Striking wth ye keen Edge of Satire all that came in my Way — Mrs. C. said *it was ye reverse of my Character & that I was ye gayest Companion without Malignity — nay, that I was too prudish, & carry'd my dislike of Satire too far, & that, she was surpris'd to hear a particular Friend of Mine so Mistake Me so* — this was a dagger — for all were against him — but let us brush this Cobweb from our thoughts I have sent some Nonsense to the Arab — dull truth without Poetry — I forgot her Christian name, so have given the Mahometan one:

I wish I could have written better verses for her book, & prov'd a little better title to my Place than I have done — I have finish'd my Prol: & Epil: for Fielding's play, & have been very lucky — I have in ye first introduced the Characters in *Tom Jones* & *Joseph Andrews* pleading at ye Bar of ye Publick for ye Play — it is really tolerably done — I would have sent it, had I a written Copy — say nothing about it —

Yours my dearest
Nine at all Times
& in all places
D. Garrick

Madam wraps her
Love up with Mine
to keep it warm, for
you, & your Sisters —

John Stuart, Lord Bute, on first coming to London in 1745, showed his fondness for acting by his enjoyment of masquerades, and of plays which he gave with his relations. It was said of him as a patron of letters, that he rarely favored any one outside his party and was over-partial to the Scotch. In 1756 his favor was something not to be treated lightly by Garrick, for he was the companion and confidant of the future King of England, and his relations with his mother, the Princess, were so intimate as even to rouse scandal. When, therefore, he recommended to Garrick's attention the play, *Douglas*, of the Scotch clergyman John Home, the manager found himself in exactly the position he once feelingly described to his friend John Hoadley: "I have a Play with Me, sent to me by My Lord Chesterfield — but it won't do, & yet recommended by his Lordship & patroniz'd by Ladies of Quality: what can I say or do? must I belye my Judgment or run the risque of being thought impertinent, & disobliging ye great Folks?" As the following letter proves for any one who knows the play of *Douglas*, Garrick refused it on good grounds, and courageously; yet there were no charges too mean to be made as to the reasons for the refusal. John Forster, who seemed to feel that he could not exalt Goldsmith without decrying Garrick, repeated with relish the gossip of the hour — which the letter here printed goes far to refute. *Douglas*, Forster wrote, "was not acted at the Theatre Royal in Drury-Lane, because Garrick, who shortly afterwards so complacently exhibited himself in *Agis*, & in the *Siege of Aquileia*, & other ineffable dullness from the same hand (wherein his quick suspicious glance detected no Lady Randolphs), would have nothing to do with the character of Douglas. What would come with danger from the full strength of Mrs. Cibber, he knew might be safely left to

the enfeebled powers of Mrs. Woffington: whose Lady Randolph would leave him no one to fear but Barry, at the rival house. But despairing also of Covent-garden when refused by Drury-lane, & crying plague on both their houses, to the north had good parson Home returned, and, though not till eight months were gone, sent back his play endorsed by the Scottish capital. *There* it had been acted; and from the beginning of the world, from the beginning of Edinburgh, the like of that play had not been known — Even puffery of Home must have languished, but for that resolve of the presbytery to eject from his pulpit a parson who had written a play. It carried *Douglas* to London; secured a nine nights' reasonable wonder; and the noise of the carriages on their way to Covent-garden to see the Norval of silver-tongued Barry was now giving sudden headaches to David Garrick." Had John Forster read *Douglas?* If he had, must he not have seen that it had no qualities to warrant expectation of the success it attained, and that its initial success could have come only from special conditions in Edinburgh? That Garrick should have acted other plays of Home, even though poor, is not surprising. It is one thing to refuse a play from an unknown dramatist; it is something wholly different to insist on one's own judgment of a play by the same person when he has become famous and the public demands a chance to see whatever he has written. What manager could withstand that demand and hold his public? The following letter proves that no such petty and silly reason as fear that Mrs. Cibber as Lady Randolph might overshadow him as Douglas determined his decision against a play at the time probably even more faulty than it now appears, for changes lay between its submission to Garrick and its final production.

July ye 10th. 1756.

My Lord.

It is with ye Greatest Uneasiness that I trouble Your Lordship with my Sentiments of Mr. Hume's Tragedy — The little Knowledge I had of him, gave me the warmest inclination to Serve him, which I should have done most sincerely, had the Means been put into my hands — but upon my Word & credit it is not in my Power to introduce *Douglas* upon ye Stage with ye least advantage to the Author, & the Managers — the Tragedy (if possible) is in its present Situation, As unfit for representation as it was before, & Your Lordship must be sensible, that it wanted all ye requisites of ye Drama to carry it ev'n through ye two first Acts — Mr. Hume is certainly a Gentleman of Learning & Parts, but I am (as certain) that Either his Genius is not adapted to Dramatic Compositions or that he wants the proper Exercise & Experience to shew it to advantage:

I am oblig'd My Lord to be free in ye Delivery of my opinion upon this Subject, as I think, both Mr. Hume's & my Reputation concern'd in it: I should have had ye highest Pleasure in forwarding any Peformance which Yr. Lordship should please to recommend; but Nobody knows as well as You do, that all ye Endeavors of a Patron & the Skill of a Manager, will avail Nothing, if the dramatic Requisites & Tragic Force are Wanting — I am so strongly convinc'd that this is the case of ye Tragedy in Question, that I durst not upon any Acct. venture it upon ye Stage of Drury Lane, & I would stake all my credit, that the Author would sorely repent it, if Ever it should be Exhibited upon any Theatre — As I ought to Second these strong Assertions with some few Reasons, I will Endeavor, for Yr. Lordship's & Mr. Hume's Satisfaction, to point out the (what I think) insurmountable Objections to the Tragedy.

The Story is radically defective & most improbable in those Circumstances which produce the dramatic Action — for instance — Lady Barnet continuing Seven Years togeather in that melancholly miserable State, just as if it had happen'd ye Week before, without discovering ye

real Cause; & on a Sudden opening ye Whole Affair to Anna without any stronger reason, than what might have happen'd at any other Time since the Day of her Misfortunes — this I think, wch. is ye foundation of ye Whole, Weak & unaccountable — The two first Acts pass in tedious Narratives, without anything of Moment being plan'd or done — the introducing *Douglas* is ye Chief Circumstance, & yet, as it is manag'd, it has no Effect; It is romantic for want of those probable Strokes of Art, wch. ye first Poets make use of to reconcile strange Events to ye Minds of an Audience — *Lady Barnet's* speaking to *Glenalvon* imediately in behalf of *Randolph*, forgetting her own indelible Sorrows, & Glenalvon's Suspicions & Jealousy upon it (without saying anything of *his* violent Love for ye Lady, who cannot be of a Love-inspiring Age) are premature and unnatural — But these and many other Defects, wch. I will not trouble Yr. Lordp. with, might be palliated & alter'd perhaps; but the Unaffecting conduct of ye Whole & which will always be ye Case, when the Story is rather told, than represented; when the Characters do not talk or behave suitably to ye Passions imputed to them, & the Situation in Which they are plac'd; when the Events are such as cannot naturally be suppos'd to rise; & the Language too often below the most familiar Dialogue: these are the insurmountable Objections, which in my Opinion, will Ever make *Douglas* unfit for ye Stage, — In short there is no one Character or Passion which is strongly interesting & supported through ye five Acts —

Glenalvon is a Villain without plan or Force; He raises our Expectation in a Soliloquy at ye first, but sinks Ever after — Ld. Barnet is unaccountably work'd upon by *Glenalvn.* to believe his Lady fond of *Randolph*, & the Youth is as unaccountably attack'd by Ld. Barnet, & looses his Life for a suppos'd Injury which he has done to him, whose Life he just before preserv'd — & what is this Injury? Why Love for a Lady, who is old Enough to be [h]is Mother, Whom he has scarcely seen, & wth. whom it was impossible to *indulge* any Passion, there not being Time, from his Entrance to his Death, ev'n to *conceive* one. these I think My Lord, are ye Chief Objections to the Tragedy — & these I flatter Myself Your Lordp. was sensible of before You sent ye Play to Me.

I have consider'd ye Performance by Myself, I have read it to a Friend or Two with all the Energy & Spirit I was Master of but without the wish'd for Effect — The Scenes are long without Action, the Characters want strength & Pathos, and the Catastrophe is brought about without ye necessary & interesting preparations for so great an Event —

A Friend of Mine has made some Slight Remarks upon ye Margin with his pencil, some of Which I agreed to but dissented from him in others — had I thought yt. the Tragedy could possibly have appear'd, I would have submitted some Alterations to ye Author; But upon my Word & honor, I think ye Tragedy radically defective, & in Every Act incapable of raising the Passions, or comanding Attention. I must now Ask Your Lordships Pardon for detaining you so long. I have submitted my Opinion to yr Lordp. without Method or reserve — I am conscious that I have repeated my Thoughts, but as I intended to convince Mr. Hume more of my Sincerity & Friendship than my critical Abilities, I have written with ye Same openness & Freedom, that I would have convers'd.

I could wish that yr. Lordship would oblige me so far to permit this Letter to be sent with ye Tragedy into Scotland; I have Undertaken this office of Critic & Manager, with great Reluctance, being well convinc'd that Mr. Hume (for whom I have the highest Veneration) has a fatherly fondness for his *Douglas* — If I am so happy to agree with Lord Bute in opinion, it would be a less Grievance to Mr. Hume to find my Sentiments of his Play, not contradicted by so well-

known a Judge of Theatrical Compositions.

I am
My Lord
Yr. Lordship's
Most humble
&
Most Obedt.
Servant
D. GARRICK.

Was Samuel Johnson, by any chance, one of the "friends" to whom *Douglas* was read by Garrick? When most of London was acclaiming it, Johnson declared that there were not "ten good lines in the whole play."

Garrick, Bonnel Thornton, and George Colman, were shareholders in the *St. James Chronicle*, and made it the most successful of such sheets as a retailer of literary contests, anecdotes, and humorous and witty articles. For it Colman wrote indefatigably essays and occasional articles, on every subject. One set, begun June 11, 1761, *The Genius*, was perhaps the most successful. The letter to Colman here printed shows another frequent harassment of Garrick, certain journalists of the time, — if such pirates of Grub Street deserve so worthy a title.

Decr. 17th. 1761.

DEAR COLMAN.

I rejoice that you are arriv'd safe at Bath, but most sincerely wish you as little pleasure there as possible, and You may guess the Reason — Fitzherbert being with you will, I fear, most powerfully counteract my Wishes, however, I have some small hopes from his not being under ye same Roof with you —

I have this Moment seen our Friend Churchill & told him a fine Scheme of Vaughn's in conjunction with the Gang of Pottinger — they are going to publish a Set of Papers call'd the *Genius*, in order to forestall yrs & deceive the Public It is a most infamous design, & I desir'd Churchill would Let Thornton know of it, which he will do immediately, & prevent their Scoundrillity by some humourous Paragraph — If you wd have anything done, write directly & You shall be obeyed most minutely.

I have read yr. last & think it a fine Plan a little too hastily finish'd — there is Strength, & good Sense, but I would more laugh & pleasantry — our new Tragedy creeps on: We might steal it on to Six Nights with much loss, but I hope, that the Author will be reasonable, & satisfy'd with what We have already done, without insisting upon our losing more to *force* a Reputation — this Entre Nous — You have heard I suppose of a *Col*^{l} *Barry* who has taken ye Lyon by the Beard in ye Parliament house; P—— made no Reply to it, & lost his Question — the Town in general think that ye Col^{l}. was rather too rough — there will be fine work anon! — Whitehead's play has been once read, & has a great deal of Merit —

Pray let me see you soon with yr. Bundle of Excellencies — Mr. Murphy has at last declar'd off with us, & in a Letter to Oliver, says, that he has been so great a loser by ye Managers of Drury Lane that he can never more have any dealings with us — Wish me joy my dear Friend, but keep this to yr. Self for Many Weighty reasons —

My Love to Fitzherbert & believe me most

Affectionately Yours
D GARRICK.

Mrs Garrick
prests her Compts. to you —

On few subjects have the biographers of Garrick been surer than on his insincerity in talking, after his return from the Continent in April 1765, as if he thought seriously of not returning to the stage. Even the least prejudiced of the biographers, Joseph Knight, says, "When Garrick came back, his announced purpose was not to act. He purposed living in retirement at Hampton House, now known as Garrick Villa. . . . In the arrangement of his new books and curios, and in the continued exercise of hospital-

ity, he would find employment enough, and the 'loathed stage' should see him no more. Some there were whom these protestations took in, and Hoadley congratulated Garrick on his resolution. An ingenuous nature was necessary to accept such declarations. The wires were being dexterously pulled, and a royal puppet at length removed all Garrick's scruples. Mr. Garrick must not retire, said George the Third. Would he not re-appear at royal command? What could so loyal a subject as Garrick do?" But Dr. Hoadley had good ground for believing that Garrick was seriously in doubt about his return to the stage, for the following letter of Garrick told him this in so many words.

London
May 4th/
/65

You see my dear Dr. that I am not behind hand with You in friendly promptness, & that my retort cordial is upon the heels of your affectionate Congratulations — Madam & I are arriv'd from Abroad (as the Papers say) and as I say, safe & sound; which are bold Words considering Where we have been; . . .

If by ye word *Sound* you include a general state of health I cannot so well answer your question — I am somewhat ye worse for Wear, a terrible malignant fever in Germany has a little blited me, & tho I get better daily, yet I am not able to answer the question which is so often put to Me, whether *I shall strut & fret my hour upon ye Stage again:* my fire is abated, tho my Spirits are all alive & merry — a Month or Six Weeks will make great discoveries — Your Account of Madam & You rejoices me Much & Madam & I take great part in yr. happiness —

My poor Girl was most vilely us'd by a terrible Neapolitan — Sciatica — I would willingly have compounded that she shd. have been a Cripple all her Life, to be rid of her pains: She underwent, like any of her own papistical Martyresses various violent operations, & was at last cur'd by an Old Woman's recipe — blush physick blush —

We both send our Warmest love to You both — ten thousand thanks for yr. information about Dodd — I must intreat you to see them again & again, & let me know their qualities a little more minutely — they are to be with us but I shd. be glad of so good a guide, to set out the particulars — take care that you a[re] not deceiv'd by Comparison.

You must not let them know what we write about, it will add to their importance, wch. with the Gentleman's double japan, will be death & ye Devil — I Detest a Coxcomb, & in my legacy to future Managers & Players (a posthumous work) I have laid it down as an invariable Maxim that no Coxcomb can be a theatrical Genius —

Yours Ever
& most affecty
D. Garrick

I shall be proud to be acquainted with *Cromwell* in his new Cloaths — pray give me some hints about the *Dodds* — it is of great Consequence to yr. friend — I need say no more — if you speak wth. Quin — don't forget my respects to him & Madam's Love.

Stronger evidence still that Garrick really seriously considered retiring is part of a letter to his brother George in November, 1765, only five days before he reappeared in *Much Ado about Nothing*. Why should he wish to deceive this brother, who had always been so devoted to the actor that Garrick was constantly wanting him for this or that? Indeed, when George Garrick died shortly after David, the mot of the town was that the cause of his death was "David wanted him."

This letter of November 9, 1765 begins *Dear Brother*, and after some business details continues: —

"His Majesty has desir'd me to appear again to Oblige him & the Queen I shall Obey their Commands, but only

for a few Nights; my resolution is to draw my Neck as well as I can out of ye Collar, & sit quietly with my Wife & books by my fire-side — if I could receive any great Pleasure from the Eager desire of all Sorts of People to see Me again, I might have it at present; for indeed their violent call for Me is as general, as it is particular — thinking People afraid of Mischief the first Night, & I wish from my Soul that it was well over" —

What lends color to Garrick's statement about "a few Nights" is the fact that during the season of 1765–66 he appeared but ten times, in contrast to seventy times as the lowest number of appearances in any previous whole season. In the second season of his return to the stage he acted but nineteen times, and till the last season of all he never again passed thirty-three performances in any one theatrical year. Clearly, though he yielded to pressure from friends, and even perhaps to the glamour of his work, he did in part withdraw after 1765.

Frances Brooke, the *Biographia Dramatica* declares, was "as remarkable for gentleness and suavity of manners, as for her literary talents." Posterity has not remembered the talents, and "suavity," "gentleness," seem odd words to apply to her in the light of her virulent, and, as Garrick declares in a letter to Miss Cadogan, wholly ungrounded, attack on the manager in her novel, *The Excursion*. The heroine, Miss Villiers, has written a tragedy, and, encouraged by the hearty approval of it by Hammond, a poet of renown, submits it through him to the Manager of Drury Lane. The dialogue between Mr. Hammond and the Manager is worth quoting as an amusing if exaggerated picture of an harassed manager, too good-natured to dispose of the matter summarily and too busy to have considered carefully a play he does not need. The words of Hammond, however, in their unsparing directness, read rather like what one wishes one had said than what one says. After allowing the manager but a very short time for reading the play, Hammond calls on him at eleven in the morning.

"As he loves to keep on good terms with all authors of reputation who have the complaisance not to write for the theatre, as he has measures to keep with me on account of some of my connexions, and as he knows enough of my temper to be assured it is not calculated for attendance, I was admitted the moment I sent up my name. I found him surrounded by a train of anxious expectants, for some of whom I felt the strongest compassion. . . .

"The train which compose this great man's levee all retired on my entrance, when the following conversation took place: —

[Manager] My good sir, I am happy anything procures me the pleasure of seeing you — I was talking of you only last week —

[Hammond] I am much obliged to you, sir, but the business on which I attend you —

[Manager] Why — a — um — true — this play of your friend's — You look amazingly well, my dear sir — In short — this play — I should be charmed to oblige you — but we are so terribly overstocked —

[Hammond] I am not to learn that you have many applications, and therefore am determined to wait on your time — You have read the play, I take for granted —

[Manager] Why — a — um —no — not absolutely read it — Such a multiplicity of affairs — Just skimmed the surface — I — a — Will you take any chocolate, my dear friend?

[Hammond] I have only this moment breakfasted, sir. But to our play.

[Manager] True — this play — the writing seems not bad, — something tender — something like sentiment — but not an atom of *vis comica*.

[Hammond] In a tragedy, my good sir?

[Manager] I beg pardon: I protest I had forgot — I was thinking of Mr. What-d' ye-call-um's comedy, which he left me last Tuesday. But why tragedy? why not write comedy? There are real sorrows enough in life without going to seek them at the theatre — Tragedy does not please as it used to do, I assure you, Sir.

You see I scarce ever play tragedy now. The public taste is quite changed within these three or four years.

Yet *Braganza* — [a recent marked success in tragedy, in which Mrs. Yates, the intimate friend of Mrs. Brooke, added greatly to her reputation as an actress] a lucky hit, I confess — something well in the last scene — But as I was saying, sir — your friend's play — there are good lines — But — the fable — the manners — the conduct — people imagine — if authors would be directed — but they are an incorrigible race —

Ah, Mr. Hammond! we have no writers now — there was a time — your Shakespeares & old Bens — If your friend would call on me, I could propose a piece for him to *alter*, which perhaps —

[Hammond] My commission, sir, does not extend beyond the tragedy in question, therefore we will, if you please, return to that.

[Manager] Be so good, my dear sir, as to reach me the gentleman's play: it lies under the right hand pillow of the sofa.

"He took the play, which was still in the cover in which I had sent it, & it was easy to see had never been opened. He turned over the leaves with an air of the most stoical inattention, and proceeded:

"'There is a kind of a — sort of a — smattering of genius in this production, which convinces me the writer, with proper advice, might come to something in time.

"'But these authors — and after all, what do they do? They bring the meat indeed, but who instructs them how to cook it? Who points out the proper seasoning for the dramatic ragoût? Who furnishes the savoury ingredients to make the dish palatable? Who brings the Attic salt? — the Cayenne pepper? — the — the — a — 'T is amazing the pains I am forced to take with these people, in order to give relish to their insipid productions.'

[Hammond] I have no doubt of all this, sir, but the morning is wearing away.

You have many avocations, and I would not take up your time, I have only one word to add to what I have said: I know we are too late for the present season; but you will oblige me infinitely if you will make room for this piece in the course of the next.

[Manager] The next season, my dear sir! — Why — a — it is absolutely impossible — I have six-and-twenty new tragedies on my promise-list — besides I have not read it. — That is — if — if — a — your friend will send it me in July — if I approve it in July, I will endeavour — let me see — what year is this? — O, I remember — 't is seventy-five — Yes — if I think it will do, I will endeavour to bring it out in the winter of — the winter of — eighty-two. That is, if my partner — if Mr. —— should have made no engagement, unknown to me, for that year, which may put it out of my power.

"I wished him a good morning, madam, and have brought back your tragedy. . . .

"The incoherent jumble of words without ideas, which I have been repeating to you, madam," pursued he, "is, I am told, the general answer to dramatic writers, who are intended to be disgusted by this unworthy treatment, which the managers honour with the name of policy, from thinking of any future applications.

"That vulgar, unenlightened minds should act with this wretched imitation of craft (for even craft is here too respectable an appellation), I should naturally expect, but that a man of excellent understanding, of the most distinguished talents, the idol of the public; with as much

fame as his most ardent wishes can aspire to, and more riches than he knows how to enjoy; should descend to such contemptible arts, with no nobler a view than that of robbing the Dramatic Muse, to whom he owes that fame and those riches, of her little share of the reward, is a truth almost too improbable to be believed.

"Would it not have been wiser, as well as more manly, to have said in the clearest and most unambiguous terms, 'Sir, we have no occasion for new pieces while there are only two English theatres in a city so extensive and opulent as London; a city which, in the time of Elizabeth, when the frequenters of the theatre were not a tenth part of the present, supported seventeen.

"We will therefore never receive any new production but when we are compelled to it by recommendations which we dare not refuse: nor will I read the tragedy you bring, lest its merits should make me ashamed to reject it.

"This would have been indeed the language of a thankless son of the drama, the language of a man having no object in view but his own emolument, and wanting gratitude to that publick, and to the beautiful art, to which he was so much indebted; but it would have been the language of a man, and a man possessed of sufficient courage to avow his principle of action.

"Indulge me a moment longer. The person, of whom I have been speaking, deserves, in his profession, all the praise we can bestow: he has thrown new lights on the science of action, and has, perhaps, reached the summit of theatrical perfection.

"I say *perhaps*, because there is no limiting the powers of the human mind, or saying where it will stop.

"It is possible he may be excelled, though that he may be equalled is rather to be wished than expected, whenever (if that time ever comes) his retiring shall leave the field open to that emulation which both his merit and his management have contributed to extinguish.

"I repeat, that, as an actor, the publick have scarce more to wish than to see him equalled; as an author, he is not devoid of merit; as a manager, he has, I am afraid, ever seen the dawn of excellence, both in those who aspired to write for, or to tread, the theatre, with a reluctant eye; and has made it too much his object, if common sense, aided by impartial observation, is not deceived, 'To blast each rising literary blossom, and plant thorns round the pillow of genius.'"

Not content with this remarkably inclusive restatement of nearly all the current cavilings against Garrick, Mrs. Brooke added that when Miss Villiers told Hammond he should have urged that the piece was the work of a "young and amiable woman, and of family and unblemished character, and that the part of the heroine exactly fitted the abilities of the leading actress at Drury Lane, Hammond smiled sarcastically, because he 'thought them both extremely unfavorable to the cause.'"

Of course, some play declined lay back of all this, but, if Johnson is to be trusted, Mrs. Brooke's plays deserved their fate. She had repeatedly urged him to look over her *Siege of Sinope* before it was acted, but he always found means to evade her. At last she pressed him so hard that he flatly refused, telling her that by carefully looking it over, she should herself be as well able as he to see if anything were amiss. "But, sir," she said, "I have no time. I have already so many irons in the fire." — "Why, then, madam," said Johnson, "the best thing I can advise you to do is to put your tragedy along with your irons."

It shows the sensitiveness of Garrick that such evident exaggeration should have troubled him seriously, but evidently it did.

July 17. [1777]

Why should not I say a Word to my dear Miss Cadogan? When shall we see

& laugh with you at this sweet place? I long to hear you idolize Shakespeare & yr. father unimmortalize him: We shall be here till Wednesday next & return again from London on Friday Evening after — will you & yrs. come before Wednesday or *after Friday* take Your Choice? — I hope you have seen how much I am abus'd in yr. Friend Mrs. Brooke's new Novel? — She is pleas'd to insinuate that [I am] an Excellent Actor, a So So Author, an Execrable Manager & a worse Man — thank you good Madam Brookes — If my heart was not better than my head, I would not give a farthing for the Carcass, but let it dangle, as it would deserve, with It's brethren at ye End of Oxford Road — She has invented a Tale about a Tragedy, which is all a Lie, from beginning to ye End — she Even says, that I should reject a Play, if it should be a Woman's — there's brutal Malignity for you — have not ye Ladies — Mesdames Griffith, Cowley, & Cilesia spoke of me before their Plays with an Over-Enthusiastick Encomium? — What says divine Hannah More? — & more than all what says the more divine Miss Cadogan? — Love to yr father

Yours Ever most affecty
D. Garrick

I never saw Madam Brooks —
What a Couple of wretches are ye *Yateses* Brooke's partners — I work'd with Zeal for their Patent — wrote a 100 Letters, & they were Stimulating Crumpling all ye While to Mischief & they deferr'd ye publication till this time, that I might not cool in their Cause — there are Devils for you — If you send me a Line, let it go to ye Adelphi any day before 12—

Miss Cadogan, in a charmingly friendly reply to this letter, printed by Boaden, thus sums up the situation: "She is not of consequence enough to excite your anger, . . . While you will continue to be good and great, you must expect your share of abuse. . . . Let them analyse you as much as they can, they can neither diminish your value nor destroy your lustre." But Garrick would never have played St. Sebastian well.

In the midst of all these harassments, — by actors, partners, dramatists, and what not, — Garrick got much pleasure from writing occasional verse, most of which, but by no means all, is printed in his *Poetical Works*. Besides copies of three or four of the verses already known, — notably a copy of the well-known lines to Peg Woffington which has a stanza not before known and other verbal differences, — the Leigh Collection contains five poems not before printed.

In the *Poetical Works* are two sets of verses, one by Chatham inviting Garrick as the

> immortal spirit of the stage,
> Great nature's proxy, glass of every age,

to visit him at his country seat in Devonshire, Mt. Edgecumbe; the other, wrongly entitled *Garrick's Answer*. Garrick's lines were, however, written first; then, apparently, Chatham's; and finally, it would seem, the verses now printed for the first time.

TO LORD CHATHAM COMING INTO DEVONSHIRE

Pass to Mount Edgecumbe, Chatham, there
you 'll find,
A Place well suited to yr. Mighty Mind!
O'er Hills & Vales & Seas, the lordly Land,
With boundless View exerts supreme Command,
Whether in stormy Majesty It towr's!
Or charms the Soul wth. Pleasure's calmer
Pow'rs,
All from below to its Superior Heights,
Look up with Awe, with Wonder, & delight!

On the same sheet are four lines of epigram contrasting this visit to Mount Edgecumbe with a visit of Garrick to Warwick Castle in 1768. He had been pressed to pass a week *en famille* at the Castle, but when he went he was "shown the curiosities like a common traveller, treated with chocolate, and dismissed directly."

'T is true, as they say, that to Death from our birth
Good, & Evil are ballanc'd to Mortals on Earth,
For the debt that was due from ye Castle of Warwick
With Int'rest is paid by *Mount Edgecumbe* to Garrick.

Garrick seems to have been given to writing lines on pictures of himself. One set is to Lord Mansfield, who was among the earliest of his distinguished friends.

UPON LORD MANSFIELD DESIRING MY PICTURE

My greedy Ear when vain, & young,
Devour'd the plaudits of ye throng:
When the Same Coin to those was paid,
Whom *Nature's Journeymen had made*,
My Judgment rip'ning with my Years,
My heart gave way to doubts, & fears,
Till He who asking grants a favor,
Mansfield, has fix'd me Vain for Ever!
Mansfield, whose censure or whose praise,
That of whole Theatres outweighs:
By ev'ry mark of favor grac'd,
I, in Fame's temple shall be plac'd!
Superior Minds from Death retrieve
A favor'd Name, & bid it live;
Great Merit stands alone, but small
Will with its Patron rise or fall.
'T is not a proof of Tully's power,
That *Roscius* has surviv'd this hour,
The Play'r tho not to Tully known,
Had liv'd by Merits of his own;
But what must be *our* Tully's claim,
Whose favor gives to *Garrick* Fame?

In the autumn of 1766, apparently, Garrick sent M. Favart, of the Théâtre Français, his picture, for on the ninth of January, 1777, Favart acknowledged the gift, writing, in part, as follows: —

"A propos, si je ne vous savois pas indulgent, je croirois que vous êtes fâché contre moi, pour ne vous avoir pas encore remercié du présent que vous m'avez fait; c'est un des plus agréables que j'aye jamais reçus. Voici l'épigraphe que j'ai mise au bas du portrait de nôtre cher Garrick.

"PLURES IN UNO

"Les vers suivans expriment ma pensée.
En lui seul on voit plusieurs hommes.
Lui seul nous offre les tableaux
De mille et mille originaux,
Tant des siècles passés que du siècle où nous sommes.
Les ridicules, les erreurs
Sont tracés d'après eux par ce peintre fidèle,
Mais pour représenter l'honnête homme et ses mœurs,
Il n'a pas besoin de modèle.

En recevant ce charmant portrait, je vous avouerai qu'il m'a fallu quelques momens pour en démêler la ressemblance, et mon incertitude a donné lieu à ces autres vers.

"Est-ce toi, cher Garrick? et l'art de la peinture
Offre-t-'il à mes yeux le Roscius Anglois?
Tu changes à ton gré de forme et de figure:
Mais ton cœur ne change jamais.
Si l'artiste eût pû rendre avec des traits de flamme
L'amitié, la franchise, et l'amour du bienfait,
Esprit, goût, sentimens, genie . . . enfin ton âme,
J'aurois reconnu ton portrait."

Some verses in the Leigh Collection are evidently Garrick's reply to these compliments from Favart.

VOILÀ MES VERS

The Picture Friendship sent, to Friendship due,
May not the critick Eye, with rapture strike;
But this, FAVART, thy partial fondness drew,
Not vanity will whisper it is like.

But why for *Me* thy choicest Colours blend?
The first of Actors, best of Mortals paint?
Let Fancy sleep. & Judgment place thy friend,
Far from a Genius, further from a Saint.

I feel the danger of thy Syren Art,
Struck with a Pride till now I never knew;
Sooth not the folly of a Mind and Heart,
Which boast no Merit but the Love of you.

The reverse of the sheet containing these lines shows the following French version signed D. G., with this postscript, "N. B. Votre ami La Place peut vous donner une traduction excellente. Faite-lui mille Complimens pour moi."

Si dans mon Portrait cher Favart
Ton Esprit suspendu chercha la ressemblance,
Penses-tu que celui qu'a dessiné ton Art,
Doit, pour l'exactitude avoir la preference.

Ton aveugle amitié, des plus belles couleurs
Peint le Meilleur des Cœurs, le premier des Acteurs,
Chasse une Illusion qui m'est trop favorable,
Vois ton Ami d'un Œil plus sain:
Il est loin d'etre un genie admirable,
Plus loin encore d'etre un Saint.

Je sens trop le danger de ton Art Enchanteur,
Tu portes dans mon Amè un Orgeuil seducteur,
Mais ma Vanité raisonable
Me montre le seul point en quoy Je suis louable,
C'est d'aimer tes talents et d'estimer ton Cœur.

On the last page of the sheets containing the next set of verses is this message to the Duc de Nivernois, who was on very friendly terms with Garrick when he was Ambassador Plenipotentiary to England in 1763 to negotiate conditions of peace after the Seven Years' War: "If the Duke of Nivernois has the pleasure of knowing Mr. Horace Walpole, Mr. Garrick will take it as a great favour, if his Grace would shew the Ode to Him, as he promis'd a friend of Mr. Walpole to send it to him at Paris."

The verses are in behalf of Alexander Schomberg, brother of the life-long friend of Garrick, Dr. Schomberg. He seems to have been a somewhat devil-may-care person. The lines were written before September, 1767, for on the fourth of that month Charles Townshend died.

DAVID GARRICK
TO
THE RIGHT HONBLE. CHARLES TOWNSHEND IN BEHALF OF CAPTAIN SCHOMBERG.

1.

If true that as the Wit is great,
The Mem'ry 's in proportion small;
Ask Him, or Her, the first You meet,
They 'll swear that You have none at all.

2.

This fact premis'd — shall I once doubt,
Again to urge my former suit?
A thousand Grains are blown about,
For one that happily takes root.

3.

Imagination like the Wind,
Lets not the seeds of kindness rest;
But tho they 're scatter'd from your mind,
They fall, & settle in your breast.

4.

To humble tasks your heart will bend,
To feel neglected Worth submit,
And there will Schomberg find a friend,
Benevolent, in spite of Wit.

5.

But how for one so wild provide,
For one so helpless what relief?
O sooth his Mis'ry thro' his pride,
And raise him to an Indian Chief!

6.

Send Him where oft he fought, & bled,
Again to cross th' Atlantic Sea;
To Tomahawk, and Wampum bred,
He 's more than half a Cherokee!

7.

Make him the Tyrant of a fort;
He 'll Ask no more of You, & fate; —
Surrounded by his Scalping Court,
What Monarch would be half so great!

8.

'T is there his Genius will surprise,
Create Love, awe, & Veneration!
In England lost, He there may rise,
The *Townshend* of a savage Nation!

It is certainly remarkable that a collection made originally solely for purposes of extra-illustrating should contain so little of unimportance, and even more remarkable that so small a collection as that of Mr. Leigh — some seventy-five MSS. — should set right the date of the death of Garrick's mother; rectify certain impressions about his relations with Lady Burlington; throw light on the earlier part of his friendship with John Hoadley; reveal a friendship of his last days the closeness of which has hitherto been unsuspected — that with Miss Cadogan; go far to justify his treatment of Home's *Douglas;* prove that he was really thinking seriously in 1765 of withdrawing

from the stage; and in more than one instance so fill gaps in the *Private Correspondence* as to make letters printed therein much clearer and more significant. Above all, as a set, the Leigh Collection shows how perfectly the lines apply to Garrick of the "god of his idolatry," Shakespeare, —

> I never yet saw man,
> How wise, how noble, young, how rarely featur'd,
> But Spleen would spell him backward.

IN THE FENS

BY ARTHUR C. BENSON

From the point of view of beauty, — I will not say picturesqueness, because that might appear perversely paradoxical, — there is no part of England that has been more dully and foolishly despised than the fen-country. The fenland has some of the most beautiful qualities that it is possible for landscape to have. It has space, richness of color, economy of effect, and something of the grandeur of the sea; but its beauty is so simple and large in character, that it is almost invariably overlooked. I believe myself to be as sensitive to the beauty of landscape as other people, and since I have gone to live in the fens, — because I have been so far true to my principles, — I can only say that I have daily come to enjoy the fen views with an increasing delight.

The Isle of Ely lies in the centre of one of the largest tracts of the fenland; it is shaped, roughly, like an outstretched hand. Ely itself lies in the palm of the hand, near the wrist; and the fingers stretch westward, with little inlets of fen between them. My own house is near the western point of one of the fingers, which are composed of low gravel hills, rising about a hundred feet above the plain. The result of this rise is that one gets views of prodigious extent. From the crest of the hill I can see the towers and steeples of Cambridge to the south, where the smoke goes up on a still day like a faint mist. To the west I see that great level which runs to Chatteris and St. Ives, and down to Huntingdon; to the east, over one of the inner valleys, the great towers of Ely rise, with a vast tract of open fen behind, bounded by the shadowy hills of Suffolk and Norfolk. There can be hardly any place in England where one can see so large a piece of the world. The villages of the Isle, pleasantly wooded, sit astride of the ridges, each with an ancient church.

But the real beauty of the view lies in the illimitable stretch of rich color, with the little clumps of dark trees dotting the plains, and vast fields of ripening wheat and meadow-grass, intersected only by the peaceful lines of grassy dykes. It is beautiful in every condition of air and weather: beautiful on still, hazy days, when the horizon is ringed with soft mist; beautiful beyond telling when the air is clear after rain, and when one can see the very tree-clumps on distant wolds; beautiful in moonlit nights, when the great level looks like some prodigious sea of delicate blue; beautiful when the vast clouds roll up from the southwest, miles upon miles of high-hung vapors; perhaps most beautiful of all in a winter twilight, when the sunset smoulders leagues away, and the plain seems haunted by some incommunicable mystery of tranquil mournfulness.

To-day I struck down into the plain eastward, along one of the turfy lanes, fringed with high hedgerow trees, alders, ashes, and gray willows. These drift-roads, as they are called, are nearly im-

passable in winter; but in summer they are ideal places to walk in, full of still ditches covered with big water-plants, and thorn-thickets where the yellow-hammer pipes his resonant note. Here grow great flowering rushes, yellow flags, the arrow-head with its round, white, purple-hearted flowers, the homely comfrey, the aromatic meadowsweet, the tall and delicate cow-parsley. *Coelum, non animum, mutant*, says the old poet of the wandering feet. "The sky changes, not the mind." Well, in the fen-country even the sky does not change. You may walk half the day, and the distant clump, with the spire rising from it, will still be hull-down on the horizon; and as for the mind, — one torments one's self everywhere, I suppose, with petty dreams and sad retrospects; could one but achieve this hope! could one but have acted diferently! Yet here, in the wide plain, there seems to settle on the soul a sort of vague peace and tranquillity. The world moves so slowly, so calmly here, hour by hour, that it seems difficult to fret or strive.

I have often walked in far different scenes, where the weather-stained crag rises above the lake, with the feathery woodlands at its foot, the trees struggling up crack and gully and ledge, where the bleak heads of great mountains look out across the moorland. That is beautiful, too, but it is a finer, sharper, more insistent beauty, that leaves the mind restless and unsatisfied. Here there rather falls on the spirit a sort of mild content, among the simple lines of dyke and field, a sense of remoteness and calm, while the eye feeds upon the exquisite vignettes of plant and tree and pool, without distraction, in a meditative stillness. Here is a sedge-thatched cattle-byre, with wooden supports and whitened walls, just such a place as is depicted in an old Tuscan picture as the scene of the Nativity. Here is a red-brick bridge, with yellow stone-crop growing thickly on the ledge, and the mallow rioting luxuriantly in its shadow.

I came to-day to a dyke which had been recently heightened, to guard against the winter floods. They had dug out the blue galt for the purpose, and I could see the pale line of it run for miles over the level. I picked up one of the spadefuls idly; it was dried and laminated like slate; I broke it across, and there in the clay lay a sprinkling of tiny fossils, — small water-shells crushed flat, creatures that looked like great woodlice, with armored carapaces, things like stalks of water-weed. Wherever I broke the block it was the same. How many thousand years ago, I wondered, had these shells and insects lived out their lives in the great lagoon! They had lived and died; they had sunk to the bottom of the lake; the ooze had covered them year by year. Every spadeful of the clay along the dyke-bank was full of the same creatures, each a monument of a tiny individual life. What an inscrutable and illimitable prospect it opened to the mind! What was the purpose, the meaning of it all? Each of these tiny creatures had had his taste of life; they had been all in all to themselves, even as I am to-day to myself, conscious of their own minute existence, and perhaps dimly aware of a vast world of shadowy existences outside of them. They had loved life; they had hated death and darkness. And yet, with all our inventiveness and sagacity and complacent wisdom, we are no nearer knowing the why and wherefore of it all, — what it is that thrusts us into being, and why that being is withdrawn.

Somehow, in the thought of this immensity of life, unrolling itself so patiently through the ages, I felt a strange sense of unreality about my own little hopes and fears, so terribly urgent and significant to me, so hopelessly minute in the eye of the Father of all living. One can learn more from that little cube of clay than from all the sermons of the divines. Not a hopeful lesson, perhaps, not stimulating, or what is called inspiring; but the truth of it, which at first sight seems ghastly and insupportable,

brings in its wake a thought of intense significance; it hints at an enormous patience, an unceasing energy; it makes the dreams of man pale and unsubstantial; it assures one that, strive and fret as one may, there is something to be apprehended which man cannot teach; it brings with it an intense resignation, a tranquil determination to wait and see what God is doing for us.

And now in my slow ramble I came to where a tiny rising ground shows itself above the level of the fen. The pasture here is older and more settled. It goes, this inconspicuous little space of ground, by the name of Honey Hill; a natural name enough to-day, when the hum of the bees rose musical among the flowers, when the elder showed her white cakes of honied flower, and the wild-rose covered the hedge with pale blooms.

But there is an ancient story, over a thousand years old, that haunts this place. There is a little mound among the pastures, and farther out on the edge of the fen there are the traces of some crumbling and ill-built walls. Ten miles away you can see the great towers of Ely across the flat.

Now the patron saint of Ely is Saint Etheldreda; she was the daughter of a king of the East Angles, and she was herself a queen, being the wife of Tondberct, king of the Girvii, the hardy tribe of fenmen. The Isle of Ely was her dowry; after Tondberct's death she married a great earl of Northumbria, Elfrid by name; but she kept in her heart the devotion to the monastic life, and, indeed, her virginity too, under a vow respected by both her husbands. She it was who founded the monastery of Ely in the seventh century, though pursued in vain by her rough husband; for six years she was Abbess, and then died; and her body was laid to rest in a great sarcophagus of white marble, a Roman work found among the ruins of Grantchester, close to Cambridge.

There are many pretty tales of the old saint. I cannot tell them here; but the sweetest of all is that which is linked with this place. She had a chaplain called Huna, a young, wise, sad, and handsome man, who loved her well, with a love that perhaps kept unconsciously, pent-up in its passionate purity, some nearer touch of human desire; when she was buried, he said the accustomed prayers over her grave, with many tears; but, after that, he could abide no longer in the desolate place, when the joy of his life was extinguished; and so he took boat one summer day, and rowed himself alone over the huge lagoon, among the reed-beds and water-channels, scaring the wild-fowl from their pools, and the poising fish from the shallows over which his rude boat sped. What were his thoughts on that bright day, as he passed westward over the lake? Love, no doubt, and grief, and bewildered hope; and perhaps some sense of beauty at the sight of the vast expanse of clear water and crisped reed. Alone he set foot on the tiny island, for the name Honey Hill embalms his own name, Huna's Isle; he built with his own hands a little chapel, and a cabin of wattled reeds; and he waited here in prayer and contemplation for his own call, which was not long in coming.

It was pleasant enough, perhaps, in summer, to tend his garden and to wander about upon the fringe of the vast lake. The country people came to him sometimes, with little gifts; he could hear the creak of the rowlocks for miles over the lagoon. But in winter, with the screaming wildfowl, and the northern gale wringing the sharp rain from the edge of the low-hung cloud, and the marsh-lights twinkling, as they were seen not fifty years ago to twinkle over the undrained morass, — what wonder if he thought himself beset by fiends and goblins, as he shivered and flushed in bouts of ague and marsh-fever! When he died he was laid to rest by the country-folk in his own chapel; but the miracles wrought at the humble shrine were so frequent and prodigious, that the monks of Thorney rowed down, and took up the mouldering

bones, and carried back the silent shape to their own island, where he now lies, unknown.

It is a strange and sad old story, but all touched with human pathos and tears. No doubt it was a very useless and fantastic life to adopt, and Huna would have been better employed, perhaps, if he had taught the Gospel, and served his kind in some more populous place; but I hardly know! A reward of fame beyond the dreams of poets was given to the frail woman of the Gospel story, who broke the vase of perfume over the sacred feet; much was forgiven her, *because she loved much;* and Huna perhaps had the secret, which may be denied to the busiest and most voluble parish priest, with all his clubs and classes. Who shall discern the value of our deeds?

I only know that to-day, as I stood by the lonely mound on Huna's Isle, he seemed to me to have done a very sweet and beautiful thing, for which I was thankful. We Protestants may not pray for the dead, I believe, but I sent out my heart in search of Huna, if in glory he still remembers his grassy island, and the low dark winter days of pain. Perhaps he and Etheldreda sing *Magnificat* together, or a new song, in language which man may not utter, and know what their pure love meant.

I am strangely moved to think of him, standing with his hand over his eyes, looking out across the lagoon at sundown, to see if he could discern the low Saxon church, which stood then where the great towers stand now, thinking of what lay buried there, and of the beautiful days that were gone. I do not think that his instinct was a false or an unmanly one, though it is strangely removed from our ideals; and it has a freshness and a fragrance about it that we somehow miss in these dustier days, when the great freight-trains go clanking over the flat, in a cloud of steam, in sight of Huna's Isle.

ONWARD

BY FLORENCE EARLE COATES

THANK God a man can grow!
He is not bound
With earthward gaze to creep along the ground:
Though his beginnings be but poor and low,
Thank God a man can grow!
The fire upon his altars may burn dim,
The torch he lighted may in darkness fail, —
And nothing to rekindle it avail, —
But high beyond his dull horizon's rim,
Arcturus and the Pleiads beckon him!

THE MAN WHO WAS OBSTINATE

BY ALICE BROWN

THERE was once a man who, in his youth, had several beautiful friendships. They were all covered with buds and blossoms, and he thought he had never seen any with such hardy roots. By and by, as he grew older, some of them withered a little, and one even died down entirely, so that he was on the point of throwing it away. But he was very fond of things that grow, and it hurt him to destroy anything that had ever had one green leaf; so he watered the earth where the root was, and kept on watering it, and made sure it was in the sun whenever there was a ray to be seen.

"Why do you keep that unsightly thing?" people would say to him. "It's as dead as a door nail. Did n't you know that?"

"Is it, do you think?" the man would ask; for he not only loved to make things grow, but he had something many of us call obstinacy. "Well, perhaps it is. But it has n't rained much lately. I think I'll keep on watering it."

As time went on, he found he had other newer friendships, because he seemed to be a great man to accumulate that kind of thing. Some of them turned out well, great, strong, hardy growing plants, and some turned out ill.

"Do you like the color of that?" people would say to him, when one put out an ugly bloom.

Then the man would look at it thoughtfully, but he would never express his mind. There was something about friendships that kept him from telling exactly what he thought of them, even to himself. And it cannot be denied that he was better at guarding than at selecting, and that, in the beginning, almost any thrifty-looking plant could impose upon him.

"Well," said he, "maybe it will look better to you if I put it in this light." And then he would turn it about until the sun fell on it at exactly the right slant, and sometimes, for a minute or two, he could actually make you believe you were looking at the most beautiful blossom in the world. Still it was true that many of his friendships gave him only trouble, and that, in his moments of heavy-heartedness, he was sure somebody else could have taken care of them far better than he.

After a good many years the man died, and immediately he was taken into a pleasant place where it was all growth and bloom.

"What is this?" he asked. "Is it heaven?"

The one who had met him when he came smiled a little.

"That is what they always ask," said he.

"But is it?" said the man.

"Well," said the other, "that is one name for it. You can call it what you like."

"I never saw so much color," said the man. He delighted in color. "And certainly I never smelled anything so sweet."

"Look about you," said the other. "Don't you see what the color and the sweetness come from?"

There were his friendships all about him, and they were so full of bud and blossom, their leaves were so shiny, and they nodded their heads so in the sun, and rustled so in the breeze, that he would never have known them. And the one that had seemed to be dead was the tallest and most beautiful of all.

"Why," said he, "they never looked like that before!"

"No," said the other, "they never were quite like that. And they never would have been, if you had n't taken such care of them."

"Well," said the man, "then perhaps it pays to be obstinate."

"Obstinate?" said the other. "Is that what you call it?"

"Why, don't you call it so?" asked the man.

"Well, you can call it that if you like. We have a different name for it here."

THE KEEPSAKE

BY GELETT BURGESS

THERE is a major and a minor quality to every good gift, qualities that may well be termed altruistic and egoistic elements. We give from two motives: first, to confer happiness by the possession of an object, and second, to be remembered by that gift. We may have one reason or the other, or both, for giving; but it is the keepsake quality in presents that the lover or the friend has most need to study if he would play the game aright.

There are gifts enough that are purely altruistic, the gifts of unselfish love, from our mother's first milk to the last friendly offices of the grave. Such gifts need little art, for the want speaks loudly and must be heard. We give, indeed, in such cases, only what we owe to friendship, as we give food to the hungry or clothes to the naked. We cannot satisfy every want, but what we do give is a symbol of our willingness to give all. Through our so doing the presentation becomes not so much an event as a part of the necessary course of friendship. The father's allowance, the uncle's jackknife, and such Christmas presents as come only because the time calls for the ceremony, forge no new links in the chain of relationship. They are debts due us upon the mutual account of love. And so we, in the giving, expect nothing more than that the recipient should be pleased, — the "oh!" and the "ah!" are all our payment.

As in the old rhyme:

> "When the Christmas morning came,
> Both the children bounced from bed —
> 'Whe-ew! Whe-ew!'
> That was all the children said!"

and forthwith, the present, which had never been a part of us, becomes a part of our friend. We are not attempting, in satisfying such desires, to confer upon ourselves a vicarious immortality.

But the lover or the friend has other requirements to fulfill. He desires to present a true keepsake, a permanent and live thing, not a dead one, an instrument whose mainspring is memory, that, like a clock, shall ring out his hour with musical chimes of recollection whenever its time comes. It may be called egoistic to wish this, but it is not necessarily selfish, for what better gift can he give than a part of himself? What, then, can he find to give that will serve him loyally during his absence? He is paying no debt, now, remember; he has to do with rites, not rights, — not with demands, but delights. He is planting a seed whose flower shall be remembrance.

First, then, a true keepsake must come as a surprise, not as the answer to a long-felt desire. For, with an object too much wished for, associated thoughts cluster so closely that the memory of the giver has no place to stick. One has wanted it for so long that, its possession obtained, what one will think of is of that old, envious desire, and not of how it was satisfied. One must necessarily unconsciously recall

one's first vivid admiration or one's need, and then, perhaps, consciously and shamefully, the donor to whom one owes the gift. And so the giver loses in this psychological competition. The gift has still its intrinsic worth, but none of that extrinsic charm with which, as a true keepsake, it should be gilded.

So you may buy that particular piece of blue Canton she likes and has admired if you will: but if you do, you sacrifice your memory upon the altar of friendship. What will she remember first and best? Only that particular shelf in the cupboard of the curiosity shop where it used to sit, and the old silver teapot that stood beside it! She will have in her nostrils, as she handles it, now, not the perfume of your friendship, but the dusty, mouldy odor of antiques. She will not see it illumined by the color of your love, so much as by that vagrant shaft of sunshine that came through the window to play upon the old mirror. It is not her fault, but yours. She is at the mercy of the subconscious self. Oh, you have done well to please her! It was kind and generous, — but, in love's service, that is not enough. You might have given her a keepsake; you have but made a present. She will try, — oh, how she will try! — to be grateful every time she looks at it; but you could have made it so easy that it would have required no conscious attempt of her will.

So memory plays queer pranks with us. She never brings back the important, crucial event first; she loves better the minor episodes of life, and especially the little trivial, meaningless accidents, details, and curiosities of the commonplace. We forget how Caruso sang, but we remember how a cat walked absurdly across the stage. May we not, therefore, take advantage of the quirks of such unreasoning recollections, and twist them to our own ends?

For see! The opposite method, the reversal of the picture, shows how easily we may play upon the familiar and the wonted thought, how we may appeal to the subconscious. You have but to reach to the plate-shelf of your own dining-room and hand down the piece of blue Canton and give it her, when, marvelously, you have given not it, but yourself, into her keeping! There's a gift that will last, a constant, delightful memory of you forever. Why, it is fairly soaked in you, and all her envy can but make it the more highly prized. Have her eyes turned lingeringly upon its beauty? You have turned that longing into satisfied pleasure when she thinks how she has used it at your board so many, many times. There's a color that will never wear off. There's memory that will not crack or chip. There's the true psychology of the keepsake. It has become as much a part of you, in her thought, as a lock of your hair. Of all gifts, those that have been owned and loved by the giver are the true memorabilia, and most to be prized, most to be swayed by and sweetly spelled.

There's much difference, too, in the giving of gifts, between the satisfying of a want and the gratification of a wish. To surprise your friend with the answering of a need that was unconscious is a victory that ensures remembrance. There was a man who slept for a year on a bed without realizing that it was hard and full of lumps. A friend slept with him, once, and complained of the discomfort; the owner never lay in the bed again without misery. There was a case for a gift that would have endured. Had the friend but replaced the old mattress by a new one, he would have been remembered every night. So it is with less humorous cases. The keepsake is meant usually not to feed an old hunger, but to help one to acquire a new taste. What your friend wished he has so coated with desire that he will never remember you who gave it unless you present him with your own possession. What he wants he may not know that he wants, or, in other words, he may not yet desire. You must study him with a friendly eye, you must scientifically examine his temperament, his

taste, his moods; and it will go hard if, whether by paraphrasing an expressed desire, or by taking the hint from some unconscious admiration, you do not find the loadstone that shall attract his magnet. Put not your faith in a mere whim, — for of nothing does one grow so tired and resentful as of the passed fancy, — but try him again and again till the test is sure.

Gifts of one's own handiwork are, of course, true keepsakes. But the object must be a desirable one, it must have some place in the economy of your life, and not be a mere superfluity, or else it gathers pity rather than remembrance. The most delicate and exquisite present, though it expresses the loving care of your friend, does not fulfill its purpose as a remembrancer, unless it ministers to some need other than an æsthetic one; and the poorest, crudest bit of handwork, if it is usable, will be lovingly preserved, — use will gild its worth and color its homely tones. The thing that is a mere object of art is, so far as its keepsake value is concerned, a dead thing, and it gathers the rust and dust of forgetfulness. It is only itself.

The true gift must not be too trivial, if it is to minister to a permanent emotion. If it is too poor, it loses itself in the background of one's daily life, it becomes, again, merely property, it becomes a part of the recipient rather than of the giver. A trifle, if it has no previous associations, can hold sentiment, but not for long. The case is fragile, and a mood can break it. The dead rose may be treasured for a while; but put another beside it, and its perfume of memory and sentiment soon dies. No; if a memory is to be enshrined, the reliquary must itself be beautiful and worthy. It must be a thing apart from common things, it must testify to its sacred contents. The jewel of friendship should be set in a ring of pure gold. The thimble she used to wear the knife he kept always in his pocket, — these are of a different category, like the blue Canton piece that stood upon the sideboard; but, though you pick a pebble from the shore upon the very day of days, you cannot make a gem of it, and it will lose lustre and fade.

So, though you cannot arbitrarily assign an extrinsic interest by the mere mandate of the will, there are still ways of tricking the memory. There is craft in the manner of giving, of which a true psychologist can avail himself. To give impulsively, dramatically, picturesquely often ensures remembrance of the presentation by the same appeal to the subconscious reflexes of thought. Tear the chain from your neck in a mood of magnanimity and give it with a divine impulse, and you thread it with jewels brighter than the stars. Hide the ring under her pillow so that she shall find it, when, languid and susceptible, she prepares for dreams, and you give her a living poem she cannot forget. Does all this seem cold-blooded and premeditated? Perhaps; and yet so are memories coerced, — so are the links riveted upon the lovely fetters of friendship. We give more than the gift when we give a piece of throbbing life. We give an event, not an episode; we give an immortal excitement. And indeed, such gifts are themselves keepsakes, though we attach to them no concrete object for a symbol. He who makes things happen is never forgotten, and she who punctuates life with memorable emotions lives for aye. Consciously or unconsciously done, these are the ways in which nature herself is tricked, for we do but play her own game. All 's fair in love. The thing can be overdone, it is true, and we cannot always succeed with our experiments in the psychological laboratory; but the secret is there for him who dares attempt the reaction.

It is more blessed to give than to receive, we are told, and he who takes his fill of this rare joy must not find fault if his gifts sometimes are forgotten. Too much giving defeats remembrance, — that is the effect of the mother's fostering care; when we give overmuch we do but create an atmosphere of kindness and

consideration, a monotonous temperature of love that does not pique and kindle the emotions, but keeps the coals of friendship at the smouldering point. Our friend's memory is apt to become jaded by our very excess, and then he is at the mercy of the first little, solitary gift from another, which makes its own appeal the more insistently from the contrast with our own generosity. The one thing is treasured ardently, and all the rest accepted as a matter of course. The multiplicity of gifts deadens the sense of relationship; the things themselves are no longer hypnotically suggestive. Of course this cannot rob them of their altruistic quality, but the lover loses on the investment.

And so, as there is an art in giving, there should be a metaphysic as well, to counteract the effect of mere accumulations. If one's gifts are consistently original and individual, they may, by this quality, defeat the cloying effect of quantity. Such gifts should point all to one purpose, like Cupid's little arrows, flying in different directions, all aimed at the same heart. The goal is secret, a mysterious truth, undefinable, perhaps; but the object should be felt, even if not understood. This unity of aim should correlate all one's gift-giving. Happy is he of whom it can be said, "Why has n't he given me this? It would be so like him!" or, "No one could possibly have given me this but he, for it is himself!" Some presents must, of course, be given altruistically from the sheer delight of giving unselfishly, to satisfy a felt want, and with no ulterior motive; but these will not matter if the main trend of one's giving be toward that end, — the creating in our friend's mind of an image of us that will endure, an image toward which each gift has an adjuvant and a cumulative meaning, all pointing to the ideal of our friendship.

And so, in this game of love, we try to kill two birds with one stone. This is the true economy of friendship and of mutual happiness. There is room enough besides for self-sacrifice, for unrequited devotion, for unrewarded service, — we do all that gladly. But may we not, if we can, be happy too in being remembered? We must, willy-nilly, build our own little egoistic altar, praise-bedecked. The circle of selfishness has often been traced through the emotions, and one can prove any renunciation, any sacrifice, to be due to motives concerned with our own pleasure. Love, of all emotions, is most complex; it baffles analysis. In its highest form is it most selfish or unselfish? Is service or happiness its greatest reward? No one can tell.

We know, too, that "not to be doing, but to be" wins love, wherefore such games as giving of gifts seem futile and of no avail to preserve remembrance. But none the less, if we love we must give, and, giving, is it not best to give with thought, with meaning, and with purpose, that best gift of all — ourselves?

MY GODCHILD

BY EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN

Rosemary! could we give you
"Remembrance," with your name,
Ere long you'd tell us something
Of Heaven whence you came, —
Of those enchanted meadows
Where, through the ceaseless day,
The children waiting to be born
Wonder, and sing, and play,
And where you wandered carolling
Until the angel's hand
Closed down your eyes — then opened them
To light this earthly Land, —
This Land whereto they 've sent you
To share its joy, its strife,
Its love, and learn through Womanhood
How rich, how deep, is Life.

A NEW VOICE IN FRENCH FICTION

BY HENRY DWIGHT SEDGWICK

I

What voice is this I hear,
Buoyant as morning, and as morning clear?
Say, has some wet bird-haunted English lawn
Lent it the music of its trees at dawn?
Or was it from some sun-fleck'd mountain-brook
That the sweet voice its upland clearness took?

M. Edouard Rod, the accomplished French critic, commenting in the *Figaro* on a novel by Mme. Marcelle Tinayre, says, "It is one of the most perfect, most delightful stories that I know." So emphatic an utterance from a man of eminence in literature, a novelist himself, arrests the most casual attention to hear what he may say about the novel and its author.

Mademoiselle Marcelle Chasteau — I take this account from M. Rod — was, when she married M. Julien Tinayre, but sixteen years old, and so much of a girl that she shed tears at not being allowed to wear her wedding dress upon the wedding journey. The couple went to Brittany for their honey-moon, and stayed while their purse, which had no great endurance, held out. Reduced to a few francs, they spent half on a stone hatchet as a memento, either of their trip, according to the natural inference from M. Rod's words, or (as I think) of those prehistoric men whose mute incapacity to express themselves otherwise than in stone hatchets has always seemed peculiarly pathetic to lovers.

On their way back to Paris, while changing cars, they left their lunch-basket behind; in fact there were various indications of a complete readiness to neglect all that was neither love nor art. One infers from Mme. Tinayre's novels that on her return to Paris she frequented an intellectual society interested in social questions and not unsuccessful in divesting itself of sundry traditional opinions.

M. Tinayre was an engraver in wood, and not long after their marriage, by some chance cause, his art lost much of its pecuniary value, and as the five-franc bits decreased their family increased. Mme. Tinayre was obliged to make mercantile proof of those gifts which, as her friends must always have known, confronted the experiences of life in a markedly exceptional manner. Slight of figure, with large, handsome black eyes, a clear voice, and a pleasant readiness of speech, Mme. Tinayre was endowed with energy and courage. She resolved to contribute to the family purse, and wrote a novel. The manuscript was accepted by the *Nouvelle Revue;* and though the book did not attract general attention, it made its way among that group of people in Paris to whom a novel is an affair of importance. A second novel soon followed; the third was crowned by the Academy, and Mme. Tinayre was escorted by the critics amid general applause to the front rank of contemporary novelists. Since then she has written steadily, and also, for a time, edited a *féministe* review, *La Fronde.*

Besides the compliment I quoted to begin with, M. Rod pays her many others; he says, "The desire to be seen, to be talked of (*le désir de paraître*), most treacherous of the temptations that lie in wait for artists at the moment when their names emerge from obscurity, does not hurry her work." And he adds, "She goes her own way tranquilly, like an artist more concerned to perfect her art than to make gain from it, — like a laborer who loves labor for the pleasure that comes as the work gains in delicacy and advances to completion."

In this country, the immense forces that discourage reticence — our unfortunate belief in the virtue of publicity, our disgust with the diffidence that does not warm itself in the public gaze, our indignation with the pride that is careless of our notice — create a social duty to "paraître" with all its attendant ceremonies; they bring reporters to the door, put photographs in the Sunday newspapers, reckon the tally of copies sold and royalties received, and reiterate demands for the novelist's opinion upon any and all matters. Mme. Tinayre, however, according to M. Rod, does not assent to our practice, — "She stubbornly resists the temptations of popularity, and has the courage to remain herself."

This courage to disregard popular currents of admiration and set a course by those stars which for the steersman shine fixed in the firmament, is the quality that most excites M. Rod's admiration; for even in Paris the currents, tides, and eddies of literary fashions are very strong. But he does not stop there; he brings us to a matter of much more intimate concern. He says, "I do not think that there is any novelist among our contemporaries who knows so well how to study, how to handle, how to take apart and put together *love in itself*, without finding it necessary to follow the prescribed practice of ancient traditions (in other ways most excellent) and contrast love with duty, — as a painter contrasts light with shade. I am not sure that any novelist has ever done this so well."

II

Our interest in "love in itself," the greatest of all matters that concern our lives, is so elementary, and a right conception of it is of such intimate and permeating consequence to us, that the fact of the divergence between our ideas and French ideas in regard to it is a source of disquiet, even of dismay, to those who

think that all ideas, and particularly inherited ideas, should be subject to the criticism of reason. We know that the French, at least when free from excitement, are an eminently reasonable people; they have considered this subject in the light of reason, and they believe that they have shaped their conduct by rational reflection, so far at least as such matters are plastic to the conclusions of reason; their achievements in other matters of human conduct give weight to their conclusions in this. Even those who are most resolute to adhere to our Puritan traditions, most satisfied with our solution of the problem, most averse to a discussion concerning the basis of their connubial prosperity, — which discussion they find, as prosperous people are wont to do, both unpleasant and unnecessary, — can hardly, in view of the immense number of persons who are not successful, refuse to lend their earnest attention to any arguments on the other side, or, at least, to learn whether the French view is really what, in our hasty way, we perhaps too readily assume it to be. If, then, Mme. Tinayre, more than any of her contemporaries, knows the real nature of "love in itself" and commands the ear of Paris, she is eminently a person to whom we should listen.

So difficult is it, however, to listen with impartiality to arguments from the other side, that it is but prudent to prepare ourselves by taking our station upon some common ground where both sides agree. Such common ground we find in two matters that border upon our subject. The first concerns the value of delicacy; the second, the value of passion.

That the French possess delicacy is obvious from their cultivation of manners; from the importance they assign to the outward concerns of physical life, — streets, trees, flowers, — and to the familiar pettinesses of existence, — dinners, café-au-lait, dressmaking; from their appreciation of a new play by Rostand, of a new statue by Rodin, of a new experiment in color by Besnard; from the prose in their newspapers; and from a score of other matters that greet the American traveler with freshness, charm, and grace.

Nor is the divergence due to any failure on our part to appreciate the value of passion. On the contrary, whatever our own deficiencies, personal or national, may be, we acknowledge passion to be the noblest and most desirable motive power in the world. In religion, in art, in literature, whether embodied in the fullness of freedom or in the still more effective methods of restraint, passion is the material of greatness; and passion is necessary in life itself not less than in the arts. We accept Milton's saying concerning poetry as equally true of life. Life should be "simple, sensuous, and passionate." The most exalted lives, those in which the possibilities of human nature are most completely achieved, are simple, their contours rise high and bold; they are sensuous, receiving in the ripening imagination all the images that the ministering senses gather from the vast variety of the world; they are passionate, using the heat of emotion to forge the temper of genius or of character.

Why, then, if we agree so well with the French on the worth of delicacy and passion, do we differ so widely in the relation of delicacy and passion to this matter before us?

A certain weight must be attached to their imputation of hypocrisy to us, — hypocrisy, in the sense that our literature does not reflect our life. Some earlier and also some modern English writers write plainly enough, but on the whole English literature does not profess to mirror certain parts of our behavior, which, if unemphasized, we think may perhaps thrive less vigorously. Another cause is that the French, guided by reason as they would say, regard the institution of matrimony as a rational regulation of the fact of sex, as a compromise between the rights of the individual and the rights of society. The man obeys, but under protest; he is willing to sacrifice his liberty so far, but, beyond that point, he regards

self-abnegation as fanatical asceticism. Marriage, under French usage, is a partnership, in which such matters as character, tastes, education, birth, and property are to be considered; contracting families scrutinize the proposed bride and groom as if coming up for admittance into a club. This system purposely excludes any provision for passion, and that neglected force is left to shift for itself. They look at our custom of marrying for love with amazement, as we should look at a grocer's cart that started on its rounds at twenty miles an hour. Our system confines its view to the romantic dreams of youth and regards matrimony rather as a holiday cruise than a voyage for life, and hopes to bring passion into harness by compelling it to concentrate itself in a single sentiment, instead of dissipating its strength here and there. We may err in our endeavor to regard men and women as disembodied spirits; and yet we cannot but think that the French err in their resolution to be sensible and regard men and women as animals taken in the toils of society. Our theory may look too far into the future; theirs lingers too far in the brutal past.

These are superficial explanations or rather manifestations of differences that lie deep in national character, but they serve to remind us that both nations have approached the subject before us from different historical experiences; and we must take that fact into account in any judgment upon the difference between the two systems. Under our system English novelists concern themselves with love that leads to the altar; under the other, French novelists concern themselves with love (if that be the proper translation of *amour*) outside the marital relations, "because," as M. Rod says, "it is impossible to write a love-story except about love of that extra-matrimonial sort, for the other love has no story."

Mme. Tinayre, hedged in by her national system, is forced to write her love stories without the English goal of the church wedding; she is obliged to take the setting of social life as she finds it; and the careless reader, who lightly skips through her pages, might for a moment imagine that she had adopted the conventional attitude of the French novelist. But this apparent coincidence of point of view is confined to the setting of the story. As to the matter within the setting, "love in itself," Mme. Tinayre is a passionate idealist. She believes, with the strength and freshness of maidenhood, that the great bond of love does incorporate man and woman and make them one, and is the most sacred thing in life. She looks down on the city of Paris, with its charm, its gayety, its beauty, its wayward men and women, like Saint Genevieve, troubled in spirit, and longs with a mother's yearning to persuade them that blessed are the true in heart.

The seeming contradiction between this ideal and the career of her heroines is the contradiction between the course of true love in a well-ordered world and the course of true love deflected and impeded by the faulty and vulgar conceptions (a heritage of our animal origin) that have obtained acceptance in the social world with which she is familiar. Her passionate desire for the union of man and woman in a garden of Eden has a most romantic freshness; and the American reader will find her a more militant adherent to the cause of ideal innocence and more of a preacher than any English or American novelist now living.

III

Hellé — the novel takes its title from the name of the heroine — was the third or fourth of Mme. Tinayre's novels. It is one of those convenient, comfortable, polite little yellow-covered books that satisfy the physical requirements of hand and eye; and in the centre of the cover, under the title, is printed the patent of literary nobility, *Ouvrage couronné par l'Académie française*. This is the only coronet now granted in France, and survives to show that democracy, however

strong in other matters, does not control French literature. With us democracy has been more triumphant and emblazons its coronet of 500,000 copies sold (or 1,000,000, — whatever it may be), on the frontispiece. We feel a comfortable security in accepting the *vox populi* as the chosen oracle of the Divine Taste in literature; but in France, where older ideas linger, a small company of gentlemen, the most distinguished for their excellence in various matters, principally in literature, take upon themselves the task of pronouncing that a book is good without waiting for the guidance of a *plébiscite*. Such an approbation is eagerly coveted, seriously sought, and exerts a widespread influence on literary standards; incidentally, it is of great comfort to readers. Not to speak irreverently, the phrase *ouvrage couronné* is like the double asterisk with which Baedeker marks those objects deemed most worthy of the tourist's economical attention.

Hellé expressed Mme. Tinayre's first feeling of reaction against that class of novels which we generically call French. It sounded a challenge and put forward, under the form of our own love stories, Mme. Tinayre's theory of a successful solution of the great problem that confronts us all. It displayed a boldness, a directness, a freshness of personal utterance, rare in the present homogeneous flow of French novels. The heroine, an orphan, is brought up in the country by her uncle, a Greek scholar, who teaches her his own Greek-tinged approbations and disapprobations concerning life and literature, and his aversion to the mediæval and Christian influences, which still, in his opinion, regulate too much of modern life. Hellé, bred a pagan, and free from the ignorances, reticences, insipidities, and also the infiltered sophistications of a *jeune fille*, grows up, as her name implies, a young Hellene. She is indeed charming, and the scenery in which her girlhood is passed — the old French country-house, dignified and serious, the garden, the woods and walks beyond, the French sky overhead, the south wind blowing — is very simply and charmingly done. The uncle himself suggests the type, now become classical, embodied in Emile Souvestre's *Un philosophe sous les toits*.

When Hellé is grown up, her uncle, very proud of his handsome, high-minded, intellectual young pagan, takes her to Paris to introduce her to society, or more truly, to look for a husband. He wishes for a man to whom he may, with quiet mind and happy heart, bequeath her; the girl, herself, is possessed with the idea of a Greek demi-god, whom she shall adore. Two lovers of different types present themselves, one a young poet, handsome, clever, admired of women, a frequenter of salons, a professing worshiper of Greece; the other, a social reformer, a serious, almost sombre, enthusiast, who has given away his fortune in order to devote himself to the task of diminishing the huge sum of social injustice. The latter wins the uncle's esteem, frequents the house, persuades Hellé to interest herself in the concerns of justice and charity, and declares his love for her. The poet, fresh from the Isles of Greece, reciting alcaics to a silver lyre, also admires Hellé's beauty, her divergence from the common type, and makes love to her very prettily. On the occasion of the first representation of his Greek masque, in the midst of applause and excitement, stirred by music and poetry, she imagines that he is her demi-god and the two become betrothed. The uncle is already dead, and so a cousin of the bridegroom, a lady of fashionable interests and aptitudes, undertakes to lead the bride-to-be into the green pastures of her social world. In the course of this pilgrimage a critical situation arises in which the poet reveals a mean nature. The poetic spell is broken; Hellé realizes that she has let herself be deceived by the romantic dreams of inexperience; she turns, with a hungry soul, to the rejected suitor who is wholly and truly possessed by the great enthusiasms, — love, loyalty, jus-

tice, truth. The two are married; and if one is tempted to add "lived together happily ever afterwards," the addition springs from a complete and childlike sympathy.

The freshness, the innocence (not of ignorance but of aspiration), the romance of the story, ring a chime like memories of youth; the simple proportions of the plot, the unaffected presentation of the characters, the light that illumines the book, like the first flush of an heroic morning, persuade the reader's judgment to confirm the decision of his sentiment. No wonder that the Academy, breathing in the fresh air of ardent hope and noble belief, was eager to bestow the well-deserved coronet.

The *Storm-bird* (*l'Oiseau d'orage*), written a year earlier than *Hellé*, was not published, I believe, until a year later. This is the novel M. Rod judged "most delightful," "most perfect." The plot is of the simplest and most conventional nature. There are three characters, the plain, affectionate, unsuspicious husband, the delicate, over-sensitive wife, and the *jeune premier*. The culmination of the plot is reached about the middle of the book; the *jeune premier* flits away, leaving the wife to the bitterness of disillusion. It is impossible for an ordinary American to imagine that a wife of refined mind and manners could subordinate so readily her affection for her husband to what from the first presents itself as a very bald temptation. M. Rod, however, in the freedom of his larger experience, is not troubled, and finds the story "délicieux." And for us also the narrative of the heroine's disillusion and repentance is admirable. Its truthfulness and impetuous emotion show tender sympathy, sweet womanliness, and a loving heart, and go far to support M. Rod's verdict, "most perfect."

La Rebelle, written in the years 1904–05, displays enlarged experience of life, close study of that experience, strength and ease in making use of it, and an unshaken, unshakable optimism. The heroine, the rebel, has an odious husband; she cooks for him, tends him, physics him, endures his "Balzacian" humors, and fulfills all the obligations that she recognizes. Life with him is literally unendurable; she obtains strength to support it in the love of another. The husband dies; the lover passes on, abandoning the heroine and their little boy. It is then that the hero, Noël Delysle, comes upon the scene. He is a man of strong and deep feelings, full of high discontent with social injustice, young and sensitive; he entertains a proud disdain for the vulgarity of the ordinary ways of social life, but he sips with some frequency the fly-blown honey which that social life offers. The heroine, on her part, is refined, delicate, and womanly. The friendship between the two, which starts with strictly Platonic intentions, slowly ripens into love. But there is one obstacle to their complete intermingling of soul. The more Delysle loves her, the more jealous he becomes of her first lover. With a man's longing for complete proprietorship he insists upon knowing all her past, and she cloaks nothing. He wishes her to say that her feeling for her first lover was a caprice; but she rejects any disguise of the truth; love alone justified her conduct, and she would not do herself the wrong to deny its genuineness and intensity. Delysle professes to believe in a full charter of liberty for a woman; but this claim upon her past held by another man and embodied in their child is more than he can bear. Possessed by the instinct of personal dignity, she continues to accept and justify her past, and thinks him unreasonable. Their union trembles on the brink of disruption. But as her love grows and comes to dominate her wholly, she begins to hate that past, which is not his, and renounces it passionately. More, however, is necessary; he must be able to accept that renunciation as fully as she offers it. Her child falls ill and very nearly dies. In his sympathy for her agony, love triumphs over jealousy; he longs for the life of her child, his rival's

child, as if it were his own. The child recovers; but her past has been blotted out, his love has quenched all jealousy, and the lovers are bound each to each by a love "strong as death, deep as the grave," built upon trust, loyalty, and truth.

IV

Mme. Tinayre's novels are didactic, they express decided opinions; but her fresh, maidenly personality, unshaken, undisturbed by contact with the intellectual life of Paris, shines brilliantly in them all; and though we are reminded of the old editor of *La Fronde*, who has forsaken the *féministe revue* for the larger scope of the novel, that is merely because she is still absorbed in the enfranchisement of woman. Mme. Tinayre approaches her subject from a distinctly feminine point of view; she is wholly dominated by a poetic sense of the worth of romantic love. For her the highest attainment of man and woman is true love. All cannot attain it; for true love is the prize of the noblest capacity for love, — as the achievements of genius are the prizes of genius, — and cannot be won by any who are not strong in truth, loyalty, purity of heart, and deep desire.

> Dalle più alte stelle
> Discende uno splendore
> Che'l desir tira a quelle,
> E quel si chiama amore.

Nevertheless, when this splendor that mortals call love comes down from the highest stars, it reveals not merely to the lovers themselves but to all the world a perfect human ideal. It is a grace emanating from the nature of the universe that descends upon the elect, and through them blesses all men. Man and woman, by it incorporate, become one complete being; and from their union springs a nobler race. Mme. Tinayre finds the chief obstacle to the realization of this Platonic ideal in the social restraints that shut women out of the freedom accorded to men. Checked and thwarted by lack of freedom, a woman cannot forsake all else and follow the ideal of her heart; nor will a man, for the sake of a being less free, less amply grown than himself, exert his full capacity for love. The aim of Mme. Tinayre and her fellow chartists is to secure for women the full stature of womanhood that Nature grants, by releasing them from the peculiar burdens, economic, social, ethical, that past centuries have put upon them. This is reasonable. *Freedom*, not *Equality*, is their cry. The taunt of the partisans of "masculine superiority," that Nature has established inequality between man and woman, is irrelevant and ill-bred. There is no *equality* in the universe except among isosceles triangles; Nature has a mad passion for differences. The *féministes* wish not to thwart Nature but to return to her.

Mme. Tinayre boldly confronts the most difficult and delicate part of this proposed enfranchisement of woman. She has a profound, a devout belief in the holiness of Nature; if men and women will love one another with all their power of love, the regeneration of the world will be secure. In *Hellé*, true love was attained in conformity with a social system such as we have here in America. In *L'Oiseau d'orage* illusion put on the form of reality — false Duessa appeared in the guise of Una — and the offense brought its own punishment. In *La Rebelle* the road was encompassed by false paths and the heroine went astray, but, keeping her eyes fixed on her guiding star, she found her right road and attained.

Where such poetic beliefs obtain, conformity with the conventions of social expediency is of secondary importance. Ecclesiastical rites, if they are the public proclamation of a true marriage, are touched by the nobility and by the religious character of the inward love, but depend wholly for their sacredness upon that love. A *mariage de convenance*, which almost inevitably bars the wife from all chance of true love, becomes not merely inexpedient but wicked; and ought not in reason to debar a woman

from her spiritual right to give and receive love, honor, and respect. Most clearly, a legal union that does not bind the husband does not bind the wife. In all her doctrines, Mme. Tinayre expresses the cause of the individual soul as against the claims of society.

Her consideration of this cornerstone of human society is the main substance of her novels; yet they are interesting in themselves merely as stories. Mme. Tinayre is a rarely gifted woman; and she has the charming art of depicting her own personality most clearly at the very time when she is most taken up with her subject. Her theme indeed possesses her, using her thought and hand to express itself. Not her least attraction for us foreigners is her marked French flavor. For though she differs from contemporary French novelists in almost every way, she is eminently French. She is wholly free from cynicism, and yet she is not blind to the things that make men cynics; she is wholly free from artificial sentimentality, and yet she has great sentiment; she is a free thinker, and yet a devout believer in the religion of the heart; she is a Parisian, and yet finds her interest, not in the shadows and sunny glimmerings of Parisian life, but in the human hunger for love.

She has not yet, indeed, acquired that delightful French accomplishment of rendering her thought buoyant by the mere grace and ease of her language, such as marks many a writer on the *Figaro;* nevertheless, she traces her literary descent from the great masters. Like a honeybee she has sipped honey from the flowers that please her. She has the frank self-expression, both premeditated and unconscious, the *c'est moi que je peins* of Montaigne; the optimistic trust in nature of Rousseau; the almost girlish romanticism of Victor Hugo; the fresh womanliness of George Sand; and far deeper and more formative than these is the old spirit of Celtic poetry that burned in the pleasant land of France before the Teuton invaders or even the Romans came. The Celtic idea of love is embodied in *Tristram and Iseult,* — a legend indeed of the Celts of Cornwall, yet its inheritance fell not to England but to France. M. Gaston Paris says, "The note that dominates this Celtic poetry is that of love. *Tristram,* among all the great poems of humanity, is the poem of love. To the poetry of Greece love is almost unknown; in the noble Teuton poetry love is severe and pure, it knows no passion but the vague aspiration of the youth for his betrothed, or the profound, chaste faithfulness of the wife for her husband. But Celtic poetry sings of love, free from all ties, from all restraints, from all duty other than to itself, — a love, born of fate, passionate, lawless, that carries all before it, — difficulty, danger, death, even honor." This Celtic passion burns in Mme. Tinayre's veins, but she has also inherited, either from her remote Frankish ancestry or some nearer German strain, the pure and severe idea of love that is inseparable from faith and truth —

> "Hang there, my soul, like fruit, till the tree die."

She insists upon this spirit of love as the magic that can lift men and women above the vulgarity of life, above the grossness of their animal origin, that can open their eyes to the radiance of God, which is obscured by the curtains of existence without love. The very fierceness of passion is proof of its permanence; it is master by right because its rule is long as life. It is profoundly ethical, because it is the foundation of all aspiration. It dominates the body, because it possesses the soul, and, with the soul, possesses all that belongs to the soul. No disciple of Browning is more a believer than she in, "Nor soul helps flesh more now, than flesh helps soul."

This deep informing Celtic inheritance and the various influences of French literature do not in any way obscure Mme. Tinayre's fresh, delightful personality; they but serve to bring out its full color.

In enumerating her French traits, one must not omit a certain frankness of

thought and of speech, far more common in France than with us, which, indeed, until we learn to know her, half threatens to erect a barrier between her and our sympathies. At times the American reader feels that Mme. Tinayre's frankness is excessive, that it is not needed to make her point, that it in fact goes so far as to suggest a disregard for the safety of those dikes which civilization has set up against the spring floods of the great river of animal life; such an inference would be wholly wrong. This frankness is French; it is honest; it is serious; and, we are persuaded, it is necessary.

The argument that persuades one to this surrender of American doctrine is the trait that distinguishes Mme. Tinayre among other writers, even more than her romanticism and her advocacy of the feminine cause, which indeed are rather themes than qualities; — her maidenliness, I mean, that is innate in the conviction that love comes but once into a life, that it has a right to our absolute loyalty, and that nothing but death may gainsay it. This maidenliness, so rare in French literature, — "fair as a star when only one is shining in the sky," — makes not only the secret of her charm but also the persuasiveness of her advocacy; it lights up her books with that purity of purpose, which (when, for instance, we lean over the bow of a ship and stare at the moonlight on the inscrutable darkness of the ocean) we feel to be our most profound human need.

THE SPELL OF WHITMAN

BY M. A. DEWOLFE HOWE

WHAT is it in Walt Whitman, the writer and the man, which will not permit people to stop writing and publishing books about him? When his unique star first rose above the horizon of letters, more than fifty years ago, it would have taken something beyond even his own confidence in himself to foresee the present extent of "Whitman literature." Year by year its growth has continued; and now at a bound it is enlarged, in a single year, by four volumes which are far from negligible. Two of these books [1] are formal lives; a third [2] embodies the personal and general observations of an ardent admirer; the fourth [3] — most ardent of all, because it assumes most — preserves the daily words of Whitman during four months of his old age. If anywhere, then in these four volumes, one should be able to get at something of the spell which Whitman casts over those who feel his spell at all.

First of all it is to be recognized that the spell is not, and cannot be, universal. Multitudes have shown themselves, and other multitudes will remain, immune to it. Vaccine of a uniform strength and purity cannot be made to "take" in every inoculation. We know what happened, before the days of modern science, to seed that fell upon stony ground. The sower of the parable, however, might have made a shrewd guess about the

[1] *A Life of Walt Whitman.* By HENRY BRYAN BINNS. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1905.

Walt Whitman: His Life and Work. By BLISS PERRY. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1906.

[2] *Days with Walt Whitman.* With Some Notes on his Life and Work. By EDWARD CARPENTER. New York: The Macmillan Co London: George Allen. 1906.

[3] *With Walt Whitman in Camden (March 28–July 14, 1888).* By HORACE TRAUBEL. Boston: Small, Mayard & Co. 1906.

chances of the seed which he distributed with so liberal a hand. Herein he differed radically from Whitman. The planting to which Whitman looked especially for his crop has come practically to naught. The ground which at the first he would have regarded as stony has borne fruit abundantly. The average American, working with his hands, unschooled, flannel-shirted, has displayed a perverse preference for Longfellow and the traditional forms. What Whitman seems to have expected is stated in his own words:

> "The woodman that takes his axe and jug with him shall take me with him all day,
> The farm-boy, ploughing in the field, feels good at the sound of my voice."

In the lines that follow he expresses an equal confidence that fishermen, seamen, and soldiers will find him indispensable. On the contrary, it is from the highly civilized, the ultra-sophisticated, that the response to Whitman has chiefly come. Most of all — and to Whitman's frank astonishment — it came during his lifetime from English scholars and critics. "It is very odd to me," said Whitman to Mr. Traubel, "that such men on the other side — Symonds, Dowden, Gosse, Carpenter — such men — should take such a shine to me — should show themselves to be so friendly to my work — yes, should seem so truly to understand me. The same sort of men on this side are opposed — the essay, critical, scholar, class is dead against me — the whole clan with scarcely an exception." To Edward Carpenter he said in 1877, "I had hardly realized that there was so much interest in me in England. I confess I am surprised that America, to whom I have especially addressed myself, is so utterly silent." The untutored and the tutored American alike have fallen short of Whitman's expectations of their interest in him and his work. The hook that was baited for one kind of fish has landed quite another on the bank. It is not for the fisherman or the spectator to complain, but merely to observe the phenomenon, and, looking from the waters to the sky, to reflect that arrows shot into the air may sometimes be found in the most unforeseen of oaks.

There are, indeed, certain hearts in which the song of Whitman is sure not to be found. Just as surely its lodgment is made in others. Many radicals, of whom Edward Carpenter is a typical representative, turn instinctively to Whitman as their peculiar prophet. For all of Lowell's early following of strange gods, however, one is prepared to hear Whitman say of him, "I have always been told by the New England fellows close to Lowell that his feeling toward me is one of radical aversion." To this he joins a naïve illustration of his own critical scope: "My own feeling towards him is a feeling of indifference: I don't seem impressed by him either way: I have no interest in him — when I look about in my world he is not in sight." To Emerson on the other hand Whitman could hardly have failed at one time to look as to his master; and the master would not have been quite true to his own colors had he withheld his "well done," however he may have come to repent the warmth of its first expression.

The bewilderment to which Emerson's prompt acceptance of Whitman gave rise, the failure of his followers to follow him into the precincts of the Whitman spell, are admirably set forth by Mr. Carpenter: "Here was Emerson, the imperial one, whose finger laid on a book was like a lighthouse beam to all the coteries of Boston, actually recommending some new poems to the whole world in terms of unstinted praise. The whole world, of course, went to buy them. A hundred parlors of mildly literary folk or primly polite Unitarian and Congregational circles beheld scenes over which kind history has drawn a veil! — the good husband or head of the house, after tea or supper, settling down in his chair. 'Now for the new book, so warmly spoken of!' the ladies taking their knitting and sewing, their dresses rustling slightly as they arrange themselves to listen, the general

atmosphere of propriety and selectness; and then the reading! Oh, the reading! The odd words, the unusual phrases, the jumbled sequences, the stumbling uncertainty of the reader, the wonderment on the faces of the listeners, and finally —confusion and the pit! the book closed, and hasty flight and dispersion of the meeting. Then, later, timid glances again at the dreadful volume, only to find, amid quagmires and swamps, the reptilian author addressing the belovèd Emerson as 'Master,' and saying, 'these shores *you* found!' Was it a nightmare? Had the emperor gone mad? or was his printed letter merely a fraud and a forgery?"

Even outside the "coteries of Boston" there have always been plenty of readers demanding much more than the endorsement of Emerson to make Whitman endurable. But it is rather to those who have accepted him than to those who have not that our present concern directs itself. Mr. Binns's compendious volume is the significant expression of a man who begins by asserting that he is not a literary critic. He feels, moreover, that the final interpretation of Whitman must come from an American. What he undertakes is to "offer a biographical study from the point of view of an Englishman." In the course of his abundant biographical record he provides also his personal estimates of the quality in Whitman which has attracted and held him. He asks himself, for instance, "Does *Leaves of Grass* awake some quality of the soul which answers neither to the words of Tennyson nor Browning, Emerson nor Carlyle?" In answer he says, "The proof of emotional reaction requires some skill in self-observation and more impartiality; but, on the whole, I think those who have tried it fairly seem to take my part, and to answer emphatically in the affirmative." For the quality of the distinctive emotion which Whitman evokes in him he proceeds to say: "Briefly, it is the complex but harmonious emotion which possesses a sane full-blooded man of fully awakened soul, when he realizes the presence of the Eternal and Universal incarnate in some 'spear of summer grass.'"

Here is a fairly definite statement of the definite impression which Whitman has made upon one whose book gives every reasonable token that he himself is "a sane full-blooded man of fully awakened soul." It may be regarded as a typical declaration from such a man, of the class not immune by nature to the Whitman spell.

The shining example of acceptance in what Whitman called "the essay, critical, scholar, class" is of course John Addington Symonds. His declaration has become almost a classic bit in "Whitman literature:" "*Leaves of Grass*, which I first read at the age of twenty-five, influenced me more perhaps than any other book has done, except the Bible; more than Plato, more than Goethe." A more elaborate statement of his debt to Whitman is made at the end of his admirable "Study." He describes himself as having received the ordinary English gentleman's education — Harrow and Oxford — yet with physical disabilities which had made him "decidedly academical, and in danger of becoming a prig." At first his æsthetic, rather than his moral, sensibilities were repelled by what he found in *Leaves of Grass*. "My academical prejudices," he says, "the literary instincts trained by two decades of Greek and Latin studies, the refinements of culture, revolted against the uncouthness, roughness, irregularity, coarseness, of the poet and his style. But, in course of a short time, Whitman delivered my soul of these debilities. As I have said elsewhere in print, he taught me to comprehend the harmony between the democratic spirit, science, and that larger religion to which the modern world is being led by the conception of human brotherhood, and by the spirituality inherent in any really scientific view of the universe. He gave body, concrete vitality, to the religious creed which I had been already forming for myself upon the study of Goethe, Greek and Roman Stoics, Giordano Bruno, and the found-

ers of the evolutionary doctrine. He inspired me with faith, and made me feel that optimism was not unreasonable. This gave me great cheer in those evil years of enforced idleness and intellectual torpor which my health imposed upon me. Moreover, he helped to free me from many conceits and pettinesses to which academical culture is liable. He opened my eyes to the beauty, goodness, and greatness which may be found in all worthy human beings, the humblest and the highest. He made me respect personality more than attainments or position in the world. Through him, I stripped my soul of social prejudices. Through him, I have been able to fraternize in comradeship with men of all classes and several races, irrespective of their class, creed, occupation, and special training. To him I owe some of the best friends I now can claim, — sons of the soil, hard-workers, 'natural and nonchalant,' 'powerful uneducated' persons."

Though "the deliverance from foibles besetting invalids and pedants" gave Symonds his special occasion for gratitude, this surely is an extraordinary acknowledgment of "value received." As perhaps the most important statement from a man of the scholarly type which Symonds brilliantly represented, it has seemed worth reproducing at length. The testimony of many others, expected and unexpected disciples, might be cited to swell the list. John Burroughs, the lover and interpreter of nature, belongs by every right to the band of admirers. Mrs. Gilchrist, the Englishwoman of cultivation and sensitiveness, forgave in her enthusiasm even the ignoring of our "instinct of silence about some things." Stevenson, though subsequently "saying yes with reservations," and winning Whitman's opprobrium thereby, found *Leaves of Grass* at first "a book which tumbled the world upside down" for him. Tributes like these came, and still come, just as frequently from those who had not encountered Whitman in the flesh, as from those who had.

Undoubtedly Whitman's physical presence made a strong appeal to many observers. Not only his bus-drivers and ferry-boat hands, the chance laborers with whom he exchanged greetings on the street, the wounded soldiers he nursed with all the feminine tenderness of his nature, but also the critical visitors who came to see the man because they knew his work, found in him something memorable. The early gray hair, the brow and eyes, the positive attribute of cleanliness, like that of some freshly rain-washed object in nature, all were tokens of a distinctive essence of personality. The insight and sympathy revealed in much of his talk, the impression of democracy personified, the largeness and individuality of his attitude towards life, the attitude of a prophet whose guidance was entirely his own — all these things impressed the visitor. And now that Whitman is gone some recognition of the force of the personal Whitman tradition in maintaining his peculiar spell must be made.

It cannot be said that the close acquaintance with all the aspects of Whitman's life, acquired through the biographical portions of the new books, strengthens the force of his personal appeal. All the familiar good and lovable qualities of the man are set forth afresh. Nothing in his life was finer than his service in the military hospitals, and that receives the full acknowledgment which is its due. But Mr. Binns, Mr. Carpenter, and Mr. Perry all tell the story, not hitherto made known to the uninitiated, of his paternity of six children for whom there is no evidence that either in life or in death he made provision. The extenuations for his course in this matter are urged with all consideration for his fame; yet one can hardly get away from the truth underlying a sentence (quite without reference to Whitman) in Mr. Owen Wister's latest work of fiction: "And you'll generally observe that the more nobly a Socialist vaporizes about the rights of humanity, the more wives and children he has abandoned penniless along the trail of his life." Nor

can one reconcile the nearly simultaneous deeds and words which illustrate Whitman's conduct and theory in this most personal of concerns. The "episode," as Mr. Perry truly says, "might indeed be passed over with a reluctant phrase or two by his biographers, if it were not for the part it played in the origins of *Leaves of Grass*." Conduct, for one who put himself into his writings as the great composite representative of the new democracy, is manifestly inseparable from the theory he was expounding.

From Mr. Traubel's book, moreover, one gains a larger conception than any hitherto possible of the extent of Whitman's egotism. Again we remember the defenses of the egotism proper to the great democratic individual typified in the ever-present ego of *Leaves of Grass*. One is prepared to forgive in an imaginary giant qualities positively repellant in a flesh-and-blood contemporary. It is disquieting therefore to find in Whitman the person the precise quality and degree of egotism represented, by himself, in Whitman the type. It may fairly be said that Mr. Traubel undertook a dangerous service for his master when he determined to give forth the daily talk of an old man, with all its "hells and damns," to say nothing of all the kisses the old and the young man interchanged, all the trivialities of thought and speech uttered by the master, all the revelations of a critical faculty with horizons quite too obviously determined by the opinions of him entertained by the persons criticised. It is hardly enough to say he was an old man enfeebled by sickness, and, towards the end of the four months which Mr. Traubel's four hundred and sixty-eight ample pages record, cruelly shattered by shocks of paralysis. Many of us have known old men, some of them distinguished for achievement of one sort or another. Yet their fading days have not been shot with anxious consideration of what others have thought and will think of them, with repeated weighings of the merits of all the photographs and paintings for which they have ever sat, with fishing out of the litter which strewed an amazing floor the flattering letters — it was always these which magnetized the crook of Whitman's cane — and handing them over to be read aloud for the recipient's present pleasure, and printed for his future glory. Had our elderly friends made these revelations of themselves, it would have been the part of friendship to suppress them. Mr. Traubel, in his somewhat explosive preface, declares, "I do not come to conclusions. I provide that which may lead to conclusions. I provoke conclusions." The pity is that this unrestrained Boswell did not provoke different conclusions; for, without any unwarrantable *suppressio veri* he might have done so. In all the mass of chaff there is quite enough of true grain — of sage and admirable thoughts and sayings — to have made a smaller book which would have done the fame of Whitman a laudable service. Whitman has sorely needed discreeter friends. Their zeal and loyalty as champions have been equaled only by the disciples of Mrs. Eddy.

All the more, therefore, it was high time for an American of the despised "essay, critical, scholar, class," yet one whose spirit was not immune to the Whitman virus, to produce an ample critical biography. A Symonds in England could apprehend and appraise, as Symonds so generously did, the spirit and significance of Whitman's message and its medium. But an American, with an academic breeding as typically American as Symonds's was English, approaches the biographical task with a palpable advantage. If his native endowment places him, moreover, amongst "the born disciples of Whitman," he may be expected to arrive at conclusions at once sane and sympathetic. Without this native fitness, all the scholarly training in the world will profit him nothing. With it the fortunate biographer may write a judicial book about Whitman, and that without any lack of

warmth where warmth is due. He may tell the story of Whitman's life with fullness, giving him cordial credit for all its distinctions and sincerities, yet not permitting an admiration for those qualities to blind him to what was merely cheap and insincere. He will subject the work of Whitman to the careful critical tests which can be made only by a scholar of wide reading and an enthusiast for the best in letters. In short, he will give us at last the true Whitman.

In a happy phrase about the pulse of the Whitman machine — "that unlucky machine of the 'official democrat' which sometimes kept on revolving when the poet was loafing" — Mr. Perry has accounted for much that encumbers the most hopeless pages of Whitman. When he writes as one of "the born disciples" he states their case — his own case — in words upon which it would be hard to improve: "It is plain that to such readers Whitman is more than a mere writer. To them the question whether he wrote poetry or prose counts for nothing compared with the fundamental question whether this was or was not a man with something glorious to say. To vex his message with academic inquiries about the type of literature to which it belongs is like badgering St. Paul about the syntax of his epistle to the Romans. Whitman has become to them no longer a rhapsodist to be read, enjoyed and quoted: he is an ethical force, a regenerator, a spiritual discoverer who has brought them into a new world." If this be a true ascription of power then Whitman deserves the place Mr. Perry gives him, — "upon the whole the most original and suggestive poetic figure since Wordsworth." Under the same proviso, the final venture into prophecy is warranted: "No American poet now seems more sure to be read, by the fit persons, after one hundred or five hundred years." Whether this fit audience is to be qualified like Milton's — "though few" — the coming centuries, in their dealing with the tentative prophecy, will tell. In the very present, one may assert with confidence that Mr. Perry has done more for Whitman than his most vociferous followers have accomplished. He acknowledges, even repeats, the worst that may be said of Whitman, writer and man, and then shows how triumphantly the best of him shines out above it all. This is an achievement for which the true friends of Whitman, whatever some of them may think at first, must come in time to be devoutly thankful.

There is one point in the consideration of Whitman upon which Mr. Perry touches but lightly, — his influence upon his successors. It is shown that his imitators "have not thus far been able to bend his bow." But what of those whose torches he has helped to light, whose spirit has caught something from his, even though they have made no attempt to follow his outward forms? Should the unwritten chapter on these persons have been headed "The Snakes in Ireland"?

A contributor to a recent *Atlantic* would have us think so. "Where are the spiritual descendants of Walt Whitman?" is the question with which this writer embarks upon the praise of three younger Americans joined together for their resemblance in the single quality of being unlike Whitman. A cardinal point in this unlikeness is their regard for form. Yet it is possible to imagine another critic undertaking to point out the debts of one or more of those singers to Whitman, — and proving his case. The statistics of spiritual indebtedness can be made to prove many things. But by good chance there is in another magazine for the same month as that in which the *Atlantic* article appeared a poem which in itself makes some reply to the critic's query. This is the Harvard Phi Beta Kappa poem, *The Soul's Inheritance*, by Mr. George Cabot Lodge. The line emphasized by repetition — "Let us report and celebrate the soul" — speaks for something deeper than the superficial kinship with Whitman betrayed in the very sound of the words. Not only in this line, but in the

whole production, an essential spiritual kinship with Whitman expresses itself. The poem is not in any sense the work of an imitator. Such an one need not have troubled himself to translate Whitman into the terms of the schools. It is rather the utterance through a medium which has all the advantages of proved endurance, of the spirit which Whitman uttered. Mr. Lodge is not the sole voice of this spirit among his contemporaries. The spirit may have come to him and his fellows through channels with which Whitman has had little to do. Yet the resemblances are striking enough to fix a standing place of solid ground beneath those who believe that Whitman's "spiritual descendants" are many and widely distributed. To expect to find them all adopting Whitman's metrical methods would be like looking to-day for all the sympathy with the nineteenth-century revolt against Calvinism among those who wear the garb of the first insurgents.

But the writers who show the influence of Whitman must always, and happily, be outnumbered, a hundred to one, by the readers who feel it. What, after all, has he meant to them? Certainly he has not stocked their vocabularies with familiar phrases. This poet who confessed that he could not quote himself has done virtually nothing to enrich the currency of daily speech. Beyond the line, "I loafe and invite my soul," — which, by the way, is pretty sure to be spoken with half a smile, — what phrase of Whitman has acquired anything like that place in the language which makes a dozen phrases of Longfellow and Emerson instantly recognizable in any circle above the most illiterate? To make such phrases, the true Whitmanite will tell you, was not in Whitman's province; and he is right. It is not the letter, but the spirit of Whitman which gives him his power over those to whom he means either something or everything. He will mean nothing to those who have in their own souls nothing of the "born disciple." Even this elect reader may have to overcome obstacles. "One thing is certain," said Stevenson, "that no one can appreciate Whitman's excellences until he has grown accustomed to his faults." In this preliminary of acceptance may surely be included the discounting of all the unfortunate impressions which are likely to come from knowing too much of Whitman's personal history and characteristics. It is the triumph of Whitman that after all this clearing of the ground so much remains. For all who have the eyes to see and the ears to hear what Whitman has to bring, these things, in the end, seem to be his bountiful offerings: to open new vistas of thought and feeling, new appreciations of beauty; to set free our understandings and sympathies; to help us to realize ourselves as individuals and — at the same time — to take our true places in a democratic world; to apprehend, as Americans, the bigness and significance of "these States," and, as human beings, the unity of mankind. All this is to place us in what is often a new and uplifting relation to the scheme of things. It matters not much by precisely what means it is accomplished. To accomplish it in any way is to work a spell beyond the power of all but a few of the greatest single forces that have influenced mankind.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

A CHILDISH CHAGRIN

THAT the sorrows of childhood, which are so droll to adults, are unspeakably keen to the child has often been remarked, and it is with amusement and a sigh that I recall a silly little experience which came somewhere about my seventh year. I had grown with such ill-judged rapidity as to injure my health, and was sent to recuperate at Cutler, a charming nook far down on the Maine coast, now not unknown to the summer visitor. There I was given over to the care of a kindly old lady, a patient of my father's. She offended my pride on my arrival by declaring in homely phrase that I had "grown up like a weed in the shadow of the pigsty;" but no one could have resisted the good-humor that radiated from her abundant person.

I had no playmates. If children of my tender age existed in Cutler I did not come in contact with them. I was so completely the victim of the kindness of my hostess, at least, that this obliterates all other memories. She was anxious that when my father returned to take me home he should find me greatly improved, and to this end she spared no pains. She gave me cream to drink, and of this I approved greatly; but alas! she had somewhere heard that raw eggs were excellent for delicate children, and from some association of eggs with milk warm from the cow, had added the refinement that the egg should be warm from the hen. This egg was the bane of my existence. I thought of it the first thing when I woke, and I had no appetite for breakfast because I could not help thinking of that ghastly potion, tepid and glutinous, which was sure to come in the middle of the forenoon. The hour varied a little according to the caprices of the hens, but sometime about ten was sure to arise the shrill cackling which announced that my medicine was ready. One plump black bantam in particular had a *cut-cut-ka-dark-cut* which to my excited ears seemed fairly to split the welkin with its hateful din. She was especially approved by her mistress as the producer of big brown eggs, half as large again, it seemed to me, as any laid by the rest of the flock, and my wrath was proportionately furious against her. The air of conscious and officious superiority with which that fat black bantam strutted about after she had given to the world in general and to me in particular one of those famous brown eggs, the rasping discord of her raucous cackle, were enough to drive a nervous child to the verge of distraction.

The anguish I suffered over those doses is beyond telling, and as ludicrous now as it was grievous then. I used on the sly to throw stones at the hens, and especially at that obnoxious black pullet, in the vain hope that I might frighten them out of their infernal fertility, and escape for lack of eggs. I was aware at breakfast that not to eat was to render only doubly certain the coming of that stickily warm abomination, even then being carried about the farmyard by some officious fowl with eyes that shut up from the bottom. Morning after morning I fairly choked in the attempt to eat so much breakfast that I might be spared the dose. I even on one unlucky day tried to conceal a square of corn-cake in my pocket, with the view of throwing it away afterward and cheating my solicitously kind landlady into the notion that I had eaten it. In my tremulous eagerness — I was absurdly nervous — I succeeded only in dropping it to the floor, and in being told, with a beaming smile on her part, that the floor was a poor place "for the Lord's good bread." I could not speak out, for the one or two attempts I made were over-

whelmed by assurances that I did n't know what was good for me, and that at least I wished "to get chunked up" so that my father would be proud of me when he came to take me home.

When once the egg was safely transferred from the body of the hen to my own, Mrs. Stamen used to lead me to the outer door, put my cap firmly on my head, and say with a smile as beaming as that of Mrs. Fezziwig, "Now go and skip on the hills for an hour." This form of address I think I resented more than I did the raw egg. That was at worst a physical injury, and, however misjudged, it was well meant; but this direction to go and skip involved what appeared to my excited imagination a misconception of my dignity which was little less than a deliberate insult. I pondered much and darkly over the matter, and at last evolved the idea that the proper retort was: "I'm not a calf, Mrs. Stamen; and I don't skip." Day after day I tried to screw my courage up to utter this remarkable phrase; but day after day I went out for my solitary recreation with the brilliant repartee unsaid. I hugged myself in secret over the exquisite felicity of the retort, and whenever I saw a calf kick up his heels I chuckled to think how taken aback the old lady would be when I actually spoke. Morning after morning I considered the wit of what I was to say until at times I could almost forget the egg which was warming for me in the bosom of some frumpy fowl. Yet when I had strengthened my soul to produce my jewel of facetiousness, morning after morning I allowed myself to be led tamely to the door and dismissed with the customary instruction to go and skip, without finding courage to speak.

It was not until in the fullness of time father came to take me home that I got the words out. Holding his hand at the moment when we were saying good-by, I suddenly felt that now at last I dared say anything; and looking up boldly into the kindly, plump face above me, I declared firmly: "I am not a calf, Mrs. Stamen."

"What, deary?" she asked in perplexity.

My father looked down on me with quizzical eyes. It was evident that he appreciated the fact that something lay behind the irrelevant words, though he could not guess what. It came over me with a sickening sense of chagrin that neither of them knew in the least what I was talking about. Mrs. Stamen murmured that I was a queer, old-fashioned child; and I felt in a flash the impossibility of attempting anything in the way of explanation. I had shot my bolt, and it had failed of the mark. The exquisitely droll repartee over which I had secretly so rejoiced had fallen absolutely flat. My vanity, which had gloated over the certainty of seeing the quiet smile which could light my father's eyes and just touch the corners of his lips, was stabbed to the quick. I had expected to triumph, and I had simply seemed silly.

It is a trivial bit of the past to come floating up as it does now and again, and of course to-day one could not recall it without a smile; but when my fancy sees again the corpulent benevolence of Mrs. Stamen's figure, the gold beads floating like gilded driftwood on the billows of her neck, and the frail small boy before her flushed with mortification for his own failure, under the smile comes too the current of a sigh for the foolish and sorrowful chagrins of childhood.

MOUNT VERNON REVISITED

AMERICA is a country with many thousands of institutions and only one shrine; only one place in all this big country to which our smart, successful, self-complacent, self-indulgent folk resort from motives of piety purely; not even hoping, in this case, to get the burden of their own sins lightened thereby; abashed, even the most frivolous and vulgar of them, from the moment they enter the sacred precinct, by the commanding presence of a mighty shade: a great and grave Ideal.

I had not seen Mount Vernon for exactly twenty years, when, on the day before Easter, Holy Saturday, I went there with a sympathetic younger friend, much elbowed and put about, but never seriously offended, by a perfect mob of holiday "trippers" and school-children *en vacances*.

We went down from Washington by the train, rather than by the Potomac boat, that we might the more conveniently stop off at shabby, sleepy old Alexandria. It was one of the first days of April, the first really mild and vernal morning of a cold, late spring. The river, under the long bridge, ran brown with Virginian soil; the attenuated sprays of the weeping willows along its banks, fledged lightly with their earliest foliage, waved in the soft, strong wind, like tresses of yellow hair.

The plain colonial church of St. John at Alexandria, — a square structure of red brick with a white wooden belfry, — to which about half our crowd went trooping down an ill-paved side-street, stood with clear glass windows wide open to the spring morning, and the green encompassing churchyard, where a feathered choir was practicing its Easter anthems among the shady pines, or on the still barren boughs of secular oaks.

The parishioners of St. John, having happily recovered — about a generation ago — some portion of the æsthetic senses which had been effectually scattered by our great war of independence, brought down from their dusty attic, and restored to its former position, all the beautiful old white woodwork of the church interior, — the high panelled wainscotting, and the pulpit upborne upon its one tall column, like a lily on a slender stem. Young girls of the parish, on that sacred Saturday morning of suspended hope, were lovingly dusting pew and desk and wall-panel, and bringing in the first crocuses of the season, to trim the altar for the morrow's festa. What we saw was exactly what the Father of his Country used to see in his last years, when he said his prayers weekly in the prim, high-backed pew, — only a little more spacious than its neighbors, — standing up for the General Confession (we have it on the authority of his favorite Nelly Custis that he did not kneel), and getting counsel and comfort *from somewhere*, with courage to live on.

The tablet which records his passing, exactly at the close of the century that his name adorns, is in the centre of the white wall-space facing the Washington pew. It is an extremely modest memorial, without one word of pompous eulogy, and in the corresponding space upon the other side of the altar is inserted, with a curious effect of style and symmetry, another tablet, the only other one the church contains, to the memory of Robert Lee.

"Out of the same clay . . . one vessel to honour, and one" — not to dishonor surely, but to irremediable and most sorrowful defeat. Two brave sons of Virginia, baptized in the same faith, reared in the same tradition; "One port methought, alike they sought;" and it was easy, on that clear vigil of the Resurrection, to divine their union with full understanding there.

Some such simple morning-service as ours at Alexandria ought always, I think, to be first attended by the good American who proposes making his act of faith at Mount Vernon. It prepares the mind for what is to follow, and strikes the true chord of a dignified austerity. Let us faithfully keep the pitch of those two notes, — the one just as essential as the other to a right perception of the *genius loci:* the silent admonition offered to a scampering, squandering generation by that beautiful old seat on the Potomac.

Beautiful for situation it certainly is. The eastern coast of the North American Continent can lay no great claim to distinction in scenery, — as the glories of this world's landscape go. It is nowhere in the great style. But there are spots among its rugged hills, or along its

wooded river-banks and winding estuaries which have a very real and beguiling, if not overpowering, charm. Pre-eminent among these is that commanding slope upon the large bend of a noble stream, which was chosen with unerring if unconscious taste, by the man who built Mount Vernon: while the house he planned, both in its original form and as judiciously enlarged to meet the requirements of the retired generalissimo and chief magistrate, is worthy of the ground it stands on, and exactly adapted to it.

Coming back after so long an absence, and after having seen quite a number of the more sumptuous habitations of men, I find Mount Vernon, more than ever, the ideal country home of the republican gentleman. It is exactly the sort of place which would have been dear to the heart of a Roman of the *vieille roche*, moved, by the reckless extravagances of a pair of comparatively new men like the Cicero brothers, to a certain fastidious disdain.

It has, indeed, now I come to think of it, not a little of the rustic nobility, the pure atmosphere of a homely religion, with which Pater, in his *Marius*, contrived to invest Whitenights, — the ancestral home of his "naturally Christian" epicurean. How white the plenilunar nights must be, by the way, upon that spacious lawn at Mount Vernon, when surveyed from the long portico upon the river-front, the one rather stately architectural feature of the otherwise rigidly plain white mansion!

Here, where there is nothing for arrogant assumption or vain display, there is everything for personal refinement, an ordered leisure, the simple though ample entertainment of guests of any grade and in almost any number, the decent distinction of a manly retirement at the fitting hour into life's reserves, of one who has borne ungrudgingly the burden and heat of the day. "This modest estate is henceforth my throne. Bid kings come bow to it." And they came.

One cannot help fancying upon the marble lips of the well-known bust, whose firm line it must always have been a little formidable to confront, a distinct rebuke to the meaningless luxury, the profuse and ill-assorted splendors, the insensate emulations — we will say of Dupont Circle!

I have always thought the ground-plan of the Mount Vernon house very attractive, and I wonder that it has not been oftener copied. The carriage-drive and entrance at the back, between the old-fashioned garden with its prim box borders, and the kitchens and comfortable servants' quarters; the wide, airy hall running through the house to the door opening upon the great portico; the four moderate-sized living rooms, two on either side of the hall, — all with their graceful, ample fireplaces economically built across the inner angle; the slightly more elaborate but still simple "banqueting room," added in the final years, and balancing upon one side of the house the wing on the other with the spacious but severely plain library, — a room with something about it of the solemnity of a chapel, made, if ever a room was made, for sober work, untroubled thought, and unspoken prayer, — all these go to make up an interior as unassuming as it is convenient.

The principal guest-rooms are on the first floor, in the main body of the house, while above the library is the quiet chamber, at whose door the most disreputable hat comes off, the shrillest accents are hushed in unaffected awe. For here, under the antique tester, the discharged warrior, the unwillingly released statesman, the happy farmer, lay down for the last time, after a hard day's ride over his beloved acres, through winter wind and sleet. "My lady" — as certain folks of that day to whom their old-world habits clung were fond of calling her — would never allow this room to be occupied again. One seemed to see her — a small and still erect, though rapidly aging figure, climbing o' winter nights, as we did on that April day, the narrow creak-

ing stair that leads to the room above the General's chamber. It is a decent place enough, but still a species of attic, and according to the universally accepted legend, the widow chose it for her own occupancy, because its western window commanded the narrow path down which her lord's coffin had been carried through the snows of December to the old brick family tomb under trees that overhang the river. In our very mixed company of visitors there was a plain, solitary, elderly woman, in a black veil and white cap, who paused and leaned her forehead, for a moment, against the frame of that west window, — while her round shoulders heaved with a silent sob.

Good-by, Mount Vernon! But let us not go without one gracious word of thanks and praise for the devoted women to whose civic piety, untiring zeal, and unerring taste, we owe the rescue from decay, and the restoration of Mount Vernon to its fine — though ever plain — old semblance. All that the ladies of the Mount Vernon Association have done has been done skillfully and reverently. They have made no mistakes. There is not a discordant note, nor a touch of false color, nor a sensible anachronism anywhere.

Good-by again to the pleasant and revered old place. And if for another twenty years, good-by forever!

A NEW PROFESSION

I FANCY some surprise would be created if the advertising columns of our best newspapers printed the following: —

EXPERT KENDALL, Ph.D

GENERAL INFORMER

Literary, Historical, Artistic, Political and Miscellaneous Questions answered by correspondence, from two dollars upwards:

Address 593 Fredonia Street: no dealings by Telephone.

Yet there seems to be need of just such a professor. No one who has not been the victim of seekers after miscellaneous truth knows the annoyance to which some men are subjected. The "To Correspondents" column of some newspapers gives a fair notion of the variety and muddle generally of these queries. But many for one reason or another disdain newspapers and hurl their doubts at some person, who they think is well equipped with general lore, in somewhat this style.

"Should we say to-morrow is Tuesday, or to-morrow will be Tuesday?" Question generally received on a Friday, increasing the difficulty.

"Where do the lines come from under Guido's Aurora?"

"Who first said 'Consistency, thou art a jewel'?"

"I am to take part in a class debate at Niobrara University, on the question, 'Should the U. S. tariff be revised?' Please send me any speeches or other documents you may have on the affirmative."

"An Englishman asserted to me that George Washington was born in that country." [Which country?] "Is there any foundation for this claim?"

"Do you think Horace or Whittier the greater bard?"

"I send you a poem on the Battle of San Juan. Please give me your advice as to the best way of publishing it."

Some of the questions so sent are absurd; some have no answer; some may be answered by the commonest books of reference; not a few would require great labor to answer properly. But to send any reply at all requires some expenditure in time, labor, and stationery, and breaks in on one's ordinary vocations. There is not the excuse of friendship; these questions come from absolute strangers, "knowing your scholarship."

Now here is my contention: If these same people had an important question which only a physician, a lawyer, an architect, an artist could solve, they would consult an expert and expect to pay for

his opinion backed by authority. That authority has cost time, labor, and money to acquire. His bills are not by any means always paid; but they are expected. The student of literature, history, and art,— the man who knows Veronese from Velasquez, and George Washington from William Washington, spent time, money, and labor to acquire that knowledge. Why should not he be paid too? Yet the very suggestion of accompanying an answer with a charge of two dollars for "information rendered" would raise a horse laugh, or a hysteric giggle. Sometimes has the querist had the grace to send a stamp, or perhaps a stamped envelope. Yet, as Dr. Holmes somewhere says, enclosing a stamp does not necessarily entitle the writer to an answer.

Some years ago the late Lord Truro (a lord chancellor's son) fitted up a spacious house in a once fashionable quarter of London with dictionaries, peerages, encyclopædias, guide-books, and the like, and installed an army of clerks there. He made it the headquarters of information, charging suitably for the article.

Nobilissima cura, e che l' imiti
Ben degno alcun magnanimo.

THE PASSING OF THE BOOKMARK

"What is this in between the leaves of the old book?"

The query came from a small boy who stood by, watching curiously while the choreman and the scrubwoman pursued their reckless path through the peaceful and long untroubled upper shelves in a neglected alcove of the library.

"That is a bookmark, an old-fashioned bookmark," Aunt Tabitha responded, pausing a moment in her task of superintending and admonishing.

The small boy carefully inspected the decorated bit of cardboard, with its faded background of brocaded ribbon fluttering from either end.

"Why don't they have them nowadays?" he questioned; but his aunt had vanished, to reprimand the choreman for putting back some twenty volumes of the British Essayists upon the shelves, with titles upside down.

The small boy put the bookmark back and shut it up again in the old musty volume, remarking,—"I guess it is because the people nowadays don't read such great big books, or if they do, they have n't time to care about where they leave off, and so it does n't matter where they begin again."

"Little books," — what a multitude of them do yearly make their entry into the reader's universe. And if one puts them down, how very little it does matter just where one takes them up again. When bookmarks were in vogue, there was no rapid distribution of each season's "new books," and the great tidal wave of periodicals had not submerged the reading public. From time to time, grandfather purchased a few new books; he bought them, after careful deliberation and anxious consultation with my grandmother, because they were the *best* and not because they were the *latest* publications. When these books made their entry into grandfather's household, they were received with all the deference due to distinguished and most welcome guests. They were inspected tenderly and critically, and suitable positions assigned them among the other volumes in the library. Then, one by one, they were read with deliberation and thought. They were not skimmed, or tossed aside, to make place for some still more recent comer; they were read slowly and enjoyed; in the calm of those leisure hours which followed the active labors of the day, these literary guests furnished amusement and pleasant recreation. Grandmother read two or three chapters and then put in her bookmark and laid the volume aside.

What did the bookmark indicate? Perchance it marked something besides the place where grandmother stopped reading. Perchance it marked an epoch in which the word "serenity" was widely understood, and in which readers opened

their books with a restful tranquillity. And with the passing of the bookmark, has not the whole attitude towards the book world changed?

ON CERTAIN THINGS TO EAT

I AM often reminded of that friend of Charles Lamb's who held that no man could be pure in heart who did not like apple dumplings. I would not go so far as that; I would not say that a man *may* not harbor an indifference to sassafras-tea and still be a good man. What I do say is that there are many good men who are mainly insensible to the poetry of things.

There are other brews richer, more exhilarating, more delectable. There is none so delicate. Its true name should be "Spring-in-the-Fields." There is the health of the ploughed ground in it, and the dew on the dog-fennel, the field-lark at morning and the whippoorwill at late dusk, and Bob White along the rail-fence, whistling all day long. Its quality, indeed, is very like Bob White's whistle. Of all the bird-notes, each with its own forever inimitable and distinct quality, there is none like his for voicing the thought of the ploughed fields. It is as clear and serene as the thrush's own; but it has not the unearthly beauty, the ethereal detachment, of his. It has, instead, the very opposite charm: a simple, rustic, earth-loving note, for all it is so crystal clear; just the note to ring freshly all day long through man's own woodlands, and across the morning furrow the ploughman leaves behind him. It, too, is "Spring-in-the-Fields." Analyze it, and you have analyzed the flavor of my sassafras-tea.

He who drinks that is drinking primal innocence. And who, the most sophisticated taster of old vintages, will scorn this oldest and freshest of them all? Then there is the beauty of it. Man is an exacting animal; he eats with his eye no less than with his palate. His wine must have a jewel-like light, his coffee a brown sparkle, his tea must turn the clinking glass of summer luncheon-time into a chalice of amber. He will find no æsthetic lack in sassafras-tea. He might as well drink dawn: young Aurora's idle finger has stirred it, before the world was awake. If he takes cream in his tea, then he elects to drink rose-petals in solution.

In these degenerate days, one may often buy sassafras at the grocery store in the springtime: but my own conviction is that it will not sparkle with its proper light after it has been listed on the grocer's yellow ticket. The true way to procure it — if one may not dig the roots himself — is to buy it by the "bunch" from a grinning little darkey, who rolls his eyes and rubs one rusty shin against the other as he sheepishly quotes his price. And the time to drink it is at supper; for in the land of sassafras they still have supper, untroubled, for the most part, even by the painful conviction that they ought at least to *call* it dinner. Yes, it must add the final touch of grace to the snowy supper-table, just at that gracious moment newly won by the day from the domain of the night: that time of day in the spring when old people look up over their spectacles with touching, wrinkled smiles, and remark with pleased surprise that "the days are getting longer." And it will be at the time of year, too, when the windows are left open in the dining-room at supper-time, for the first time in some months, — oh, three or four, maybe. That is the time for people in farm-houses and villages and small Southern cities to "thin their blood," as the old folks say, with a cup of sassafras-tea.

Then there is watermelon. I think I am seldom conscious of an acuter pang than when I see watermelon on a restaurant table, or in a dining-car, or on the tray of a white waiter at some Northern hostelry. It is like being reminded of the existence of sweatshops, and stockyards, and colonies of lepers. It reminds me that there must be people in the world who have never eaten watermelons any other way: who have never taken them, cool

and dripping, from the milk-trough, or held in their two hands the great crescent-shaped slices (heart to mouth and shameless chin a-drip), or taken one out of a thousand from a roadside patch in broad daylight (perhaps — if one were sophisticated, and loved the *Travels with a Donkey* — leaving a dime in the smooth earthy hollow where its round green stomach had reposed), and burst it over a "snake-fence," and eaten merely its great rosy heart out, like some barbaric epicure. The watermelon is not poetic like sassafras-tea. It is not the whistle of Bob White, but the rich, mellow singing of the barefooted "buck-nigger" as he hoes his way down the long cotton row through the shimmering summer heat. It is a veritable, edible sun-flower. It is "Summer-in-the-Fields;" and it has something of the cheapening voluptuousness, the tropic lack of reticence and restraint, the exuberance connoting exhaustion, of the Southern summer, flaunting and unashamed. But it has also its generousness, its all but cloying sweetness, its rank primitive joy. It has no flavor: only sugar, juice, and color, — but each to excess. A morning-glory is not more perishable. But it is perfect of its kind; and that is why it is so painful to see it, with its huge bulk, its coarse, wilting texture, its flaring color, looming among the salt-cellars and all the neat, artificial fittings of a restaurant table. Some wild things are in place there: the raspberry glows like a dewy flower among jewels; and the milder cantaloupe, with its rich salmons and its pale yellows, is as much in keeping as a tea-rose. But the watermelon — loud-mouthed, red-cheeked, laughing country wench — why shame her honest country bulk by throwing it into relief against the dainty trappings of the drawing-room? And then, an *eaten* watermelon, — oh horrible! Of all the débris on those fields of carnage, after man's appetite is sated, is there anything so disillusioning? That yawning hole, that withering rim, erstwhile so fresh and overflowing, now like a faded green doughnut, — carry it out quickly, waiter, and be sure the garbage can is covered!

There is one more of these memory-packed sweets, "Fall-in-the-Fields." Do you know it? — such a brown, weazened, withered, chary little edible, hanging high but very lightly on a leafless tree, — like the desires of man's heart when he is old. If you know them at all, you know that they are not good until "after frost," like — what? The heart of man in the service of his fellows, storing up inner sweets grain after grain, as the frost of grief shrivels and contracts the outer layer of his own personal delights? Like or not, there is no sweet like that of persimmons after frost, as they drop cold at your feet of an autumn evening, from the high bough where they hung aloft in the great refrigerator of the winds. There is no sweet so compact, so frugal, so "grainy" — an esoteric sweet, which one must love as one loves bare trees and brown stubble. There is denial in it, and patience, and pathos, as well as vigor and cheer — in "Fall-in-the-Fields."

OF AUTOBIOGRAPHIES

I ENJOY particularly in the Club the papers in which contributors sing the praises of their hobbies; and I made up my mind long ago that, when my turn came, I would cry up Autobiography, which is often the finest flower of Biography. This is especially true where the man who paints his own portrait interests us by his personality rather than by his participation in historical events. In general, public men have left memoirs of their historical acts and not of their private selves. Metternich, for instance, hurries over the record of his youth, to reach the days when he cut a great figure in European diplomacy, and could tell with undisguised relish of walking on the same level with Napoleon, — or a little above him. To Franklin, on the contrary, his personal development was the most interesting topic: although he too had mixed in great affairs and had

been, as it now appears, hardly less important than Metternich as an agent of destiny. That autobiography of his discloses what he *was*, not what he *did;* and it will live on, from generation to generation, by virtue of its candor. "She proved to me a good and faithful companion," he says, in recording his marriage to Deborah Read, "and *contributed essentially to the success of my shop.*" We hardly need to be told that the man who wrote that kept a cool head through the heats of the American Revolution, and never missed sight of the main chance for his country, whether amid the dust of Colonial Congresses or in the dazzling drawing-rooms of Paris.

Some autobiographies are even more private still, records of intellectual or spiritual unfolding, with the merest suggestion that an external world, peopled with living men and women, exists. We feel this somewhat in John Stuart Mill's remarkable self-revelation, in which we watch the putting together, piece by piece, of an extraordinary intellectual mechanism. But Mill was far more than a thinking machine, — he had a rare emotional equipment besides, as whoever reads his pages sympathetically will see. Among recent autobiographies of the intimate sort, is any more strangely interesting than Richard Jefferies's *Story of my Heart?* For him, too, the great concern was not to narrate mere happenings, but to describe his search for reality, and those few supreme moments when it seemed to him as if he were about to pierce the screen of sense and behold the Cause behind it. He was haunted by the belief that mankind are just on the eve of a revelation more wonderful than all that have been made, and he urges this so sincerely that the suggestion haunts his readers too.

Of Rousseau's *Confessions*, with their ampler range, embracing his adventures, his intimate development, and his opinions, I need not speak: an essay devoted to them alone would be too scant. But contrast their fullness, their concreteness, with the brief statement which David Hume, Rousseau's most powerful intellectual contemporary in Britain, wrote about himself — barely ten printed pages, reticent, impersonal, or at least impartial, as if he were summing up an historical personage dead and gone long ago. Let me quote a sentence or two: —

"I was, I say, a man of mild disposition, of command of temper, of an open, social, and cheerful humor, capable of attachment, but little susceptible of enmity, and of great moderation in all my passions. Even my love of literary fame, my ruling passion, never soured my temper, notwithstanding my frequent disappointments. My company was not unacceptable to the young and careless, as well as to the studious and literary; and as I took a particular pleasure in the company of modest women, I had no reason to be displeased with the reception I met with from them."

In tone, that reminds us of Hume's brother philosopher and historian, Gibbon, who at his father's bidding broke his engagement, — "sighed like a lover, but obeyed like a son," — and has left one of the classical English autobiographies; not one, indeed, but six or seven, for he seems to have sketched at least so many versions of his life-story. But Rousseau, the reprobate, had the secret of self-revelation denied to the virtuous Hume and Gibbon: he regarded his book as his confessional, to which without shame he confided all his sins; and, since the world is mostly made up of sinners, it has accepted his confessions as genuine.

Equally frank was Benvenuto Cellini, whose life, however, lay all on the outside. He had nothing to confess, only experiences to narrate. Hating his enemies, he killed them if he could; he committed every crime without remorse and said his prayers fervently, sure that God helped him to slay his victims, and prevented assassins from slaying him. He had passion, almost frenzy, for his art, and to it he would sacrifice fortune or preferment

rather than hurry or skimp. In his moral and spiritual nature, he had scarcely advanced beyond the tiger, but in his artistic nature he belonged among the masters of the Renaissance. His Life contains the stuff of a dozen Dumas romances, written in a manner so off-hand, so racy, so fresh, that age cannot wither it nor custom stale. Incidentally, too, it brings with it — as every external autobiography should — a large fragment of the life of his time, in which we see actual men and women loving and hating; we measure their ambitions, we hear their very words. Pepys, in his Diary, does much the same for Charles the Second's London, but he is rather a reporter taking notes, than an autobiographer writing a romance, with himself as the hero. Goethe, in his *Truth and Fiction*, went to the other extreme from Cellini; and, selecting what he considered the vital facts in his career, he rearranged and embellished them and composed a symmetrical work of art. From this it is but a step to avowed fiction, in which the novelist weaves a part of his own experience into the story of his hero, as Dickens wove his into David Copperfield, or George Eliot hers into Maggie Tulliver.

But autobiography is too rich a theme for a brief paper. The charge which some persons lay to it, of vanity or self-consciousness, need not trouble us. I doubt whether anybody has succeeded in quite disguising his real nature in his memoirs, though he tried to make himself out better than he was, as most readers suspect, or worse than he was, Lord Byron's rôle. Certain it is that we have more excellent autobiographies than biographies, enough to keep one entertained on a desert island through an exile as long as Robinson Crusoe's.

Some wit has said that, "besides biographies and autobiographies, there are ought-not-to-be-ographies." They have abounded especially of late. Any fool can create a sensation who chooses to run naked in the street: but it is his folly more than his nakedness that creates the sensation. And, as folly is prolific and perennial, one manifestation of it cannot long cause a stir.

A SIN OF OMISSION

I HAD the misfortune some time ago to have a little article accepted in the Contributors' Club. Yes, *mis*fortune, — I say it deliberately. At the time it seemed extraordinarily good fortune, but circumstances have changed my point of view. I remember that Frances E. Willard in her autobiography naïvely confesses that the highest ambition of her ambitious girlhood was to get into the *Atlantic*. Other ambitions may have engaged her later; but there were none that could have "appealed," as the expressionists say, more to me. And so when my little article appeared — it had been sent without my knowledge, in the proverbial fashion, by the faithful friend that unconscious and undiscovered genius always keeps on hand for the purpose — my feelings may be readily imagined. The world took on a roseate hue, and my faith in human nature went up several points. Parnassus, wreath-crowned, appeared in the distance, and I tingled for the climb. I always knew just where that particular copy of the *Atlantic* lay, — I do yet! I loved to finger it surreptitiously while talking to some one who did n't know. It carried me over many a valley of humiliation and slough of despondency. It afforded me quite as much moral support as my last silk-lined gown, — which is saying something. The only thing that tempered my joy was the doubt whether being in the Contributors' Club is really being in the *Atlantic*. Would Miss Willard have so regarded it? The Club is, of course, as a vestibule to roomier apartments, — or back-door entrance rather, — but does a foot across the threshold entitle one to regard himself as being on the visiting list? It is a delicate point, and I must leave it to the finer judgment of the habitués.

Of course so delightful an event could

not be wholly kept to ourselves. The faithful friend said it would not be fair, and I was fain to believe it. So just a few of the elect were told, Jack of course first. He was evidently a good deal impressed, and it is one of Jack's limitations — or mine — that he is n't easily impressed. He seemed surprised, too, — most unflatteringly so, and I was divided between my desire to appear nonchalant, and my impulse to let him see how surprised I was myself. I don't know yet whether he thought more of me or less of the *Atlantic*. I suspect it was the latter. Then I was lunching with a couple of old friends one day, when my host suddenly turned to me, and asked if I had read that capital little bit in the current Contributors' Club, mentioning my own production. He miscalled the title, but that did n't matter, — nothing did just then. His chuckle of reminiscent enjoyment was music in mine ears, and unable to resist the temptation, I divulged myself on the spot. They took it very nicely, and handsomely said that the *Atlantic* was to be congratulated; but they did n't seem as much impressed as I had expected, — which I know is inconsistent of me after what I said about Jack. I asked them not to say anything about it to our common friends, — not just then at any rate.

But a few months later the lady shouted to me through the din of an afternoon tea, "My husband has been looking for your things in the *Atlantic*. He enjoys them so much. Edith says she would recognize your style anywhere, — that you write just like yourself."

I was mightily taken aback. *Edith!* How many more had they told, and how many articles had they found in the style that Edith would know anywhere?

Then one blue Monday morning Jack (whom I had left sitting up over a pile of magazines the night before) remarked to me, "I see you have another bright little article in the Contributors' Club. I quite enjoyed it. It was fully up to the standard of the last, — indeed, I thought it even a little better."

Now could anything be more provoking? It was bad enough *not* to have another article in the *Atlantic*, without the humiliation of having to affirm the fact; and when I did, Jack looked first incredulous, then disconcerted. (It is always hard for Jack to believe his own judgment can be in error.) I felt myself something of a culprit under his astonished gaze, as if I were somehow disappointing family expectations. Besides it was n't at all flattering to think I wrote so much like the rest of the world that nobody could tell the difference.

But that was n't the worst. I had a letter the other day from one of the elect, a very particular friend, of literary leanings, who lives far enough away to be enveloped in the enchantment which distance lends, and who wrote out of turn for the express purpose of congratulating me as follows:—

"Where *do* you find all those deliciously absurd things to say? The contributor is undoubtedly yourself and in your very best style. Don't tell me you *did n't* write it. Have you a double? I even heard Jack in some of the remarks adroitly smothered out of print. Are there others I have n't seen? and how many and when? The president of our club who has exceptionally fine literary taste and discrimination read it to me. We laughed over it together. She remembers your contribution to a Christmas number some time ago and discovered this herself, — was n't it clever of her? She says whenever anything especially bright appears in the Club she at once attributes it to you. Confess now to the number of your sins. I want to see them all."

I don't suppose it is necessary to describe my sensations. Besides, they are too poignant. I should be so happy to confess to sins of that order if only I had committed any. Mine are sins of omission. My friends discredit the fact now; but when they find their mistake they will discredit me. It is time I answered that letter, — and long past; but what am I going to say?

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If you have been wearing an ugly mask, put it away and let your friends enjoy seeing the *real* person now and then, at least. A physician describes some of the effects of coffee thus:

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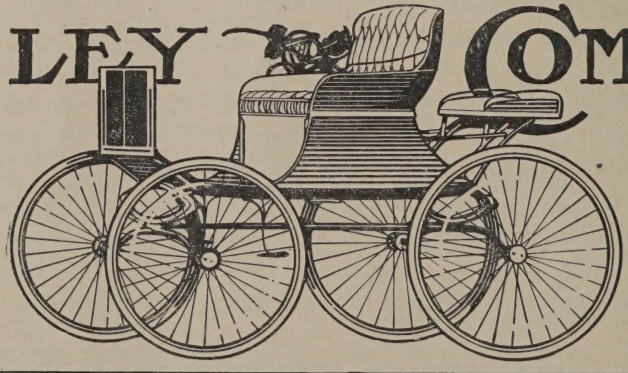

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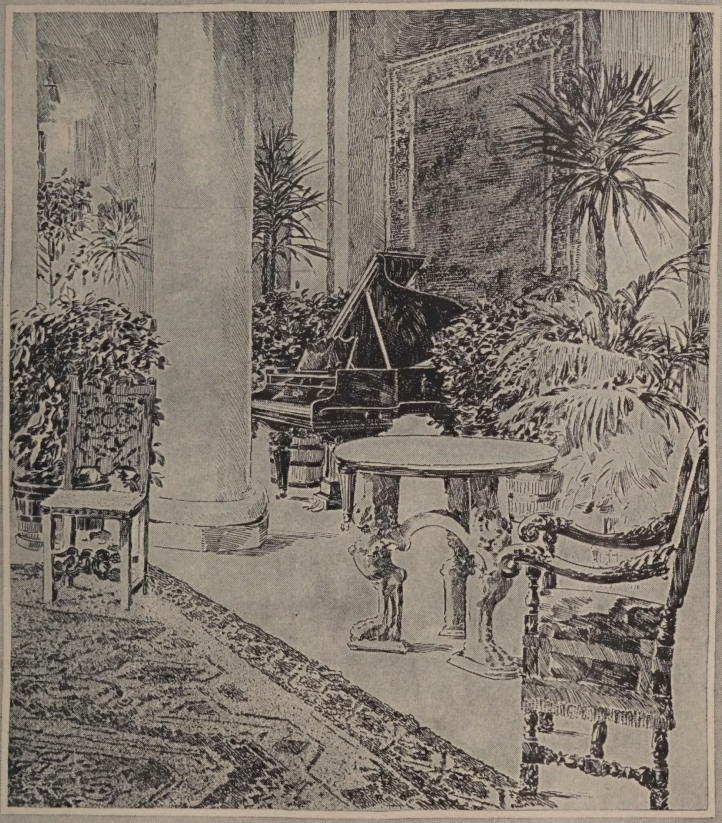

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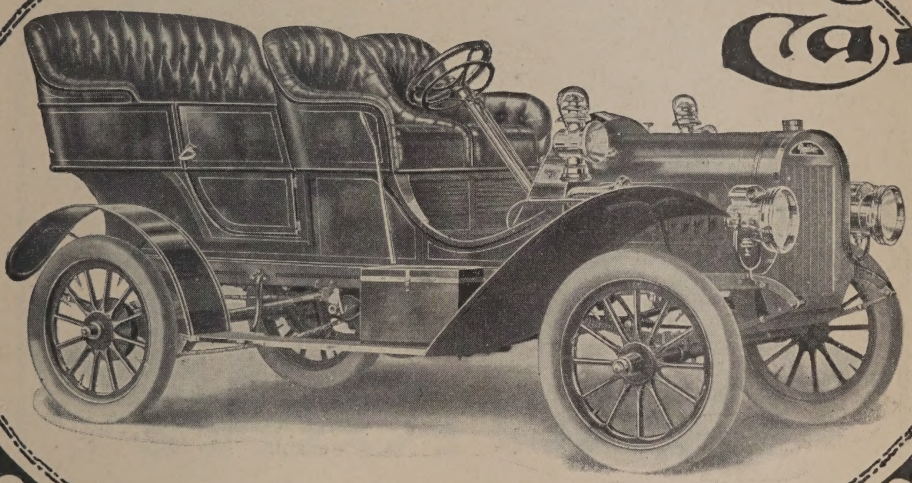

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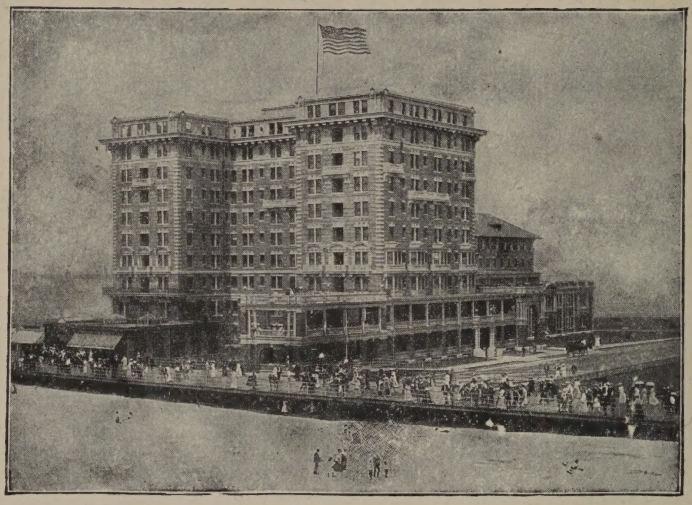

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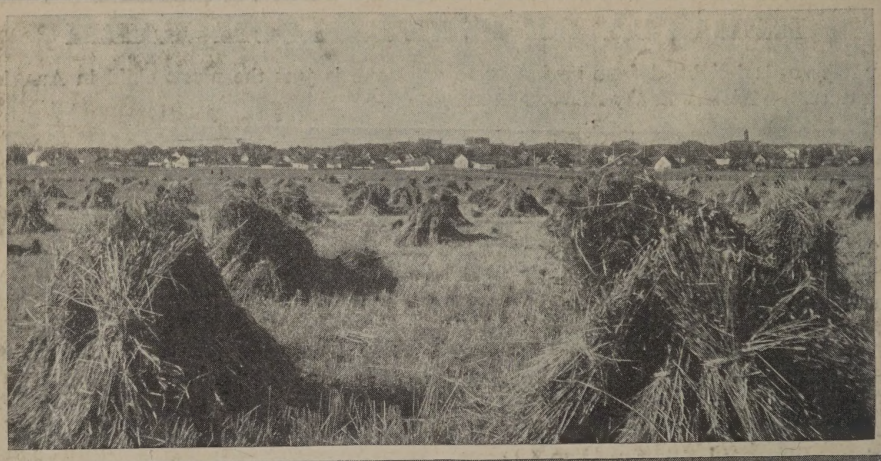

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Cresolene Antiseptic Throat Tablets for the irritated throat, of your druggist or from us, 10c. in stamps.

The Vapo-Cresolene Co.
180 Fulton St., N. Y.
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MENNEN'S BORATED TALCUM TOILET POWDER

Any Child

who has enjoyed the benefit of Mennen's Borated Talcum Toilet Powder daily since birth is free from the painful chapping and chafing which comes with winter weather.

Mennen's

soothes and heals, and if used daily, enables the most tender skin to resist the ill effects of changing conditions of weather.

Put up in **non-refillable boxes**, for your protection. If Mennen's face is on the cover, it's genuine, that's a guarantee of purity. Delightful after shaving. Sold everywhere, or by mail 25 cents.

Sample Free.

Gerhard Mennen Co., Newark, N. J.

Try Mennen's Violet (Borated) Talcum Powder. It has the scent of fresh cut Violets.

A Happy State To Be In

A few days of pleasant travel in luxurious cars will carry you from the zone of ice and snow to where the violets are in bloom and the oranges are yellow in the sunlight that floods the valleys.

For this happy journey the Rock Island has provided entirely new equipment for its famous

Golden State Limited

Quite the newest and nattiest train on the road.

Drawingroom-Stateroom Pullmans.
Mission Style Diner.
Mission Style Observation Parlor-Buffet Car.

A Quality Train for the "Quality."

Service begins November eleventh. Daily from Chicago, St. Louis and Kansas City to Los Angeles, Santa Barbara and San Francisco.

Two New Books, one about the train, the other about California, are yours for the asking.

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Pass'r Traffic Mgr.,
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Tooth Paste

cleans and preserves the teeth. Mothers should realize the importance of preserving intact the primary set of teeth until the secondary or permanent set is ready to take its place. Let us send you our booklet on **"Taking Care of the Teeth"** which contains much information in concise form. **Children should be encouraged to use Dentacura Tooth Paste. 25c.** a tube. Avoid substitutes.

DENTACURA COMPANY,
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and bring out all the sentiment and good cheer of the occasion nothing can equal

Evans' Ale

There one finds the ideal gift that intuitively reflects the thoughtfulness of the giver and promotes lasting appreciation and benefits.

Order a barrel containing 10 doz. bottles

Obtainable from any dealer, or write to

C. H. EVANS & SONS **Established 1786**
Brewery and Bottling Works, Hudson, N. Y.

Kitchen Cleanliness

A Clean kitchen is of first importance to good housekeeping. A little Sulpho-Napthol in the water cleans and cuts grease from cooking utensils; keeps the sink clean; waste pipes clear and deodorized; makes the ice-chest pure and sweet.

CABOT'S **Sulpho-Napthol** TRADE MARK
LIQUID CLEANLINESS.

is the most healthful cleaner that can be used about the home. It destroys all forms of insect and germ life. Perfectly harmless — inexpensive — labor saving.

At all dealers, 10c., 25c., 50c., $1.00. Look for above Trade-Mark. It protects your purchase. 10c. and 25c. packages by mail of

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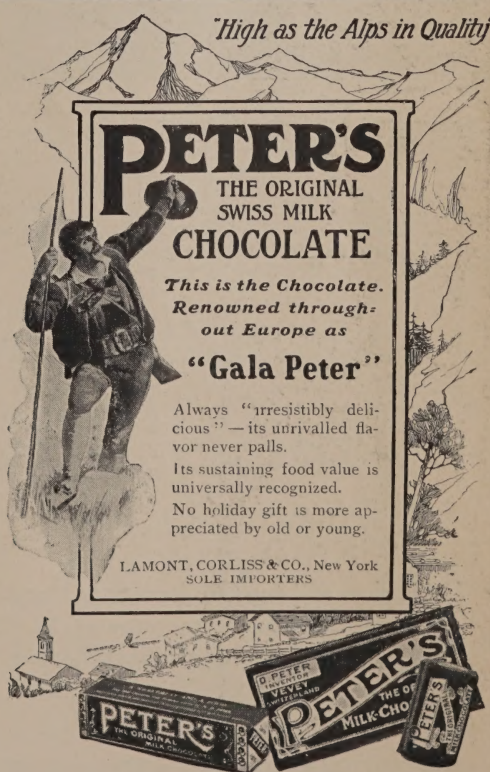
55 Haymarket Square, Boston, Mass.

Sold in New York City by Acker, Murray & Condit, Park & Tilford, R. H. Macy & Co., Siegel Cooper Co.

"High as the Alps in Quality"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THE ORIGINAL SWISS MILK
CHOCOLATE
This is the Chocolate. Renowned throughout Europe as
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Always "irresistibly delicious" — its unrivalled flavor never palls.
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No holiday gift is more appreciated by old or young.
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You Can Not Buy This Picture

Drawn by C. Clyde Squires

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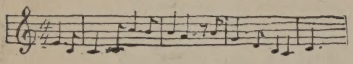

An Old Love Song

The size of the charming picture (of which this is a reproduction in miniature) is 10½x15 inches. The large print is a sepia photogravure, plate marked. It is hand-printed on Exora steel-plate paper, 19x24, ready for framing.

The Picture Will Not Be Sold

But the large print will be delivered, carriage prepaid, to ***every*** *new subscriber to LIFE at $5.00 a year, if we receive the remittance before February 1, 1907.*

In place of "An Old Love Song," new subscribers may, if they so prefer, select prints from our catalogue to the value of $2.50. The handsome little catalogue of LIFE'S PRINTS, with miniature reproductions of 127 drawings, will be sent to any address on application.

LIFE PUBLISHING CO., 13 West 31st Street, NEW YORK CITY

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ELECTRO SILICON

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SILVERWARE

Send address for a **FREE SAMPLE**, or 15c. in stamps for a full box. **Electro-Silicon Soap** has equal merits.

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Grocers and Druggists sell it.

Alvord's OLD VIRGINIA Corn Relish

"The Taste That Tempts"

Your Palate Will Be Surprised

no matter how much it has been indulged, for no other condiment tastes like this relish. **It is made different and it tells in the taste.** Adjectives cannot convey the zest and deliciousness of this delightful combination of the famous "Ye Country Gentleman" Sugar Corn and other piquant ingredients equally as choice.

For Meats, hot or cold, Fish, Game, Oysters, Salads, Sandwiches, and with Lettuce or Cucumbers it is unequaled in its blended flavor

This old family recipe is one of the choicest secrets of "Southern cooking," and is prepared under the personal, exacting supervision of Mrs. E. I. Alvord, who has made it famous by her secret and care. On private tables and in the best hotels it has proved wonderfully acceptable. Will you test it?

Valuable Recipe Book Sent Free

"The History of a Famous Recipe" tells how this incomparable Relish originated, when generous Southern hospitality kept open house. Contains many novel and valuable recipes together with suggestions for serving the relish. We will mail the booklet on request without charge, and give you the name of a dealer in your city who sells Alvord's Old Virginia Corn Relish.

THE IROQUOIS CANNING COMPANY, ONARGA, ILLINOIS

Largest Canners of High Grade Corn in the World

What's the USE of a Hot-Air Pump?

In a Country Residence, its use means all the advantages of water supply, which are such an agreeable accompaniment of city life, *i. e.*, running water in every room, the daily bath, the resulting health and cleanliness, which always follow the free use of pure water — and water is only freely used when easily and cheaply brought to hand.

In a City Residence, many dwellers upon high ground, as well as those occupying the upper floors of apartment houses, suffer frequently (especially in dry seasons) from an inadequate flow of city water. This comes from lack of pressure in the city mains, and is entirely remedied by the use of a Hot-Air Pump, which supplies the force temporarily or permanently lacking.

In Case of Fire, its abundant water supply becomes at once invaluable; especially is this true of country or suburban residences, which are in most cases isolated or entirely without the protection of an organized fire department. In such instances the possession of a Hot-Air Pump gives to the owner a constant assurance of security from fire.

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For Irrigation, the same pump which supplies water for your house and stable will also furnish it in any quantity desired for your lawn and garden, and no argument is required to show what an adequate water supply means in the way of early vegetables or attractive flower beds.

A Hot-Air Pump can now be bought as low as $108. Descriptive catalogue B 1 sent free on application.

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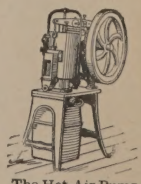

The Hot-Air Pump

BULL DOG

50¢ 50¢

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BEST FOR COMFORT, WEAR AND ECONOMY FOR EVERY PURPOSE, FOR MAN AND YOUTH

Guaranteed to Outwear Three of the Ordinary Kind

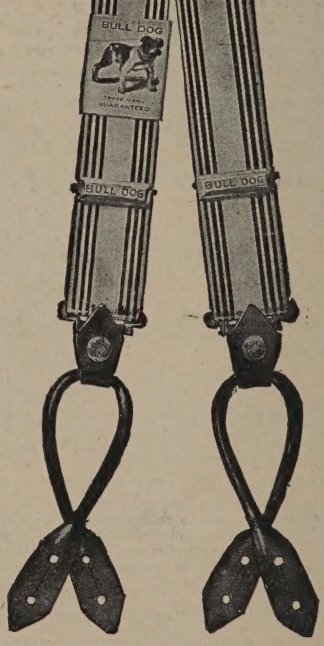
BULL DOG SUSPENDERS

Not a Harness—Do Not Twist or Tangle—Cannot Grow Stiff, Bind, Catch or Sag—Will Not Soil Linen. Are the Standard of True Suspender Economy

Contain more and better rubber and greater elasticity than any other suspender; have non-rusting, silver nickel metal parts and imported, unbreakable Bull Dog Leather Ends, insuring ease and action, longer wear, and better and more uniform trouser support. They give absolute satisfaction that cannot be had in any other make of suspenders.

In light weight lisles or heavy weight twills for man or youth (extra lengths at no extra cost). If they don't prove the **Best 50 Cent** investment you ever made you can have your money back by asking for it.

If your dealer won't supply you, we will, postpaid. There is no substitute for the Bull Dog



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Largest Suspender and Belt Makers in the World

DEPT. 312, 87 LINCOLN ST., BOSTON, MASS.

Valuable Booklet, "CORRECT DRESS & SUSPENDER STYLES," free on request

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ATTRACTIVELY BOXED IN SINGLE PAIRS

FOR THE HOLIDAYS

BULL DOG SUSPENDERS MAKE GIFTS EVERY MAN AND BOY WILL GLADLY RECEIVE

Libby's

Christmas Plum Pudding

The delight of the Christmas feast in the good old days, was the plum pudding that had been prepared by the thoughtful housewife weeks in advance, to be the fitting finish of the Christmas dinner.

Libby's Plum Pudding

is made after an old English recipe, from the choicest of selected meats, fruits and spices, by the famous Libby chefs in the spotless Libby kitchens, and is ready to serve at a minute's notice.

Libby's Plum Pudding has a delicate aroma, a delicious flavor and a satisfying taste that leaves nothing to be desired to the climax of the enjoyable Christmas feast.

Ask your grocer for Libby's Plum Pudding, and insist upon getting Libby's.

The 84-page booklet, "How to Make Good Things to Eat," gives many delightful recipes for luncheons, dinners and evening spreads, that every housewife will appreciate. It is sent free on request.

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The pen with the Clip-Cap

Best Gift"

"Because it is a constant satisfaction the year round." Santa Claus dealers everywhere have been supplied with a great variety of pens of gold and silver and monogram designs, specially suitable for gifts. Pens can be exchanged anywhere after the Holidays so that everyone may have a pen-point that suits his hand. Beware imitations.

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ABSOLUTELY PURE

With a most delicious flavor, made by a scientific blending of the best cocoa beans grown in different parts of the world.

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is dependent for its success-making results upon the way the brain cells are fed.

Right food turns "mental activity" into pleasure and profit.

The natural, wholesome food elements from field grains, such as Albumen, Phosphate of Potash, etc., scientifically combined in GRAPE-NUTS, are quickly taken up by the human machinery for rebuilding worn-out brain cells.

The practical demonstration of this scientific proposition may be proven by a 10 days' use of

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"There's a Reason."

Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., Battle Creek, Mich., U. S. A.

"Old Bleach" Linens

The name Old Bleach stands for **Linen Character** and signifies that the flax has been grown under the best conditions of climate and soil and has had the careful attending which insures perfection of fibre and weave. To this is added perfection of bleaching by the Old Bleach method, Nature's method, sunshine and shower only, without chemicals.

Old Bleach Linens are good through and through — as good to wear as they are handsome to look at.

Trade Mark "Old Bleach" on all goods

The name guarantees the quality.
All first-class dealers sell them.

Our booklet on the care of Linens and how to wash and preserve them sent on request.

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